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The following key is used to indicate the kind of articles:

Book notes and reviews will be found by first word of title, author, and name of reviewer, when signed. All other matter is listed under key words of title and author, when given.

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BN	Book Note
BR	Book Review
D	Drama
Ed	Editorial Article
FOR	From Our Readers
M	Music
P	Poetry
R	Reviewer
SA	Signed Article
SW	Story of the Week
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The Independent

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THE report of the Senate Committee which investigated the situation in Haiti is calm and dispassionate; it does credit to the keenness of observation and fairness of judgment of the investigators. It does not blink the fact that during the occupation some acts of cruelty and oppression were perpetrated, not to be excused or condoned, but it very properly denounces the stories of wholesale violence, injustice, and tyranny that have been so widely circulated by sentimentalists and interested parties. Everyone who stops to think must realize that under the chaotic conditions of revolution and brigandage that existed in Haiti a certain number of such acts were bound to take place. But no sane American could believe so ill of his country and its traditions as to credit the scandalous tales of violence and oppression which have been spread broadcast. The report makes clear not only that the original occupation was justified by the conditions prevailing, but that it has since abundantly justified itself by bringing about in Haiti a state of peace and well-being such as has not been known for generations. It effectively puts to rest the slander that the occupation was undertaken, or the successive arrangements concerning the debt were made, in the interests of any group of bankers. The administration was not without its faults, due in part to frequent changes of officials and in part to errors of judgment as to methods, but on the whole the record is one of which the American people may be proud. Immediate withdrawal from Haiti is not recommended, but the hope is held out that with good administration and enlightened guidance the people of the island may

be put in the way of running their own affairs in a manner that will bring well-being and prosperity to one of nature's gardens which has long been given over to noxious weeds.

TWO things were evident at the opening of the conference on relations with Russia at The Hague. The first was that Mr. Lloyd George seems to have lost interest and to have justified our earlier estimate of his changed position. In the interval between Cannes and Genoa his eyes were opened somewhat to the futility of the Bolshevik proposals and the dangers of the Stinnes plans. Since Genoa the eye-opening process has evidently continued, for he now seems content to let the Bolsheviks complete the exposure which was begun in Chicherin's note of May 11. The second thing to be noted is that Lenin's illness has precipitated a serious crisis in the Soviet Government. Lenin was the brains of the organization. He not only had the cleverness to make the rapid opportunist shifts required to avert each threatened collapse, but he enjoyed sufficient confidence to make these shifts possible. In his absence the Soviet leaders are split into several rival camps on the question of the policy to be followed to save themselves from destruction. Authentic information is lacking, but the more radical Communist wing seems to be in the ascendant. At all events, Chicherin, Krasin, Rakovsky, and other Soviet leaders find it necessary to remain at Moscow to guard their political fences, while Litvinov at The Hague demands enormous credits and acknowledges that he is not clothed with any real authority. There is reason

to believe, therefore, that momentous changes are impending at Moscow.

THE British Home Secretary told the Commons in the course of the great debate on the Irish situation, on June 26, that he had no evidence that the murderers of Sir Henry Wilson had any connection with Ireland. The world, including Ireland, had assumed that the murderers were of Irish birth or connections, and that they were actuated by hatred of Sir Henry because he was to them the sternest advocate of the strong-arm policy in British dealing with South Ireland. The



Democracy Tempered by Assassination.

only other explanation we have seen is that the murderers are ex-soldiers turned fanatic pacifists, and that they wreaked their holy zeal on Sir Henry as the most obvious champion of military force. Fantastic, to be sure, but not incredible. Which-ever explanation may be correct, the natural or the fantastic one, Sir Henry is presented as a victim of his views as to the correct way of dealing with South Ireland. He was a loyal subject, and loathed disloyalty; he was an Ulsterman born, and loved Ulster; he was a very knightly soldier, and hated treachery and ambushes and every kind of dirty work. And, having been thirty-eight years a soldier, a soldier every one of his 76 inches, he saw only one way of dealing with the "dissident" breed, the Rory O'Connor crew—the way of the "strong arm." Well, whatever may be thought of his ideas, his motives were always those of a most gallant soldier. And not gallant only. For he was one of the very ablest soldiers of the Great War. He had in a higher degree, perhaps, than any other officer of the war, except Foch, the gift of military imagination. He could divine the enemy's plans before their execution had dangerously proceeded. One exhibition by Sir Henry of this gift is among the classics of war.

IN a recent resolution the Women's National Republican Club began an aggressive movement from which the women of that party are not likely to recede. The text of the resolution follows:

The Board of Governors of the Women's National Republican Club, Inc., desire to record, and publicly to express, their sense of the great importance of the right choice of Republican nominees for election to the United States Senate and House of Representatives throughout the country in November next.

The present situation makes it plain that the Republican Party must be represented in the Senate and in the House by men of high character and intelligence who are faithful

to the fundamental principles of the Constitution and to the tenets of the Republican Party, and who will give their loyal support and co-operation to the chosen leaders of that party.

It will not be sufficient to elect or to re-elect men who, however excellent in other posts, fall short of the standards of capacity and high principle that may properly be demanded of a United States Senator or Congressman. Mere opportunistic party regularity or success in dispensing political patronage are not adequate qualifications at this critical time in the history of the country.

We call upon the Republicans throughout the country to see to it that the party nominees for both Houses of Congress be of the highest standard in respect of character, intelligence, and capacity for faithful public service.

This is in line with the policy urged by *The Independent*. In itself the resolution presents a modest enough proposal; it merely says, "Permit us to vote for the best." But many a state dynasty may fall before that demand is fully met. Local party leaders are a much-abused race. As a matter of fact their sagacity has more than once been the saving factor in a difficult situation. Under our polity, local party leadership is the most natural recruiting ground for statesmen. The situation pointed out, rather than created by the resolution quoted, is the local party leader's great opportunity, because it is in the selection of candidates that his influence is the most potent. In the character of his performance of this task he may become something more than a cog in a machine—may become a factor in giving a truly representative character to our Government.

THERE is another phase of the matter. Party organizations cannot operate without funds. If the demand which the women have voiced is adequately to be met, money must be available for party purposes, not on the basis of a *quid pro quo*, but on the justifiable assumption that a low-grade Congress is an expense that the business of the country cannot afford. Our business men must come to realize that these larger considerations



Honi soit qui mal y "pant."

affect them much more vitally, and nearly, than apparently more immediate and tangible details. But whatever may be the method of reaching the desired end, a demand has been indicated that will surely create its supply. The real leaders of a not distant tomorrow will be those who see the point. The State that shall most improve the quality of its representatives at Washington will assert the commanding influence in the next Congress.

THE outlook for peace in China is better than it has been for many a day. The victorious

Wu Pei-fu has given no evidence of insincerity in his programme for a united China and the support which he is everywhere receiving encourages one to hope that he will be successful in eliminating the independent Tutchuns, who are the curse of China and the chief obstacle to internal peace. Most significant is the fall of the professional revolutionist Sun Yat-sen. This leader of the so-called Republic of South China had achieved considerable success in persuading numerous American writers that his was the truly progressive organization. Every real student of China realizes that the age-long and well-crystallized traditions of the Chinese people did not permit the ready acceptance of Western political ideas or machinery, and that any political system to be successful must be consonant with these traditions. The hope of China lies not in the imitation of occidental institutions, but in removing from Chinese institutions, and especially those of local autonomous government, the obstacles presented by independent military agencies, brigandage, and excessive graft and corruption.

IT has always been our belief that the entrance of women into political life will be beneficial in proportion to the active interest of those who conform to the best type of American womanhood. When such women do come forward in the service of their country, they are entitled to protection

from the kind of small-politician badgering that has kept even many strong men out of public life. These remarks are prompted by an attempt on the part of the United States Deputy Commissioner Frank H. Harrison to discredit Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore, whom President Harding wisely appointed a member of the United States Commission to the Brazilian Centennial celebration. In her various public addresses in behalf of the Exposition Mrs. Livermore has done much to awaken interest in the project; she has the confidence of a large body of American women, who are entirely satisfied to have her represent them in this



important function. And Mr. Harrison's effort to involve her in petty politics is not only an ungallant performance; it is a deliberate attempt to injure the prestige of a commission which has a splendid opportunity to promote international goodwill. We trust that the President, whose kindness and generosity have often been imposed upon, will use this occasion to put a sharp check on the practice.

A Magnificent Opportunity

WHAT might Congress have done to earn a better reputation? It is receiving little but blame these days even in Republican ranks. Its record is one which has provoked widespread irritation. There is no getting away from this fact.

Yet in order to be fair a critic should take several things into account. In the first place there is the initial difficulty which this Congress inherited. We attempted to sketch it in our last issue. It consisted in the impossibility to live up to the world's great expectations. Here was America, for practical purposes all-powerful, counted upon by the other nations to lead in the labor of removing the prevailing chaos. This was a tremendous responsibility, and it is not surprising that neither the President nor Congress has fully lived up to it.

The Washington Conference brought a thrilling response, and was indeed a magnificent achievement. Yet even here no one could fail to see the bitter disappointment experienced by many when the Conference settled down to the necessary work of adjustments. There evidently existed at the time a large body of sentiment in favor of dispatching the world's business by magic. This

sentiment had been growing for several years. It started with the more sentimental humanitarians who thought that social and economic evils could be satisfactorily handled *en masse*. It left largely out of account the responsibility of the individual, especially the individual in humble circumstances, and trusted that the machinery of committees and commissions would smooth out all difficulties. We saw the same confiding spirit when Mr. Wilson proposed that the League of Nations should be bound up with the Treaty of Versailles. The plan was indeed seductive, for it was one which persons of even shallow intelligence could easily visualize. Furnished with the broad outline, it was simple to imagine a huge political mechanism working automatically in the interest of all nations, and the supposition that it would do away with selfishness added a supernatural glory to the picture.

In a word, nations have been under the spell of the experiment of committees and commissions and other large mechanisms which the business world has more and more tried and found wanting. So when Secretary Hughes sketched his bold plan at the Washington Conference, many persons foolishly supposed that this was the beginning of a

programme which would develop much larger proportions. If our entrance into the League of Nations was not to be, here, at any rate, would soon be set in motion a scheme whose momentum would of itself work wonders.

Although disillusion followed, the craving went on. To satisfy it the present Congress would have had to make an extraordinary record indeed. Solid business men are not altogether free from it. Ask them to lay out a programme for Congress and you get nothing very definite. They are grumbling about taxation, the bonus, the tariff. But just how Congress should have dealt with these questions they are usually at a loss to explain. Their faces brighten somewhat when they are reminded of the commendable work on the budget system.

Now, although the present Congress would have found it most difficult, whatever it did, to live up to expectations, especially when handling domestic affairs, there was one course, which, if followed, would have brought a thrill of approval comparable to that excited by the opening of the Washington Conference. If it had been wise, the party in power would have said, in effect: "This is not a favorable time for revising the tariff. While, as Republicans, we believe in the principle of a tariff for protection, present conditions require that new schedules shall wait until the return of some sort of stability throughout the world. The most that we will do at present is to appoint a commission to study the question. Now that America is a creditor nation, not only would it be the height of folly to raise a wall against imports, but such a stand would be sure to be misinterpreted as rank selfishness. It would be most unfortunate if this impression should be created so soon after America's refusal to enter the League was mistakenly set down as a desire for isolation at all costs." The effect of such an attitude on the part of Republican leaders would have been electric; and the position taken would have been wise from every point of view.

Something in the highest degree creditable must still be accomplished by Congress to help the fall elections. It was perhaps natural that the tax legislation should have been bungled, considering the fact that in such matters the interests of the various portions of the country always bring about a conflict. It was natural, too, in view of their unfortunate economic situation, that the farmers should have combined for selfish advantage. Less excusable is the politics which is playing around the bonus. These things may be forgotten if the Administration can point to one splendid achievement in both international and domestic affairs. The Washington Conference measures up to the standard on the international side. The policy which we have suggested with reference to the tariff would make the necessary addition.

The opportunity, Mr. President, has not yet been lost. The Fordney-McCumber Bill satisfies no one, so far as we can see. Why not call a conference of your lieutenants and impress upon them the wisdom of postponing the tariff until another session and of stating frankly that the study which Congress has been able to give to the various schedules is inconclusive? And why not boldly say that, under the circumstances, you are unwilling to add to the world's confusion by permitting the belief to spread that the present tariff plans are only another proof of American selfishness?

The Thorns on the Cactus

HOLDERS of Mexican bonds are no doubt somewhat encouraged by the announcement that, as a result of the recent conference between Mr. de la Huerta, representing the Mexican Government, and a group of American bankers headed by Mr. Lamont, an agreement has been reached whereby a certain amount of the Mexican revenues, stated to be \$25,000,000, is to be set aside annually for the service of the debt. With this it is proposed to meet the interest, which has been defaulted for a number of years. A considerable portion of the new oil export taxes is to be allotted specifically to this. Among the provisions, as reported, is one that the national railways of Mexico, which were being run by the Government at a loss, shall be restored to private management, a course which might save them from utter ruin. We are not, however, inclined to share in the optimism concerning the outcome of the arrangement and of affairs in Mexico generally. It still remains to be seen whether de la Huerta, on his return to Mexico, can secure ratification of the agreement, and furthermore, if ratified, whether it will be carried out. On both points there is plenty of room for doubt.

The actual situation in Mexico seems well-nigh hopeless. Successive revolutions, each achieving power through appeals to the mob, and each successively to lower and more vicious elements, have pretty well denuded the country of decent and able people. The present Government won out on a radical programme similar in many respects to that of the Bolsheviks in Russia. As in that unhappy land, it has brought about a general destruction of industry and has wrought havoc with agriculture. It depends entirely on the army to maintain its rule and to quell continual insurrections; and the army is held together by a common interest in plunder and graft. In one respect this régime is more fortunate than its prototype in Russia—it has within its corral a goose that lays golden eggs.

This goose is the foreign oil interests. From these foreign oil producers, from the various taxes

and exactions laid upon them, the Mexican Government obtains approximately four-fifths of its total revenue. If all these millions were devoted to the betterment of the country, there would be no cause for complaint. The oil men are harvesting resources which the Mexicans themselves would never use and at the same time are bringing prosperity and advancement to the sections in which they operate—the only sections thus favored. But out of the total revenues of the country, amounting to about \$150,000,000, one-half is devoted to the current expenses of the army. And this is not all. Examining the situation more closely, we find that the pay of the common soldiers is in arrears. In other words, the lion's share goes into the pockets of the grafting generals. Yet such is their rapacity, and so rapid is the deterioration of the productive forces of the country, that they must seek to make fresh exactions, even at the risk of killing the bountiful goose.

But why, it may be asked, if they are hard up for money, should they enter into an agreement to make annual payments amounting to \$25,000,000 on their debts? Is it to rehabilitate themselves in the good opinion of the world? Is it to lay a foundation of confidence preparatory to seeking a fresh loan? Hardly. Their main purpose is to secure recognition, because recognition, official and unconditional, would legalize all manner of confiscations under Article 27 and other articles of the Constitution and enable them to hold up and rob or blackmail every foreign property-holder in Mexico. The fact is that the radicals have been filling them with the same legends about "Wall Street" that have been so industriously circulated in some of our Western States. They have come to have the idea that Wall Street dominates the Government at Washington and that if they placate the bankers by agreeing to pay their debts, the bankers in turn will order Mr. Harding to grant them recognition.

Few stones have been left unturned to secure this recognition. A very active campaign of propaganda has been carried on at large expense. For example, we recall how some two years ago an American journalist, not entirely unknown, came into our office and proposed to write for us for a modest remuneration a series of articles on Mexico. We declined, for we had doubts as to his fairness and good faith. A prominent "liberal" journal, however, accepted and published a series of articles by him in which he painted in bright colors the achievements of Obregon in bringing peace and prosperity to Mexico and advocated immediate recognition.

The bankers' agreement will not save Mexico. Recognition will not save Mexico. Only a return to sane methods of business and accepted standards of conduct and a cleansing of the Augean stables of graft can rescue her from her present

desperate condition, and there is as yet no indication that any man or group of men is ready or able to undertake the task. In view of the real situation in Mexico, a situation which may be observed by any intelligent man who takes the trouble to examine it, the comment of the *Nation* on the bankers' agreement and explanation of Mexico's troubles is interesting. Could anything be more deliciously humorous than the following: "Indeed there can be no immediate settlement of Mexico's difficulties. Fundamentally these are due to the fact that Mexico has a popular government, responsive to the needs and aspirations of her working people, and that she lives in a profit-seeking, capital-driven world. She has enormous natural resources; obviously a government which wishes the easy profits from them to go to improve the condition of the people must continuously contend against the forces which seek to exploit them for private profit and private profit alone."

The North Dakota Primaries

TO say that the result of the North Dakota primaries is not surprising is insufficient: no possible result would have been surprising. Offhand interpretations of the North Dakota situation by Eastern journals are about as valuable as a Hudson River pilot's description of the currents of the Mississippi. One widely read daily in New York says that "the result was probably due to the farmer vote." Inasmuch as the population of the State is 85 per cent. agricultural, it "probably" was. The real question is, "What is the farmer after?" That would be more easily answered if the farmer himself knew.

It looks as though the Dakota farmer "got" Porter J. McCumber because of a deadly suspicion that he was on speaking terms with those terrible forces in the decadent East that are supposed to be intent on destroying the independence of the Western farmer in order that he may be forced to borrow money of the money kings on their own terms. Mr. Lynn J. Frazier, the Non-Partisan nominee, made his canvass partly on the ground that the State bank of North Dakota had refused loans to farmers who were then "forced to borrow" of the agents of "Eastern loan sharks." That, at least, was one current out of many.

As to the relation of the vote to Republican politics, it is too tenuous for distant observation. The fairest thing to say on this point is that, in relation to the issues discussed in national politics generally, the results of the North Dakota primaries mean—nothing. Or rather, nothing and everything—that, in brief, these issues are not *their* issue.

Let us recite a few facts. They are interesting. Thirty or forty years ago Alexander McKenzie, one of the ablest political organizers that this

country has known, formed the Dakota farmers into a solid Republican bloc. McKenzie's death took place during the present primary campaign. McKenzie "made" almost everyone who is anyone in North Dakota politics. Frazier, as well as McCumber, was brought out by McKenzie. When the Non-Partisan League began its operations, its promoters well understood that there was no use in opposing the McKenzie organization outright. All Non-Partisan League nominations were made as "Republican" nominations. Senator Edwin F. Ladd, McCumber's colleague in the U. S. Senate, is a Non-Partisan League nominee. He has, in general, supported the Administration. McCumber himself was supposedly friendly to the League. When the League gained possession of the State Government, there began to develop a strong anti-League Republicanism. Life since then has not been a rosy path for politicians in North Dakota. Most of them have had about the same kind of attitude toward the League with which here in the East we are familiar as the attitude of politicians toward the wet or dry issue. McCumber was said to be both League and anti-League. At any rate he did not satisfy the anti-League Republicans that he was helping them in their State fight against League control of the State Government. Neither did he satisfy the League that his sole interest was that of the dirt farmer.

Here was a chance for the League organizers to stage a come-back after their disastrous defeat in the recall of Governor Frazier. They proceeded to take advantage of the situation, and, it must be admitted, with great skill. A. C. Townley, the organizer of the League, early covered the State with the good news of a chance to come back. He re-established the precinct organizations which were such a source of power to the League in its earlier days. The League did another clever thing. For the first time they nominated a full slate of Democratic Leaguers. Anti-League Democrats had heretofore voted the Republican Anti-League ticket. Now they had an Anti-League fight of their own on their hands and deserted the Republican primaries, increasing the pro-League ratio within that party.

Although the present purpose of the Non-Partisan League does not go beyond regaining control of the State Government, its managers concentrated their strength on the fight against McCumber as the most feasible first step. The true significance of the result of the primary appears to be that the conditions which made the organization of the Non-Partisan League possible still exist in North Dakota, and that the State has a new fight before it on that issue. Nevertheless, where the issue was clearly League or anti-League, the League was not strong enough to win out.

Lynn J. Frazier has announced that if he is elected he will align himself with the progressive

Republicans and with the "Agricultural Farm Bloc."

The situation created in the Senate by the prospective removal of Senator McCumber from the Chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee, and the possibility, in the event of Senator Smoot, the next ranking member of the Committee, preferring another chairmanship, that Senator La Follette may become Chairman of that important Committee, under the operation of the seniority rules, is the most immediately important result, nationally considered, of the North Dakota primaries. If a question should arise of a change in the Senate rules as to seniority, it is to be hoped that it may develop in such a manner as to make a settlement possible without regard to party expediency.

Persuading the Coal Miners

IN considering the news reports from the President's conference on the coal crisis it is worth while to recall how the trouble began. The adjourned convention of the miners, in February, nearly two months before the then existing contract expired, instructed their leaders to insist upon a wage for unskilled labor of \$1.25 an hour for the first six hours of each day, and of \$1.87½ for each additional hour; to refuse to consider in conference with the operators any abatement of this wage demand; and to call a strike on April 1 if the operators refused this basis for a renewal of the wage contracts. It was evident to the whole country, in spite of the smoke screen raised by sympathizers with the miners, that these demands were utterly unreasonable in view of the prevailing economic conditions, both within and outside of the soft coal industry, and that the operators could not grant them and continue to do business.

The cessation of coal mining since April 1 has been solely the act of workers whose leaders had led them into impossible demands, and who were neither brave enough nor unselfish enough to keep their followers out of a struggle that was certain to bring them defeat.

In commenting on the prospects of the Miners' Union, before the strike was called, we said that the Union had virtually lost the strike in advance by their failure to unionize the non-union fields competing with the Central Field. Events seem to us to have justified that judgment. The outstanding feature of the strike has been the steady and large expansion of the non-union coal production, which has now risen to five-eighths of the country's normal consumption. In another six months, but for the obstacle of the coming winter, this continued expansion would have practically taken care of the whole country. Union men have swarmed into non-union mines, and the industry has suffered another addition to the over-expan-

sion of productive capacity which is its chief burden.

The unwise leaders of the mine workers, who last October refused the President's request that they confer with the operators in order to forestall a strike, show by their ready acceptance of the present invitation that they realize how strongly events are now moving against them. They are conscious of the deep popular reaction to the brutal murders at Herrin. They have no doubt been told that the Government will not permit them much longer to prevent, as they now prevent, the mining of coal needed by the country. They are on the defensive towards public sentiment, towards the Government's duty to the public, and in relation to the free production that is increasingly limiting their monopoly. The people of this country will not indefinitely endure the exactions of a labor monopoly directed by selfish officials. It is time for a change in coal.

Defying the Lightning

THE railroad crisis precipitated by last week's orders for a strike of the shop crafts is the climax of a long course of labor leadership which was defiant both of economic necessity and of the plain determination of Government and people. The rise in importance of the Railway Employees Department of the Federation of Labor, from the time when a politically complaisant Director-General practically forced all the men of a dozen or so railroad occupations into the unions, was as spectacular as it was economically unsound. Through the National Adjustment Boards the Railway Employees Department secured "interpretations" of their working agreements with the roads that were a travesty on fairness and common-sense. In the last months of Government control of the roads, Mr. Jewell extorted from the Railroad Administration the National Agreements. When Congress was considering the Transportation Act, Mr. Jewell and his associates tried and failed to secure continuance of the National Boards. Congress refused to continue them, with the plain intention that wage negotiations should go back to the roads and their workers for final determination in conference if possible.

Mr. Jewell and his executive committee in Chicago set out to defeat the intention of Congress. Their local chairmen on the different roads, under Jewell's orders, demanded renewal of the National Agreements and of the National Boards, though the agreements covering both features came to a legal end with the return of the roads to private control. They carried a multitude of petty disagreements to the Labor Board, and nearly succeeded in persuading that body to try forcing the National Boards upon the roads. When it came to a revision of the working rules, which the Board

had asked the roads to observe, pending a full review, Mr. Jewell and his leaders again tried obstruction. Their local chairmen again demanded that the roads renew the old agreements, without change. Of this, the Labor Board somewhat caustically declared that it was not the coöperation required by the Transportation Act for the employees to demand that the roads "sign on the dotted line"; and the Board thereupon gave warning that if the unions continued their obstruction, it would abolish the existing rules at one stroke.

So the policy of obstruction ordered from the Chicago headquarters has persisted to the last, in defiance of economic facts, of popular opinion, and of the authority of the Government. As the most recent example, when conferences with the roads began on wage reductions, the local chairmen on the different roads, acting under orders from Chicago, demanded an *increase* of five cents an hour. It would show a poor opinion of the intelligence of the men not to feel sure that they realized the folly of this course.

Finally, when reductions of wages were ordered by vote of six of the nine members of the Labor Board, Mr. Jewell and his associates (among whom must be counted A. O. Wharton, a labor member of the Board, and Mr. Jewell's predecessor as head of the shop crafts) violently attacked the capacity and honesty of the majority, in a plain effort, through reckless misrepresentation, to inflame their followers against the Board and to persuade them to defy its authority and that of the Government behind it. This culminating act of folly was clearly recognized by the majority of the Board, which said in reply to the attacks of the minority on the last decision:

"We prefer to believe that these improprieties crept into that part of the document *which was drafted by the employees in the headquarters of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor*, and that they were overlooked by the dissenting members." [Italics ours.]

TIKHON, Patriarch of the Russian Church, and his fellow clergy are in grave danger, thanks to their heroic efforts to save church property from spoliation at the hands of Bolshevik looters. Haled before a Soviet tribunal and charged with inciting resistance to the decree confiscating the valuables of the church, ostensibly for famine relief, he has made a reply worthy of the early Christian martyrs. He knows, as all honest men in Russia know, that the Soviet plea of famine relief was only an excuse to lay hands on church treasures for selfish purposes and that little if any of the plunder would be devoted to relieving the victims of Soviet misrule. Tikhon may die a martyr's death, but if he does, it will but add a fagot to the vengeance preparing for the rulers of Moscow when they are brought to book.

The Havoc of Prohibition

By Fabian Franklin

IN his first baccalaureate address as President of Yale University Dr. Angell felt called upon to say that in this country "the violation of law has never been so general nor so widely condoned as at present," and to add these impressive words of appeal to the young graduates:

This is a fact which strikes at the very heart of our system of government, and the young man entering upon his active career must decide whether he too will condone and even abet such disregard of law, or whether he will set his face firmly against such a course.

It is safe to say that there has never been a time in the history of our country when the President of a great university could have found it necessary to address the young Americans before him in any such language. There has never been a time when deliberate disregard of law was habitual among the classes which represent culture, achievement, and wealth—the classes among whom respect for law is usually regarded as constant and instinctive. That such disregard now prevails is an assertion for which President Angell did not find it necessary to point to any evidence. It is universally admitted. Friends of prohibition and enemies of prohibition, at odds on everything else, are in entire agreement upon this.

It is high time that thinking people went beyond the mere recognition of this fact and entered into a serious examination of the cause to which it is to be ascribed. Perhaps I should say the causes, for of course more causes than one enter into the matter. But I say the cause, for the reason that there is one cause which transcends all others, both in underlying importance and in the permanence of its nature. That cause does not reside in any special extravagances that there may be in the Volstead act. The cardinal grievance against which the unprecedented contempt for law among high-minded and law-abiding people is directed is not the Volstead act but the Eighteenth Amendment. The enactment of that Amendment was a monstrosity so gross that no thinking American thirty years ago would have regarded it as a possibility. It is not only a crime against the Constitution of the United States, and not only a crime against the whole spirit of our Federal system, but a crime against the first principles of rational government.

I am not in the least interested in the question whether a majority of the people of the United States are or are not in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. The object of the Constitution of the United States is to imbed in the organic law of the country certain principles, and certain arrangements for the distribution of power, which shall be binding in a peculiar way upon generation after generation of the American people. Once so imbedded, it may prove to be impossible by anything short of a revolution to get them out, even though a very great majority of the people should desire to do so. If laws regulating the ordinary personal conduct of individuals are to be entrenched in this way, one of the first conditions of respect for law necessarily falls to the ground. That practical maxim which is always appealed to, and rightly appealed to, in behalf

of an unpopular law—the maxim that if the law is bad the way to get it repealed is to obey it and enforce it—loses its validity. If a majority cannot repeal the law—if it is perfectly conceivable, and even probable, that generation after generation may pass without the will of the majority having a chance to be put into effect—then it is idle to expect intelligent freemen to bow down in meek submission to its prescriptions.

The things about which the solemn and extraordinary safeguards of the Constitution were designed to be thrown are of three kinds—the division of powers as between the Federal and the State Governments, the structure of the Federal Government itself, and the fundamental rights of American citizens. These were things which it was felt essential to remove from the vicissitudes attendant upon the temper of majorities for the time being. Apart from the question of distribution of governmental powers, it was until recently a matter of course to say that the purpose of the Constitution was to protect the rights of minorities. That it might ever be perverted to exactly the opposite purpose—to the purpose of fastening not only upon minorities but even upon majorities for an unlimited future the will of the majority for the time being—certainly never crossed the mind of any of the great men who framed the Constitution of the United States. Yet this is precisely what the prohibition mania has done. The safeguards designed to protect freedom against thoughtless or wanton invasion have been seized upon as a means of protecting a denial of freedom against any practical possibility of repeal. Upon a matter concerning the ordinary practices of daily life, we and our children and our children's children are deprived of the possibility of taking such action as we think fit unless we can obtain the assent of two-thirds of both branches of Congress and the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. To live under such a dispensation in such a matter is to live without the first essentials of a government of freemen.

I admit that all this is not clearly in the minds of most of the people who break the law, or who condone or abet the breaking of the law. Nevertheless it is virtually in their minds. For, whenever an attempt is made to bring about a substantial change in the prohibition law, the objection is immediately made that such a change would necessarily amount to a nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. And so it would. People therefore feel in their hearts that they are confronted practically with no other choice but that of either supinely submitting to the full rigor of prohibition, or of trying to procure a law which nullifies the Constitution, or of expressing their resentment against an outrage on the first principles of the Constitution by contemptuous disregard of the law. It is a choice of evils; and it is not surprising that many good citizens regard the last of the three choices as the best.

How far this contempt and this disregard has gone is but very imperfectly indicated by the things which were doubtless in President Angell's mind, and which are in the minds of most persons who publicly express

their regret over the prevalence of law breaking. What they are thinking about, what the Anti-Saloon League talks about, what the prohibition enforcement officers expend their energy upon, is the sale of alcoholic drinks in public places and by bootleggers. But where the bootlegger and the restaurant-keeper counts his thousands, home brew counts its tens of thousands. Upon this subject there is a manifest conspiracy of silence on the part of the Anti-Saloon League and of the prohibition enforcement service. They know that there are not hundreds of thousands but millions of people breaking the law by making their own liquors, but they dare not speak of it. They dare not go even so far as to make it universally known that the making of home brew *is* a violation of the law. To this day a very considerable number of people who indulge in the practice are unaware that it is a violation of the law. And the reason for this careful and persistent silence is only too plain. To make conspicuous before the whole American people the fact that the law is being steadily and complacently violated in millions of decent American homes would bring about a realization of the demoralizing effect of prohibition which its sponsors, fanatical as they are, very wisely shrink from facing.

How long this demoralization may last I shall not venture to predict. But it will not be overcome in a day; and it will not be overcome at all by means of exhortations. It is possible that enforcement will gradually become more and more efficient, and that the spirit of resistance may thus gradually be worn out. On the other hand it is also possible that means of evading the law may become more and more perfected by invention and otherwise, and that the melancholy and humiliating

spectacle which we are now witnessing may be of very long duration. But in any case it has already lasted long enough to do incalculable and almost ineradicable harm. And for all this it is utterly idle to place the blame on those qualities of human nature which have led to the violation of the law. Of those qualities some are reprehensible and some are not only blameless but commendable. The great guilt is not that of the law-breakers but that of the law-makers. It is childish to imagine that every law, no matter what its nature, *can* command respect. Nothing would be easier than to imagine laws which a very considerable number of perfectly well-meaning people would be glad to have enacted, but which if enacted it would be not only the right, but the duty, of sound citizens to ignore. I do not say that the Eighteenth Amendment falls into this category. But it comes perilously near to doing so, and thousands of the best American citizens think that it actually does do so. It has degraded the Constitution of the United States. It has created a division among the people of the United States comparable only to that which was made by the awful issue of slavery and secession. That issue was a result of deep-seated historical causes in the face of which the wisdom and patriotism of three generations of Americans found itself powerless. This new cleavage has been caused by an act of legislative folly unmatched in the history of free institutions. My hope—a distant and yet a sincere hope—is that the American people may, in spite of all difficulties, be awakened to a realization of that folly and restore the Constitution to its traditional dignity by a repeal, sooner or later, of the monstrous Amendment by which it has been defaced.



The Homecoming

*On a Victory Memorial Statue to the Men
of Cambridgeshire Designed by
R. Tait McKenzie*

FRESH from the hawthorn-scented countryside
That Rupert Brooke painted and loved so well,
You plunged into the lurid surge of hell,
Smilingly grim, with the ancestral pride
Of the pure Anglian stock. You stemmed the tide
Of swirling rout, pressed on where thousands fell,
Clove through the bayonet wave and quenched the shell
In its red crater, till the mad war died.

Thus you come back; your step is no less light,
Your glance is frank and good to look upon,
Though graver. Buoyant in your clean release,
You wear the honors of a maiden knight
Like rose-leaves. May your tested soul fare on
To nobler victories in a world of peace!

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

The Attitude of the German Industrialists to the International Loan

By John Firman Coar

FOR many a long day no topic has so stirred Germany's industrial circles as the proposed international loan. The Cannes Conference aroused a sensational popular interest; the Genoa Conference set the politicians agog; but the Paris session of the international commission of bankers has been as a trumpet call to the industrialists. On not one of the many recent international conferences has the German mind reacted as an American might expect. Surely, Cannes should have stimulated political speculation; Genoa, economic discussion; and Paris, financial expectation. Nothing of the kind happened or is happening. Genoa, even with its sensational announcement of the Russo-German pact of Rapallo, caused hardly a flutter in the industrial world; and Paris, with the problem of the German mark to the fore, leaves the great bankers of Germany cold, but agitates the industrialists. The situation calls for analysis and analysis may help us to a better understanding of the German problem.

An Analysis of the Present Situation

It was my privilege to be present as a guest at the meeting of Germany's industrial leaders that was held at Essen-Ruhr on June 6. Over one hundred representatives of German industry were in attendance and the importance of the meeting may be judged from the fact that there participated in the conclave men like Hugo Stinnes, August Thyssen, Krupp von Bohlen, Albert Vögler, Wilhelm Reumer, and many others of like prominence. Naturally I looked for some divergence of opinion and for a discussion that would lead to some common judgment and policy in the matter of the loan. For could there be any other explanation of the purpose of the meeting? At the very outset, however, it was abundantly apparent that the busiest men in all Germany (and Germans are very busy these days) had assembled for quite another purpose. The three addresses to which any American would have listened with intense interest received courteous attention, but nothing more. The speakers were never interrupted nor was there any discussion of the propositions put forward, though discussion was on the docket. Yet these same addresses dealt with the problem that was uppermost in the minds of all present, namely, the international loan. Any fool could see that the leading industrialists of Germany were of one mind, respecting this loan, *before* the meeting; that they knew themselves to be of one mind; and that the meeting was called to impress this fact on the international commission of bankers sitting at Paris. I had to admit to myself that those who engineered the meeting had chosen the psychological moment, both for negative and for positive action. For if the evident doubts of the international commission concerning the advisability of a temporary loan of a few billion gold marks could be confirmed, then it might be possible to strengthen the conviction in the minds of international bankers that the reconstruction of Europe's economic affairs (through an international loan) calls, first, for the writing-off of Germany's reparation debt to the extent of many billions, and, sec-

ondly, for the abolition of all military and economic sanctions. Let me state the argument, first, as it was put forward.

While it is theoretically possible for the rest of the world (meaning America) so to arrange its affairs that it can get along without Europe, this possibility is inconceivable in any practical sense. Some of the great European states, especially Germany and France, are today bankrupt. Worse than this, all European peoples (as economic rather than political entities) are headed blindly toward ruin. The first important step that must be taken is the readjustment of the relations between France and Germany on a sane economic basis. This means the rehabilitation of the devastated districts of France, which is Germany's *economic* duty. It means also (for France) the withdrawal of all military garrisons from German territory and discontinuance of all interference with Germany's internal affairs whether directly through economic or indirectly through military commissions of control. Given, then, this basic proposition, the question arises, Can a temporary or so-called breathing-spell loan do any good? Will not such a loan, on the contrary, do infinite harm? These questions were definitely answered as follows. A breathing-spell loan will only make matters worse, and for the following reasons:

A Breathing-Spell Loan

First, it will stabilize the German mark, though only temporarily, at a rate of exchange far in excess of its true value. The German state is bankrupt, so hopelessly bankrupt that the mark at .34 cents represents a wholly fictitious value. Stabilization of the mark even at its current exchange value will spell disaster for German industry. It will deprive German industry of its present temporary relief, *i. e.*, those export possibilities which go with the steady depreciation of the mark. Unwholesome though this policy is, it nevertheless operates as a breathing spell, which the proposed "breathing-spell" loan will only destroy without substituting another. Unemployment will set in quickly and German industrial capital will be consumed rapidly in the effort to maintain some kind of working conditions. In addition, German industry will be put in the position where it, too, will become bankrupt by reason of the huge taxes. So high are the present levies on industrial capital that industry has been able to pay them only by reason of the constant depreciation of the currency. Taxes are paid (say six months after the levy has been fixed) in a currency that does not represent the original value of the assessment. This is not honest taxation, and every industrialist with whom I spoke after the meeting deplored it. But every one also asserted that it is the only escape from ruin open to German industrialists under the prevailing conditions. Honest taxation will not be possible until the economic affairs of at least France and Germany have been subjected to a thorough "sanitation."

Now, considering the fact that the present, though temporary, stabilization of the mark (at about one-

third of a cent) in consequence of the prospects of an international loan has already begun to affect industrial activity adversely and has, in addition, resulted in an *actual increase* of the cost of living, one cannot dismiss the foregoing argument with a shrug of the shoulders. Germany is in for hard times before the present year comes to an end unless some radical relief is effected, and a loan that is designed merely to tide the country over the present year (1922) can result only in wild speculation and a subsequent complete collapse.

Honest Coöperation with America

The second point in the argument of the industrialists is this: Since the reparation award and the military and economic sanctions are ruining Germany, no step should be taken that still further commits Germany to the ultimatum and the sanctions. Inasmuch as a temporary loan implies this commitment, the loan is bad policy. Germans know that the loan will be provided by America, if it is provided at all, and by accepting it they also know that they are putting themselves under a *moral* financial obligation to our people. Let it be remembered that few Germans, if any, look upon the reparation award (132,000,000,000 gold marks) as a moral obligation. The Entente nations they regard as "extorting" creditors (*expresser-gläubiger*) and they have no intention, if they can help themselves, of permitting the United States to be engineered into a similar position toward themselves. Or, to put the same thought into other words, they do not intend to permit their present paper obligations toward the Entente nations to be validated morally in any degree. Moreover, it is the fixed conviction of every far-seeing German, especially in the industrial world, that Germany's and, for the matter of that, Europe's future depends on honest coöperation with America. They can see no honesty in a breathing-spell loan, and between two evils they prefer the speculative chaos of the present to the certain disaster that will come with the loan.

Economic Realities

Lastly, they argue that French diplomacy cannot much longer disregard economic facts, provided these are not obscured now by a loan. They are willing to risk the extension of the military and economic sanctions (such as the occupation of the Ruhr district and the enforced participation of French capital in German industries), for they are persuaded that, while this will mean a great loss to them, it will speedily prove to the French *rentiers*, big and small, that they are only cutting off their noses to spite their faces. To be sure, aggressive action of this kind by France will bring Europe one step nearer to economic, political, and social collapse, but for this very reason it may also prove to the European peoples that the way to recovery lies along lines consistent with economic realities.

Human Rights of the Workingman

The foregoing points were further elaborated in private conversation by Hugo Stinnes and some others. There cannot be the least doubt of the inflexible resolve of Germany's great industrialists to face the issue squarely. They purpose to do so now. You cannot talk with Hugo Stinnes privately, even for half an hour, without becoming impressed not only with the man's tremendous reserve power, but equally so with his sincerity. Quietly, kindly, unostentatiously, and idealistically, yet tenaciously holding fast to fundamental reali-

ties, he put the case to me as he saw it. I was forced to disagree with him on some important points. He took my disagreement as an honest man's objection, reckoned with my American preconceptions, but did not wave them aside as men in his position are apt to do when dealing with men of the writer's standing. Therefore, I was not surprised when he emphasized a fourth point, the human rights of the German workingman. He told me flatly that there is no hope for the world until we are willing not only to take the great problem of reconstruction out of the sphere of political diplomacy and confine it to the sphere of economic realities, but, within this latter sphere, to submit it for solution not merely to economic diplomatists (representatives of the employer or capitalistic classes), but simultaneously and jointly to the representatives of the working people. More than this, he propounded a suggestion for the solution of the problem that is vexing the world, and since the arguments to which I had been listening set forth in effect only a negative programme, his suggestion naturally qualified the impression of stubborn inaction which the meeting inevitably produced upon an American. Since then it has been possible to discuss this suggestion with other leaders of German industry, but until the attitude of the leaders of the German working people toward the suggestion is better understood by your correspondent than at the present writing, it were well to refrain from comment. Too often things that have been said, planned, and done in Germany by this or that clique distort themselves to our American view into actions characteristic of the German people as such, and before speaking of a suggestion that, if it has any value at all for Americans, must have behind it a genuinely popular support in Germany, it may be desirable to explain, in a following report, the paradoxical changes that have taken place in Germany since last September, as well as the fundamental policy of German "labor" toward the problem of reconstruction.

Berlin, June 9

Lost at Sea

[An elaboration of a recently found Greek epitaph from Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes and Mithradates, now in Constantinople. See *American Journal of Philology*, 1922, No. 1.]

NO grave is here! only a slab, a stone, a mound
To mark Narcissus fair. Far from this hallowed
ground

The Euxine vast doth roll his wand'ring grave along,
But chiseled words shall fix him in enduring song:
In him to goodness there was added charm and grace,
A fine nobility shone in his acts and face,
His soul full charged with wisest speech took rank be-
side

The very eloquence of Nestor, Pylos' pride.
O sullen Envy, thou grim-visaged hateful Power,
That lov'st to drown the good and great before their
hour!

Came there no sudden flush and blush of shame to climb
The evil ladder of thy narrow corrugated brow,
Mounting from wrinkled round to redd'ning round, what
time

Thou saw'st the young and brave Narcissus die, and
how?

DAVID M. ROBINSON

The Johns Hopkins University

Lem Hooper on Text-Books

By Ellis Parker Butler

"THE text-book for the use of the young beings in our schools, Durfey," said Judge Lem Hooper to his Court-Officer, "is one of the agitating subjects of the day, and I don't wonder at it. The irritation felt by one and all over the inadequacy of the text-book as at present manufactured is to be expected, and I wonder it did not spring up sooner. In this day and age, Durfey, when you can shove a pig into a hopper and see it come out of the other end of the chute in ten minutes, all nicely transformed into two hams, two smoked shoulders, a couple of slabs of bacon, sixty joints of sausage, and ten pails of Lily White Superpure Leaf Lard—Use No Other Brand—the inefficiency of the school text-book sticks up like a sore thumb.

"The general feeling, Durfey, is that the educational machinery as exemplified by the text-book is about as modern as the spinning-wheel. What is wanted, Durfey, is a text-book into which you can shove a freckled lad with two front teeth missing and three warts on his knuckle-joints, giving him a gentle shove into the book at page 1, and pulling him out at page 200 with his brain manicured and a Bachelor of Arts diploma clutched in his lily-white hand.

"The book, Durfey, to give entire satisfaction, should operate without the need of too much attention from the teacher. One that would trim up the student in neat and tasty style while the educator was down street having a permanent wave put in her hair would be best. On account of the high cost of fuel I would not recommend a text-book that had to be run by steam power or gasoline; one that would operate like a vacuum-cleaner, by sticking the plug into the electric light fixture, would be more satisfactory. The meter would shut off the power when it showed the young rascal was in danger of becoming over-educated, if the teacher happened to be down street lengthening her pull with the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

"There was a day, Durfey, when any old dame could start a school, feeling she was fitted to train the young human if she had something for him to sit on, a pail of water with a dipper in it, and a patent medicine almanac or anything else with words printed on it. She was foolish enough, Durfey, to think that a text-book was but a book of texts, as you might say. If you showed her a dock down by the edge of the ocean, Durfey, she would say it was a dock—it would not occur to her to

think it was the whole ocean voyage, including the pool on the day's run, the captain's table, and the tip to the steward.

"It is a dock," she would say. 'It is not the best of docks, but I do not mind that. What is a dock, after all? It is only the thing from which the pilot departs with the ship.'

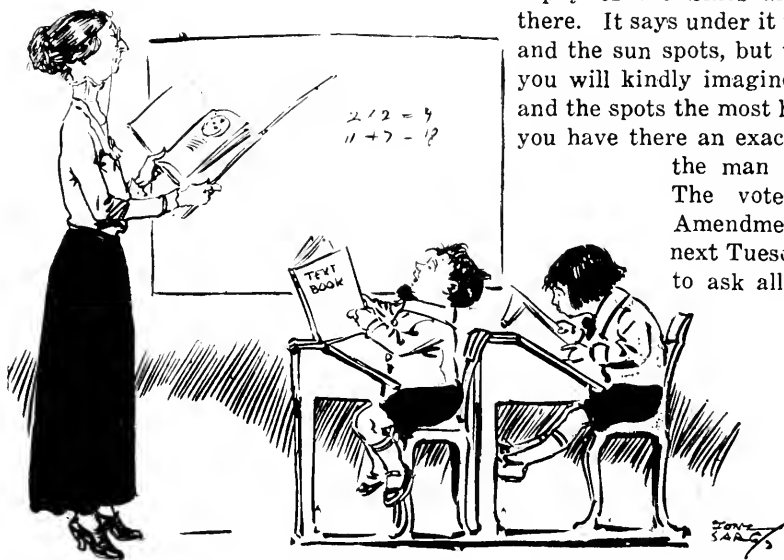
"But those days are no more, Durfey. When I was a kid here in Riverbank, Iowa, and the Board of Education decreed that a course on Temperance be included in the curriculum, it made little matter what the text-book was. 'Children,' the teacher would say, 'unfortunately the Temperance text-books have not arrived yet, no doubt because the engineer of the train took too much ale, the first taste of which is disgusting indeed, being bitter, clammy, and sickening. You will, there-

fore, turn to page eight of your Physical Geography of the Skies and look at the picture there. It says under it that it portrays the sun and the sun spots, but we won't mind that; if you will kindly imagine the disc to be brown and the spots the most hideous pink and green, you have there an exact image of the liver of

the man that indulges in rum. The vote on the Prohibitory Amendment is one week from next Tuesday, and I am requested to ask all those present who do not want their papas' livers to look like a lizard to take part in the grand whoop-em-up parade this Saturday afternoon, one and all to meet on the Court House steps.' And Iowa went dry, Durfey.

"There was a time, Durfey, when the pig that was to become sausage was personally conducted through the intricacies of the process, but that sort of thing is a back-number now. Now the wide-eyed porkers lope up the gangplank in squads, and before the first squeal ceases to echo it mingles with the thump of the hammers that are nailing the reconstructed pig squad into the packing cases. Efficiency is the order of the day. There is no time to personally conduct the pig or the child, and the pork-machine and the text-book must be *sans peur et sans reproche*, which is French, Durfey, for 'self-acting and keen-cutting.' What we need is a text-book with a push-button set in the cover—you push the button and the book does the rest.

"If you lead the pig to the pork machine, Durfey, you can let your mind rest easy—the machine will do the whole job. Unfortunately, the text-book has not reached that state of perfection. The text-book has not yet been invented that will open its covers, suck a child through, and turn it out a completely stuffed sausage that satisfies equally well the propagandists of the Pro-Zanzibar Society and the Anti-Zanzibar Associa-



"Children," the teacher would say—"Unfortunately the temperance text-books have not yet arrived."

tion. The education machine is not yet perfect. Its *reproche* is only 90 per cent. *sans*.

"You ought to get busy and invent the perfect text-book, Durfey. When your fourteen-year-old girl goes to school and has to learn three-fifths of a musical scale, and cook one-eighth of an egg, and sew two-sevenths of an apron, and learn two-thirds of a folk dance, and three-quarters of forty other things, she has no time to learn her other lessons in school. She is sent home with eight to twelve text-books to teach herself from them after dinner. You can see the need, then, Durfey, of

a perfect and self-acting text-book; nowadays the text-book has to be text-book and reference book and teacher, all in one. And I swear, Durfey, that this whole matter of the education of our children, and the school system of America, and the text-books and the teachers, would drive me to deep despair if it were not for one thing!"

"And what is that, judge?" asked Durfey.

"Why, the fact is, Durfey," said Judge Hooper, "that the kids seem to learn more now, and learn it better, than I did when I was a kid."

"What I Am Going to Read This Summer"

Answers from Persons of Various Occupations and Interests to the Following Questions:

1. What kinds of reading do you do during the summer?
2. What books do you look forward to reading this summer?
3. What books do you recommend to others for the summer?

James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston

REPLYING to your communication with reference to summer reading for relaxation and knowledge, I beg to state that I am looking forward with keen pleasure to the re-reading of the works of Dumas, Plutarch, and Hugo.

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Author of "The Story of Mankind"

I DO not expect to do a specific amount of "summer reading," any more than I expect to do "summer washing" or "summer eating." I happen to wash and eat and read the whole year around.

If you ask me about books which other people should read, I would say, Now is the time for all good men to rally to the "Growth of the Soil."

I have read or tried to read almost everything that has appeared the last twenty years in half a dozen languages. That does not mean much. It is fairly easy to discover what is worth while, and,

by reading steadily and assiduously when eating, washing, or talking to a bore, a great deal of time can be invested in this profitable pursuit.

But the only book I can remember that gave me a feeling of eternity and immensity is this great work of Hamsun. It reminds me of the second act of "Parsifal"—the introduction to the Grail scene. You will remember how that has been built around four notes, D, A, B, F (or something to that effect; it may have been G, D, E, B); how those notes got hammered into your head until your whole being reverberated with the solemn rhythm of the Grail. Throughout the "Growth of the Soil" you feel and hear and smell the patient horses patiently doing their daily chores. Iron is found in the soil, promoters come and go, there is a distant rumbling of stock-speculating. All sorts of cheap and demi-cheap characters come and by their speculative luck with the soil get rich, get poor, blow out their brains, evaporate

into nothingness, come back again. But the patient horses and their patient master keep at it, dragging and plowing and harvesting and building; in short, *doing*.

For those who contemplate a sea voyage I would recommend "Merton of the Movies." That, too, is built around a single motive of the same four notes. But this time the tune has been properly jazzed by Ted Lewis. It is the antithesis of the "Growth of the Soil." It is the apotheosis of all that is cheap and gaudy in modern civilization. And the man who wrote it was a virtuoso on the social saxophone. He ought to be deported for giving the show away.

As for myself, I shall see no books but the Bible this summer. With the utmost reluctance I promised to write a sort of Story of Mankind of the Bible. I did not want to do it because the task seemed so hopelessly difficult. I knew the material more or less well, having been educated by the good pastors of six orthodox denominations. But it seemed absurd to attempt to improve upon our English version.

Just when I had about decided to decline the offer, I picked up a Children's Bible. It was terrible. I got interested and I bought a cartload of Children's Bibles. They were incredible. Yet they seemed to be all there was except a very few excellent little books which were hard to get. And I thought that, while I might not do it as well as it ought to be done, I might at least try to do it a little more sensibly than it had been done thus far. Above all things, I might get away from the utterly

incredible pictures, which did not seem to have been changed since the year 1821. And so I shall sit and I shall write my Bible and I shall draw my pictures, and when I feel that I cannot really do it well enough I shall look at the row of Children's Bibles and I shall know that I *must*, whether I like it or not. Amen.



What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

THE first important disturbance in connection with the great strike of miners occurred on June 21 and 22. It seems that the Southern Illinois Coal Company had for a week or more been operating a mine between Marion and Herrin, Illinois, with non-union labor or members of the Steam Shovelmen's Union, which is not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and moreover had employed a considerable number of strikebreakers to help carry through the enterprise. On the afternoon of the 21st a truck having aboard ten men sent from Chicago by a Secret Service agency was waylaid *en route* to the mine by striking miners. Of the ten, one was mortally and two others were seriously wounded, one other was captured, and six escaped. Thereupon a mob of strikers, estimates of whose number vary from 1,500 to 5,000, assembled from various nearby mining communities, and made for the mine aforementioned (incidentally rifling hardware stores in the vicinity for arms and ammunition). A council of war was held at the mine as the mob was sighted. A stockade, which had been built in apprehension of trouble, was manned by armed guards.

Of what followed the details are obscure. It is not certain from which side the first shot was fired. From about 5 p. m. till dark shots were exchanged, but the casualties were few. Early on the morning of the 22d the battle was renewed, and before long the defenders hoisted a white flag. Then followed, if press reports are correct, the most disgraceful episode in the history of this country. In brief, the defenders having surrendered and given up their arms on promise of safe conduct, a massacre followed. About half of those who surrendered were hung or clubbed to death, or, allowed to run, were shot dead like rabbits, women egging on the men and refusing water to the dying. It is not known how many escaped, but apparently few. Twelve or more wounded men were permitted to live and to be taken to the hospital. The mine property was dynamited, the loss amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The official casualty list shows nineteen non-union and two union miners killed. The coroner's jury find the deaths "due to the acts direct and indirect of the officials of the Southern Illinois Coal Company." They "recommend that investigation be conducted for the purpose of fixing the blame upon the individuals responsible." They name Mr. McDowell, superintendent

of the unlucky mine, as the murderer of one of "two union miners slain Wednesday night when they visited the mine to make an investigation in behalf of the union."

This report is one of the most bizarre pieces of whitewashing in human annals. An "investigation" employing 5,000 investigators was evidently intended to be thorough. As to what happened up to the time of the surrender of the mine-defenders, a great deal, doubtless, is to be said on both sides. No doubt the striking miners conceived themselves quite within their rights in undertaking the "investigation." That conception of their rights is a normal

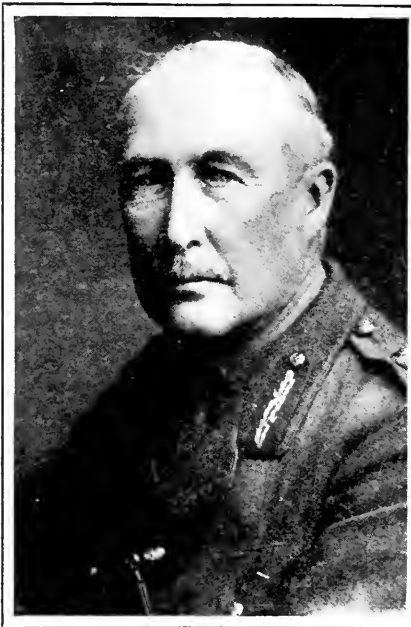
result of our industrial system, which in turn is a natural result of the present phase of human society considered as a whole. The "investigation" should not have been undertaken, but it is not fantastic to say that the blame for the undertaking should fall on society as a whole. Moreover, it is quite possible that the first shots were fired from the mine inclosure by imported gunmen, and professional gunmen are not a sweet-smelling tribe.

Up to the raising of the white flag and the surrender of the besieged on terms, nothing occurred to especially shock the sensibilities of our industrial age. The massacre that followed, however, was of a nature to shock the sensibilities of a Turk, a Moplah, or a Red Lett. The blame for that cannot be shifted from the "investigators" to society as a whole. Yet in all probability no one will be punished for the vile work. The coroner's jury find one murder com-

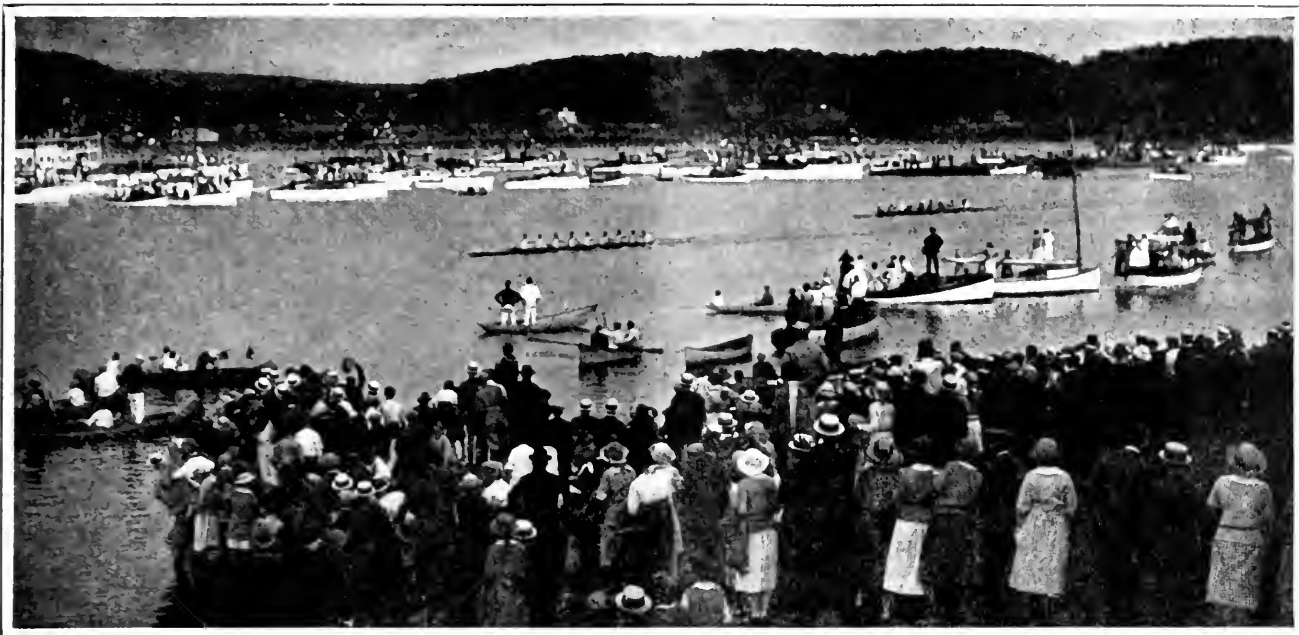
mitted: the shooting of a non-union miner by the mine superintendent. "The remaining slain came to their deaths through gunshot wounds inflicted by unknown persons." The jury was composed of three union miners and three business men dependent for their business on union miners. Oh, the wondrous, wondrous age!

Is a Settlement of the Mine Strike in Prospect?

On June 26, Mr. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, conferred with President Harding. It is not known what took place at that conference; but in consequence of what took place Mr. Lewis sent a telegram to the General Scale Committee of the anthracite workers, in session at Wilkes-Barre, which caused the latter to abandon, for the present at least, their project of ordering an absolute strike of anthracite workers (involving withdrawal from the mines of pumpmen and other maintenance men) in place of the present "suspension of work." One would like to know the precise character of the exchanges at Washington



International
Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the British Imperial Staff during the latter days of the Great War, and champion of Ulster, recently assassinated in London.



Paul Thompson

Yale winning from Harvard by three lengths in the four-mile race on the Thames.

and the exact contents of Mr. Lewis's telegram. The latter seems to have caused a good deal of jubilation at Wilkes-Barre. "It appears," said the president of the General Scale Committee for public consumption, "that immediate developments in both the bituminous and anthracite industries may be looked for as a result of the conference."

It is said that the referendum vote of the 150,000 anthracite union miners was almost unanimously in favor of an "absolute" strike.

* * *

President Harding on the 28th invited representatives of operators and miners in the union fields, both bituminous and anthracite, to confer with him at the White House on Saturday, July 1, "to devise methods upon which negotiations for the settlement of the coal strike can be initiated." It is not known what, if any, plan the President has to propose should a basis of negotiation not be reached or should negotiations, entered upon, fail. The invitations have been accepted.

Coal Prices and Mr. Hoover

Secretary Hoover's efforts to keep down prices of coal to consumers have not been entirely successful. It appears that some 20 per cent. of the operators have refused to strike a voluntary agreement with Mr. Hoover or have violated the agreement in spirit by boosting the price, without necessity thereof, up to the agreed maximum of \$3.50. Leaving this 20 per cent. out of account, operators' prices of bituminous coal average \$2.25 per ton, as against \$1.75 prior to April 1.

Mr. Hoover's achievement is not complete, but it is extraordinary; another instance of his incomparable genius for conciliation. Nevertheless, there has been some criticism of him in Congress both ungracious and unjust. Outside of Congress his critics are the shameless profiteers and, naturally and more excusably, the strike leaders. It would seem that, after a phase of misunderstanding, the retail dealers and Mr. Hoover are in agreement, and that Mr. Hoover is confident that they will live up to their voluntary engagements.

The Railroad Situation

The Railroad Labor Board on the 16th issued an order reducing the pay of 208,500 clerks and station employees by three cents an hour, and of 97,500 employees of other classes by two to six cents an hour, thereby easing the payrolls by about \$135,000,000 annually, effective July 1.

* * *

On June 20 John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, and B. M. Jewell, President of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, issued a joint statement to the effect that, "finding themselves confronted with a common crisis," the 1,250,000 railroad workers affected by the recent Railroad Labor Board wage-decisions were constrained to cast in their lot with the 680,000 coal miners who have been on strike since April 1. They "have no recourse but to strike." The statement does not disclose details of the proposed cooperation between the two great bodies of workmen; indeed, it is possible that little has been done toward evolving a joint plan of action.

It is significant that the executives of the "Big Four" Railroad Brotherhoods, which unions are not affected by the Board's recent wage decisions, were "unable to attend" the meeting which resulted in the important statement.

* * *

On June 27 Mr. Jewell, as head of the Federated Railroad Shop Crafts, dispatched an ultimatum by telegraph to Mr. T. DeWitt Cuyler, Chairman of the Association of Railway Executives. He announced that the shop-crafts workers would go out on July 1, unless the railroad managements would agree to the following conditions: a conference with the union representatives; ignoring of the Railroad Labor Board's recent order reducing wages of shopmen; restoration of certain working rules abolished by the board; abolition of the "farming-out" contract system.

When half or more of the returns from the referendum voting of the shopmen were in, there was

little doubt of an overwhelming vote for a strike. As there was not the slightest chance that the operators would comply with Mr. Jewell's ultimatum, the presumption is that the shopmen (approximately 400,000) would go out on July 1; and it was expected that about 500,000 maintenance-of-way men would follow about July 15. If, however, the hint of a settlement of the miners' strike through the friendly offices of the Government had developed prior to July 1 into a strong likelihood, we should have said at a venture that Mr. Jewell might at least have delayed his strike order.

The ultimatum was rejected, and the strike order was issued—June 29.

The Ship Subsidy Bill

On June 16 the Ship Subsidy Bill was favorably reported to the House by the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. The chances of the bill have been injured by the publicity given to the fact that liquors are carried on board and sold beyond the three-mile limit.

The proposal to exclude from ports of the United States all ships that sell liquor on board is interesting. Passage of an act in that sense might divert a great deal of shipping from ports of the United States to Canadian ports.

Morvich Down, Whiskaway Up

After twelve victories and no defeats, at last on June 17 the great Morvich was beaten; beaten by seven lengths by Whitney's Whiskaway, in the Carlton Stakes at Aqueduct. And again, on the 24th, Whiskaway romped away from last year's marvel, Thibodaux finishing second by a length, and Morvich trailing Thibodaux by ten lengths. Whiskaway, not Morvich, is the great colt.

A Note

Discussion must be postponed to the next issue of the interesting and important proceedings of the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, in being June 12-24.

The Irish Situation

THE elections to the Provisional Parliament (or third Dail) resulted as follows: Elected: fifty-eight pro-Treaty Sinn Feiners, thirty-six anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners, seventeen of the Labor Party, seven of the Farmers' Party, six Independents, four Trinity College representatives. Of those elected all except the thirty-six anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners are understood to be for the London Agreement (or Treaty). But this is to be considered: The Constitution is bound up with the Agreement, and the successful Labor candidates, who tend to extreme views, are said to be violently opposed to certain provisions of the draft Constitution. The first meeting of the new Parliament is set for July 1. In view of the latest development, it seems doubtful that the successful anti-Treaty candidates will take their seats. No one any longer expects that a Coalition Sinn Fein Government as contemplated by the famous Collins-de Valera compact, will be formed.

It will be remembered that the Collins-de Valera compact calls for a new election on a universal adult suffrage basis should the Coalition not work harmoniously. But the Coalition may be considered already disrupted. *Ergo*, new elections? It is idle to speculate before the civil war now in process is decided.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, from February, 1918, until quite recently, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, and since his retirement from active service Member of the British Parliament for North Down, Ireland, was shot dead in London on June 25 by two men who, after a running fight with police, were captured. Sir Henry was much hated by the southern Irish because of his advocacy of stern dealing by the British Government with south Ireland and because, at the request of the Ulster Premier, he had planned the organization of Ulster's defense. The whole world at once assumed that the murder had its origin in that hatred, and though the Home Secretary told the Commons on the 26th that the murderers were both Londoners and ex-soldiers and that there was no evidence that either of them had ever been in Ireland or had anything whatever to do with Ireland, the world in general holds to its original assumption. The explanation that the murderers were actuated by a fanatical hatred of war, especially such a horrible kind of war as a war for the reduction of Ireland would be (of which they conceived Sir Henry to be the chief advocate), seems (though the thing is not impossible) far-fetched. Both Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill in their speeches to the Commons on the 26th intimated a belief that the murder had its origin in the extreme fanaticism of the de Valera wing of Sinn Fein, and it was that assumption that caused the great debate in the Commons, to which those speeches were contributions, on the general situation in Ireland and the Irish policy of the Government. Lloyd George's speech was very moderate. He warned the Provisional Government that, "now they had the authority of the Irish people behind them" (*i. e.*, through the recent elections), "they must show their capacity to discharge the elementary duties of a Government in protecting life and property." He made this appeal to the House: "that the natural horror and indignation which they felt at the dastardly crime" (the murder of Sir Henry) "should not prevent them from preserving the calm which has always characterized Britain." Winston Churchill followed with a masterly summary of the causes of the present situation in Ireland and a statement of the policy of the Government. He ended thus:

Now that the Provisional Government is greatly strengthened, it is its duty to give effect to the Treaty in letter and spirit without delay.

The presence in Dublin, in violent occupation of the Four Courts, of a band of men styling themselves the headquarters of the Republican Executive, is a gross breach and defiance of the Treaty. From this nest of anarchy and treason, not only to the British Crown, but to the Irish people, murderous outrages are stimulated and encouraged and also



George Matthew Adams Service

Sneaking In.

probably in great Britain—for this organization is kept in being with branches in Ulster, Scotland and England—the declared purpose of which is the wrecking of the treaty by the vilest process which human degradation can conceive.

The time has come when it is not unfair, premature or impatient for us to make to this strengthened Irish Government and the new Irish Parliament a request in express terms that this sort of thing must come to an end. If it does not come to an end, if through weakness, want of courage, or some other even less creditable reason, if it is not brought to an end, and a speedy end, then it is my duty to say on behalf of his Majesty's Government that we shall regard the Treaty as having been formally violated; that we shall take no further steps to carry out or legalize its further stages; and that we shall resume full liberty of action in any direction that may seem proper to any extent that may be necessary to safeguard the interests and rights that are entrusted to our care.

* * *

This warning had not been uttered when already Michael Collins was taking the first steps toward "restoring the normal life of Ireland, insuring public safety and securing Ireland for the Irish people." Those steps had best be described by the following manifesto issued by the Free State Government on the 28th:

The events immediately leading up to the action now being taken by the Government to protect and secure the people of Ireland against further molestation and interference with their liberties are these:

On Saturday last two Dublin firms received demands in the name of a leader of the irregular forces in illegal occupation of the Law Courts to pay certain sums of money by the following Tuesday. The demands were put forward under the pretext of a Belfast boycott, which has no authorized existence.

The Government, on receiving information of the attempted extortion, arranged to have any persons attempting it arrested if and when they proceeded to enforce their demand.

Forty-eight hours later information was received by the Government that a raid was being carried out by similar persons on the motor garage of Messrs. Ferguson, Bagot Street. Orders were immediately issued to troops to protect the firm.

This order was carried out and the leader of the raiders was arrested and lodged in jail.

This warning to the lawless and irresponsible that the Government, having received an emphatic mandate from the Irish people, would no longer tolerate any interference with their liberty and property, was not only unheeded but insolently defied.

Some hours later the same evening Lieut. Gen. O'Connell, assistant Chief of Staff, while on his way through the streets alone and unarmed, was seized by an armed party of men and brought a prisoner to the Law Courts.

Against this direct challenge to its authority the Government ordered the army to take action.

This morning troops surrounded the Law Courts and demanded evacuation of the buildings and surrender of the munitions and property held therein. A time limit was given, but the demand was ignored. At the same time Fowler Hall, which has been used as a centre of direction for the seizure of private property, was invested.

Statements that British troops are co-operating with the I. R. A. are false and malicious. None but Irish forces, with the co-operation of citizens who are loyally and enthusiastically supporting the Government, are engaged in putting down the disorderly element who attempt to tyrannize over the people and defy their will.

Mr. Churchill told the Commons on the first news of the fighting that Collins's decision to attack the mutineers' (for so they should be called) stronghold, the Four Courts, had in no wise arisen out of the debate in the British Commons on the 26th. The British Government, he said, had offered assistance to Collins, but he had declined it.

The fighting began at 4 a. m. of the 28th and continued about the Four Courts, a group of buildings of great structural strength, on into Friday, when the "irregular" forces surrendered. The important advantage of the loyal Free State troops lay in the possession of some 18-pounders, but of these they had too few to quickly reduce what was in effect a massive fortress. There is said

to have been little difference in the numbers engaged on the two sides.

There are rumors of outbreaks by mutineers all over Ireland. De Valera, who on the morrow of Sir Henry Wilson's murder issued a statement which did not sweeten his reputation, has manifested in favor of the mutineers. All depends on whether the majority of the army shall continue loyal to Collins and his cause.



Paul Thompson

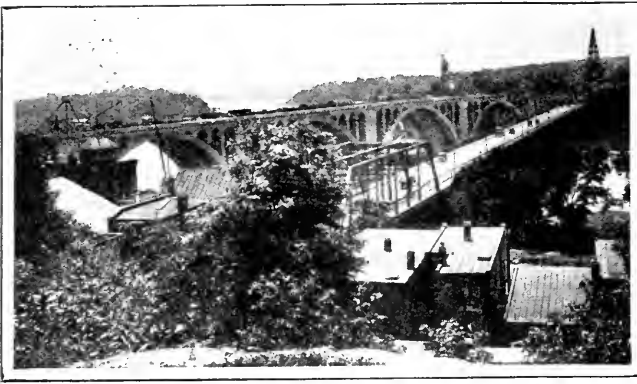
The Carnegie Peace Palace at The Hague, where an "experts" commission representing 25 associated Powers is in conference with an "experts" commission representing Russia.

La Grande Semaine de Paris

THE seven days commencing June 19 are called in Paris *La Grande Semaine de Paris*; the *Grand Prix de Longchamps*, on Sunday, the 25th, being the culminating event. Coincidentally, the social year of Paris culminates during that week. The ancient splendor and fantastic elegance were fully revived this year. It is said that social functions given by Americans were almost as numerous as those given by the French, and displayed a character of grandiosity beyond the Gallic genius and the Gallic purse. Of the American functions the most resplendent, if the press account is correct, was a dinner at the Hotel Crillon given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Whatever of succulent and rare the Riviera could supply was brought by airplane, and to feed the soul, as only America can feed it, a negro band was brought from London, also by airplane.

The Murder of Rathenau

DR. WALTER RATHENAU, the German Foreign Minister (whose social theories were recently reviewed in *The Independent*), was assassinated in Berlin on June 24, doubtless by members of that secret murder gang of monarchists members of which assassinated Erzberger some months ago. The consequences of his death are certain to be of great importance. He was the brains of the Wirth administration, and the man is not in sight who can measurably fill his shoes. He was more acceptable to the Allies than any other statesman of Germany. With him gone, the reparations problem becomes immensely more difficult. The murder has of course drawn together by a common feeling of indignation and fear the scattered elements friendly to the Republic, but that effect (and



Harris & Ewing

The Francis Scott Key Memorial Bridge across the Potomac.

this gives the measure of the man), even though it should be permanent, can hardly compensate Republican Germany, so poor it is in political talent, for the loss of such a man as Rathenau.

The Latest from China

ON June 16, General Chen Kwang-ming, formerly Sun Yat-sen's chief supporter, but who recently broke away from Sun because of the latter's refusal to fall in with Wu Pei-fu's plans for the unification of China, captured Canton, driving out Sun's troops. The latter took refuge on one of his gunboats, and ordered the six ships of his navy to shell Canton—a cruelly futile order. After a while the gunners, with more heart and sense than the Great Patriot, refused to fire any more. When last heard from, Sun was still on a gunboat, addressing words of devotion to liberty, democracy, and himself. There is a report that he has ordered back the force which he sent not long ago into Kiang-si Province, hoping therewith to retake Canton. It is to be hoped that Chen, though outnumbered, will be able to take care of himself, for Sun Yat-sen has become a mere political pest, to be abated. Wu Ting-fang, his most important supporter since Chen's defection, and the brains of the Canton Administration—perhaps indeed the finest intellect in China—died the other day in Canton at the age of eighty-one; it will be recalled how he had just refused Li Yuan-hung's offer to make him Premier of the Peking Government.

Despite the latter's recent treachery, Wu Pei-fu has granted another armistice to Chang Tso-lin. Chang's behaviour was unforgivable, and he ought to be made to "eat gold," but, with Wu Pei-fu's other engagements, a great Manchurian campaign just now would be inconvenient if not disastrous.

The Hague

REPRESENTATIVES of the Powers contemplating resumption of negotiations with the Russians met, as scheduled, at The Hague on June 15. It was their function to "exchange views" and to select a commission of experts to meet a Russian commission of experts at The Hague on June 26. They did little exchanging of views, a majority voting not to make any effort to achieve a common understanding on principles to guide their experts in dealing with the Russians. That majority accepted the specious British argument that the experts "are to deal with facts and not principles." They selected the commission of experts, and at their request Foreign Minister Van Karne-

beek of the Netherlands selected sub-committees to deal, respectively, with the questions of Russian debts, credits to Russia, and property in Russia once owned by foreign nationals but since nationalized by the Moscow Government, in conjunction with similar sub-committees which the Russians were to be asked to form.

* * *

The conversation in London on June 19 between Premiers Poincaré and Lloyd George passed off smoothly. Apparently there was little discussion, but it was agreed to meet again late in July to discuss thoroughly reparations, Tangier, and the Near East. A clash on The Hague was avoided, Poincaré merely announcing that he had decided to enter the negotiations with the Russians.

* * *

The following-named twenty-five countries are participating in The Hague negotiations with the Russians: Austria, Belgium, Great Britain, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

* * *

The two experts' commissions, that of the associated Powers and that of the Russians, have been in conference since the 26th. Discussion of their proceedings must be postponed; the latter have been chiefly remarkable so far for the unparalleled insolence of M. Litvinov.

Sundry Matters

ICELAND is cold to the woes of Europe. She declined an invitation to send representatives to The Hague.

* * *

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill which would reduce obligatory service in the army to eighteen months.

* * *

It is said that there are 15,000 persons in France who use titles of nobility, and that of these only 3,000 are entitled to them. Ah, you delightful person, Homo Sapiens, always the same dear old preposterous snob! (For the proper definition of "snob" see Charles Lever.)

* * *

The tonnage of shipping entering and leaving the Port of Hamburg during May exceeded that of May, 1913.

* * *

Another German military mission, headed by Colonel Bauer, is in Moscow.

* * *

Certain American interests have acquired water-power and electrical properties in the industrial region of northern Italy, of value between \$25,000,000 and \$50,000,000, replacing German capital. English interests have made similar acquisitions. This is a development of first importance. Substitution of American and British for German capital in Italy would be an immeasurable boon to that country politically.

* * *

In the recent elections to a new Hungarian National Assembly the Horthy candidates won 164 seats, other candidates (including eleven Legitimists) seventy-four.

"A Pickle for the Knowing Ones"

ONE hundred and twenty years ago there was published in Salem a small pamphlet of only twenty-four pages, about four by six inches in size. It was an almost illiterate conglomeration of unimportant fragments and trifles, written by an elderly man, vain and rather spiteful, in order to boast about himself and indulge in a few whacks at his enemies. Many persons have heard of it, during the past century; few, if any, now living, have read it; yet it has been reprinted eight or ten times, and once as recently as 1916. One of its peculiarities passed into a legend, vaguely known to thousands of people who have no idea of its origin. Its title, too, and its eccentric author, have kept it in the minds of the collectors of curious Americana: it was "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and its author, Timothy Dexter.

The author was born in Malden, Massachusetts, in 1747-8, but moved to Newburyport in 1769. He was a leather-dresser, and dealer in hides; in 1776, fateful year, his fellow-citizens found time to elect him "Informer." The persons upon whom he was supposed to inform, as a duty of this office, were unlawful slayers of deer. Dexter began to take strides toward fortune: he married a rich widow, and after the Revolution invested in the depreciated currency, later redeemed at par by the Government. By 1791 he had bought a mansion, formerly owned by a "merchant prince," and had begun to make offers of public benefactions. He lived at odds with many of his neighbors, who despised him as *nouveau riche*, and as a disreputable tippler; with the local clergymen, who, despite his gifts to the churches, abhorred his loose living and free thinking; and with his children, in whom his eccentricities had begun to appear in darker shades of mental aberration. The boys of the town gratified him by calling him "Lord Timothy," but plagued him by stealing his peaches; the town authorities, with the self-respect of a New England community, would not accept benefactions from an objectionable person—as he had become. So he was miffed, and removed to Chester, New Hampshire, for about two years.

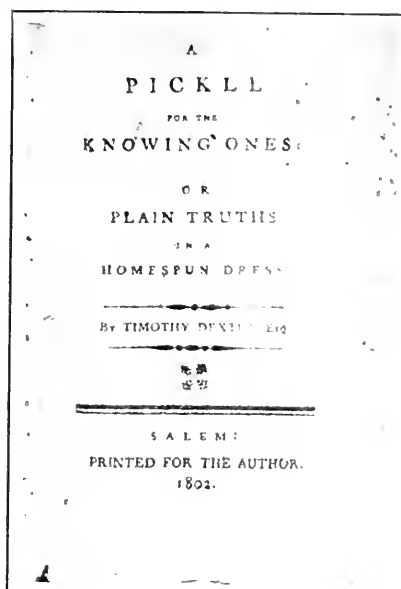
In 1798, however, he was in Newburyport once more, where he bought the "colonial" house which has been known by his name ever since. It is mentioned in Holmes's "Elsie Venner." James Russell Lowell's home at Elmwood is hardly more dignified and spacious; both are set in good plantations of trees, and they are similar in size, proportions, and general appearance. Dexter proceeded to decorate his house with various gimcracks; especially a row of absurd wooden images, set up in front, on pillars and arches. These were supposed to represent Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, John Hancock, together with other worthies, lions, eagles, Adam and Eve, and Timothy Dexter himself—labelled "I am the first in the East, the first in the

West, and the greatest philosopher in the known world." Dexter maintained a poet laureate—an eccentric preacher and verse-monger named Jonathan Plummer, whose verses, by the way, were not always badly constructed.

In the swarm of legends that clustered about Dexter's name it is hard to distinguish the true from the false, and among the false ones it is never easy to say which were invented by Dexter himself and which by his friends and celebrants. We know that he lived oddly in an odd house; that he made money; that he published two editions of an odd pamphlet; that he died leaving an estate worth \$35,000—no trifling sum in 1806—and that he disposed of this estate in wisdom and generosity, making "liberal donations

made his name known to booksellers, bibliographers, printers, writers, and collectors of eccentric literature, is that he used no punctuation marks in the first edition of his "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," but that in the second edition he bade the printer cover a page with "stops," so that the reader might "pepper and salt" the book to his own taste. This is repeated as gospel by almost every writer on Dexter, and it is always mentioned in conversation about him. Recently I examined nine different editions or reprints of the "Pickle" and found—to my annoyance and horror—that so far as my researches could discover we were again dealing with tradition. I say annoyance and horror because it is no pleasure to me to take any part in upsetting pleasant legends; the world does not suffer for want of fact-hounds.

The first edition (1802) is without punctuation. So is the second edition (1805), of which there were two versions, one printed in Newburyport, and the other probably in Salem. In neither is there any note to the printer about "stops." (I speak, of course, of copies of which I have knowledge.) These are the only two editions published during Dexter's life which I have been able to trace, after making inquiry of about a dozen libraries and historical associations. The first mention of the thing, so far as I can discover, is in an edition printed in Boston in 1838 and edited by "Peter Quince." At the end of this edition, under the heading [Note to Dexter's Second Edition] there are printed half a page of periods, commas, colons, semi-colons, question and exclamation marks, preceded by the sentence: "fourder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in



for the support of the Gospel, for the benefit of the poor, and for other benevolent purposes." The mock-funeral which earlier he celebrated upon his estate is described by himself; it is a tradition that he beat his wife because her show of grief was too slight. That he shipped warming-pans to the West Indies (in ignorance of the climate) but made money by the deal when the pans were used for lading molasses, rests upon a statement made as early as 1805 by Dexter himself in the second edition of the "Pickle." This is his brief reference to the matter: "... one more spect Drole A Nouf I Dreamed of worming pans three Nits that they would doue in the west inges I got not more than fortye two thousand put them in Nine vessels for difrent ports that tuck good hold—I cleared sevinty nine per sent—the pans thay mad yous of them for Coucking ..."

William C. Todd, the benefactor of public libraries, has cast doubt upon the story of the warming-pans; he thinks that no such extraordinary shipment was ever made, and his reasons are weighty.

The one story about Dexter which



A nuf here and thay may peper and solt it as they please." There have been five or six reprints of the "Pickle" since 1838, and all but one of them

reprint this note with slight variation.

Conversation or correspondence with Messrs. Wilberforce, Eames, Charles Evans, and George Parker Winship, three men as learned in the bibliography of this period as any that could be named, reveals a unanimity of opinion

that the note really originated with Dexter. Mr. Evans believes that the addendum with the marks may have been printed as a broadside; Mr. Eames, that it may occur in some vanished edition of the "Pickle," or have been printed on a separate leaf to be

inserted in the pamphlet; while Mr. Winship also suggests the theory of the separate leaf. Possibly this article may be seen by somebody who can settle the question by producing the vanished edition or the missing leaf.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

More Romance

THE WINTER BELL. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield and Company.

THE TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES. By Albert Kinross. New York: The Century Company.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GENTLEMAN. By J. P. Marquand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN. By Mazo de la Roche. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE VENERINGS. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. RIDEOUT is one of the few current American story-tellers who treat romance as an affair upon which no delicacy or austerity of art can be wasted. If he has been given less general credit for this than, say, Messrs. Cabell and Hergesheimer, it may be largely because of a difference in plane, or range. The author of "The Winter Bell," with all his mastery of "realistic" detail (we do not forget "Beached Keels"), has deliberately chosen to cultivate the field of adventure-romance. He recognizes as a necessity for this sort of work some touch of the exotic or the remote. So does Mr. Hergesheimer: even his late laborious-dingy yarn of paltriest America has to finish in a sultry Cuban setting. But in Mr. Hergesheimer's work adventure, in the popular sense, almost never has a part. His action is above or apart from the physical plane. Mr. Rideout frankly works upon that plane, and you may hold him less in regard thereof if you think a "Java Head" is a bigger kind of thing than a "Treasure Island."

In books like "White Tiger" and "Tin Cowrie Dass," the romancer frankly invites us to seek adventure in strange places. That is, he uses the "atmosphere" of the Orient or the South Seas for our common purpose. But in "The Winter Bell" he finds a more uncommon accent nearer home. From the picture of the eight-foot gentleman on the jacket, we may naturally deduce the Northwest, with half-breeds, cattlemen, miners, and mounted police in the background. Not so: this is a tale of 'way down East, of the ancient Yankee wilderness and its types. The whiff of salt water mingles always with its forest airs. And it has that minute fidelity which we recall in the writer's early fiction, to the Yankee vernacular. But, in these terms of backwoods and foreshore, it is romance. It never deviates into realism, and lapses from romance to melodrama only in the obligatory

scene of our hero's hand-to-hand battle with an official bully. Of course the method of his feat is preposterous: but we shouldn't, for the moment at least, be permitted to suspect this. . . . It is a pleasure, however second thoughts may judge the substance of the tale, to absent us from facility awhile in the enjoyment of its firm and unabashedly literate style.

An old-fashioned merit of style may also be fairly granted to "The Truth About Vignolles." It belongs to the school of Kipling rather than of Stevenson. The author, we judge, is still a young man, to whom (or to whose fancy at least) the world presents itself as a scene of varied color and swift action, of dramatic and picturesque qualities altogether. The Dedication begins: "When I came out of the army after five happy years—" a most compromising and revealing acknowledgment in this day when the zest and glamor of war are supposed to have been banished forever. Were there persons who really enjoyed our indeterminate Armageddon? There were, no doubt, many of them—men of the order, not of the dingy and applauded "Three Soldiers" of the present, but of the joyous and irresponsible "Soldiers Three" who once held a respectable place in fact and fiction. Mr. Kinross is an Englishman who has found his market chiefly in America. This may be referable in part to a certain briskness and chattiness of style akin to those qualities justly made famous by our most popular practitioners of fiction in the magazines of this pep-loving land. We have almost forgotten that Kipling set the pace and the model for the "American short story" of our pride. A kindly fate has already advertised him among us as "the O. Henry of England!"

There is, I say, a good deal of Kipling about the creator of "Vignolles"; of his alertness, his laconic aptness, his chatty nonchalance of the surface covering a real and strong concern for the right phrase and the right emphasis. "The Truth About Vignolles" is a linked series of tales about a central person: a popular kind of thing. The usual theme or centre of it is either a detective, a gentleman of fortune, or a crook. Vignolles belongs in a general way to the gentleman of fortune category; only the fortune he is after is not of the sordid variety. Rather he is an adventurer for adventure's sake, a middle-aged Ulysses-D'Artagan to whom the war came as a glorious opportunity for one last fling. With his medals, South African, Japanese, and

European, he had descended to a tea and rubber plantation somewhere in the far East when Mars rescued him from respectability and "success." If the Camel Transport Corps is the best service, at his age, he can "make," it at least gives him a look in, and the rest may be left to him. The storyteller is supposed to be a fellow of the corps and more or less a contemporary, left behind when Vignolles takes French leave, to become a free lance in the guise of an Arab or what-not. . . . The stories are connected only as dealing, all, with Vignolles. Several of them have to do with earlier experiences of that versatile gentleman, and are told by him in the first person. The action and color of the book are pretty far from Main Street or Broadway. The truth about Vignolles is not the kind of truth Zola dealt with. It is the kind of truth that inhabits the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote," and "Monte Cristo," and "The Man Who Would Be King." "A book of brilliant fiction," the publisher calls it; and this is precisely and sufficiently what should be said of it.

Are we really on the verge of a powerful reaction against the imported squalor of the best-trumped recent novels? One publisher does not hesitate to say so, with a case in point. "The Unspeakable Gentleman," we are told, "marks a definite break in the flood of realistic fiction of the last few years . . . a pure romance to be read for the sheer joy of reading." It is, in truth, a yarn of the Beaucaire order, in an American setting nominally, but as placeless and timeless as such performances should be. Our unspeakable gentleman is a man of mature years, at whom we look through the eyes of his virtuous and rather intolerant son—as with Versilov in the "Raw Youth" of Dostoevsky. But here no light of irony is thrown about the figure of the solemn son: this is romance, and he is to be taken seriously or not at all. The setting is an American sea-town in the first years of the nineteenth century. Ten years before the action proper begins, the father has left America, under a cloud, or rather under a direct accusation of villainy which he has not denied. He passes a decade in various adventures and intrigues of a more or less shady nature, is involved finally in the affairs of a group of plotters against Napoleon the Emperor, and brings back to America a fair and noble maiden of France who, because of her implication in the Royalist movement, is unsafe abroad. He brings also an incriminating document for the posses-

sion of which the emissaries of Napoleon are hot upon his trail.

The son has grown up under the care of an Uncle Jason who turns out to be, in substance, the wicked deacon sacred to New England melodrama. He has done everything in his power to convince virtuous Henry of his father's dishonor. And the father, when they meet, does all he can to strengthen and justify the impression. What it is really all about is a matter of which, in a book of the kind, reviewers should say as little as possible. The main question is whether the author has established and maintained the requisite tone and atmosphere so that we follow him in a sort of comfortable waking dream through the essentially preposterous course of his narrative. And for those of us who are in a coming-on mood, the answer is yes. Those of us who are not, had better keep away from this sort of entertainment.

Perhaps it is not right to include "Explorers of the Dawn" in such company. I am puzzled about the book. It made but a mild impression upon me, perhaps as one who is pretty thoroughly "fed up" on the humors of the nursery. But Mr. Morley's enthusiastic Foreword made me wonder if I was not missing something. The testimony of several relatives and friends seems to back up Mr. Morley's good opinion, and I cheerfully pass it on as probably justified. But I may note in self-defense that the relatives and friends in question are all feminine, and that Mazo de la Roche is a woman. It is a story of three little boys at the "cute" age. Mr. Morley does after all let slip a sentence which expresses discreetly the feeling of a normal male reader: "I must admit that it is evident that the author of the book was never herself a small boy; sometimes their imperfections are a little too perfect, too femininely and romantically conceived, to make me feel one of them." The three infants are known as Angel, Seraph, and John. Their comedy takes the middle-aged reader back to "The Heavenly Twins," and sums up a whole school of current commentators on the quaint and picturesque aspects of the pre-adolescent phase.

"The Veneerings" is another non-descript book which it is at least not profane to mention in connection with a group of romances. But it is anything rather than firm and sinewy creation of the fancy. "The Gay-Dombes" charmed some of us not so much because of its alleged sources in Dickens, and its somewhat labored attempt to reproduce or to extend the world of Dickens into our own times, as because of its character as a book of autobiography and memoirs. The African business, and the London business, and above all the delightful business of Suzanne, Lady Feenix, and her entourage, appeared to do for the latest Victorianism what Bulwer had done for the earliest. "The Veneerings," alas, has most of the faults and few of the virtues of the earlier story. It tries to present an imaginative continuation of "Our Mutual Friend," or rather to

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follow the characters in later years, "to consider how they might have developed, what pursuits they would have followed, with what results." The action of "Our Mutual Friend," says the later chronicler, runs from 1860 to 1864, and is therefore the most modern of the Dickens stories. Sir Harry Johnston's own childhood goes back to this period. He is only a generation younger than the Harmons and the Podsnaps of "Our Mutual Friend." Melvin or Mervyn Veneering, in some mild sense the hero, or at least the leading juvenile, of the present narrative, is four years younger than he.

Well, what happens is that we have a great mustering and maneuvering of these gentry, or their ghosts—Harmons and Podsnaps, Lammles and Veneerings and Twemlows and the rest. If the piling up of data about them could make them real, they would step out of these pages. Sir Harry's fancy deals actively and tirelessly with minutiae. He has the amazing and ingenious interest of the Briton in the last shilling of each of his person's assets and income. He loves to describe places and things. His descriptions of things to eat and drink ought to be expurgated for American consumption. The pearl of them all, perhaps, is his note on Sir John Harmon's luncheon to his partners on his retirement from the active concerns of Harmon, Veneering and Company: "They had oysters from Colchester, brown bread-and-butter and a glass of Chablis; soles, quite exceptional soles à l'Impératrice Eugénie, served with a glass of unbranded sherry, specially imported; rump-steak a la financière (quite small pieces, but delicious), accompanied by liver and chip potatoes; then roast peacock, from Chacely, a male bird of the second year (peacocks are not full grown till they are four years old) stuffed with Dean Forest chestnuts. (To those who know I need hardly say that just as the peacock surpasses all other game birds in coloration, so in flavor and flesh it is the last word.) After this, glasses of mild punch were handed round. Then there came rose-cream ices. The flavoring candied rose petals were from the attar-producing variety, and like the cream (from Jersey cows) came from Chacely. Lastly there were blood oranges—an early consignment from Tunis—Mocha coffee, and green Char treuse. The servants withdrew. The diners smoked Russian cigarettes. Anything so gross as a cigar would have shattered the harmony." A genteel sufficiency, indeed! To such comforts has Bella Wilfer's honest John Harmon proceeded, under Sir Harry Johnston's fostering hand. . . . To say truth, there is little but description and detail to be enjoyed in these pages. The people are not Dickens's people, and the action is the extreme of jog-trot. One must be an ardent and a patient explorer into the world of yesterday to read the book through without skipping, or at least yawning.

H. W. BOYNTON

An Extraordinary Career

FROM PRIVATE TO FIELD-MARSHAL. By Sir William Robertson, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

EVERY profession cherishes its classic examples of remarkable promotion, and the soldier's calling is not likely in all its history to find a better example than the rise of the poor boy, William Robertson, from private of lancers in 1877 to Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1917. It was a rise in which favoritism played no part and luck very little. Robertson worked indefatigably. As a private he made himself an expert in signalling and acquired at odd moments the general education that was to qualify him as an officer. It took eleven years to get his lieutenantancy. Two commanding officers encouraged him to take the then unusual risk. Indeed, this autobiography shows that there was plenty of kindness and perceptiveness among the officers of the old army.

The means for playing a subaltern's part in England being lacking, Lieutenant Robertson sought transfer to India. There within seven years he had mastered six native languages, made himself indispensable as an intelligence officer, taken an honorable part in the Chitral expedition, attained his captaincy, in 1893, and a D. S. O. in 1895.

From this time, problems of organization and instruction became the young officer's main concern. He attended the staff college, learned French, studied the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War. On graduation he was assigned to the Intelligence Staff of the War Office. During the Boer War he performed similar duties for General Headquarters, emerging as a lieutenant-colonel. Being in touch with operations, he noted the defective system of orders. Lord Roberts rarely gave or even confirmed in writing the most important battle orders, with the result of frequent misunderstandings. Few of the high commanders realized the conditions for handling numbers, few indeed had been responsible in action for more than a regiment.

In 1904 came promotion to a colonelcy and assignment to Chief of the Intelligence Section at the War Office. All activities were rendered vague because there was no policy, no preferred field for research, no intuition of the possible foe. But in this period Colonel Robertson visited the Balkans, Germany, and Belgium, aided to form the Expeditionary Force, and arrived at tentative understandings with the Belgian General Staff.

With promotion to a brigadier-generalship came brief service in the General Staff at Aldershot, and soon an appointment as Commandant of the Staff College. He had already translated the German regulations for heavy field artillery; he did much to abate the spectacular artificiality of maneuvers; he became closely acquainted with most of the future army leaders of the Great War.

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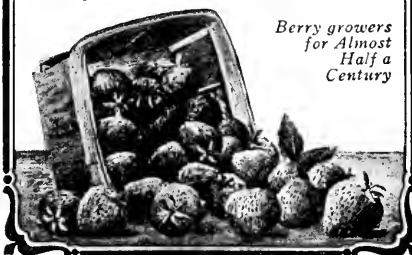
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In 1913, now a major general, he was again transferred to the War Office as Director of Military Training, but before he was able to test his proposed reforms, in the summer of 1914, the Great War was on and he himself named quartermaster-general of the Expeditionary Force. Here he achieved the task of moving the base of supplies from Amiens to S. Nazaire while maintaining the supplies at the front. The extraordinary administrative capacity shown in this emergency caused General Robertson's appointment as Chief of Staff of the Expeditionary Force in 1915, and later, at the end of 1916, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff with a general's rank. In this capacity he worked for conscription and against wasteful operations in the East.

So far we have to do with an unbroken military success, won by hardest work and related with modest brevity and simplicity. The record is good for a soldier or a layman to read, for it shows that even under untoward conditions of army organization the road is after all open to exceptional talent.

General Robertson resigned as Chief of the Imperial Staff early in 1918, when it was proposed to place on Foch's Committee of Reserves an English representative not answerable to the Imperial Staff. Evidently General Robertson was right, and his criticism of an independent command for the Allied reserves also seems sound. But his attitude, which was also Sir Douglas Haig's, in silently assenting to a plan which was to be ignored in practice, hardly seems handsome. Perhaps General Robertson, who declares that a fifth of his time as Chief of Staff was ordinarily given to considering and quashing entirely impractical military proposals from his civil superiors, was a bit worn down by 1918 and ready to go. He was still to command the home forces of England, her army of occupation on the Rhine, to become Field-Marshal and Baronet, but this was in a measure anti-climax.

The amazing thing about this autobiography by the creator of British strategy for most of the war is that there is next to no account of strategy, and, beyond a rigid advocacy of the Western idea, even no interest in strategics. One does not learn why the great British battles of 1916 and 1918 were fought—whether for local aims or in connection with French operations. Evidently the Field-Marshal firmly believes that to explain operations is a ticklish business while your civil chiefs survive. The reader will be prone to guess that there was, save the heroic "sideshows" in the Levant, no British strategy, but merely a grim determination to wear down the Germans tactically in the West.

With Sir William Robertson's suggestion that ministers, and especially war ministers, should have a modicum of knowledge of military history, all will agree.

On the whole, this personal narrative, while most interesting in itself,

remains an autobiography. Whether from discretion or other reason, Field-Marshal Robertson is singularly successful in hiding his strategic light under a bushel. Without the proof of this book, it would be simply incredible that one who had so much power, experience, and information could throw so little new light on British operations during the Great War.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

An Apology for Boswell

YOUNG BOSWELL: CHAPTERS ON JAMES BOSWELL, THE BIOGRAPHER. BASED LARGELY ON NEW MATERIAL. BY Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

MR. TINKER, known as a well-equipped Johnsonian, has undertaken to do two things. In the first place he has proposed to make an entertaining book about the biographer of Johnson. Secondly, he has aimed to prove that the writer of the greatest biography in the English, perhaps in any, language did not accomplish this by virtue of being a mere toady and simpleton, but by native genius. In the first of these tasks we may say in few words that Mr. Tinker has been eminently successful. If he had in mind the Byronic maxim, "I won't be tedious and I will be read," he has made the boast good. There is not a dull page from cover to cover. This is partly owing to the large amount of new material which he has drawn from Mr. R. B. Adams's marvelous collection of Johnsoniana and from other sources. But still more his success must be attributed to his own fine sense of literary values, his flair for what is at once characteristic and amusing, his judicious comments on the foibles and generousities of human nature, with both of which qualities his hero was abundantly endowed. Only occasionally, very rarely indeed, does his manifest determination to be entertaining betray him into the cheaper kind of sprightliness, which is the pit dugged for the unwary scholar who runs from pedantry.

In the second of his intentions Mr. Tinker has, perhaps, not come off quite so victoriously. Everyone is familiar with Macaulay's famous portrait of Boswell as "a coxcomb, and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous," as a man with "no wit, no humor, no eloquence." It used to be fashionable to ask how a mere fool and bore could have written one of the wisest and most interesting books in the world; and if that paradox, in its crudest, Macaulayesque form, has been exploded for some time, it has still remained a problem to explain how this same Scotch laird, so weak and so unwise as he certainly appears in some aspects of his own life, was the father of the triumphantly magnificent *Life*. In part Mr. Tinker has solved this problem. He recognizes Boswell's vanity, his moral looseness, his restlessness. But he brings out more clearly than had been done before the strength of purpose that ran through and under the man's weakness, the genuine admiration for things true and noble that accompanied



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his vanity. Above all he shows that the Life of Johnson was no accident, but that from early youth Boswell was training himself for his great task by braving any difficulties in the pursuit of famous personages (and that in no mean spirit of sycophancy), by his persistence in taking notes, by his adaptability to all sorts of conditions, his penetrating glance into human nature which enabled him to bring to the surface what was most characteristic in each man he met. If one wishes to see these traits exemplified, one need only read Boswell's correspondence with and about two such divergent creatures as Rousseau and John Wilkes. There is undoubtedly something resembling genius in all this, and it goes far to explain the notable qualities of the Life. But does it explain all? Mr. Tinker would seem to think so; we are not entirely convinced.

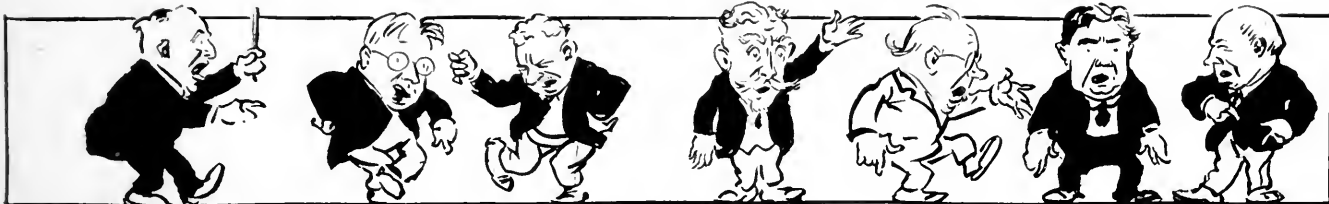
Boswell at different times had in mind to write, and actually gathered material for writing, various other biographical works besides the one which has given him immortality. In some degree he even carried out such a project in regard to the Sicilian Paoli. No doubt he would have succeeded respectably in any of those plans; but it seems to us perfectly clear also from the evidence that his success would have been respectable and no more. His notes and his completed work on Sicily display marked talent and indicate his natural disposition and training for minute portraiture; but of downright genius, of greatness of conception, they show nothing, or only hints. The simple truth is that in his one masterly achievement Boswell in a measure merely held the pen, while Johnson himself is the true father and begetter of the Life. It is not only that the interest is mainly due to the character and words of the man who is so diligently boswellized. If the recorder had merely transcribed with patience and literary adroitness the doings and sayings of Johnson, we should have had a good, even a memorable, book, but not the supreme work of genius we do actually possess. There is more here than literary cleverness. There is the unique psychological phenomenon—unique unless something like it occurred in the case of Socrates and Plato—that in some mysterious manner the genius and personality of Johnson were transfused into the very soul of the recorder. The biography is not a conjunction of great things reported faithfully with the comments and framework of a mediocre mind. There is one spirit infused throughout the whole, and that spirit is more Johnson's than Boswell's. This, we take it, is a mystery which can be felt and stated, but which defies the scalpel of critical ingenuity. Mr. Tinker has, we think, brought this fact into clearer light by his accumulation of documents and by his analysis of Boswell's traits and talents; but we doubt if this was quite the intention of his apology for the man whom Macaulay defamed.

PAUL ELMER MORE

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

July 22, 1922



OF the two options—introducing a wholly new tariff bill or for the time being retaining the one now in effect—there is no question that the second, under the prevailing conditions, is infinitely preferable. The Emergency Tariff is pulling well, and any thoroughgoing alterations in this period of unsettled world conditions would leave the country in doubt as to how long they could survive. All the same, it is well to remember that some of the existent schedules are woefully out of harmony with fair play to the public. Under them profiteering is pursued by persons who are gaining a reputation as low-tariff advocates because unwilling to revise the tariff at this moment. If it were possible to straighten out certain injustices in the present Emergency Tariff without undertaking a revision all along the line, that would offer the best solution in the circumstances.

THE talent of President Harding—and a very real talent it is—has been said to reside in his power of conciliation and compromise. He will have use for it in managing the next Congress. He will find a certain influx of progressive minds, as, for instance, those of Pinchot and Beveridge. They come actively into the Republican Party in no insurgent mood, yet they are sure to advocate policies in accord with their past records. We welcome the virus which they will instil. They and their like, if tactfully handled by their chief, will promote the possibility of transforming the reputation of the Republican Party from that of

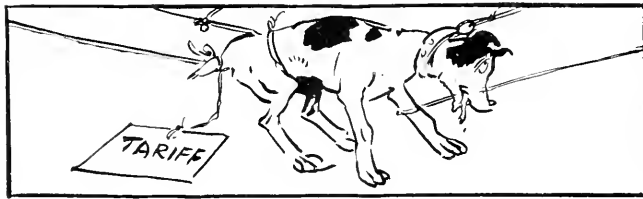
stand-pattism into a suggestion of foresight combined with solidity. Party solidarity is most important if there is to be real accomplishment. And it is well to remember that the Progressive defection in 1912 meant something, and that this element, now brought back to the Republican Party, may be made very useful not only in keeping the party from a self-complacent satisfaction with things as they are, but in taking the wind out of the sails of the many persons who desire a change without any knowledge of what definitely to propose.

IN the many instances of violence connected with the railroad and coal strikes, the country has before it evidence of the widespread inefficiency and cowardice of its local officials. President Harding, in his Fourth of July speech, emphasized the right of every man to full protection in any lawful occupation he wished to undertake—and this is a commonplace of American theory. Yet the theory too often breaks down in practice, and we see all over the country not only unlawful violence against non-union men, but against both State and Federal agents of the law.

Under our system the preservation of civil order is a function of the State Governments and their local subdivisions, and the Federal Government cannot intervene until after appeal to the State authorities has proved fruitless. And within the States, as we are now seeing day by day, some local officials and some Governors allow the law to be flouted rather than shoulder the opprobrium

among law-breakers of enforcing the law. These recurrent outbreaks are a reproach to our States. When a Governor wants order in his State, order there is. Governor Allen of Kansas provides a shining example of the right way.

AS the mass of the people see it, the Dover-Mellon incident calls for little comment. Mr. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury, confronted with the difficult aftermath of war financing, refused to allow the efficiency of his Department to



be lowered by partisan removals and appointments; Mr. Dover, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, confronted with a demand for vacancies to be filled by loyal partisans, found an opportunity in the claim that eleventh-hour political appointments of the Wilson Administration were not necessary to the efficiency of the Department. He made certain removals which his chief refused to sanction, whether of eleventh-hour appointees or not is not told nor, indeed, much to the point. The "practical" politicians gathered behind Mr. Dover, public opinion generally behind the Secretary. The incident is reported to have been closed by the resignation of Mr. Dover. As the mass of the people see it, no other conclusion was possible. So stated, the affair is simple enough. As a matter of fact it is far from being so simple, nor has it been made less difficult by the nauseating hypocrisies of the daily press. Nevertheless, the manner in which it has developed has made of it a clear-cut issue between partisanship and good government—a conflict that can have but one conclusion, a conclusion that, if resisted, would carry by the board greater things than assistant secretaries. It should be remembered, in passing judgment, that had the Dover partisans succeeded, they would not have rested on their laurels. Through Secretary Mellon's firmness, and the President's good sense, the country has been saved from a very real danger.

THE Hague Conference is at its last gasp; the fatal news is hourly expected. It is quite the most futile assemblage of human beings since the world began. The Russian representatives have throughout talked in the spirit of the famous Genoa note of May 11—only more so; with infinite obstinacy, loquacity and impudence. They must have iron-clad assurances of credits, whopping credits, credits with no strings attached, credits to the account of the Moscow Government, to be applied

at its discretion, before they will engage themselves in any particular. They have come out flat against restitution of nationalized property. Compensation, then? "Well, we'll discuss that when we get credits." One elegant specimen of Litvinov's style we give in order to stand excused from further discussion of The Hague Conference. Asked what guarantees would be offered foreigners proposing to invest in Russia, Litvinov said: "The Russian Government is the most stable in Europe today and has lasted five years without change. Capital would be safer in Soviet Russia than in any capitalistic country in the world."

We called the Conference futile. No; it has saved Lloyd George's face, we presume. That was the idea. And listen to jolly Litvinov again: "Anyhow, the Soviets are better off than the holders of Russian bonds, who thought the experts at The Hague were going to collect for them." So there is satisfaction in both camps. Why worry?

WE have had occasion to say such severe things of Senator Borah in connection with the foreign relations of the country, that we feel it specially incumbent upon us to accord to him unstinted praise for his courageous and unfaltering stand on the bonus. He is almost alone among our prominent public men in not merely opposing the bonus but resting his opposition squarely on the ground of principle. He is against the bonus not because the country is too poor to pay it, but because the thing is wrong; and he says so with all the eloquence and force he can command. Courage and independence like this is what we stand in sore need of at the Capitol in regard not only to the bonus but to many another issue.

SUMMER reading of perhaps an unusual kind, but combining the two requisites of readability and interest, is furnished by the July number



Mr. Lasker's hard job

of the *Budget*. This organ of the National Budget Committee has always regarded its province as being much broader than the mere exposition of the nature and merits of the budget system, which it has strongly contributed to establishing. The current number is largely devoted to promotion of the proposal that Cabinet members should have the right—and that it should be their duty—to appear regularly in Congress to state, face to face, and maintain in debate, the position of their respective Departments. It will be news to most

people that this proposal was not only embodied in a bill introduced in the Senate more than forty years ago, but was favorably reported on by the Pendleton Committee at that time, as well as by a House Committee seventeen years earlier. At the suggestion of President Butler, of Columbia University, the report of the Pendleton Committee is reprinted in full in the *Budget*; which prints also an admirable address at the recent dinner of the National Budget Committee, in which Dr. Butler made an argument at once simple, convincing, and highly interesting, in favor of this much-needed improvement in our governmental mechanism.

PRESIDENT BUTLER contrasts the notorious futility and irresponsibility of the wranglings in our Congress that are started by anybody who chooses to attack an Executive Department, with what takes place in England:

The most useful and most interesting and significant part of the business of the House of Commons is question time. It comes in that house at the opening of the session on each afternoon. Private members put down questions. No Government official is required to answer a question without

notice, so that he is not taken off his guard. But he has notice, he consults his experts, he buttresses himself with his facts and his arguments, he answers the question either satisfactorily or unsatisfactorily. The papers of Great Britain carry the question and its answers from one end of the nation to the other. The Government critic has had his say, the Government officer has made his explanation or his evidence.

This proposed reform, which may justly be regarded as a natural sequel of the adoption of the



O Sir Arthur, why not leave us our fairies?

budget system, has far greater human interest; and, so far from finding his occupation gone with the passage of the Budget bill, Mr. John T. Pratt, the President of the National Budget Committee, may well feel that he has before him a task even more inspiring in the promotion of a movement calculated to improve the whole tone of Congressional procedure and action.

Leadership

RELATED attempts to stampede the President into an active leadership of Congress are misguided. There are various kinds of leadership corresponding to various kinds of situations, and the present calls not for a pellmell driving of Congress, but for a taking of stock and a look ahead.

It is easy now to go back over the past year and to see how Mr. Harding might have exerted leadership of the most striking sort. We wonder whether the case is quite so simple as those who so assert would make it out to be. There was the important question of taxation. Business men the country over were grumbling about the prevailing system. They felt that the large surtaxes and the excess profits tax were, in effect, destroying wealth, because the money so obtained was wasted in Government extravagance. Capital could not expand, and hence business was greatly cramped. They felt that a principle was involved which the President should have set forth clearly and insistently, even though he might not have been able to enforce it upon Congress. They are probably right, yet they forget at this moment how complicated the situation was a year ago. Congress had to raise four billion dollars, and it was a question how the taxes should be distributed. Even from the most broad-minded of business men no far-sighted solution was forthcoming. The tax commission composed of prominent men of affairs, as well as of expert students of taxation, were found to be warring among themselves. Each business group

was trying to put the burden on the other fellow. Doubtless in the midst of such confusion the President had a splendid chance to show leadership by indicating the sharp outlines of the principles which should be followed. But let no one think that his task was easy.

The present situation with reference to the tariff is likewise complicated, though not to such an extent as that which has just been outlined. In the first place, to arrive at permanent schedules at this moment is quite impossible. *The Independent* has suggested that the question of the tariff should be placed in the hands of a commission and nothing more done about it at this session of Congress. Senator Norris, we are glad to see, has more recently made the same suggestion. Senators Edge, Lenroot, and Moses have also objected to the present programme. The main difficulty, as we understand, about postponing the discussion is the feeling of certain influential leaders that a few objectionable schedules must be changed here and now. But this cannot be accomplished unless a bill is put through, and a bill is sure to mean revision all along the line. What is the President to do in such circumstances—to hearken to the advocates of a temporizing policy or to the voice of the people, about which there can be no mistake? Here is a chance for downright leadership which, we are convinced, would excite popular enthusiasm.

Restraining action can be quite as inspiring as positive action. And the President would, in our judgment, be ill-advised to yield to the urging of

those who are now insisting that Congress must legislate feverishly in these next few weeks. It is our belief that Congress after attending to routine matters might well adjourn. What at this late stage the public is looking for is not Congressional achievement but a renewal of faith in what the future holds forth, together with an assurance that the Party's leaders fully appreciate their responsibility to propose for the fall elections the best candidates available. This would be of much more service just now than any amount of bills rushed through Congress at the last moment.

Mr. Harding's path has not been an easy one, in spite of the large Republican majority in Congress. Our reasons for so thinking have been set forth in previous issues of this journal. His immediate problem is to decide how best to meet the present emergency. In our opinion he can do more for his party just now by risking the dissension which may be caused in Congress if he blocks the majority's plans, and by attending to his own personal prestige. The situation growing out of the coal strike and the railway strike call for his best thought and effort. He has made a good beginning in his desire to safeguard the public. And if he can bring about a solid settlement in each case on the principle that in enterprises of this kind the public interest is paramount, he will have done a great deal to arouse the popular imagination and to reinforce the feeling that in his hands the government of the country is operating in behalf of the great majority, without fear of minorities, however strongly organized.

Another German Crisis

THE Germans, having been granted a very generous partial reparations moratorium for this year, are asking further indulgence. They cannot, they say, pay the July 15 reparations installment of 50,000,000 gold marks. They cannot, under the conditions, they say, find the money.

Doubtless they cannot, under the conditions, find the money without very great inconvenience. But the conditions are partly due to deliberate German sabotage of treaty obligations, and partly to lack of coöperation among German parties; which latter is plain orneriness. It is up to the Germans to get together and to make it clear to the world that they are getting together and that they intend to keep together. The London schedule of reparations payments calls for 2,000,000,000 gold marks per annum from Germany plus an amount equal to 26 per cent. of the value of German exports. Under the partial moratorium granted by the Reparations Commission, Germany is required to pay only 720,000,000 gold marks cash this year, of which the July installment is 50,000,000 marks. Now France has by internal loans raised 8 billion dollars which she has applied to reconstruction. The

interest on this sum is approximately \$400,000,000 per year or \$33,000,000 per month, in comparison with which France's share of the reduced German payments is a mere bagatelle; and the French Government intends to raise by internal loans within the next two years 4 billion dollars more to be expended on reconstruction. And yet the Germans, without any domestic burden of reconstruction, with thriving industries, with practically no unemployment, immensely richer in man-power than France, with a rate of taxation well below the French and very far below the English, are crying out again that they can't pay.

They can't pay, of course, unless they get together and resolve to pay. They can't pay unless the People's Party, the party of the capitalists, will honestly support the German Government without insisting on dominating it to their own advantage, and unless the Independent Socialists will honestly support the German Government without insisting on strangling capital. The Germans may of themselves develop the will to pay (recognizing payment as possible, necessary, and expedient), or they may develop it only under pressure.

The French have no desire to exert that pressure. The Germans almost persuaded the world that they did so desire; but that cock, which fought so long and valiantly, will no longer fight. The limit of French expectation is to receive from Germany the \$12,000,000,000 expended or to be expended on reconstruction by the French Government. This, if the British renounce further reparations claims (they have already been well served in the matter of the German merchant fleet and in other ways), will mean not much more than service and ultimate redemption by Germany of the Class A and Class B bonds—totaling 50,000,000,000 marks or \$12,000,000,000. The 82,000,000,000 marks, or \$20,000,000,000, covered by the Class C bonds (carrying no interest) will remain as a charge against Germany on the books of the Reparations Commission until the Interallied war-debts have been cancelled and until steady full service and gradual redemption of the Class A and Class B bonds have been secured by iron-clad guarantees, including the most binding assurances by Britain of coöperation with France in enforcing (by moral pressure only, if possible; by force of arms, if necessary) such service and redemption.

The Germans understand the situation. They know that the Allies, including the French, propose to be clement, have already shown extraordinary clemency; and they know that that clemency has reached its proper limit. Yet, so "difficult" a thing is their psychology, they still allow themselves to hope against hope that they can break Allied solidarity on the reparations question, they still persist in the bluff that they can't pay. It is true that, if the Germans continue to allow the

mark to go careering downward and German finance and the German rise to go to smash, they can't pay. But if they will get together, they can halt and bring back the mark, meet their obligations, and establish the Republic. It is easy enough by Statistics (sweet handmaid of Mendacity) to convince the gull that the Germans must be let off, but the non-gull will insist that Germany can and must reimburse to France at least a large part of her \$12,000,000,000 expenditure for reconstruction.

A word about the C bonds—\$20,000,000,000. Plain speaking on this subject is indicated. Those bonds have not been issued; under the London Agreement of May, 1921, they were to be held by the Reparations Commission unissued until such time as the Commission is satisfied that Germany is able to meet the interest and sinking-fund requirements on them. Now these bonds, it is safe to say, will be *cancelled* under the conditions stated above—chief of which is cancellation of the Inter-allied war-debts. It is up to the United States. Our contribution in men, money, and supplies, during the period of our participation in the war, was magnificent; but we entered late, very late. Add together the increase to our national debt through the war and our loss in men (expressed in terms of gold), and then add to that total the \$11,000,000,000 lent to Allies, and the aggregate will still be found trifling compared with the French or the British or the Italian total of similar items (*the mortality being expressed in terms of gold*). Then, too, one should consider the much greater wealth per capita in the United States than in any other country. Indeed, our share of sacrifice in the war to save civilization was quite inadequate. The war debts are legally just, but they are not morally just. We know it and our debtors know it. Not only should we cancel those debts, but we should make it clear that, upon cancellation of the C bonds, we shall consider the Allies justified in requiring full service and redemption within a reasonable time of the A and B bonds. Such a statement from our Government would doubtless be followed by British signature of that defensive Anglo-French treaty without which France cannot consent to withdrawal of her army of occupation from Germany.

It is reasonably certain that upon cancellation of the C bonds and upon such a statement by our Government, the German parties would get together. And if they get together and clearly manifest the will to pay, they can get money from us wherewith to ease the performance of their obligations. It has been said that the Germans do not want to be in debt to us; it would spoil the charm of their relations with us. That of course is pleasant fooling.

It is up to Germany; and it is up to the United States.

Labor vs. the People

AT Fall River, Massachusetts, on the Sunday morning after the beginning of the railroad shop strike, the conductor of the boat train to Boston, fuming over delay due to insufficient pressure on the air-brakes, snorted out to a passenger's inquiry:

"I don't know *when* we'll start—thanks to the United States Labor Board"—and he added angrily, "There's got to be a labor war, and I don't know but it might as well come now. What's the matter? They won't give us no money."

This man belonged to one of the train service Brotherhoods which have not yet met the second reduction from the peak wages of 1920 against which the shop crafts are striking. But his temper, especially as shown in other remarks which it is hardly fair to quote, is illustrative of the general temper behind both the railroad and the coal strikes. This man gave his most violent denunciation (and it *was* violent) to the idea of wage regulation by a Federal Government tribunal. Mr. Gompers and other officials of the American Federation of Labor have denounced the theory of the Railroad Labor Board from the moment it was proposed. They have opposed the idea that any body on which the public is represented should have any voice in determining wage rates. The Mine Workers, in refusing President Harding's proposed arbitration of the coal strike, are really standing on precisely the same ground. Organized labor demands recognition for its asserted right to settle wages by industrial warfare, regardless of who suffers by the conflict. In this present year of grace the railroad strikers assert the right to force wage concessions from the railroad managers by causing public loss and suffering through demoralization of interstate transportation. The striking miners, pointing out through their officials the loss and suffering that threatens from continued under-production of coal, propose to cause that loss and suffering unless *their* demands are complied with. Both of the striking bodies intend to enforce their demands by causing, or threatening to cause, a serious injury to the whole public.

This is clearly the case of Labor against the People of the United States—of an attack by barely a million men upon the safety of more than a hundred million persons. It seems to us that the railroad strike is directly the consequence of the understanding with the coal miners that the latter would support a railroad strike; and that the refusal of the miners to accept arbitration is in large part a rendering of the promised assistance. Quite apart from the utterances of the leaders of the two organizations, it is evident from the facts of the situation that the two strikes play into each other. The greatest offset to the effects of the

coal strike has been the production from the non-union mines of West Virginia and Kentucky. This non-union coal has a long rail haul before it can reach the markets which absorb it. The obvious way for the railroad men to support the rail-coal strike combination is by checking or preventing the transportation of this coal—and that result is already in evidence. If the shop men can cripple transportation of non-union coal, and if the miners can prevent the mining of coal in fields near the consuming markets, something will presently break; and out of the smash each of the striking bodies hopes to get the substance of what it is demanding.

We think it the duty of the Federal Government, and equally of the people of this country, to see to it that this attack upon the safety of the country is immediately and signally defeated. We hope that before these words appear in print the Government, at least, will have begun vigorous and appropriate action. The public can begin to do its part by recognizing the true nature of the struggle, by backing up the Government in appropriate remedial measures, and by standing ready to give its own individual services to the railroads if that is necessary to maintain transportation.

In the matter of the railroad strike there has been a disposition both among the general public and in official Washington to think that the Labor Board might find some way to a compromise. In our judgment the efforts that Chairman Hooper of the Board has made in this direction weaken the position of the Board, and are in their general effect unwise if not actively mischievous. The Board took a sound position in its official statement regarding the strike. For any member of the Board, "unofficially," to dicker with the strikers upon terms of settlement other than acceptance of the Board's decision or withdrawal from the service of the roads, is to create "informal" obligations on the part of the Board which the strikers would insist on its translating into official action. The public should understand that in the railroad strike the whole principle of Government regulation of wages and Government prevention of interruption in vital public services is at stake.

In regard to the coal strike, we hope the Government will not, as its intention is intimated to be, take over the actual control and operation of coal mines. Sufficient legal justification for such procedure might be found, but it is far less clear than in the case of railroad operation, and at the best, this course would lead into new difficulties that were better avoided if possible. We believe that a sufficient number of mines to prevent a serious shortage could be operated if the Federal Government guaranteed full protection to non-union workers in them, and held the authorities of the States to strict account for their share in the undertaking.

The Treasury Year

IN grave emergencies, as of war, where all the resources of a people are strained by vast extensions of national credit, everyone may have some appreciation of the effects of governmental finance on private business; but under more ordinary circumstances few realize the intimate connection between the two. And yet we may lay it down as axiomatic that sound business conditions in any country are fundamentally dependent on the soundness of its Government's financial operations. Government implies compulsion. If the Government's financial operations are both large and disorderly, so that business cannot discount their effect, the disturbance is catastrophic; if wise and skilful while other factors are much tangled, the intrusion may even be beneficial. The occasion for repeating this truth at the present moment is the gratifying showing of the U. S. Treasury under Secretary Mellon.

The Treasury year was ended June 30. Detailed reports of operations are not yet available. Enough, however, is known to indicate the invaluable service that has been rendered. The financial operations of the Government for the year were on a vast scale, but their conduct has been so orderly, so forehanded, that not only have they produced no crises of overstrain, but they have actually served as a stabilizing force.

Victory notes now outstanding amount to about two billions, as compared with about four billions on April 30, 1921; Treasury Certificates outstanding (as of June 24) amount to about \$1,830,000,000, as compared with about \$2,750,000,000 on April 30, 1921; maturing War Savings Certificates amount to about \$650,000,000, as compared with \$750,000,000 at the beginning of the refunding operations. Entirely new obligations (Treasury notes) to the amount of about \$2,200,000,000 mature at well scattered intervals between 1924 and 1926. The net reduction in the national debt is placed at about \$1,014,068,844. These stupendous operations have been conducted so smoothly that the business of the country has been almost unaware of the process. When we say, as conservative commercial reporters now do say, that the business of the country shows marked improvement, the debt which that business owes to the management of the Treasury under Secretary Mellon should not be forgotten.

There are other points. An estimated deficiency for the fiscal year has, by economy and management, been changed into a surplus.

The effectual resistance to raids on the Treasury, such as the attempted Bonus raid, was greatly helped by Mr. Mellon's strong stand. His firmness has rescued his Department from political spoils-men.

The entire record is one of which the Administration and the country may well be proud.

Is Germany Going to Pieces?

By John Firman Coar

THE assassination of Dr. Walter Rathenau, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Wirth Cabinet, has sent a chill of horror through Germany. Condemned in scathing terms, and condemned sincerely, by Germans of every class and every shade of political opinion, from the extreme right to the extreme left, the crime has no importance as a political murder. We shall go far astray if we follow the lead of any of the German newspapers in our interpretation of the sinister significance of the deed. It portends no reactionary outbreak, portends no new political policy. Whatever organized forces were behind the murder, they count for little. The thing that does count, if one has the right to apply such a concrete term as "thing" to the kind of unorganized sentiment I have in mind, is the spirit of negation which may be set free, and if set free will drag Germany and, with Germany, Europe to destruction.

Being one of those Americans who feel profoundly their country's moral responsibility toward Europe, it may be that I see the situation in Germany through dark glasses. But with every allowance for the writer's belief to the effect that having contributed, and contributed justly, toward the defeat of the Central Powers, it was our moral duty to insist on the establishment of a real peace, the fact remains that the situation in Europe has gone from bad to worse. Had it been our intention to destroy the German nation we could not have done better than permit the situation to develop as it has. In Germany, at any rate, the conviction is spreading like a devastating conflagration that the end is near; that endurance, patience, suffering, submission are all of no avail; that reliance on the organized forces of society is useless, and hope must end in despair. For when Germans speak of "the end," they mean the beginning of recklessness, the unleashing of blind fury, and the revolt against things as they are without first planning the things that are to be.

There was resentment in Germany last summer, bitterness and tragic consternation. But there also was hope, hope—well, why should one not say it—in America's sense of fair play and America's business acumen. Barring men of large affairs, Germans no longer put any faith in America. Self-help is left them, but self-help alone can achieve nothing. At best it can prevent one great evil by invoking another. Last summer I found a willingness on the part of many Germans to confess to a partial responsibility for the war, and also the dawning understanding by some of the causes of the world's distrust of Germany's national aspirations before and in the war. This understanding was evidenced in the publication, last winter, of a remarkable book entitled *die Tragödie Deutschlands*. But go where you will this summer, everywhere you find the deepening sense of having been wronged. The Germans are not fretful, irascible, or waspish over their wrongs or what they feel to be their wrongs. The feeling goes much deeper than that. You cannot justly characterize this attitude as sullen or vindictive. People are not sullen or vindictive in the presence of tragedy. Self-pitying despondency is perhaps the word that best characterizes the temper of the great middle-class. In

the working classes, on the other hand, the new economic status of labor (Germany's only gain from the war) is in a fair way to be accounted as a *national* asset. This the workers intend to protect against all comers, including the French. Grouping middle class and working classes together, we have that portion of the population which, for weal or woe, will determine Germany's future, and of this great mass of the population it can be said that it is beginning to feel itself German. Until last Saturday I hoped that the revival of the national spirit was a happy augury, since it could be linked up with the new constructive policy of the great industrialists and brought into coöperation with related forces in France through the moral support of America. Today I am skeptical. The pact of Rapallo meant nothing more to the average German heretofore than the kind of comfort one may extract from the assertion of independence. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Walter Rathenau's prime purpose in negotiating the pact was to counteract the process of national disintegration that set in last fall. He was first a German patriot. He was also a devoted champion of international goodwill. No one in Germany estimated more clearly than he the tragedy of the so-called Peace both in so far as his own country was affected and also in so far as civilization was threatened. One must have known him personally to appreciate his moral courage in undertaking to guide Germany's foreign policy in these last months. It was a policy of fulfillment not because fulfillment was possible but solely because no other policy could save Germany and save the world from a greater horror than the past war. "There can be no other policy for Germany," he declared. "But if our policy fails to convince our former enemies that the burdens imposed upon us are intolerable and they permit us to perish as we shall, then a new judge will sit in the judgment seat of civilization and the name of him will be Tyranny. I cannot, I will not believe that God will permit mankind so to curse itself."

Rathenau is dead because there were fanatical patriots in Germany, as there are fanatical patriots in every country. As one result of his death Germany is being rocked by a moral earthquake. Strong men are breaking under the herculean effort to sustain the tottering state. At this moment no one can tell what the outcome will be; no surface indication reveals to the casual observer the true state of affairs. Everything seems as quiet and orderly as before. But any one of the three or four issues before the Government and the Reichstag is likely to change seeming order into the wildest disorder. There is the bread-subsidy, the forced loan, the understanding to be reached with the Guaranty Commission, the question of the floating debt and the reparation payment due July 15. In all these questions the Entente Powers have a word to say. If it is the wrong word, then there will be either internal chaos in Germany or a national uprising, depending on the response which the Government makes to the Entente's demands. In either case, the Rapallo pact will come into play.

Two great factors are to be taken into consideration

at the present moment; namely, the middle class and the working classes. I characterized the temper of the former as self-pitying despondency. No class of the German population has suffered quite as much in consequence of the war as this class. Consisting of persons of moderate means but definite cultural traditions, it was until very recently the nerve centre of Germany's institutional life. Its members were merchants, professional men and women, rentiers, pensioners, civil servants, etc. Financially speaking, these constitute no longer a middle class. The ever depreciating currency has impoverished them. The savings of generations are reduced to about one-seventieth of their pre-war value, and expenses can never be made to balance with incomes (especially salaries) simply because the falling mark (or the rising cost of living) defies all budgetary computation. It is one of those silent, bitter tragedies that cut into the moral fibre of men. But it is not only this economic stress that must be reckoned with in an estimate of the one-time middle class. There are two other facts to be considered. Untrained in practical politics, they fell out of step with the other classes of the population when the revolution finally brought the new order of things. At a time when political assertiveness was needed, they failed to agree on a programme, and scattered through all the parties from the Social Democratic left to the monarchistic right.

The second fact is this: Thrift and thoroughness were the two German characteristics of which the old middle class was most proud. Needless to say that thrift and

thoroughness are being discarded as practical ideals under the pressure of economic uncertainty. This fact, coupled with the loss of prestige and the increasing impoverishment of middle-class Germans, has produced a state of mind in which self-pitying despondency is the next of kin to reckless self-assertion. Necessarily these people feel the degradation of their country more deeply than other Germans and it is not unlikely that any one of the issues referred to above may see them to line up with the nationalists in the Reichstag. Such a line-up as this will be interpreted by the working classes as the beginning of the reaction. It will mean the fall of the Wirth Government and the dissolution of the Reichstag. There is tinder enough to start a conflagration, and Germany has no Government strong enough to stay its spread. This is the danger that every sane German sees looming over the horizon, and it may well be that an attempt will be made to prevent disintegration within the body politic by the adoption of a strong national policy in foreign affairs. The consequences of such a policy can readily be imagined by every reader of *The Independent*.

Meanwhile there remains one hope. It lies with the able men who work behind the scenes of the parliamentary stage. They are busy as bees these days, and if they are successful in their efforts to prevent the threatening catastrophe, there is a chance of carrying through the constructive programme of the industrialists.

Berlin, June 27

Have the French a Right to Live?

By Stoddard Dewey

AN American who has passed his existence, as the French say, among the people of France is forced in these latter days to ask—Have the French a right to live? Or at least—Have the French an equal right to live with English and Americans and, let us say, Germans?

It is impossible not to perceive the various shades of negation in notorious publications of the day. The *Manchester Guardian*, a systematically Liberal organ, announced in March of this year, three years after supposed Peace with Victory, a volume edited by Mr. Keynes in which the Frenchmen who were to write on France were, as Jacques Bardoux protested—"Some incompetent and others suspected."

Among them were a political authority like Anatole France and a patriotic expert like Joseph Caillaux, who is still under condemnation by the High Court of his country. The representative Frenchman naturally added, "You must choose between them and us."

It is impossible to explain such methods of controversy or the accusations of Militarism, Imperialism, Navalism, which were brought against the delegates of the French people at the Washington Conference, or the machinery of such accusations, otherwise than as instances of the same fundamental negation.

Norman Angell, still looking through his pre-war spectacles, is not far from attributing the bitter fruits of war to the French having had an army with which to defend themselves. As for Pacifists—men and women

—Neutrals and International Radicals, all their utterances before and during and since the war make for German righteousness and French inequality of right.

They who let their feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow—

with nothing more solid and intellectual—for "poor France" are unable to keep this undertone of unequal and iniquitous judgment from being heard. The equal right of the French to live is not uppermost in all these minds.

The French people, individually, are only now becoming conscious of the unequal measure in which their right to live is meted out to them by English and Americans. After their war with Germany in 1870, nearly two millions of their countrymen were transferred against their will to Prussian subjection, and the English and American peoples as well as Governments accepted without protest this plain and arbitrary violation of the fundamental right demanded by all English-speaking peoples for themselves. A representative man like John Morley deprecated any manifestation that would turn rising Germany into a "watchful enemy." This attitude persisted down to the latest war. Since the war has been technically at an end, this state of mind has reappeared—nothing forgotten and next to nothing learned.

Is there something peculiar in the right of the French people to live? In what can it differ from the like essential right of the English and American and German peoples? Or why do English and Americans demand that

measures favored by themselves for making the world to live again—particularly Germany and Russia—shall be taken regardless of the right of the French people also to a revived existence and to a voice in their own reconstruction and in that of the world?

At present, the answer seems to be that the French choose to be represented by M. Poincaré, and that he is a lawyer with a brief for French Imperialism and Militarism. John Morley once remarked that those who object to lawyers in politics are those who object to law.

To live, for a people as for an individual, means that existence shall continue—and the French are looked at askance when they insist on being what they have always been. To live, for a people, means that their vital action shall continue—and the French are being pressed to give over activities which they have exercised in the world for centuries, and, after holding out till the war was won, to let themselves be managed by others. To live means to get one's living at least by earning it—and it is overlooked how the French shall be enabled to do so. And so far as to live involves security against danger to life, the French are considered peculiarly exasperating when they insist upon it for themselves.

The one fact on which any fair or tolerable judgment would naturally be based is the loss of life and devastation of the sources of life and the ensuing vital strain which the French people is still enduring from German invasion. This fact is by way of being passed over for more novel and less fundamental issues.

The French are berated for their lack of confidence in German promises whose execution by an uncertain Government is more uncertain still. The French experience of two German invasions in a single lifetime, the Belgian experience of the worth of German signatures to scraps of paper, the persistent violation of the Peace Treaty by Germany ever since she signed it, and her procrastination in executing the provisions of the Treaty until material force is used by the Allies—all these drop out of the English and American mind. And it is not asked who has been doing the reconstruction work in France so far and who is paying for it. It is taken for granted—many have said so and others believe them—that France is not taxing herself, that she is living on paper money and using her remaining credit for armament, that the French are not working, that they are waiting for other people to pay their debts for them. Hence the easy American formula which appears in the correspondence of the *Chicago Tribune*—The French have had our money, let them fork over.

When the French delegates to the Peace Conference were insisting on things which their people considered vital to their existence, a former American Ambassador said—"The French are suffering from shell shock." The French have been told that Mr. Keynes, who then as now furnished statistics to the anti-French thought of England and America, was sufficiently edified as to France by Paris frivolity at Montmartre—where some hundreds of the four millions of the Paris agglomeration disport nightly, not all being French and all Paris not being a major part of France. A Virginia politician could not see in the thronging Paris streets as many able-bodied Frenchmen maimed in the war as he had been led to expect. Another American looked from the railway train at the fields beyond Arras, where Nature has cast her veil of greenery over the ravaged soil, and descried less devastation even than Mr. Keynes found

in his statistics. Tumble-down churches and unlighted blast furnaces overtopping thousands of demolished homes stay some passersby only to excite wonder that the French are so slow in reconstructing them, and give rise to more reports that the French are waiting for some one else to do their work for them. In this way whole portions of the British and American public are led to turn their gaze resolutely away to other victims of the war, particularly among the peoples immediately responsible for it.

Dr. Chalmette, who remained at his post in the Pasteur Institute of Lille all through the years of German occupation, thinks that one-half of the children of that vast industrial agglomeration have been left tuberculous. Of the young women deported in masses by the invader with a brutality unknown since the days before Grotius, the Medical Faculty of the same city estimates that sixty per cent. can never become mothers. The mainland of France has lost by death or disablement in the war one out of three of her able-bodied men from twenty to forty-five years of age and two-thirds of these, say, 200,000 men, would have become fathers.

It is time to ask whether those who survive in France with some possible prospect of life have a right to live. This seems to be lost from sight or ignored by many in England and America whenever the French speak up or act for themselves or in any way obtrude their claims on public attention. How great, on the other hand, is the attention given to propaganda against French Colonial troops, whether yellow or black—all undoubted children of France and not mercenaries—a propaganda based on hostile police reports, which, even so, were not greatly different from the records of other armies in similar conditions, as was noted by the American General on the spot! Worst, however, and most unjust of all is the constantly implied accusation that the French are not really struggling for their own lives.

A struggle is resistance and insistence. Both have been equally unwelcome from the French—at the Peace Conference, and in repeated negotiations with the English Government to secure Germany's observance of the Peace Treaty which she signed, and to protect the rights of the French people on the Rhine and in Upper Silesia, in Asia Minor and Syria—and with Russia. In each case, and again at Genoa, the French have insisted chiefly and directly on their right to live also, and they have resisted only proposed diminutions of their life.

On the last day of March of this year, Mr. de Lavergne, a French business man speaking to business men of other nations at the session of the council of the International Chamber of Commerce, with the President of the Standard Oil as American representative, spoke in words of unmistakable gravity: "So far what we have received from Germany, even in kind, does not cover our occupation expenses and the advances to which we agreed at Spa—nothing has been received for the reparations which we claim not as victors, but as victims. And, over and above the sacrifices imposed on us by the non-payment of Germany, there is the loss of the Russian debt owed to us—40 per cent. of the total foreign debt of Russia, and due to a million and a half of French people who lent their little savings. We wish to pay our debts to other countries—but we wish also that debts to ourselves should not be all the time subjected to dispute and diminished."

Paris, France

Lem Hooper Discovers Our President

By Ellis Parker Butler

"DURFEY," said our eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, "do you ever make mistakes?"

"I make them, but I don't admit it," said Court Officer Durfey.

"That qualifies you to be a United States Senator," said Judge Hooper, putting down his newspaper. "I'm different, Durfey. I made one mistake, back in the hot days of 1920, and I'm going to admit it. When the tumult ceased and the shouting began, Durfey, and everyone was saying, 'Who is this man Cox anyway?' and 'Did you ever hear the name of this Republican nominee before?' I thought I knew who was going to be the next President of the United States. 'Durfey,' I said to you then, 'the evidence is clear; the big bosses are tired of having a President that quarrels with the Senate—or vice-versa—like two dogs over a bone. Everything has been fixed. The Senate of the United States is to be the President of the United States, come next March.' I was wrong, Durfey; dead wrong! When the voters elected Marion—"

"You mean Harding, Judge," said Durfey politely.

"I said Marion and I meant Marion," said Judge Hooper. "The bosses thought they were electing the Senate to be President, and the people thought they were electing Warren G. Harding to be President, but they were both wrong—they elected the cosy little town of Marion, Ohio, and it now occupies the Presidential chair. When I cast my eye toward Washington I can see it as plain as day, including the front porch with the rocking chair, the post office, the Ladies' Aid Society, the City Council, the family Bible, the wise men of Main Street, 4½ per cent. paid on deposits, the Soldiers' monument and corn on the cob. Yes, and I will include, Durfey, the freckle-faced boy with the stone-bruise on the palm of his foot on his way to catch three pumpkin-seeds and a four-inch bull-head on a hot Saturday afternoon when the dust of the road puffs up soft and hot between his bare toes! That's what is President of the United States, Durfey: Marion, Ohio.

"And I don't know that it is a bad notion, Durfey, for a nation to forgo the excitement of electing an Idea

or a Faction or a State of Mind to its Chief Magistracy now and then and to elect a snug little village instead."

"Did you say 'snug little village,' your honor?" asked Durfey.

"I did not; I said 'snug little village,'" said Judge Hooper, "for that is the kind they have out there in Ohio. A village, Durfey, with brick-paved streets and father pushing the lawn-mower in the cool of the evening in his shirt sleeves, and mother fanning herself on the veranda and hoping it won't be so hot tomorrow night, which is prayer-meeting night. A town, Durfey, with 'respected citizens' and that has long since put Bolsheviks, games of chance, Democrats, mosquitos and ne'er-do-wells in the same class.

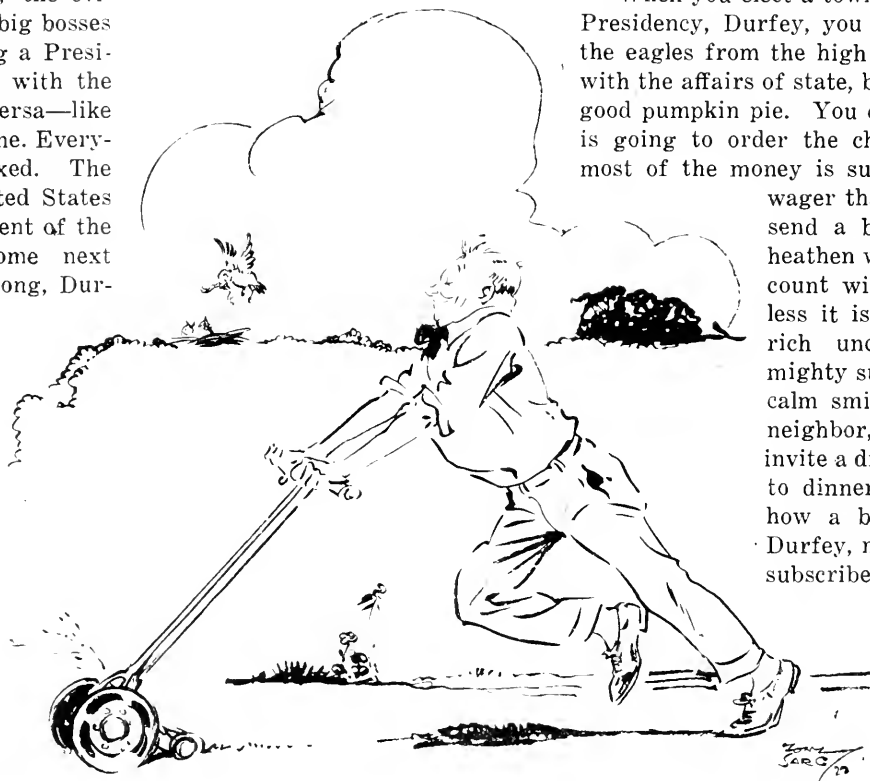
"When you elect a town like Marion to the Presidency, Durfey, you may not be calling the eagles from the high peaks to soar aloft with the affairs of state, but you can count on good pumpkin pie. You can bet that nobody is going to order the church painted until most of the money is subscribed. You can wager that although we may send a bag of flour to the heathen we won't open an account with a dead beat unless it is guaranteed by his rich uncle. You can be mighty sure that we'll have a calm smile for every decent neighbor, but that we won't invite a drunken bum to come to dinner. We don't forget how a bank does business, Durfey, nor that most of our subscribers live right here in

the county, nor that there has as yet been no Constitutional Amendment to the Ten Commandments. Before we build a trolley road to Bucyrus

or Canton we'll figure up whether it will bring us trade or lose us trade.

"As long as a town is going to be the Chief Executive of these United States, Durfey, I prefer Marion, Ohio, to Greenwich Village or Hollywood. If Marion, Ohio, is not always right it knows it is always right, and that's something. If it does not shoot gloriously through the sky like a rocket and burst in a glory of new-fangled red stars it does stay right in one spot, and it knows that is the best spot in the best State in the best nation in the world. It knows it has the wisest and sanest ideas. It may not invent an Einstein Theory, but it gets home to dinner on time and there is always a dinner to get home to.

"Once before in recent history, Durfey, a great nation has been ruled by a place, but England's ruler was a front parlor with a plush album on the walnut centre-



"—And father pushing the lawn-mower in the cool of the evening"

table, and crocheted antimacassars on the chairs, and crayon portraits of Uncle George on the walls. And the reign of the front parlor was England's happiest and most prosperous reign. The Margots and Bottomleys are interesting warts, Durfey, and amusing as pathological sprouts, but the front parlor is the backbone of Old England.

The sky-rocket is amusing on the Fourth of July, likewise, and Coney Island and Versailles are interesting places, but when you come right down to brass tacks the people of the United States, by a big majority, live in Marion, Ohio, and eat three meals a

day, and have to earn them, and earn them every day. And that takes something, Durfey, that the town of Marion took with it when it went down to Washington to be President. It is something that is more important than the Monroe Doctrine or the Fourteen Points or the whole Constitution and By-Laws. It is the thing that has made a good many hundreds of thousands of Democrats say, "Well, this President certainly has surprised me; I never expected it!"

"Patriotism?" suggested Durfey.

"Plain, ordinary small-town common sense," said Judge Hooper.

Glad Tidings for the Open-Minded

By Fabian Franklin

THE *New Republic*, in an eloquent editorial, gives equal and enthusiastic welcome to two new developments in the field of "liberal" agitation. Although one of these does not appear to be essentially a movement of student life or student thought, it is in that aspect that the *New Republic* chiefly regards it, as well as the other, which is specifically a student affair. Both have, indeed, their origin in student organizations formed some time ago. The National Students' Forum is an outgrowth of the Intercollegiate Liberal League; the League for Industrial Democracy is successor to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. "The National Students' Forum," says the *New Republic*, "is purely an organization for diffusing information, promoting discussion, and stimulating intellectual activity through various local groups." The League for Industrial Democracy makes no such pretension to open-mindedness—it is devoted to a definite programme, a declared "social ideal," and pledges its members to "specific allegiance instead of vague interest"; but of that programme the *New Republic* says that "no more important subject of liberal thought and social activity could be presented to college students than this—and no more exacting test of their faith in the ability of humanity to evolve conditions for its own survival."

Evidently the declaration of a definite goal, the pledging of "specific allegiance" to a programme of fundamental change in the organization of human society, makes no perceptible difference in the editor's mind regarding the status of the one organization as compared with the other, in their relation to the young students whose participation in them he so warmly welcomes. He can hardly think that our freshmen and sophomores have already so profoundly studied the fundamental problems of society as to be warranted in pledging their allegiance to any programme upon which a reasonable person ought to keep an open mind; the undeclared radicalism of the National Students' Forum and the declared radicalism of the League for Industrial Democracy stand on the same footing with him for the simple reason that to have your mind closed to the conservative side of the case is no offense at all against the current doctrine of the open mind. It would be absurd to doubt that the existing order of society is monstrous and ought to be abolished; the only thing with which the open mind needs to trouble itself is the question of ways and means for the extinction of the old order and

the substitution of the new. And yet there are persons with minds not wholly closed to the truth who feel that it would be more becoming in young people—and perhaps in some older people—to give a little sober thought to the assumptions with which the League for Industrial Democracy sets out, before accepting them as the indisputable starting point of their own thinking. It happens that the League, in the advertisement in which it appeals for recruits, states in almost a word the idea which it has been created to promote. At the head of that advertisement are these words by Arthur Gleason:

The home folks of Main Street want a faith on which they can go forward. . . . Only one main idea is in sight with driving force and the power to capture the imagination of men. That idea concerns itself with changing the basis of civilization. It is the idea of production for use. It says that the present order is ethically indefensible and economically unsound. It makes the community the instrument and arbiter of social change.

So perfect does this formulation of the great idea seem to the conductors of the League that they adopt it as a complete expression of their purpose. "The League for Industrial Democracy," they go on to state, "was formed to hammer out and circulate this idea." And I would not say that it was not a happy choice of a slogan. What could strike "the home folks of Main Street" as more just, more reasonable, more promising, than a campaign to install "the idea of production for use" in the place of the idea of production for profit which dominates the present order? What more calculated to stir the pulses of ingenuous youth than the prospect of doing away with the sordidness and the futility of individualist conflict, and making the general good instead of private gain the mainspring of all men's activity? Does such a proposal demand any inquiry, except how it can most effectively and most speedily be brought to realization? Surely not: just as surely as "the present order is ethically indefensible and economically unsound"; just as surely as the youngest of us can brush aside the sophisms by which the present order is defended, and go on with faith and confidence to the making of a better world.

But if for a moment we look at the question not from the standpoint of "the home folks of Main Street" eager for a simple and heartening faith, nor from that of the sophomore ingenuously responsive to an inspiring suggestion of world-betterment, but from that of sober reason and careful thought, we shall find that the

case is at least debatable. For, to begin with, the slogan of "production for use" is a question-begging slogan. The notion that in order to get production for use we must "change the basis of civilization" is a crude and unwarranted assumption, an assumption that ignores the essential facts of our present economic life. Production for use is just what is going on today, and covers an overwhelmingly preponderant part of our activities. Each individual, to be sure, is actuated by the desire for his own private gain or well-being; but he cannot, speaking generally, procure that gain except by production—that is, exertion of one kind or another—that serves the "use" of others. There have been economists, notably Bastiat, who have carried the doctrine of the promotion of the general good through the free working of competition—the doctrine of "economic harmonies"—beyond its legitimate bounds; it cannot be denied that much waste, much misdirection, much lamentable evil, attends upon the process. But in the main it is true that energies devoted to the advancement of one's own fortunes must, if successful, fulfil some demand, some "use," of the community at large. It is possible that if the *motive* of economic effort were the service of the community instead of the promotion of one's own interests, the *results* of that effort would be more fruitful of "use" than is the case under the present order; but to assume that such would necessarily be the case is to sweep aside as of no consequence the most cardinal traits of human nature and the most obvious teachings of experience.

Before our Main Street friends and our youthful collegians are asked to accept that assumption, they ought to have their minds turned to a serious study of economic theory—the theory of the way in which the play of individual self-interest brings about the actual phenomena of economic welfare and economic progress. Even the waste—admittedly enormous—which attends the existing economic order, they ought to think of not as an absolute but as a relative matter. What waste, what miscalculation, what futilities, what inertia, might we not expect in a régime in which the community—that is, the Government, in one form or another—determined the "uses" which should be served, and the way in which they should be served!

In the present system, whatever its defects, there is the constant stimulus of exceptional reward for exceptional success in serving the "uses" of the public, the dreaded penalty of ruin for failure to do so. Under a system in which there was no thought of profit or loss, but only a calculation of the degree in which one promoted those uses, how enormously would the nerve of action be relaxed, the keenness of economic judgment dulled, the adaptation of means to ends lessened! Might not all this far more than outweigh the wastes of the existing system? And if it be contended that the gain sought is that of moral tone rather than of economic abundance, is it at all certain that the sense of contributing one's mite to the general welfare would be half as potent in building up moral tone as is the present overshadowing sense of a man's personal responsibility for his own welfare and that of his family? I am not insisting upon the answer to these questions. What concerns me is that they should be asked. To pass them over as though they did not exist is to take advantage of the innocence and naïveté of our friends in Main Street and in the college dormitories.

What Next in Ireland?

By Stephen Gwynn

MR. DE VALERA has issued a statement in which he admits defeat and attributes it to intimidation by England. In reality it is a revolt of Ireland against prolonged intimidation of the majority by a small minority of armed men and boys. The question is, what will happen next? The new Parliament has to pass upon the Constitution, of which a first draft was submitted to the electorate on the morning of the poll. I need not comment here on its extreme democratic character nor on the interesting details which it adopts from Switzerland. All these are open to discussion and liable to change in the Dail. But the draft contains certain fixed points. In its original form it was rejected by the Imperial Government as not conforming to the Treaty, and the negotiations which followed have bound the Irish Government and the British Government to maintain as essential those clauses which define the relation of Ireland to the British Commonwealth. These lay down in the most explicit manner that Ireland shall have precisely as much power and dignity as Canada, and in the Parliament at Westminster ministries will be pledged to resist implacably any attempt to whittle this away. On the other hand Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins cannot consent to alteration of those sections which assert the King's supremacy and limit the degree of separation permitted. The assertion is little more than theoretical, but it is there, and Mr. de Valera declares that it must bar all honest Republicans from the public service. This presumably means that he will not go on with the agreement to enter a coalition ministry. If he does enter it and his supporters to the number of four in ten, their position will be intolerable for themselves and for the country. The country is sick of divisions which do not correspond to divisions within its own body, and it will expect a Government that can and will act. Labor will demand a part, and justly, in the duty of administration, for in many cases Labor men headed the poll. Individual candidates, especially the Lord Mayor of Dublin, possess similar authority. Against it Mr. de Valera can urge nothing but that his backers, or those who agree with him, have a large number of rifles and revolvers, have used them against the British, and are now ready to use them against the Irish.

I do not think that a large proportion even of the Republican armed men would be prepared to act on this. If a section are, they must be dealt with. That is the first condition of getting rid of anarchy in Southern Ireland. It is also the first condition of getting peace with Ulster and in Ulster, that there shall be a Southern Government which has authority in its own home. I believe it to be a further condition that there shall be a Government in the North able to control the Papist-hunting hooligans in Belfast and also to transform, supersede, and suppress the undisciplined and ununiformed constabulary.

What the immediate results may be must rest very largely with a few men—Mr. Churchill, Sir James Craig, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Collins, and others. But these elections in Ireland mark a return in the direction of sane civilization, and it is probable that a new election in Ulster also may be needed to complete the work.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Railroad Situation

MR. JEWELL, head of the Federation of Railroad Shop Crafts, and the chief executives of the several shop-crafts unions, failed to appear in answer to telegraphic summons to a hearing before the Railroad Labor Board on June 30; to which hearing were also summoned (successfully) the chief executives of the other railroad unions affected by the recent wage-decisions of the Board, and representatives of those railroad managements which had farmed out shop work against decisions of the Board. The main object of the conference, namely, to prevent a strike of the shopmen, was defeated, but the conference had two important results. The management representatives promised on behalf of the managements cancellation of the farming-out contracts; and the President of the Maintenance-of-Way workers promised to suspend final action as to a strike of his brotherhood. Other conferences followed, with the result that on July 4 the 400,000 Maintenance-of-Way men received orders from their chief "to continue work under the present wage decision of the Labor Board under protest, pending efforts to obtain a satisfactory adjustment," and that on the 8th similar orders were issued to the members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen. A decision has not yet been taken by the officials of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees.

So the strike of the shopmen began on July 1. Their executives talk confidently, but the decision of the Maintenance officials was a shrewd blow, and the considerable disorder and outrage which have characterized the strike are probably to be attributed to despair of success. The strikers are ruefully aware that the nation as a whole goes with the Labor Board in considering the strike a strike against the Government. The response of the shopmen to the strike order was large, but apparently far from the 100 per cent. claimed by Mr. Jewell; and apparently the response would have been much smaller, and more men would have returned to work, but for intimidation. In Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri, State troops have been sent to scenes of disturbance. Effects of the strike are manifest in laying off of trains and embargoes on shipments of certain classes of freight; but doubtless after a little embar-

assment the railroads will manage well enough provided the strike does not spread to other classes of employees.

* * *

On July 3 the Railroad Labor Board ruled that the shop-craft unions had put themselves outside the jurisdiction of the Board. It recommended that shop-craft men remaining at work and new shop-craft employees form new associations in order that they might be properly represented before the Railroad Labor Board, and that the Transportation Act and the Railroad Labor Board might function with reference to them. The Board's resolution setting forth the above declared that should other classes of railroad employees then debating whether they should strike, decide to go out, the

above ruling and recommendation would apply to them. It should be noted, however, that the resolution did not state that the Board would never have further dealings with the old unions. The Board did not "outlaw" the unions, as union chiefs have been shrilly declaring. The important implication of the statement that the unions have "put themselves outside the jurisdiction of the Board" would seem to be that they must accept the Board's decisions before the Board will deal with them again.

* * *

Yet it is reported that

Chairman Hooper of the Railroad Labor Board, and Mr. Jewell, have been in secret negotiation since the 8th, looking to a settlement of the strike. Moreover, Mr. Hooper suggested to the railway executives that they parley with Mr. Jewell; but the executives refused. The men must return to work first, they said.

The President Proposes in the Coal Mining Controversy

The President met representatives of operators and miners in the union fields, both bituminous and anthracite, at the White House on July 1. The President urged his guests to arrange for immediate resumption of mining operations and thereafter to negotiate a permanent settlement; otherwise, the Government must intervene. His guests separated into bituminous and anthracite groups for conference, Secretaries Hoover and Davis joining the former group and Secretary Fall the latter.

No positive result appearing from successive conferences, on the 10th the President summoned the con-



Underwood & Underwood

The magnificent Four Courts Building in Dublin, practically destroyed in the recent fighting

ferrees to the White House again and presented to them the following proposal:

Mine workers are to return to work on the scale of wages which expired last March 31, and mines now idle because of strike or suspended operation to resume activities, without interference with activities of mines now working, the 1922 scale to be effective until August 10, 1922.

A coal commission to be created at once, consisting of three members selected by the mine workers, three members selected by the mine operators, and five members to be named by the President. All decisions by this committee shall be accepted as final.

This commission to determine, if possible, within thirty days from today for the miners on strike a temporary basic wage scale, which scale shall be effective until March 1, 1923. In event that the commission is unable to report its scale by August 10, it shall have power to direct continued work on the 1922 scale until a superseding scale is ready.

The commission shall investigate exhaustively every phase of the coal industry. It shall reveal every cost of production and transportation. The President will ask Congress to confer authority for the most thorough investigation and make appropriations necessary to do such work. The commission shall make recommendations looking to the establishment and maintenance of industrial peace in the coal industry, the elimination of waste due to intermittency and instability, and suggest plans for dependable fuel supply.

The reply of the miners' representatives will not be submitted before the 15th, on which date the Policy Committee of the United Mine Workers will assemble in Washington. The replies of the bituminous and anthracite operators' representatives may be submitted before that date or may be withheld until the miners' representatives are ready to reply. [The anthracite operators' representatives replied somewhat vaguely on the 12th, but their reply is interpreted as an acceptance.]

A War Memorial for New York

The Mayor's Committee on a Permanent War Memorial for the City of New York has recommended conversion of the lower reservoir in Central Park (no longer needed as a part of the city water supply system) into a site for a war memorial—the latter to include a memorial arch, a swimming pool of twenty acres, with underground bathing pavilions, running tracks, an amphitheatre for pageants, and a playground for children with wading pool, sand pits, and other features. Along the south end would run a spacious avenue connecting the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History. On either side the arch would be pylons, one for each regiment which participated in the Great War, with the names of the members of the regiments who died in the war inscribed thereon.

The project is meeting with more disapproval than approval. All approve, of course, of reclamation of the site from its present use, or rather uselessness, as a reservoir. But what is needed most in the park, say the critics, is more open space. "Turn the site into meadowland," they say. "Put the memorial, put the swimming pool and the unsanitary wading pool, and the running tracks, somewhere else; don't turn the Park into a Coney Island; and in heaven's name, take your time about the memorial, so that we may be spared another atrocity."

Maecenas Hylan

The chief subject of talk at a dinner tendered to Mayor Hylan the other evening, attended by about sixty city officials and a like number of representatives of the several arts, was the project of a great centre of the

arts in New York, which has the backing of Mayor Hylan.

"Hylan came to this city and found it a financial centre," said Mr. Harry W. Watrous, President of the National Academy of Design (adapting a famous Roman compliment). "He is going to leave it an art centre."

Even more beautiful spoke Maecenas Hylan himself:

"We are going to minister to the pleasure of the soul, firm in the conviction that therein lies the heart of genuine culture." You don't have to be a highbrow to be a cultured person, begorra, seems to be the veiled meaning.

As a matter of fact, though one may note a certain excess of gratulation and self-gratulation, Mayor Hylan deserves a great deal of praise in connection with the project of a centre of the arts.

The Convention of the American Federation of Labor

The annual convention of the American Federation of Labor opened at Cincinnati on June 12 and adjourned on June 24. The following digest of the report of the Executive Council is offered:

Nothing is to be expected of the present Congress "except legislation giving fortunes to those who already possess them and adding to the burdens of the people by higher and higher taxation. Constructive legislation is taboo." Therefore wage-earners should organize "in accordance with the Gompers non-partisan political program," to eject from the national Congress and from State Legislatures the reactionary elements that oppose Labor and "to bring about the election of men and women who will restore to our people the rights taken from them." The farmers should be urged to coöperate with Labor to these ends.

Federal and State courts are condemned for class decisions to the prejudice of wage-earners, especially in the matter of injunctions. Labor should continue to oppose industrial courts and every form of compulsory arbitration; and should work for repeal of anti-combination and anti-conspiracy laws, since these laws operate against Labor and not against "big business interests."

The decision of the Supreme Court finding the National Child Labor law unconstitutional is condemned. A constitutional amendment to give validity to such legislation is advocated.

An international economic conference, to be summoned by the United States Government and to be held in the United States, is recommended.

The work accomplished by the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament is minimized.

The "open shop" campaign is declared a failure; the Chambers of Commerce are fiercely assailed for the support given by them to that campaign. The extraordinary falling off in the paid-up membership of the Federation—from 4,079,000 in 1920, and 3,907,000 in 1921, to a present 3,196,000—is plausibly explained.

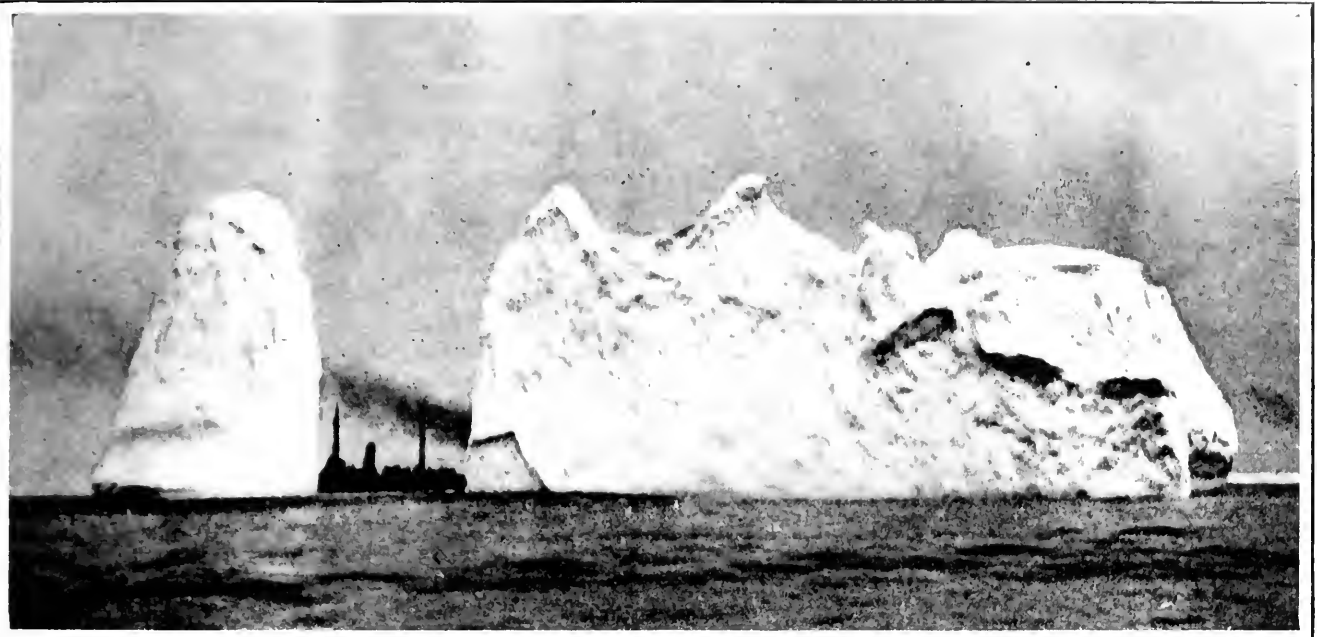
More particularly as to Congress: "Only those who are well-to-do or who control great interests can induce Congress to listen. Those who favor subsidies for railroads and ship owners; those who believe in paying back to the profiteers in food the fines assessed against them; those who believe in relieving the business of the well-to-do from taxation by substituting the sales tax, and those who believe in compulsory labor, find ready listeners to their demands for legislation."

More particularly as to the courts:

"In the great industrial struggle of the past year employers have found our courts ever ready and willing to throw the forces of the State on the side of Capital and against that of Labor. Courts have ever been ready and anxious to enlarge their equity jurisdiction, conceiving every relation of mankind as embodying a material and property element and thereby disregarding the human element and personal rights involved in all these relations of man."

"Courts, in their exercise of their equity powers, have been guided not by law or justice, but by personal whims and prejudices and by political theories and conceptions with which they have not been authorized to deal, and which are functions that can only be exercised within constitutional limitations by our National Government and the Legislatures of our several States."

As the worst instance of a court decision determined by



P. & A. Photos

The season of icebergs on the North Atlantic steamer routes

class bias, the report cites the injunction restraining the activities of the Miners' Union in West Virginia and requiring abandonment of the Mingo tent colonies.

Labor, it is declared, has scrupulously observed its contracts during the past year, whereas there have been "many most serious cases where employers have been guilty of repudiation."

Of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations the report observes that "no greater fraud has ever been perpetrated on the American people than this attempt to regulate industries and individuals by law;" it has "failed completely in compelling the men to work when they willed otherwise," and it has failed to compel employers to obey the court's decisions.

President Harding's proposal to regulate trade unions it declares to be the result of his "erroneous conception of actualities in our industrial life. It is almost inconceivable that the President should attempt to urge that human life should be regulated by the same rules and laws that regulate material things."

The railroad situation is touched on rather lightly. "A review of the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board for the last year confirms the conviction that its operations show nothing of a constructive statesmanship, and that its decisions are not in the direction of justice, uniformity and economy." Again: "It is well enough to urge the need of improved transportation facilities in the interest of the general public, but it cannot be in the interest of the general public to continue further and further the enslavement of free workers under the devious methods employed by the railroads to earn dividends and profits for a few at the sacrifice of the very existence of the railroad workers."

What is perhaps the most interesting section of the report deals with unemployment. "Expansion of public works and public highways" is advocated as a prime means of eliminating unemployment. The public credit, thinks the Council, should be extended to the following:

Development of water power that could be marketed.

Improvement and adaptation to sundry purposes of the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Development of canal systems, inland and coastal, especially along the Atlantic and the Gulf.

Reclamation of 80,000,000 acres, once forest land, now desert.

Development of means to prevent and extinguish forest fires (trails, telephone lines, fire towers, etc.).

Reclamation and development of arid, swamp and overflow lands.

"The bona-fide coöperative movement, such as the Rockdale system constitutes," is cordially endorsed as an aid against profiteering. "The unnatural and unholy desire of the get-rich-quick and money-mad profiteers, if allowed to run to unnatural conclusions, will some day lead to an explosion."

The report is an able and interesting document, of-

fering both just observations and recommendations and unjust ones.

* * *

In the next issue the proceedings of the convention will be briefly reviewed; space therefor lacking in this issue. It is too important to be omitted from our record.

Brief Notes

On June 30 the House of Representatives adjourned to August 15.

* * *

The Senate accepted the House figure for the navy enlisted personnel (86,000). The total appropriation finally agreed on was \$289,000,000, \$39,000,000 more than the House's original figure.

* * *

The President has signed the Port of New York bill. The Port of New York Authority may now proceed with its plans for the development of the port; which plans have received the approval of the legislatures and Governors of New York and New Jersey.

* * *

President Harding the other day told the Filipino Commission which is visiting this country to make interest for the independence of the Philippines, that "the time is not yet for independence."

* * *

William Rockefeller, brother of John D. Rockefeller, and one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company, died on June 24, leaving a fortune estimated at \$200,000,000 (according to report, entirely to his family).

The other day a man was discovered lying on the ground in the rain in Bryant Park, New York, and was taken to hospital. Investigation disclosed that he volunteered for the war, that he received the Distinguished Service Medal and the Croix de Guerre, and was wounded and gassed; and that for the three days before he was picked up he tramped, foodless, through the streets of New York looking for work.

* * *

The Gloucester fishing schooner Puritan, especially built for this year's race between American and Canadian fishing schooners, while on the way to the Banks, struck the bar off the northwest end of Sable Island and was wrecked. The captain and crew made off on boats and rafts, and no lives were lost.

* * *

Hats off to Walter Hagen, the American professional, who on June 23 won the British Open Golf Championship on the Sandwich Links. His score was 300. The American Barnes and the Briton Duncan were tied for



International

Walter Hoover, of Detroit, winner of the Diamond Sculls on the Thames, England; in consequence, champion single-sculler of the world

second place with 301, and the American Hutchinson (last year's winner) followed with 302. Hagen deserved to win, but Duncan's 69 in the final round was one of the most glorious achievements in the history of golf.

Hats off also to Walter Hoover, the Duluth oarsman, who on July 8 won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, England, beating the redoubtable Beresford for the single-sculls championship of the world.

The Irish Situation

ON June 30 the "national" (Free State) troops made a practicable breach in Rory O'Connor's stronghold, the Four Courts, and entered. For some hours there was fighting at close quarters until the "irregulars" exploded a ground mine beneath the invaders. This piece of ferocious wantonness had its proper reward; for, though thirty national troops were wounded and no irregulars, the flame of the explosion started a fire which drove the latter into the open. Lacking cover, O'Connor surrendered with about 130 officers and men, who were clapped in jail. It is said that not one irregular was killed during the three days' operations. The magnificent Four Courts structure was ruined.

While the Four Courts affair was enacting, the irregulars in Dublin outside that citadel were carrying on a disgusting warfare of ambushes and sniping, shooting "promiscuous," and killing more civilians than national soldiers. They seized a section which included about forty strong buildings, barricaded doors and windows, and established a system of underground communication. De Valera, Charles Burgess (one time Dail Minister of Defense), and Oscar Traynor, directed these operations. Rory O'Connor and his precious crew disposed of, the national troops proceeded to deal with the others. Using rifles, machine guns, 18-pounders, and

smoke bombs, they drove them from one building after another, and on the 5th they captured the last of their strongholds, defended by Burgess and five men. Burgess, refusing to surrender and making fight, had to be brought down, and died later of his wounds—an intrepid man, a hero of sorts. De Valera is still at large. Still at dawn and even in Dublin there is some sniping, but the cause of the irregulars in that city is "sped"; having, moreover, been thoroughly discredited by ferocity and bad faith worthy of Kurds or Williamson County miners. In some cases ground mines were arranged by the irregulars to explode in buildings after they vacated them and even after their surrender under the white flag. Moreover, the adoption of tactics which compelled the destruction of a good part of the handsomest buildings in Dublin will not be imputed to them for righteousness.

Outside of Dublin the rounding up and disarming of irregulars and pacification of the country proceed apace. Collins issued a call for volunteers for his National Army, and the response was splendid. That fine officer, General McKeown, is cleaning up in Donegal County, the worst of the provincial areas. There is much work ahead, but it is a safe prophecy that before very long the authority of the Provisional Government will be securely established over all the Twenty-six Counties.

There is a rumor that the meeting of the new Provisional Parliament, postponed to July 15, will be further postponed.

* * *

In his speech of June 26 to the Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill made the following important announcement:

A triple agreement has now been reached between the British Government, the Provisional Government and the Government of Northern Ireland, by which a neutral zone some four or five miles wide is to be established in the Pettigoe and Belleek districts. Within this zone no person is to be officially armed and an unarmed police of a local character is to be established for local purposes, and the maintenance of order throughout the district is to be exclusively confined to the imperial troops. Imperial troops will be stationed as a shield between the two hostile and mutually exclusive forces of the Irish Republican Army and the Ulster special police. Any persons in that district found using arms would have no recognition or protection from any Government whatever and would be liable to be shot by troops on the mere fact being established.

The experiment may fail because of the pressure of larger external events, but if it fail, then it will be necessary for the imperial forces to draw a military line between Northern and Southern Ireland, not a line along the tortuous county boundaries, but along the line of the canals and railways which run through Donegal and Ballyshannon. We shall endeavor to stand between the antagonists and prevent the loss of life and destruction of property, and by so doing make it absolutely clear that any attempt on the part of Southern Ireland to break into the territory of Northern Ireland would be met and repulsed by the imperial forces.

The greedy and criminal design of breaking down the Northern Government has got to die in the hearts of those in whom it flourishes, whatever may be the cost to individuals or to the Government. The Sinn Fein Party has got to realize once and for all that they will never win Ulster except by her own free will and that the more they kick against the pricks the worse it will be for them.

On July 4 de Valera wired a message to the people of the United States which is elaborately untrue and of which the first paragraph, which follows, is ludicrously untrue.

The danger to Ireland which I feared most and warned our people of—civil war—has come upon us. Soldiers of the Army of the Republic have been attacked by forces of the Provisional Government at the instigation of English politicians who wanted an immediate set-off to the shooting of Sir Henry Wilson in order to avert from themselves the political consequences which they feared.

A Singular Cortège

THE other day, along the Grand Boulevard of Paris passed a singular funeral cortège. Behind a humble hearse the procession (all on foot) consisted of a woman with five children, a mere handful of soldiers, mostly blacks, and a general of the French army in full-dress uniform. The general was General Mangin, and the deceased so singularly honored was the Soudanese who had been his orderly since 1914, and who, incidentally, had been cited in orders for extraordinary gallantry.

Germany

ON the Fourth of July the Socialists of Berlin demonstrated vociferously for the Republic, but there were no disorders. Elsewhere, however, in Germany on the same day, especially in Saxony, there were disorders incident to similar demonstrations, and some blood was shed.

* * *

Two representatives of the German Government are in Paris, pleading for even more generous moratorium terms than those already conceded; claiming that otherwise Germany must go bankrupt. For, look you how the mark has taken another slide toward Avernus, and is now worth only a fifth of one cent.

More generous terms, indeed! It appears from the latest reports that the Germans would like to be let off from all cash reparations payments during the remainder of this year and during 1923 and 1924. It seems probable, however, that, despite German ululations, the Reparations Commission will insist on payment of the July 15 installment of 50,000,000 gold marks. The Committee on Guarantees now in Berlin should soon be back in Paris to report on conditions in Germany and as to how far Germany has proceeded toward fulfillment of the pledges which she gave in return for the present partial and conditional moratorium. The larger aspects of the German so-called "crisis" are discussed elsewhere in this issue.

According to a report just received, the Reparations Commission have informed Germany that she must pay the July installment, but that prior to August 15, when the next installment falls due, full consideration will be given to the question of further indulgence and their decision thereanent announced.

The Mexican Foreign Debt

ON June 17 an agreement was signed by Finance Minister de la Huerta, representing the Government of Mexico, and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, Chairman of the International Committee of Bankers who represent foreign financial interests in Mexico, whereby the Mexican Government engages to resume at the beginning of next year payment of its foreign debt. Arrears of interest will be paid up, under an amortization plan, by January 1, 1928, when full service of the debt will be resumed. The approval of the Mexican Congress and of President Obregon is required.

Sundry Matters

THE Hague Conference is over: nothing accomplished, positively nothing. The proceedings scarcely deserve the tribute of a paragraph.—No; the report of the Conference's demise was exaggerated. It still survives, gaspingly.

At the end of April 699,000 workers of Great Britain were receiving unemployment allowances; the number in France receiving such allowances was at the end of April 78,000, at the end of May 57,000. In Britain the record month for unemployment allowances was June, 1921—2,170,000 beneficiaries; in France, March, 1922—91,200. In speculating on the significance of these figures one should bear in mind that the man-power in Great Britain is greater both actually and comparatively than in France, French losses in the Great War having been actually greater from a smaller population.

* * *

The American Society of Friends has given a maternity house to the city of Chalons-sur-Marne, France; to be known as the *Maison Maternelle de la Marne*.

* * *

Should France pay 4½ per cent. interest to Britain and the United States on the war loans, her total annual interest payment on those loans would be \$392,000,000; a deal more than under the London schedule of May, 1921, is due her annually from Germany.

* * *

It is singular, if true, that goods are shipped from Yugoslavia and Rumania by train to Hamburg and thence by sea to Constanza, because the freight costs by this roundabout route are less than by the Danube on account of the heavy Danubian imposts levied by the Rumanian Government.

* * *

Take Jonescu, the distinguished Rumanian statesman, is dead.

* * *

The Reparations Commission in Bulgaria proposed to assume control of Bulgarian finances for the joint benefit of Bulgaria and her creditors, but the Bulgarian Government has spurned the offer. Taking the cue from Germany, it suggests that a three years' moratorium and a sizable foreign loan would be "the ticket."

* * *

The number of immigrants who entered Palestine during 1921 was 9,194.

* * *

Mr. E. H. Dickinson, an American mining engineer, states in the *New York Times* that "in India there have been discovered within the last few years what are, with the possible exception of those in Brazil, the largest and most high-grade deposits of iron ores in the known world."

* * *

No very important developments have been reported from China within the past two weeks. Sun Yat-sen, at last report of him, was still on one of his gunboats waiting for his main army to return from Kiang-si Province.

* * *

A formula has been found subject to which the controversy between Peru and Chile will be submitted to arbitration.



George Matthew Adams Service

The news reaches Turkey

As the Lights Go Out: Last Hours in the Theatre

By O. W. Firkins

I HAD been in my time a reviewer of plays in this city, and when the editor of the paper that had sheltered my experiments in dramatic criticism found me again in New York on the trail of a fugitive season, he wanted a summary of my impressions. I was glad to do as he bade, not grieving too much at my tardiness; for after all time, which takes the savor from reviews, lends a seasoning to reminiscence, and it is when the fire dies in the grate that the ghost (as I called myself) haunts the castle. Even for a late-comer the season had its bounties; its arrears were far from being vestiges: "The Hairy Ape," which Mr. O'Neill had released, was still at large on an astonished Broadway, M. Andreyev's hero was still getting slapped at the Garrick, and Mr. A. A. Milne was laughing gently at literature in the Booth and crisply at matrimony in the Bijou and laughing incidentally at the probabilities in both. The Orient still held the Century with M. Balieff, who, being a little world in himself, might well carry the Orient upon his shoulders. In short, the promises were liberal—for June.

In the stage calendar June is autumn, and even the garish and noisy theatre grows pensive in that richly melancholy season. There is pensiveness always in the thought of the imminent passage of any source of cheer in a world in which the demand to be cheered is so pathetically universal. To the mind at least all is subdued and quieted; the matting seems doubled in the aisles; the very "Bat" perhaps flies, in Shakespearian phrase, a "cloistered flight," and "Shuffle Along" shuffles, so to speak, on felt. I do not mean that the actors loaf or that the audience drowns; there is laughter still for "Kempy" and "Partners Again" in spontaneous and tireless abundance. But there is already a commemorative note, a touch of reminiscence in the mirth; it is like the almost too successful feet on the steamer deck when the comrade of years is embarking for South Africa.

Among play-types the melodrama is hardy, and holds out stoutly against the assaults of summer. "The Bat" is still on the wing; "The Cat and the Canary," at which the public lifts its hair and the critic his eyebrows, persists at the National; and the Republic still shelters "Lawful Larceny," a melodrama with a bulk—I cannot say weight—of moral, which, if it fails to make the work serious, imparts at least a novel cast to its frivolity. The farces, do you ask? There are no farces; and, since the farce, however light in substance, is in form the most clear-edged of all the dramatic types, its extinction is deplorable. Beyond a doubt the musical comedy, beside which farce assumes almost the dignity of a classic, has decoyed its customers, but the failure of the purely humorous type of drama in a city in which two-thirds of the demand for drama is demand for fun is a fact to "startle and waylay" us.

Comedy of course is still important, but even in comedy, viewed as a type, there seems a falling-off in authority and distinctness. Look at the situation on Broadway in June. Two straight comedies, "The First

Year" and "Six-Cylinder Love," were legacies from 1920. Two other comedies, Bourdet's "Rubicon" and Picard's "Kiki," the one thoroughly, the other moderately, typical, were borrowings or adaptations from the French. One may remark in passing that in hardihood of subject "The Rubicon" "at one slight bound high overleaped all bound" in a fashion more Satanic than Miltonic; and one may further say of Kiki, who is a Parisian weed, a weed bred in cafés, studios, and coulisses, that, in the strong hands of Miss Lenore Ulric, she becomes outwardly comic, inwardly touching, and latently terrible. There are, again, the two comedies of Mr. Milne, of which one, "The Dover Road," has leanings toward fantasy. What about the native recent output? "Partners Again," a play in which, especially in Abe Potash, I taste caviare under all the garlic, is a comedy, and so is "Kempy" by the Nugents, a play of American manners, in which, if the surface jollity be rather stale, the hidden tartness seems original. What about the other diversions? "On the Ladder," so far as the type goes, might be described as "on the railing." "The Goldfish"—remotely French—a harebrained but diverting play, which saves itself by the frankness of its self-commitment to its own absurdities, is comedy dipping toward extravaganza. "The Bronx Express" (no longer running) and "Captain Applejack," beginning as bright comedies, turn into dull fantasies. To sum up, farce is nearly gone, and comedy as a type is losing edge. The reason lies partly in the virtual omnipresence of the comic infusion in other forms, which makes us less insistent on its concentration in comedy and farce, just as in a wet town where all the drug-stores sold spirits the wine-shops might decrease. The second reason is probably a fretful and chafing lust of originality which hopes to profit by the obscuring of bounds and the removal of landmarks.

In "The Hairy Ape," which July has not yet banished from the Plymouth, Mr. Eugene O'Neill shows himself a man if not an artist. It discloses a rude, large simplicity—not unmixed, let us promptly confess, with a kind of promiscuity—and a rough tenderness which brings him closer to Kipling than to London. A stoker on a liner lives on a conviction; that conviction is unseated by a word; in his bereavement he wanders despairing till he is killed by a gorilla which in a spasm of fellowship he has released from its cage in the "Zoo." The tragedy is as internal as "Hamlet," though again as in "Hamlet" its solitude is ringed about with bustle. The man thinks, thinks after the fashion of Rodin's "Penseur," in whom the resistance to thought is nearly or quite as powerful as thought itself. The external connections are naught; so much the more demand for internal solidarity. It is just here, I think, that Mr. O'Neill stumbles. The drama lies in a conviction overturned by a word. Now the fact—the amazing, the unbelievable fact—is that the word which works this revolution has no relevance to the faith which it overturns. Yank says, "I belong"—that is "I keep things going, I serve, I impel," and if that is all he wants his

position is impregnable. The woman of fashion calls him a "filthy beast." The man says, "I am necessary," the woman retorts, "You are disgusting"; that is so far from being a refutation that it is manifestly not even a reply. Yet it suffices to destroy Yank—poor trivial Yank. He cannot stand on his faith, in other words upon the fact; he must have the homage of the frivolous. That is precisely what the fop, the dilettante, the clubman, want, and it is the incipient fop, dilettante, or clubman in Yank that succumbs to an epithet. "Why not," it may be asked, "if men are apes and apes comedians?" The point, I grant, would be legitimate in Swift or in Anatole France, and is legitimate in Mr. O'Neill if all he wants is to discredit human nature. But if his end be really serious and humane, if Yank's will to place himself is only part of Mr. O'Neill's will to place him, then the play is untrue to its own logic. If we are to wait for self-trust till the daughters of millionaires like our looks, God help us!

Mr. O'Neill's method in "The Hairy Ape" is extremely unconventional, though it is only a repetition, less skillful or less lucky, of the unconventionality of "The Emperor Jones." I wish that Mr. O'Neill had *begun* by adhesion to the rules: artists are often kept sane by the rules they have discarded as men are kept straight by the religions they have dismissed. One may go to sea, if one pleases, but who cares to be born on a raft? Mr. O'Neill's theory, or rather the theory complementary to Mr. O'Neill's practice, seems to be that each case should fix its own method. In that form, the precept seems unassailable. But after all the business of literature is to produce an understanding between writer and reader, and if part of that understanding is effected in advance by a convention to which writer and reader good-naturedly subscribe, originality is saved for higher tasks. Must there be a new treaty for every new trade? The expense of such a practice would be inhibitive, and Mr. O'Neill, the creator of methods, sometimes in his weariness or his perplexity reverts to the oldest of formulas or the least dignified of makeshifts (see the last acts of "Anna Christie" and "The Straw"). So a young prodigal might betake himself in straits to the generosity of some relative at whose senility he had laughed with his comrades in his hours of plenty. Conventions are sometimes misfits. Are inventions more trustworthy? A steady, moderately persistent and consistent method, to be varied at pleasure and rejected at need, would probably have served Mr. O'Neill better than his present system, in which choice is all-powerful without being all-wise.

Mr. A. A. Milne has slipped into fame with the most admirable and engaging nonchalance. "The Truth About Blayds," with its unsurpassable first act and its re-discovery of Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, was the best comedy in a town where comedies wither, and, if "The Dover Road" is full of pangs for the critical, it is full of piquancies for the critical and the uncritical alike. For a humorist he is singularly cheerful, and if his comedies, as *Punch* intimates in other words, are only A. A. Milne in three acts, they and we may be thankful that the personality in which they lose themselves is so agreeable. His wit has a whimsical reflectiveness as if nonsense had been closeted with sense till each became aromatic of the other; and he has a cleanliness which, as in New England kitchens of the old stamp, amounts to lustre; he writes plays to which we could take not

only our young girls and our grandmothers—that is saying little—but the young girls that our grandmothers used to be.

Such a man should be a perfect artist. To the minute and the debonair, perfection has a relation that is almost sisterly; one could pardon a bad rhyme to Shelley sooner than to Austin Dobson. Alas! in Mr. Milne's Dobsonisms there are many, many bad rhymes. For a man who on a broad view resembles Mr. O'Neill about as much as a fan resembles a shovel, he is curiously like Mr. O'Neill in certain points. Both, for instance, are adepts in the *dramatic* without being experts in the *play*. Both, again, are unobservant of the rules. It is true that their tempers even here diverge. In his attitude toward rules Mr. O'Neill is an adventurer, an outlaw, whereas Mr. Milne is on the best of terms with the rules which he infringes; if he left them for a time, he would kiss his hand in parting and send them post-cards with the most obsequious regularity. Only he would not hasten his return. His plays come a little short of being *made*. There is himself—his invaluable self—and there are strips and tatters taken from dusty presses in the property-room which he has too lazily, too debonairly, pieced together. His art, again, can stoop to comities with farce. In "The Dover Road" an eccentric philanthropist kidnaps eloping couples, detains them for a week, and restores them usually to their mates and common sense. A delicate artist would have made the man a psychologist and a gentleman. What does this man do with Mr. Milne to prompt him and Mr. Charles Cherry, who takes the part, just clever enough to second Mr. Milne in every outrage? He locks the door on his guest—so much for subtlety; he arranges that his guest shall take cold—so much for civility; he drenches his trousers—so much for taste. Is our tripping dramatist, our Mercury with the winged heels, so heavy-footed? At this rate will he reach the heaven-kissing hills?

I have left myself no space to treat in full of the current offerings of the Theatre Guild, Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" and Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight." The debt of the New York stage to the Theatre Guild is incalculable, and a critic who neither forgets or cheapens those obligations may be pardoned for confessing that their sum for him is not materially increased by either of these plays. They are plays that in his view *do* nothing; they merely gesticulate; and he has known even gesture to be more attractive.

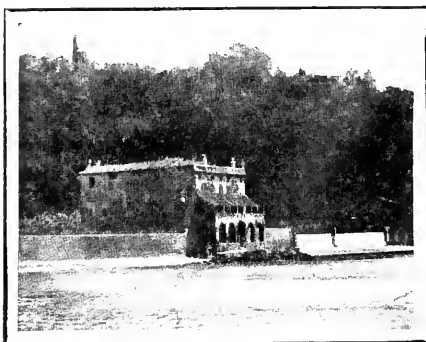
THOMAS A. EDISON'S famous scheme for "commodities money," explained by him in a series of conversations to Garet Garrett, is sharply criticized by the latter in a New York *Times* article which closes with this crisp and sufficient paragraph:

"Well, then, finally there is no such thing as commodities money. There is only Federal Reserve currency issued without interest to farmers up to one-half the value of the goods they store in Federal warehouses. There will be nothing whatever to distinguish it from Federal Reserve currency issued in all other ways as heretofore. There will be no way to test it, no way to see whether it fluctuates or not, no way to tell whether it is better or worse than gold money, or whether people would take it in lieu of gold money."

Shelley's Last Days

THE opening of the last year of Shelley's life brought to Pisa Edward John Trelawny, who quickly interested Shelley and Mary to an unusual degree. His past life of various adventure by land and water captivated the poet and increased his desire to possess a real boat of his own. Trelawny, Williams (the half-pay lieutenant who, with his wife Jane, lived on terms of closest intimacy with the Shelleys during those days), and Shelley, were all lovers of the sea, and so plans were set afoot for the building of a boat, and a house was taken on the edge of the Bay of Spezzia.

The boat was built and its arrival



Shelley's home on the Bay of Lerici, 1822

was eagerly awaited. On the afternoon of May 12 the Shelleys and their friends discerned a strange sail off the point of Porto Venere, which proved to be the boat.

The boat was twenty-eight feet long by eight feet wide, was without a deck, strongly built, schooner-rigged, and carried ample sail. A sailor lad aged eighteen who had helped to bring her around from Genoa was retained to assist in working her. But Mary Shelley and Jane Williams did not share their husbands' delight in the possession of this new toy.

Trelawny had chosen the name *Don Juan*, and Shelley raised no objection. The partnership, however, was dissolved before the boat was launched; and she became the property of Shelley alone, at the cost of eighty pounds, and he and Mary named her the *Ariel*. They were wont to sail over the bay in the evening under the clear moonlit sky "until," as Shelley wrote, "earth appeared another world."

News now reached Shelley that his dearest friend, Leigh Hunt, had left

Plymouth more than a month before, and he decided to go to Leghorn in the *Ariel* to meet him. It was high summer and glorious weather when on July 1 Shelley, Williams, and the sailor Vivian started for Leghorn. Mary was in low spirits, and could hardly bear that her husband should go. Fears for her little son's health and life possessed her. She called Shelley back several times and cried bitterly when he at last started.

The party reached Leghorn the next day, and Shelley and Hunt met. With characteristic kindness Shelley stayed in Leghorn until he saw the Hunts comfortably settled in the Lanfranchi Palace, occupied by Byron, who had offered to shelter Hunt and his large family while they embarked together on their new publication, *The Liberal*, which was the purpose of Hunt's visit to Italy.

The forenoon was spent on necessary business in the town. A little after midday the *Ariel* sailed out of the har-



From the miniature in the collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

bor, almost at the same moment with two feluccas. Trelawny wished to accompany his friends out of the harbor, but was not permitted to carry out his intention, through a difficulty with the health officer. So with a ship's glass he watched the progress of the boat. Pointing to the southwest, his mate said: "Look at those black lines and dirty rags hanging on them out of the sky; look at the smoke on the water; the devil is brewing mischief." Captain Roberts also kept the boat in view. From the lighthouse tower, whence he could discern her about ten miles out at sea, he saw them taking in the top-sail; then the haze of the storm hid them, and he saw them no more. When the fury of the storm abated, Trelawny looked anxiously seaward in the hope of descrying Shelley's boat amongst the many small craft scattered about, feeling certain she would return to port as all the other boats that had gone out in the same direction had done. Trelawny himself examined the crews of various boats, but they either knew nothing or would say

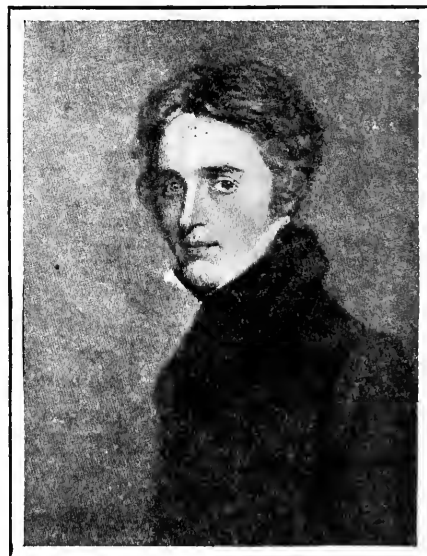


The shore at Via Reggio where Shelley's funeral pyre was made, August 16, 1822

nothing. But he observed on one of them an English-made oar that he thought belonged to Shelley's boat; the crew, however, swore that this was not so.

Three days later at Via Reggio a punt, a water-keg, and some bottles, were found on the beach. These had been in Shelley's boat when he left Leghorn. Seven days later the bodies of Shelley and Williams were found on the beach.

On August 16, in the presence of Hunt, Byron, and Trelawny, Shelley's body was cremated on the beach near the Gulf of Spezzia. Byron wished that the skull, which was of unusual beauty, should be preserved; but it almost instantly fell to pieces. The heart, which was unusually large, seemed impregnable to the fire, so that Trelawny plunged his hand into the flames and snatched it from the burning pyre. Leigh Hunt says that the



West's portrait of Shelley (hitherto unpublished)

day was one of calm beauty. During the whole funeral ceremony a solitary sea-bird crossed and recrossed the pyre.

Many years after, an Italian boatman dying near Sarzana confessed that he was one of five in a fishing boat who, seeing the English boat in great danger, ran her down, thinking Milord Inglese was on board and they should find gold.

ERNEST DRESSER NORTH



In the cemetery at Rome



"Came Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, he who snatched from the sun's glowing chariot thrice-precious fire and brought it, hidden in a fennel-stalk, to earth, that men might live like gods in its pleasant warmth."

(Transl. Greek Myth)

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New Books and Old

Books of the Week

RANDOM MEMORIES, by Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin.

By a writer who has something to say for himself, despite the fact that he is "the son of the famous poet."

ON LIFE AND LETTERS, by Anatole France. Third Series. Translated by D. B. Stewart. John Lane (Dodd, Mead).

PIECES OF HATE, by Heywood Broun. Doran.

A journalist's comments on life and letters, on Benny Leonard and Shakespeare.

CANNIBAL-LAND, by Martin Johnson. Houghton Mifflin.

Taking moving pictures in the New Hebrides.

BEHIND THE MIRRORS, by the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." Putnam.

Another book to shatter the idols (query, whose idols?) of Washington.

WHEN a class of writers begins to be parodied, it is often a sign that their vogue is over. There have been few of the amorous South Seas books published since they were burlesqued in "The Cruise of the Kawa." Let us extend thanks to Captain Traprock. The intimate diaries, and the oh-such-bitingly-cynical books about public men have recently been parodied by Noel Coward in his "Terribly Intimate Portraits" (Boni & Liveright). But Mr. Coward's intentions were better than his performance, and it would appear that there is still a demand for another of the "Mirrors" series. So there now comes "Behind the Mirrors" (Putnam) by the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." It is unimpressive. Despite an air of fearful omniscience, it does not seem far removed from that kind of political comment which never speaks of Roosevelt without using the word "strenuous," of Wilson without referring to "May not?" or of Harding without dragging in "normalcy." The President, the ex-President, Cabinet officers, and Senators, all have their jackets dusted by the anonymous author. When I find a political writer who does not harp upon Senator Lodge's cold and aristocratic manner, I shall know an original mind has emerged. There was at least this to be said for the League of Nations crusaders: they invented a new Lodge myth—that of the Human Fiend, the Ghoul Who Walked Like a Man. The cold, aristocratic, Bostonian is old stuff. It has long been my opinion that the type of man who would really be inclined to find Senator Lodge—the real man, that is, not the mythical, newspaper being—cold and aristocratic, would turn out to be a forty-third degree Elk, who chews Spearmint and sits every Saturday afternoon in his shirt-sleeves at the ball

grounds, drinking "tonic" and yelling "Ataboy!"

Mr. Ernest Longfellow's "Random Memories" (Houghton Mifflin) are more sprightly and amusing than many a book written by men whose memories do not go beyond the Administration of McKinley. Yet Mr. Longfellow once stayed at a hotel in Washington at which Henry Clay was also a guest, and he was presented to President Taylor. He did not remember Henry Clay, it happened, because he was more interested in a toy tack-hammer, which had been given him. There are many recollections and anecdotes of his father's friends in Cambridge: Sumner, Lowell, Norton, and James T. Fields. The author's brother, home on sick-leave from the army during the Civil War, was prosecuted at Nahant by Mrs. General Fremont, for bathing in the altogether. But the case was lost for militant modesty when the prosecutrix had to confess that she only recognized the defendant by using an opera glass! Mr. Longfellow's studies and career as an artist, and his travels occupy about half of a book which is altogether too short. He does not take himself nor his book with too much seriousness, and he playfully acknowledges the misfortune of being the son of an illustrious parent. He writes, at the beginning, that he does not expect to please the "superior minds." These folk, says he, the "Holier-than-Thous," "formed the bulk of the Mugwump Party. Later, as the 'best thinkers,' they opposed the war with Spain on the ground that we should not meddle in other people's affairs. Now, strange to say, these 'best thinkers' want us to join the League of Nations, because it is our duty to mix in the affairs of all the world! . . . The funny part is that the 'best minds' are almost always wrong, while the common people are almost always right. The 'best minds of the period' made fun of Lincoln, while the common people believed in him and trusted him. The same might be said of Roosevelt, the most beloved and popular man of his generation. The 'best minds' reviled him while he lived, but take another view now."

The cover of Mr. Christopher Morley's "Translations from the Chinese" (Doran) makes it, to the eye, the most beautiful book of the year, not even excepting the best of the sixty-seven varieties of binding in which "Peter Whiffle" is adorned. But if it deserves so splendid a setting, some of his other books should be bound in gold, platinum, and precious jewels. For "Translations from the Chinese" is very far from his best work; it may be questioned if such extracts from a newspaper column—good though they are—are not, for the author's reputation, better left where they first appeared. And I speak as one who is also a feeble sinner in this respect; it is easy, when your newspaper paragraphs seem to pass unnoticed, to mutter (as did the man in "The Critic") "Never mind; I'll get even with 'em, curse 'em! I'll

print the stuff in a book!" There was once a contributor to the New York *Tribune* (he is now dramatic critic of *The Freeman*) whose mother approved of his writing for that paper, because "it went so well under carpets." When he collected some of his papers in a book, he reflected in his preface that, at any rate, he had foiled his mother; she could not put a book under the carpet.

Mr. Morley's first Chinese poems—the dinner to Chancellor Mu-Kow, especially—appeared in his "Hide and Seek." They must have charmed many readers; I remember that I read the dinner poem aloud to many folk, and so acquired a little reflected popularity. Perhaps serious and philosophical persons will esteem the new volume. This reader, being merely frivolous and childish, must be content to finger the cover and admire its golden sheen.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures in taking still and moving pictures of the natives in the New Hebrides are related in Mr. Johnson's book, "Cannibal-Land" (Houghton Mifflin) with a number of excellent photographs. He found the savages ugly in appearance, smelly, and often dangerous. There is no idealization of them; no talk about beautiful women. The latter were more repulsive than the men, and pitiful into the bargain. On the whole, as in the naval officer's report in the old story, "Manners none; customs, beastly." There is an amazing account of an exhibition of moving pictures to the cannibals, and a useful description of the art of curing and preserving the heads of your enemies, which ought to be handy in every house.

In his "Pieces of Hate" (Doran) Heywood Broun says that he speaks as "a native-born American (Brooklyn—1888) who once voted for a Socialist for membership in the Board of Aldermen" when he admits that "he has found the radical solidarity of critical approval or dissent more trying than that of the conservatives. Again and again he has found, in *The Liberator* and elsewhere, able young men, who ought to know better, praising novels for no reason on earth except that they were radical. If the novelist said that life in a middle western town was dreary and evil he was bound to be praised by the Socialist reviewers. On the other hand, any author who found in this same Middle West a community not hopelessly stunted in mind and in morals was immediately scoured as a viciously sentimental observer who had probably been one of the group which fixed upon the nomination of President Harding late at night behind the locked doors of a little room in a big hotel.

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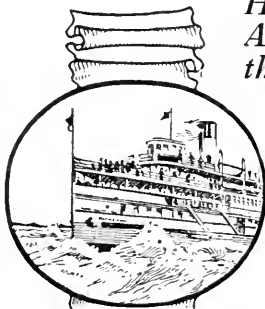
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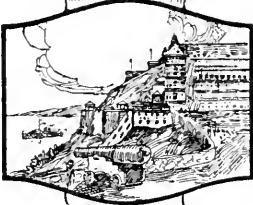
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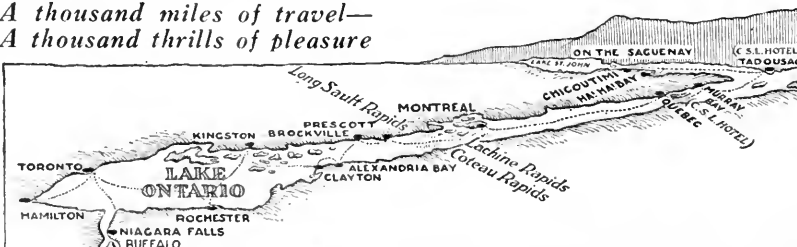
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Book Reviews

Minor Prophecy

SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IF journalism has laid a heavy hand on the twentieth-century novel, it hasn't changed the nature of story-telling. The methods of leader-writer and reporter are still quite different from the methods of chronicler and interpreter. In a way Mr. Wells is the star reporter of them all. He once told Henry James that he valued himself as a journalist rather than as a novelist. He has done striking stunts in journalism. But he is as much a minor prophet as a journalist, as much a humorist as a minor prophet, and as much a story-teller as any of them. Most of the time he is all four at once—and a scientist into the bargain. As a story-teller he struck twelve, I think, in "Mr. Polly" and in "Tono-Bungay." Most of his later work, including his latest, "The Secret Places of the Heart," is chiefly the work of the prophet-journalist. I see there are readers who find solid characterization (or, if you like, real people) in "The Secret Places of the Heart." These figures seem to me more commonly offhand projections of the Wellsian personality. But why should a journalist, or a minor prophet, bother with the subtleties of characterization? Wells sees people as types—types or manifestations of himself—himself being human nature, or God, or, in his favorite phrase, "the Mind of the Race."

So why attempt to take his persons as real in the sense that Shakespeare's or Jane Austen's or Arnold Bennett's are real? The distinction is that he does not get inside their skin: they get inside his. They have no existence apart from him. They speak with his voice, utter his ideas, wander with him where he wills, in the realms of history and science and sociology and "life." What they do and are in themselves matters little to anybody. And yet because Wells has the knack of a natural story-teller, he is able to give the effect of a story to most cavalier employment of the slightest or most threadbare materials. The materials in "Secret Places of the Heart" are threadbare—for Wells. This is a new variation on his familiar themes—the destiny of the race and the fatality of sex. Through the mouths of his persons—his Sir Richmond, his Dr. Martineau, his Miss Grammont—breathe his latest improvisations. The secret places of Wells's heart have long been an open secret—if heart is the word to use. Wells seems to express a blend of scientific curiosity and of surface sentimentalism—the sentimentalism, as a recent commentator has pointed out, of his class. When Sir Richmond and Martineau talk, there is no special distinction between the manner or matter of their utterances. Both are oracular, eager, sceptical, emotional. "I am astonished to discover what a bundle of

discordant motives I am," says Sir Richmond, plaintively, "I do not seem to deserve to be called a personality. . . . Are we all like that?" "A bundle held together by a name and address and a certain thread of memory?" said the doctor, and considered. "More than that. More than that. We have leading ideas, associations, possessions, liabilities." Sir Richmond, indeed, has two main bents: one toward that excess of loyalty to labor for a cause which is eventually the death of him; the other for experiments in the direction of a perfect and satisfying love of woman. When the narrative begins, his mind is overstrained and his nerves are on edge because things are going badly for him in both these directions. His work on the great after-war Fuel Commission is exacting and uneasy. He is sure that his policies and methods are the right ones, but has to enforce them against the opposition of a bare minority on the Board. For women, he has a middle-aged silly wife, and a younger and sympathetic but rather exhausting mistress—a woman of talent and character, but an unrestful mate.

So he and Dr. Martineau make off in a motor-car upon a pilgrimage of rest and confidential intercourse. The idea is that the overstrained Sir Richmond is to get everything off his chest; and that, having explored in company the secret places of his heart, he will find ease from his obscure torments. The whole case is generalized in the colloquies that ensue. This which we are beholding is a portent of the time. And, according to our showman, a portent of all time. Man is the creature of a moment a few thousand generations from the ape, hampered by his "tangled heredity"; with a light in his brain and darkness in his blood. What is this bundle of motives and ideas to make of himself and the world? Well, there is the Race and its somehow sacred destiny—no small thing to live for. Surely the solution of its problems, the cure for its troubles of flesh and spirit, cannot be far off. Sir Richmond dreams of such a solution; but, like Mr. Wells, he cannot dream of it as a thing apart from himself, or even as a thing for which he is not chiefly responsible. No, if the world is out of joint to his vision, it follows that he and none other is born to set it right. The only question is as to ways and means.

Fortunately, while he and the doctor are still undecided as to how to go to work, along comes a predestined helper in the person of Miss Grammont. Miss Grammont is an American girl of wealth, cultivation, and an independent spirit who, having survived a very active war service and acute though temporary experience of love, is somewhat at a loose end when Sir Richmond encounters her among the picturesque by-ways of England. She and a (comic) companion are more or less "doing" cathedrals and things, in the American way. With Sir Richmond she fills a long-felt want, first as a potential mate with the bloom of mystery upon her, and second as a companion of his

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By Nina Wilcox Putnam

84c

We can't all be sylph-like, of course, but a lot of us can diminish our broad girths by the use of a little intelligence and plenty of self-control.

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Over Weight? R. S. Copeland, M.D.	84c
Diet and Health, L. H. Peters	84c
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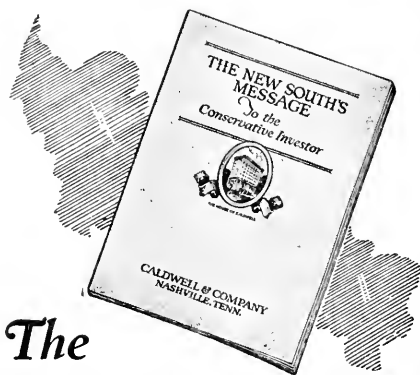
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thought, fancy, and verbiage. How they do go on, as the days go by, about all the things Mr. Wells is interested in! Matters are arranged on the basis of a delightful game, in which Sir Richmond and Miss Grammont, as Man and Woman, imaginatively recreate the world. A half serious game: "You really think," said Miss Grammont, "that it would be possible to take this confused old world and reshape it, set it marching toward that new world of yours—of two hundred and fifty million fully developed, beautiful and happy people?" "Why not? Nobody is doing anything with the world except muddle about. Why not give it a direction?" "You'd take it in your hands like clay?" "Obdurate clay with a sort of recalcitrant, unintelligent life of its own."

And so on. There are pages of this animated, suggestive, Wellsian supposing and make-believe, mingled with a shadowy-warm amour between the philosophising pair, never quite fulfilled. Miss Grammont, having served her turn as interlocutress, vanishes into the benevolent space which has produced her; and Sir Richmond's few remaining days are surrounded by the influences or inhibitions of his two other women. Over the closing scene, in which the brilliant mistress breaks down over Sir Richmond's body, hangs the glamour of that powerful sentimentality which now and then in Wells has almost the effect of tragic emotion. . . . No modern novel-reader will care to miss this book—or will carry away any fresh impression of Wells from it.

H. W. BOYNTON

Books to Read Again Hints for Summer Reading

Here are some of the older books—a few of them are ancient classics. For travelers and campers, for reading on ship-board or on the train, the editions recommended are, whenever possible,

Business Prosperity in Sight

THE near and certain approach of a general business prosperity in this country was forecast in a statement made public last week by the Harvard University Economic Service, the accuracy of whose forecasts ever since the service was begun has given them a position of peculiar authority among business men.

"Business is now well advanced," says the Service, "in the phase of the economic cycle known as recovery, and characterized by easy money, speculative activity, and an increase in wholesale prices. These developments show clearly the soundness of the advance so far made, and indicate that the recovery now in progress will develop into general business prosperity."

"A possible coal shortage during the summer months, or a tie-up of railroad traffic due to the strike of railroad labor, may result in temporary set-

those in the popular libraries—handy in size and low in price.

[The prices quoted for *Everyman's Library* and *The World Classics* are for the cloth editions. The leather editions cost, respectively, \$1.60 and \$1.50 per volume.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Dutton. (Everyman's Library)\$.80

One of the best of autobiographies, by one of the greatest artists and rascals of his day.

LEAVES OF GRASS AND DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, by Walt Whitman. Dutton. Everyman's Library.\$.80

SALAMMBÔ, by Gustave Flaubert. Brentano's. The Lotus Library. 1.50

Extraordinarily vivid and learned novel of ancient Carthage.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, by Mark Twain. Harper.....\$2.00

Excellent novel of plot and adventure, neglected by many readers who think it is a juvenile book.

MONTCALM AND WOLFE, by Francis Parkman. Little, Brown. 2 Vols.\$5.50

Dramatic historical work, reaching its climax in the death of the two heroes.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, by S. T. Coleridge. Dutton. Kings' Treasures\$.70

The human imagination at its topmost peak.

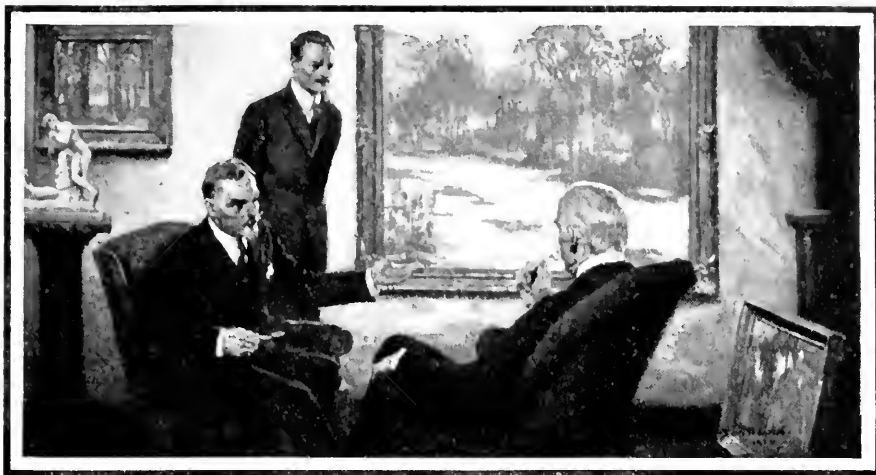
THE LATIN QUARTER, by Henri Murger. Brentano's. The Lotus Library\$1.50

Scènes de la Vie de Bohême. The invention and origin of the Latin Quarter myth. A tender, sentimental, amusing book; the discovery of an imaginary land, which its inhabitants then proceeded to create.

(Continued on page 28)

backs. Such factors have not, in the past, had lasting effects and should not now be expected to reverse the general movement. Only when the financial strain resulting from business expansion begins to make itself felt need we look forward to such a reversal; and this development is obviously not to be expected until a very much greater business expansion occurs than has so far taken place."

Anticipating a continued rise in wholesale prices, the forecast says: "The conclusion that further advance will follow may be supported on two grounds—the customary sequence of fundamental economic movements, and the duration of former periods of price advance." Pointing out in detail that in the four great upswings of wholesale prices since 1900, the minimum period was nineteen months, the forecast notes the much shorter period of the present rise, and says that the evidence from former business cycles points definitely to a continuance of the present upward movement.



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DIVIDEND NOTICE OF THE American Light & Traction Co.

The Board of Directors of the above Company at a meeting held July 5th, 1922, declared a CASH dividend of 1½ Per Cent. on the Preferred Stock, and CASH dividend of 1 Per Cent. on the Common Stock, and a dividend at the rate of one share of Common Stock on every One Hundred (100) shares of Common Stock outstanding, all payable August 1st, 1922.

The Transfer Books will close at 3 o'clock P. M. on July 14th, 1922, and will reopen at 10 o'clock A. M. on July 28th, 1922.

C. N. JELLIFFE, Secretary.

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A Dividend of two per cent. (\$1.00 per share) on the COMMON Stock of this Company for the quarter ending June 30, 1922, will be paid July 31, 1922, to Stockholders of record as of June 30, 1922.

H. F. BAETZ, Treasurer.
New York, June 21, 1922.

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1155 Railway Exchange CHICAGO

Books to Read Again

(Continued from page 27)

- AN INLAND VOYAGE AND TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY, by R. L. Stevenson. Dutton. Everyman's Library.\$.80
- THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, by John Bunyan. Dutton. Everyman's Library.80
- THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS, by W. M. Thackeray. Oxford University Press. The World's Classics.80
- LE MORTE D'ARTHUR, by Sir Thomas Malory. Dutton. Everyman's Library.80
- A book that Mark Twain loved.
- THE BIBLE IN SPAIN, by George Borrow. Dutton. Everyman's Library.80
- THE MIKADO AND OTHER PLAYS, by W. S. Gilbert. Boni. Modern Library.95
- MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. Haldeman-Julius.10
- MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. Bohn's Popular Library. Harcourt.\$1.00
- THE WAR IN THE AIR, by H. G. Wells. Boni. Modern Library. .95
- TOM JONES, by Henry Fielding. Dutton. Everyman's Library. .80
- HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS, by Robert Herrick. Dutton. Everyman's Library.80
- PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Houghton Mifflin. 2.25
- THE ODYSSEY, rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original, by Samuel Butler. Longman's.
- POEMS, by William Blake. Boni. Modern Library.95
- THE MOONSTONE, by Wilkie Collins. Harper.
- Still the best detective novel.
- DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Haldeman-Julius.10
- THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE, by Tobias Smollett. Bohn's Standard Library. Harcourt. 1.00
- Wonderfully modern, these old novels—eh, what?
- WALDEN, by Henry D. Thoreau. Oxford University Press. The World's Classics.\$.80
- THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONGS AND LYRICS, by F. T. Palgrave. Everyman's Library. .80
- PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Bohn's Popular Library, Harcourt. 1.00
- DRACULA, by Bram Stoker. Doubleday.
- THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE, by Thomas Hardy. Boni. Modern Library.95
- ELSIE VENNER, by O. W. Holmes. Houghton Mifflin.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

August 5, 1922



"A free American has the right to work without any other's leave"

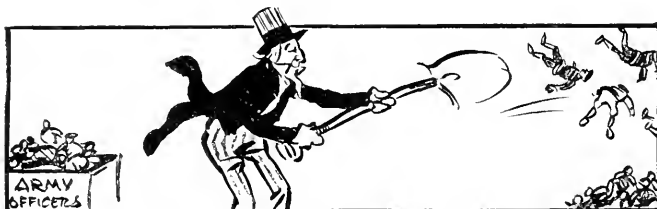
THE American principle, that a free man need ask no one's permission to do any lawful labor he chooses, cannot in these times be too often declared; and President Harding's restatement of it last week is timely and wholesome. We call this the American principle. Yet there has already grown up under the shadow of trade union activity the un-American doctrine that the majority of workers in any trade—or even a minority, if it can threaten enough—may properly compel a man to refrain from work he would like to undertake. It is not necessary to over-stress a few instances of shocking violence in order to maintain that without intimidation the coal strike could not continue. In the railroad strike, the thousands of involuntary strikers who have gone back into the shops have had to go for that purpose to towns where they are not known, and are unlikely to be recognized by other members of their unions, with whose policy they at heart disagree. Labor union coercion and oppression have spread too far already, and in too large a degree what we have called the American principle of a free man's right to work where he will has been reduced to a bit of empty rhetoric. It is time, not merely for a new declaration, but for a new and practical assertion, of American independence of such an oppression.

REMISSION of the Allied debts to America—especially of the French debt—has assumed within the past few weeks more of the aspect of a live practical issue than it has had at any pre-

vious time. There has been, all along, a strong and even ardent conviction on the part of many of the foremost men in our national life that those debts ought to be cancelled. The conviction has rested both on grounds of right and on grounds of expediency. It has been repeatedly pressed in these columns. The hope of something being actually accomplished has been enormously quickened by the reports of prospective remission of the French debt to Great Britain. Cancellation, partial or complete, of the Allied debt to us would be a superb stroke of statesmanship. It could do more to restore the world's tranquillity and prosperity—including our own—than can easily be realized in the imagination. It would impose no perceptible burden on our present finances—since it is only in the distant future, if at all, that the debts could be paid—but its quickening and restorative effects would be felt at once, through the improvement in Europe's desolating state of mind. What statesman will make himself the leader in this beneficent programme?

THE officer strength of the army (now about 12,000) must, under the latest Army Appropriation Act, be reduced by 2,500. A "plucking board" has been appointed to select the unfortunate 2,500. The legislation may be thought a necessity; but, if a necessity, it is one which spells tragedy and humiliation to hundreds of officers who, through close concentration for many years on the technical duties of their profession, have

hopelessly handicapped themselves for success in civil life. These officers would not have chosen the military profession except on the understanding that they would not be discharged so long as they rendered honest and efficient service, and that, provided their service had been honest and faithful, they would be retired with a decent competence after a term of service fixed by law. In face of the action by Congress, any young man with a passion for a career in the regular army should think twice before embarking thereon. If he has



What's a mere trifle of 2500 officers?

the temperament for that profession, he should be well content to renounce hope of wealth, freedom of movement, and variety, but he will be justified in refusing to face the hazard of finding himself mid-way of his career or even farther on, returned penniless, desperately handicapped in the struggle for existence, and discredited (for to be plucked is, in effect, to be discredited), to civil life. It is not claimed that any considerable number of the 2,500 to be "plucked" are inefficient or otherwise unfit to retain their commissions. Congress has acted in bad faith.

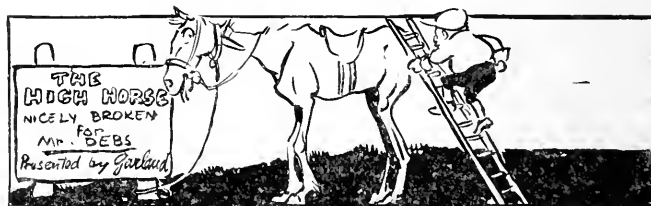
THE Nebraska State Primaries afford another illustration of the truth that local issues play a much larger part in primaries than in elections. The break-up of the long over-lordship of William Jennings Bryan, and the triumph of the Hitchcock faction in the Democratic party; the lapsing of the Bull Moose party, which was particularly numerous in Nebraska; the strong prohibition sentiment—strong enough to elect a Prohibition Governor in 1918; the inauguration this year of a new Progressive party; and the by no means negligible strength of the Non-Partisan League, are among the elements that tend to scatter the Nebraska primary vote far more than it will be scattered in the November election. By and large, in spite of these diversities that make a great noise close at hand, the State has but one political complexion; it is overwhelmingly Progressive. The success of R. B. Howell of Omaha in winning the Republican nomination for the United States Senatorship is, therefore, an entirely logical result. It is, moreover, welcome as indicating the return to the Republican ranks of the great body of Bull Moose Progressive votes, and would seem to leave the newly formed Progressive party in Nebraska but a small foundation on which to stand.

Mr. Howell was personally very strong in the

more populous centers. Not a few Bryan Democrats not reconciled to Mr. Hitchcock undoubtedly enrolled under his banner. In what esteem Mr. Howell is held by those who know him well, is shown by the action of one of Omaha's leading lawyers, Mr. Warren Switzler, until recently an ardent Democrat. In order to record his vote for Mr. Howell at the primaries, he changed his registration to Republican. Speaking for himself and his wife, he said, "Mr. Howell, we think, is four-square, straight, able, and devoid of equivocation on any subject, and we believe he would be an honor to the State in the office which he seeks." Mr. Howell made his reputation in his campaign for economical and efficient management of public utilities.

Senator Hitchcock's easy victory in the Democratic primaries, again shows his strength with that party in Nebraska. Nebraska is one of those States in which an equal representation of women on party committees is compulsory, and the eagerness with which women campaigned for these committee positions was one of the features of the primary.

YOUNG Mr. Garland, after a great deal of backing and filling as to whether he should accept his million-dollar legacy, has now set aside eight hundred thousand of it in order to create an American Fund For Public Service. Although his announcement of the donation is in polite language, he implies that the money as it came to him was tainted and that it is now to be purified by being turned to "the advantage of all." It is, of course, a question whether tainted money can be purified by tainted ideas. We wonder whether there may not be taint upon taint upon taint as it reaches the hands of the administrators of this Fund. For,



Money exalted "to the advantage of all"

be it known, they are all "liberals." Now, we have some respect for self-confessed enemies of the existing order, because they are acting above-board. But when men and women refuse to label themselves Socialists and yet welcome the doings of the I. W. W.; when they refuse to be known as Communists and yet can never find it in their hearts to criticise Lenin and Trotsky; when they have no new scheme of society to propose and yet continually sneer at our present system, we suspect them of being either insincere or shallow. The most sinister thing about the Fund in question is that its purposes and activities will be described

in the most seductive language. How many there will be to rejoice that the money is "to promote experimental agencies for public welfare!"

ANOTHER significant evidence of the intelligently practical part that women are playing in political life is afforded by a resolution of the Women's Republican State Executive Committee of New York, which called attention to the fact that the State Primary Law does not provide for the instruction of delegates to the State conventions. In other words, the delegate is a responsible representative, not a rubber-stamp. "To this end," says the resolution, "the delegates should go to the convention with open minds." (Fortunately, they did not say with empty minds.) The resolution is refreshingly interesting as one more illustration of the vitality of the representative idea that is at the foundation of the American system of government.

THERE is much secret rejoicing these days. The reason for it is two-fold. First, because of the remarkable showing made at the National Open

Golf Tournament by that valorous old grandfather, John Black. If Black is only in his forties, he is a grandfather, and that is sufficient to place him on the side of age. Secondly, because of the way in which two other old men, Herd and Taylor, are marching over golf courses, through wind and weather, doing their thirty-six holes a day, and giving the young fellows the games of their



lives. Both of these men are venerable quinquagenarians. How age has perked up under the influence of these examples! The habit had been strong to grant to youth its victories, along with its self-assurance and arrogance. Now that age has stunning victories to its credit, let us hope it will not assume insolence. But did you ever talk to a septuagenarian just after he had "brokn eighty?"

Convalescing From a Great Light

IT is wonderful to have seen a great light—but it is terrible too. Nothing looks the same thereafter and even plain objects are made to dazzle by the after-image. This is our trouble today. Dissatisfaction with things as they are is everywhere.

The great light was, of course, the vision of an almost-perfect world, kept almost perfect by a huge international machine. The machine was as easy to visualize as was that other great engine built by Joseph Chamberlin when he proposed to bind the British Empire together by means of discriminatory tariffs against non-Britishers. How hard to resist the spell of that seductive plan? It was easy to imagine the lanes of cargoes leading back and forth from the British colonies to the mother country, as well as the stormy seas ahead for other nations which should struggle against this big competition. For years after Chamberlin's defeat there were many who laid all difficulties to the fact that the plan did not receive a trial.

The situation today is analogous. In the case of the radicals and the self-styled "liberals" there is bitter disappointment because, to their minds, Communism has not had a fair chance. The One Big Union which was in a way to be established has been cruelly thwarted by Governments that insisted first upon being "shown."

Then there are the many who, while being entirely out of sympathy with such revolutionary in-

ternationalism, have only a half-hearted interest in present happenings, for the reason that the United States failed to join the League of Nations. Even many of those who voted against the Democratic programme in 1920 are still moving about in a dream. Such has been the effect upon them of the much talk about a new world. Nothing as it seems right to them, and their mood is cantankerous. After assisting at a many-ringed circus, it is natural that a mere side-show should appear flat and unprofitable.

Let us look at certain facts. In 1920 the United States voted overwhelmingly against entering the League of Nations on the terms offered by President Wilson. For it is childish to suppose that a majority of seven millions could have been obtained merely by a campaign of hate—which is the charge brought by speech-makers. If Lincoln's words, "you can't fool all the people all the time," mean anything, they mean that in the case of an issue which was so fully thrashed out, you couldn't fool sixteen million people at the end of a two-year campaign. In a word, enough of these sixteen millions who voted for Harding thought out the issues for themselves to explode the hatred myth. And it ill befits even zealots in these difficult days to say, in effect: "If you won't play our way, we won't play at all." A democracy would soon go down to destruction if that spirit were strongly engendered. Nor is it right for those who voted the

Republican ticket in 1920 to sulk, not because any definite plans of theirs are not being carried out, but simply because the big experience of our active contact with Europe has left them bewildered. The need of the times is for coöperation, and first of coöperation in our domestic affairs, if this country is ever to be in a position to work well with the rest of the world.

It is, indeed, a wonderful thing to have seen a great light. No one with any imagination could have failed at the close of the war to picture as a coming reality a much better order of international relations than that then existent. The horrors of the war, because of their very excess, made the proposal to do away with all war appear entirely reasonable. Reason, working through political machinery set up for the purpose of making international conference easy, was to take the place of force. This, nearly everyone must concede, is a practicable ideal. If it is ever abandoned, then all may feel that a definite step backward has been taken.

What was not fully appreciated after the armistice, and what is even now not fully appreciated, is the solid fact that when great opportunity knocks at the door it is of the utmost importance that some progress shall be made then and there. If a crime was committed, it was the crime of being unwilling to compromise a plan which had no chance whatever of being put through *without* compromise. The result was a stunning blow to widespread noble aspirations, cherished quite as much by the great body of Mr. Wilson's opponents as by his supporters. Fortunately, the Washington Conference has renewed the hope of better understandings internationally, and further progress will eventually be made along the lines suggested by President Harding's association of nations. But it will take time and a new set of opportunities to get the country back into a position where it can work internationally with the effectiveness with which it might have worked three years ago. And the way to go about it is not, in our judgment, to keep interrogating the Secretary of State concerning his attitude toward the League of Nations. That serves only to revive the atmosphere of the old animosities. Nor is there a ghost of a chance that the League of Nations can be made a principal issue in the coming elections.

Meanwhile it is the duty of all good citizens, especially in dealing with home affairs, to buckle down to realities and to throw off the cantankerous mood which has made even the important concerns of this large country appear puny and uninviting. To change the figure from the "great light," we have been listening to the music of the spheres—which is a noble thing to do provided that one can do it and still go about one's business with a reasonable sense of realities. But that seems to be within the power of angels only.

Shall the People Rule?

STIFF insistence on issues of "principle" in industrial disputes with private employers often cause difficulties that could be avoided without harm to either party. What makes it usually practicable to dodge such obstructive line-ups on "principle" is the fact that an apparent yielding by either side does not create a precedent of any lasting effect. It is common in such private disputes for one side or the other to yield a principle tacitly, both parties realizing that the concession is only temporary, and may be revoked by a shift in the bargaining powers of the contenders, or for other reasons.

But this does not hold true in industrial disputes involving public authority over wages and working conditions. The action of Government wage boards is like the action of the courts in that it is the application of a preconceived theory of relations to a specific case; and in both wage and legal decisions precedent has almost decisive weight.

It is for this reason that we look with concern on the reports current as this is written, that the railroad shop strike may be settled by the roads taking back the strikers with their seniority rights unimpaired. Such a course would create a precedent whose ultimate mischievousness seems to be quite too little appreciated. The Washington Administration has announced that it would "uphold the authority of the Labor Board" with every power at its command—and it is indeed essential to the protection of the public that this should be done. We see, however, in the (as yet) unofficial plan to make peace by restoring the seniority rights of the strikers, *not* a maintaining of the authority of the Labor Board, but a sure advance towards destroying it utterly; and along with that, an impairment of the general public authority that it will be difficult to make good in the future.

To avoid interruption of railroad transportation by strikes was (and we suppose still is) the sole reason for having the Labor Board. The Transportation Act, and the creation of the Board under it, was an expression of the public will to end railroad strikes. The shopmen defied that expression of the public will—which is just as fully a "law" as any other expression of the public will through legislation. It is now proposed that the strikers shall not only be pardoned for what the country generally and rightly considers an inexcusable offence against the public safety, and shall be restored to all the privileges they would have had if they had stuck to their duty; but the new employees who prevented the strike from working public disaster shall be thrown out of their places. Even more—and worse—the pardoned and reinstated strikers are to be assured that the Labor Board will at once reconsider their case—to what

end? Obviously and inevitably to the end that the Board shall grant, after a strike which it characterized in substance as a desertion of a public duty, wage demands it has already found to be unreasonable, taking this action *in response to the pressure of an illegal strike*.

This, it seems to us, is to abandon body and soul the principle of public control of railroad labor disputes. The shopmen were not willing to have their wages reduced. They struck—"removed themselves from the jurisdiction of the Labor Board." Now they are willing to come back if they are given immunity from punishment, and if they are given a tacit assurance that they have won by their illegal strike at least a part of what the Board refused to their arguments and evidence. It seems to us something approaching an excessive, and it is assuredly a short-sighted, timidity that dictates this surrender of the public right and authority for fear that if the shopmen are not at once placated other railroad unions will also strike! In other words, we must discredit the law, and offer a premium to other unlawful strikes—unlawful desertions of the public service—why?—of all things in the realm of illogic, *to avoid another unlawful strike!* We should accomplish the direct opposite.

What has happened to the backbone of the American people since last October? Then, when the men who actually run the trains called a strike, the country rose in one solid wall of determined opposition, and the intending strikers dared not carry out their threat. Now, with the shopmen's strike on the point of collapsing, we must make it at least a partial success—because we fear a coal shortage next winter. There is, you see, another strike. Another interstate labor monopoly prevents the mining of the margin of coal beyond the non-union output that is needed for our factories and our household comfort. Two attempts are made by organized labor on the very life of the nation—and against them we stoutly assert our right to live? We say, "The whole is greater than a part, and the whole people will insist, *now*, on the rights of the whole people?"—"Not"—to use a very apposite bit of slang—"not so as you'd notice it." O no. Anything to keep warm. Therefore let us have peace—at any price.

The only way to prevent strikes against the public is to make every such strike a dead failure as an instrument of coercion. When it doesn't *pay* to strike against the public, strikes against the public will come to an end—and not before then. The shopmen struck because their leaders hoped to coerce the public into granting what the public's formally accredited agent for that purpose (the Labor Board) had refused to grant. And the shopmen struck for another reason also, because their leaders believed that the public would be unable or unwilling to prevent the United Mine

Workers from imposing a coal famine upon the country, if the shopmen interfered sufficiently with the transportation of non-union coal. The shopmen's strike was not only an unlawful attack on the vital service of the railroads; it was part of a conspiracy with the coal miners to coerce the country with the threat of industrial paralysis and the cold of winter.

The issue as we see it is as we stated it in the last number of this journal—the issue of Labor against The People. Every other question—of wages, hours, and conditions—is dwarfed into insignificance by this one. Shall The People rule? This is the real issue before the country. How are we going to decide it?

Upon Emerging From a Bath of Shelley

ON July 8, one hundred years ago, Shelley was drowned; Shelley, one of the two greatest of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown" in literature, the other being Keats. It is meet that we pay him our humble tribute.

In youth we were all ardent Shelleyites, but in the long struggle with the Philistines which is the lot of most of us in middle life, we are apt to omit the reading of Shelley. If, then, midway of one's career or later, one falls to reading him again, belike one will find oneself, after a mad career through interstellar space, ending in a bath of rainbow-spray to wash off the star-dust, completely rid of Philistine defilement. That is one of Shelley's glories—he is the most sovereign of antidotes to the Philistines.

We agree with Browning that, in the case of Shelley, more perhaps than in the case of any other poet, we wish to know the man. For Shelley makes the most lofty pretensions. He claims to enlist his poetical powers "in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosom of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish among mankind." We wish to know of the asserter of such pretensions whether he was sincere and whether his life was on the whole conformable thereto.

We cannot stop to "chatter about Harriet." We are willing to admit that Shelley was greatly to blame in that melancholy affair. But the Shelley of the Harriet episode was the merest boy, and we go heartily with Browning and Bagehot and Matthew Arnold as to the man Shelley who emerged from that episode. "Whatever Shelley was, he was with an admirable sincerity. It was not always truth that he thought and spoke; but in the

purity of truth he spoke and thought always," says Browning in his fuliginous way. And Bagehot (a "hard-boiled" one) in a delightful passage finds that, "driven by a singular passion across a tainted region, Shelley retains no taint." Most important of all, Matthew Arnold, who in his Shelley essay figures as a male super-counterpart of Mrs. Grundy, admits, after sundry belittling reflections, that Shelley is, when all's said, a "beautiful angel," with "luminous wings." With these testimonies the reader may safely spare himself the boredom of reading Dowden's Life of the poet, assured that Shelley's poetry is "the very radiance and aroma of his personality," a personality as beautiful, perhaps, as any of which we have record: really angelic. For Shelley was almost incredibly generous and self-sacrificing (doing most of his kindnesses by stealth), gracious and considerate, without arrogance or egotism or vanity of authorship, "the friend of the unfriended poor," and, in Bagehot's words, possessed by "an insatiable craving after the highest truth." It is pleasant to be able to add that he was physically the most intrepid of men, as testified by Byron and that "tall man of his hands," Trelawney.

Well, did he attain to the highest truth? No, of course not. He himself was foremost to admit that. Remember, he was only twenty-nine when he died. But he was making marvelous speed towards the highest truth if Browning is to be believed, and that devout Catholic Francis Thompson (whose essay on Shelley is one of the best, as Browning's is one of the worst, examples of English prose style). But we lack space to discuss the metaphysical and religious and political aspects of Shelley's genius.

That was an unfortunate moment when Matthew Arnold unbosomed himself of his famous *mot* about Shelley: "In poetry, no less than in life, he" [Shelley] "is a beautiful *and ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." And elsewhere Arnold remarks: "Shelley is not a classic." We shall not argue the matter, we shall give him the lie direct. Shelley *is* a classic, and he was and is effectual in the highest sense. If to have written, as he did, a body of lyric poetry entitling him to the style of supreme lyrist of the world; if to have written, as he did, incomparably the best chamber tragedy since Shakespeare—we mean, of course, "The Cenci"; if to have written, as he did, the most beautiful of elegies (for so with Francis Thompson we consider "Adonais"); if to be, as he was, in Landor's words "incomparably the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers" of his age; if to have done all this, and before the age of thirty, does not entitle Shelley to the title of "classic" and to be deemed in a very extraordinary sense effectual, we are far out in our reckoning.

What, then, is the explanation of Arnold's *mot*?

Either a defect of the critical faculty, or something else. Something else, surely. Could it have been envy—subconscious envy of those Shelleian characteristics which were so lacking to himself—spontaneity, lyric ecstasy, opulence?

If we were asked to designate those Shelleian excellencies which are most distinctive, one selection would certainly be his unrivalled power of giving life to abstractions, "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." This power is beautifully displayed in the familiar lyric "The Cloud." Another would be his power (assimilating him to the great Chinese painters) of conveying to words, as they to canvas, the "ideated" forms of things as apprehended by the "inner eye"; and a third would be his unique power (remarked by himself in one of his prefaces) of apprehending and conveying remote analogies. Of which last power the following is a bewitching example. [From "Prometheus Unbound." Panthea and Ione have been listening to the Spirits of the Earth and Moon singing]:

Panthea: I rise as from a bath of sparking water,
A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
Out of the stream of sound.

Ione: Ah me! sweet sister,
The stream of sound has ebbed away from us,
And you pretend to rise out of its wave,
Because your words fall like the clear, soft dew
Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and hair.

THE Rand School of Social Science, in New York, has long been under fire. Now that the Appellate Division has upheld the Lusk Law, which provides that institutions teaching doctrines inimical to the government of the country or advocating the overthrow of government shall not receive a license, there is more trouble brewing. Although we are entirely out of agreement with the body of views taught at the Rand School, the pressure brought to bear upon the school by the Lusk Law is, in our judgment, the height of folly. What, for instance, is "the government of the country" if not the crystallization of the will of the majority as expressed through orderly legislative channels? And how can the majority determine what its will is if not by discussion? We have too great faith in the vigor of our democracy to be willing to spare it the knocks of fist-shaking radicals. These are the days of peace, when freedom of speech is the best of safety-valves. During the war the country had a special task to perform which might have been seriously jeopardized if every free-thinker had been permitted to hire a hall. Those days, happily, are over.

THE man in the street who goes through two weeks of jury duty on trivial cases comes back to his usual work with little respect for the dignity or economy of the law. In Chicago there is a court of small claims where a judge alone makes quick work of trifles with common-sense judgments. That pattern is worth copying.

Where Are the Economists?

By Frederick W. Burrows

ARE we receiving today from the trained economists that guidance in matters of principle to which we are entitled? Or has their study of special problems and the extension of their command over the data on which these may be determined been of late so absorbing a pursuit that the public is being left to settle great matters of economic principle practically without the guidance of scientific economic thought? I believe such to be the case, and hence this brief article which may be looked on not as a specialist's discussion, but as a layman's appeal. To me it is little short of appalling that we should be settling the issues involved in these two great strikes now disturbing our economic and social life without the guidance of the scientific economist as to the real principles on which, consciously or unconsciously, for our weal or our woe, we are assuming a position. And how much larger is our need for guidance as to the principles at stake in our handling of certain problems of world trade, and of the restoration of European finance, problems which we are settling by our attitude here in America—if by nothing more than that we have no conscious attitude. For the solution of these great problems we need something else than accumulations of fact, however scientifically gathered. Ah but, says an economist much devoted to the improvement of statistical information, "consequences are in the world of fact." True enough, nor can we too much emphasize that admonition to our weak and sentimental human nature. The facts will determine the results.

Who then would quarrel with the latter-day demand for "the facts" of our economic vicissitudes? Only, to be sure, those who must presently act and who therefore cannot await the garnering of interminable data which, though facts, are not necessarily *the* facts. Onerous indeed is the task of deriving from facts, *the* facts. And when these all-important values are made to appear, it is forthwith evident that the process of separation has been more than a mechanical extraction, that the purified metal is quite different from the original ore. *The* facts are, after all, more or less of a deduction from innumerable plain facts, and it is always possible that our original data were quite sufficient for the establishment of the really needed truth. At any rate, the man who is faced with the necessity of immediate action must reach his conclusions on the basis of facts in hand, and of such principles as he may regard as already established. No other method can meet his need for quick executive decision. If the economists do not approve of such a method, he must muddle through without their aid, and that, all must admit, is a serious—an irreparable loss.

Speaking of certain war activities, Mr. James B. Forgan, the Chicago banker, says, "It was patriotism that for the time being displaced or disregarded economic laws or principles." In other words, either the exigency was so great that we could not await the interminable processes of our statistical economists, or our eager opportunism would not accept their unwelcome verdict. In the latter case, *our* patriotism was rather misguided; in the former, that of the economists

who thought more of a method than of a substance of doctrine. Both of these censures are probably well enough deserved, but we are here concerned only with the second of them.

The true work of the economist in discussions of open public questions is to oppose economic philosophy to economic opportunism. Data to be sure—but for the laboratory; for the slow verification and correction of accepted principles and the slower working out of new generalizations. This feverish rush after new data hastily gathered under the pressure of each new problem gets us nowhere. Statistical method is at best stiff, rigid, inelastic. The virtues by which alone it possesses validity can never be achieved under the pressure of haste.

During the Napoleonic contest and its aftermath, the Bank Restriction in 1798 and the ensuing dislocation of exchanges demanded instant remedial legislation. What does not the world owe to the great Bullion Report and the explanatory tracts associated with the name of Ricardo? British and European finance ever since has been built on that foundation. But what was this most masterly economic-political document but an application of fundamental economic principles, sound economic philosophy and clear thinking, to the data in hand? It held the Parliament in the inescapable grip of its logic; it brought the cynical opportunism of the Governors of the Bank of England sharply to book. What manner of result would have been achieved had Ricardo and his associates chosen to proceed by the modern statistical method of economic inquiry?

John Stuart Mill opposing the inflationist proposals of the Birmingham currency school did not go out after a mass of new statistics. The damnable thing would have been done before he could have footed up his totals—let alone scoured out from such tonnage *the* facts.

No more can our problems wait. In truth, we are already surfeited with data and starved of clear thinking. Our diet is unbalanced. We need the vitamins of philosophic thought. Or, to change the figure, the bins of our smelters are already over-loaded with raw ore of unread (and unreadable) data, and we do not even know that any of it is pay dirt.

One of the most recent works on Political Economy by an American authority, prefaces its study by the remark that, "These [nationalities] and similar groups are the largest that are capable of carrying through definite economic policies." Good heavens, man, the need of the hour is a definite economic policy for groups that do overstep precisely those bounds! Another famous American economist says, "As time runs on it becomes more and more obvious that this generation has raised up for itself social problems which it is not competent to solve. . . ." This may be true, but clear thinking on the basis of a sound economic philosophy can surely help to see us through. At any rate, we shall get through, if not by the aid of the economists—then, to our loss, without it. I cite these instances only as illustrations of our need for a revival of the practice of applying economic philosophy to actual problems.

The discussion of current problems is precisely the work in which the statistician can be of least assistance. Statistical information is

"Ay wout in desert darkness to remaine.

Where plaine none might her see nor she see any plaine."

That the results achieved by the brilliant mathematical work of Marshall and his school, whatever their value, should be used as a defence of the statistical method of approaching economic problems, is, by the way, most illogical. The mathematical method is purely *a priori*—at the metaphysical antipodes from the statistical method, which is either inductive or nothing.

During the war our economists were hastily drafted for activities that did not require their special scientific training. In large numbers they entered Government bureaus, or became what might be called business technicians. The war was financed, war-labor adjustments made, price-fixing dabbled with, bank administration altered—all largely without the direction of scientific economic thought, and mostly under the guidance of disastrous opportunisms.

And now again, we are at this very hour passing through stupendous economic readjustments with little or no guidance from scientific economic thought. It is true that we have an occasional outpouring of statistics. But even if these were reliable—and in the swiftly moving kaleidoscope of affairs we have no time and no means of determining their reliability,

"God helpe the man so wrapt in Errour's endless traine."

—even, I say if these statistics are entirely reliable, they leave us with all our real thinking still to be done. They do not of themselves supply us with bases of action. Has the general advance in wages raised our standard of living in such a way as to increase our national pro-

ductive energy and thus to lower the real cost of living? The simplest statistical information would answer that question—*provided* that we were clear as to the economic principles involved. But these we are not even discussing. We are settling the issues at stake by strikes or equally brutal opportunistic wage cuts. Under such circumstances new volumes of statistics are sands that add to the desert's drought. We are athirst for the well-springs of a clear economic philosophy.

I have no desire to depreciate the work of the statistician. On the contrary I would have him exalt it by assuming his true place in the scientific laboratory. Current affairs need the guidance of the ripe wisdom of economic philosophy, not of a mass of raw material of thought. You wrong the truly scientific statistician when you compel him to produce forthwith rules of immediate conduct out of the raw soil of fact. You make of him, not an economist, but a charlatan:

"He seekes out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds."

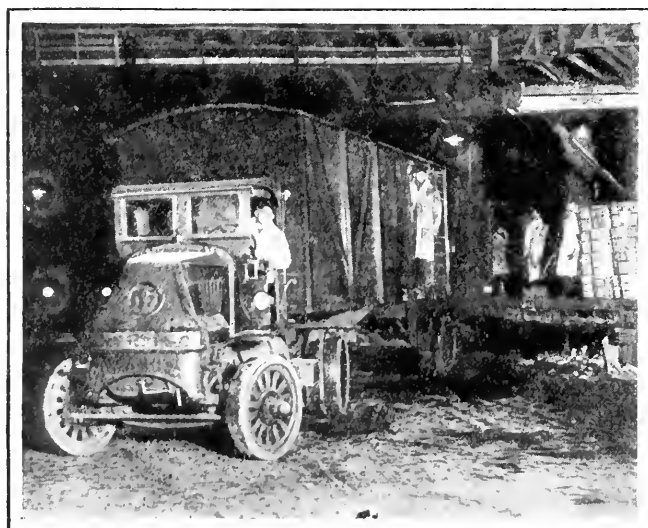
We have been told that all our problems are economic questions, that only by the exercise of a scientifically-trained economic philosophy can we hope to solve them. And it is not difficult to find the problems that are obviously enough economic. They are insistent and portentous; but where are the econmists?

Never before in America could we boast of a more numerous or competently equipped group of scientific economists, of men who command all the resources of economic thought, as well as of men trained for the more special work of the statistician. Could we possibly do worse than, making a poverty of our riches, to be always drafting these men as special workers when our supreme need is for a clarification of our economic problems by clear and scientific thought, and the application to them of fundamental principles?

Motor Trucks in a Transportation Tie-up

MANY persons must have thought of motor trucks as a resource of great promise in the event of a serious suspension of railroad traffic by the shopmen's strike. And trucks could do much for the relief of many cities and towns by bringing in milk, vegetables, meats, and possibly other essential foods from producing or storage centers not too far distant.

The refrigerator truck trailer shown below is an example. Yet, in spite of the rapid multiplication of trucks



in recent years, their total daily carrying capacity is apparently barely one-eighth of the railroad performance last year. At least one-third of them are in parts of the country where poor roads would make their performance very irregular. And in the matter of the threatening coal shortage they would be able to do nothing, because of their small capacity and the long distances to go over bad roads. Motor trucks are useful, but railroad transportation is indispensable.

Beadle's Dime Novels

By Edmund Lester Pearson

ARITHMETICIANS might calculate that if all the switches, hickory sticks, straps, hair-brush backs, and other instruments of torture which have been applied by angry parents to the readers of the dime novels in the Beadle Collection now exhibited in the New York Public Library, should be placed end to end, they would reach from William Street in New

York, where the novels used to be published, to Cooperstown, where Erastus Beadle ended his days. And there would be enough over to lay a single track of them to Buffalo, where he first became a publisher. By the same token, if all the tears shed by distressed mothers and aunts, on discovering that their boys were "reading dime novels," should be added to the tears soon forthcoming from the boys themselves, after the traditional visit to the woodshed with father, the resulting body of salt water would be more than enough to float not only the ship of "The Pirate Priest, or The Planter Gambler's Daughter," by Col. Prentiss Ingraham—one of Beadle's authors—but there would also be enough for the black bark of "The Gambler Pirate, or Bessie, the Lady of the Lagoon"—another of Colonel Ingraham's novels.

By the way, let us pause a moment to admire the cover picture of "The Gambler Pirate," one of the later Beadle publications. It is probably by the versatile George G. White, who designed so many scores of these stirring pictures, and with liberal hand illustrated the pages of such diverse publications as the *Police Gazette* and the *Christian Herald*. The pirate chief strides the deck of his ship. His whiskers are black, curly, ambrosial. He wears a three-cornered hat, a swallow-tail coat, and tight, white breeches. But he is defied by a lady in a sort of Empire gown—with Y. W. C. A. modifications. This is the caption: "Hold, Captain Forrester! Surrender or you Die!" "God Above! You risen from the Deep, Mabel Mortimer!"

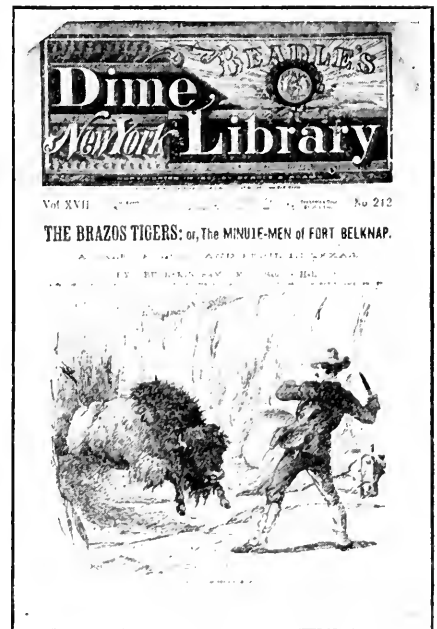
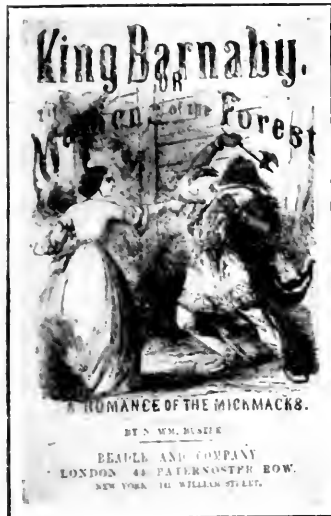
There are at least three good reasons why a public library does well to care for and to exhibit such a collection as this. The first is that the dime novel, especially as it was published by its originator, the firm of Beadle and Adams, formed an interesting by-path in the development of American literature, no less significant than the English chap-book of a century ago. It is intellectual snobbery to patronize one and to neglect the other. Secondly, the exhibition is an object lesson; a pathetic display of a defunct boggy. It is perpetually useful for each generation to see how much unnecessary anguish has been suffered in the past over things which were really harmless. Dime novels began as rather good historical novels; at their worst they were

no more than exciting stories written sometimes, but not always, in careless English. They were never immoral; on the contrary, they reeked of morality. Property rights were never confused; and when sexual ethics are concerned, their standards make the modern two-dollar novel look as foul as Vulcan's stithy. Indeed, there is reason to believe that many of the superstitious beliefs about the harmfulness of the dime novel were eagerly fostered and circulated by agents of the "respectable" publishing houses, to whom any book which sold for ten cents was grossly immoral, for that very reason. Finally, there are to be considered the pleasant recollections which an exhibition of this kind brings to the older generation. The old gentlemen who slip in, looking somewhat furtively about (as if Father with his trunk-strap hovered near-by) and who go with increasing delight from one show-case to the next, as they recall one old friend after another—these visitors are a continual pleasure to the planners of the exhibition.

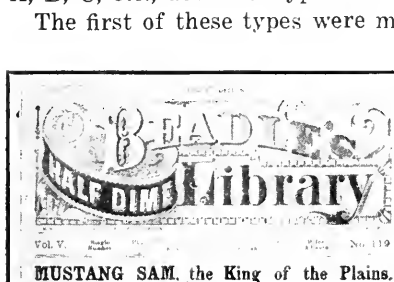
Dr. Frank P. O'Brien of New York made this collection of more than thirteen hundred publications of the house of Beadle (together with some hundreds of specimens from their followers and imitators) and spent twenty years at it. Two years ago many of his duplicates were sold at auction in this city, and the prices which they brought showed that there were enthusiastic collectors, willing to pay well to fill gaps in their own sets. Now, Dr. O'Brien generously gives the rest of the collection to the New York Public Library, in the Reference Department of which it is placed for consultation by adult readers, but, of course, not for circulation and not for children. Parents would still be mightily agitated if children had access to them, even if the rarity and fragility of the little pamphlets would permit it.

Erastus F. Beadle, a descendant of American pioneers and soldiers, was born in Otsego County, New York, in 1821. Work-

ing as a boy for a miller, he found a need one day for letters of some sort to label the bags of grain. He cut the letters from blocks of hardwood, as Gutenberg's predecessors had done. This experience interested him in printing; he learned the art, and by 1852 had a printing shop of his own. In 1858 he moved to New York to test an idea which had come to him:



the publication of books to be sold at ten cents, song-books, joke-books, and finally novels. He originated the dime novel, and in 1860 published the first of them, a small pamphlet (like "King Barnaby" in the accompanying illustration) with orange paper covers. The firm of Beadle and Adams continued their business until about 1897, and the different forms in which their dime publications were issued are known to collectors as Type A, B, C, etc., down to Type M.



The first of these types were mainly historical novels of the American Revolution, or of early pioneer life. Among them was Edward S. Ellis's "Seth Jones," a story of frontier life in New York in 1785. It sold more than 450,000 copies. Others were Mrs. Victor's "Maum Guinea," a story of slave-life, esteemed, so it is said, by President Lincoln; "The Reef-er of '76," or "The Cruise of the Firefly," by

Harry Cavendish; and "The Maid of Esopus, or The Trials and Triumphs of the Revolution," by N. C. Iron. With Type B, the novels assumed a cover in three colors, and a more decidedly frontier flavor: "The Prairie Scourge," "The Schuylkill Rangers," "Red Jacket, the Huron," and "Mohawk Nat" are some of the titles. About 90 per cent. of the settings, then and later, were American.

By the late seventies and early eighties, the covers in black and white, and the larger, magazine size (as in "Mustang Sam" and "The Brazos Tigers," reproduced here) had come into use. The bison and the grizzly, cowboy and Indian, scout, trapper, road-agent and pony express rider were the themes. These are the dime novels which many of us remember on the news-stands in our youth. I cannot sentimentalize over them, as I never read a dime novel until I was thirty, owing to a mean trick played upon me by my parents. They never forbade me to read dime novels at all.

Visitors to the exhibition may miss certain famous names: Old Sleuth, Nick Carter, and Old Cap Collier. These heroes were invented by authors who wrote for other publishing houses than that of Beadle. Old Cap Collier belongs to the house of Munro. The two most famous creations of the Beadle authors were Deadwood Dick, invented by a very mild looking gentleman named Edward L. Wheeler, and Jack Harkaway, a languid dare-devil about town, of the Tom and Jerry type. Deadwood Dick, who appeared on his faithful black steed in 1884, began a series of adventures called after his name (with such titles as "Deadwood Dick on Deck, or Calamity Jane the Heroine of Whoop Up") and was the forerunner of many alliterative heroes out of Mr.

Wheeler's imagination: Omaha Oll, Photograph Phil, Corduroy Charlie, and Rosebud Rob.

Toward the end (when Type M was reached) the sensational element predominates, although such excellent authors as Captain Mayne Reid were still reprinted, and the rules of delicacy in the treatment of elegant females—and there were never any inelegant ones—were still those of a refined seminary for young ladies. Heroines in the most distressing danger still kept the folds of their long skirts trailing upon the ground; they hunted jaguars in the South American jungles chastely seated upon a side-saddle, and wearing a habit which would have been correct in Central Park in 1868. Their bathing costumes might cause their arrest for prudery today, but for no other reason. But for the heroes and villains no ordinary encounter with an Indian brave, a mountain lion, or a pirate, was enough. The fight, man to man, with bowie knives, would no longer thrill the veins in 1887. No; when the outlaw hung the ranger over the cliff by his heels, the while the latter meditated whether he should give up the secret of the hidden caché, his reflections had to be stimulated by snapping crocodiles below, and hungry vultures who assailed from above. In "Double Dan the Dastard, or the Pirates of the Pecos" by Major Sam S. Hall ("Buckskin Sam") three unfortunate persons (villains, I have no doubt) are crucified upon trees, while pumas creep toward them in the gathering gloom. We are told that "The very hair upon the captives' heads seemed to crawl like scorched serpents, and a piercing shriek, yes, shriek after shriek, sprung from the blacked and bleeding lips of each."



Erastus Beadle — David Adams — Irwin Beadle

The dime novel had degenerated; horrors had been heaped upon horror's head too many hundred times. But have the "Perils of Pauline" type of moving picture, the "Giddy Stories" type of magazine, and many of the novels of 1922, shown a marked improvement over them? The old devotees of the Beadle novels, who have seen this collection, have an emphatic opinion on that point. Their answer is in the negative.

Is the Tradition of "Mental Discipline" a Delusion?

By Fabian Franklin

IN Secretary Hughes's recent address before the National Education Association, there is much that is worth attention, both from the standpoint of the educator and from that of the man whose primary interest is in the workings of democratic government. But perhaps the most noteworthy feature of it is the great stress which was laid, in several different parts of the address, upon the value of mental discipline as such.

The time has been when to assert the importance of mental discipline was merely to utter what everybody regarded as a truism. The teacher of mathematics or of the classic languages, to whatever straits he might have been reduced in defending the claims of his favorite study against attack, always felt that he had in the end an impregnable position to fall back upon. Where, he would say, are you going to get so excellent an instrument of mental discipline as is found in the stern demands of mathematics or in the accuracy and subtlety of the traditional study of the classics? And his adversary was silenced, even if sometimes not convinced.

But it is now a long time since the advocate of the classical and mathematical training has been permitted the serene enjoyment of this position of security. The irregular forces, whose attacks had been growing more and more troublesome, but which were held at bay by the mental-discipline argument, received a number of years ago a portentous reinforcement. To the light infantry of ordinary criticism has been added the heavy artillery of psychological research. The psychologists—I don't say *all* psychologists, but certainly a predominant part of the whole body—tell us that they have found out that there can be no such thing as "mental discipline" in the sense of the traditional training. What one does in pursuing any particular department of study, in exerting the mind in any specific undertaking, is to develop the particular ability or skill which is immediately concerned. The various functions of the mind are localized in various parts of the brain; and none of this localization corresponds to *general* faculties of the mind such as memory, accuracy, reasoning. When you pursue mathematics you develop your mathematical ability, but not any general mental ability capable of being turned to uses into which mathematics does not enter; when you study Latin and Greek, you develop your linguistic ability and classical knowledge, but not any intellectual quality of broad and varied scope. If we are to accept the dictum of the predominant school of psychologists, the venerable tradition of broad intellectual training through mathematics and classics—training that helps to make diplomats and administrators and statesmen—is simply a delusion. And in point of fact their dictum has been very widely accepted.

Whether Mr. Hughes had this fact in mind in his address I have no means of knowing. He does not elaborate his position; he simply states it, but he does this again and again. "My mother's insistence on the daily exercise in mental arithmetic," he says, "has been

worth more to me than all the delightful dallyings with intellectual pleasures I have ever had." Democracy, he tells us, "needs men trained to think, whose mental muscles are hard with toil." Foremost among the things which he enumerates as peculiarly requisite in this trying time that we are going through is "better mental discipline." And he comes out expressly on the issue of classics and mathematics: "I am one of those who believe in the classical and mathematical training, and I do not think that we have found any satisfactory substitute for it."

Nothing could be farther from my desire than to discredit the authority, or belittle the achievements, of science. But respect for science does not require us to accept the latest conclusion of a special group of scientific men as necessarily the last word of science. There are fields, to be sure, in which this is what every layman who is not inordinately conceited, practically must do. It would be preposterous for a man who has not mastered the latest developments of physical chemistry to air his doubts about the current doctrine of electrons or of quanta; or for a man who is not a mathematical physicist to express any opinion on the soundness of Einstein's theory of relativity and gravitation. But there is also a vast domain in which a wholly different state of things exists; a domain in which the dicta of scientists—I will not say the dicta of science—involve conclusions that go far beyond the actual results of scientific research. During that splendid, and almost sudden, flowering of scientific enthusiasm which marked the middle decades of the nineteenth century, outgivings of this kind were peculiarly abundant and peculiarly conspicuous. They did not, indeed, come usually from the really great scientists, but from men of the second class, and indeed often from men who, though speaking in the name of science, were not scientists at all. The strong wine of the great new scientific doctrines—especially the doctrine of evolution and the doctrine of the conservation of energy—went to their heads, and was too much for their intellectual balance. They confidently undertook to use these magic keys to unlock doors which they were never intended to fit, to open up regions to which they afforded little access or none. O survival of the fittest, O conservation of energy, what crimes were committed in your name!

I do not say that the decisions which psychologists so frequently pronounce upon broad practical human questions are of the same nature as these errors of certain overconfident scientists or popularizers of science of fifty years ago. But they have this in common with those errors—that they apply the results of a particular kind of research to the settlement of human questions into which elements of vital importance enter that are quite outside the subject-matter of that research. The time may come when psychologists in general will be as modest, as cautious about laying down the law, as some of the best of them are now. But in the meantime a vast amount of mischief may be done by general acceptance of whatever the latest psychological fashion

may decree. I have had occasion to discuss with some elaborateness in these columns one instance of this—the matter of intelligence-tests. As regards this present subject—the question of “mental discipline”—I wish only to enter a *caveat*. To infer from the localization of functions in the brain that there can be no such thing as general training of the mind is to make a logical error that has not infrequently been made by scientific men in other and simpler matters. Let us grant that when a man subjects himself to a high mathematical training he develops only that part of his brain that is concerned with mathematical thinking; it will then follow that the rest of his *brain* gets no advantage from the process. But may it not be that a man's intellectual *habits* become so affected by the

experience that he imposes upon *all* parts of his brain a higher standard of work? May it not be that, though the tissues of other parts of the brain may not receive any accession either of quality or of quantity, yet the man, through the exercise of his will, through the strengthening of his intellectual conscience, through the sharpening of his instincts of intellectual alertness, makes much better *use* of those other parts of the brain, unchanged though they be in themselves, if such be the case?

We may some day have to abandon as a delusion the old-fashioned idea of the value of “mental discipline”; but the psychologists who demand that we do so should first look into some things which are apparently as yet not dreamed of in their philosophy.

The Joys of Collecting

By Gardner Teall

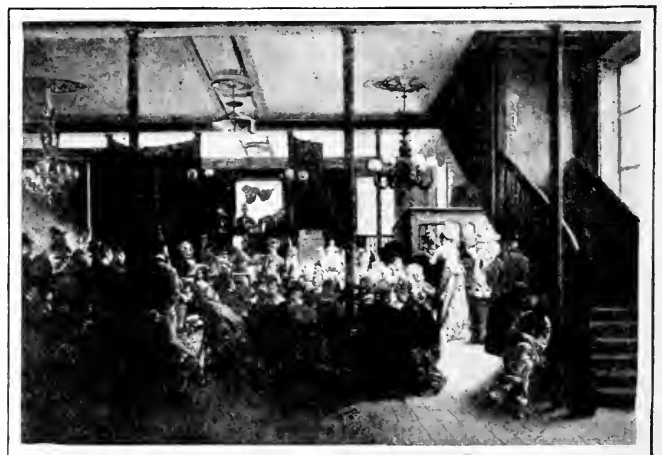
IN Robert Louis Stevenson's “Lay Morals” one finds written: “It is perhaps a more fortunate destiny to have a taste for collecting shells than to be born a millionaire. Although neither is to be despised, it is always better policy to learn an interest than to make a thousand pounds; for the money will soon be spent, or perhaps you may feel no joy in spending it; but the interest remains imperishable and ever new. To become a botanist, a geologist, a social philosopher, an antiquary, or an artist, is to enlarge one's possessions in the universe by an incalculably higher degree, and by a far surer sort of property, than to purchase a farm of many acres.” Here Stevenson seems well to have appreciated Lord Brougham's observation that “Blessed is the man who has a hobby.”

While all hobbies are not acquisitive ones, none presents greater joys in its pursuit than that of collecting antiques, art objects of bygone days “rich with the spoils of time,” as the poet Gray put it,—“Rubbish of the past,” as the less imaginative Mme. Louise Colet was pleased to call them! Although Chesterfield advised his son not to throw away his time in ransacking “the minute and unimportant parts of remote and fabulous times,” we have always the precedent of the Medici and good old Horace Walpole to fall back upon, and after all Chesterfield was a hobbyist if not a collector; it is a pity acquisitive antiquarianism should have received such slight attention from his pen.

Nevertheless the joys of collecting are true joys, joys which may entertain rivals but not admit them. When Seneca observed that true joys were serene and sober motions, he may have known that this would apply aptly to the joys to be derived in the collecting of the art objects of Yesterday's bequest. And yet you may ask how this is to be reconciled with thought of that fiery enthusiasm, appearing to be anything but a “quiet motion,” which leads the collector of antiques and curios to drive ten miles through a rainstorm to attend a village auction in the hope of acquiring for a song (or, if competition is strong, for several songs) some quaint bit of mahogany, a Staffordshire plate, a Wedgwood creamer, a Hepplewhite chair, a Chippendale mirror, a petit-point fire-screen, a pewter porringer, a silver tankard, a colonial coverlet, a Satsuma ginger-jar, a

Venetian glass goblet, a Battersea enamel snuffbox, a banjo clock, a Sheffield plate cake-basket, a Revolutionary musket, a tortoiseshell comb, a gateleg table, a Chelsea shepherdess, Cotton Mather in a first edition, a mezzotint by Valentine Green, or perhaps a Dodo feather or a Roc's egg. Nearly all of these things one stands a reasonable chance of finding, somewhere and sometime! I am not sure, in this day of miracles, but that great faith might cover the last two, remembering the case of the famous and lamented late M. Michel Chasles who parted with nearly 200,000 francs for a collection of autograph letters fabricated by an ingenious gentleman named Vrain-Lucas, who succeeded in persuading M. Chasles that the documents were genuine letters penned by no lesser celebrities than Julius Caesar, Sappho, Cleopatra, Tiberius, Pontius Pilate, Judas Iscariot, Mary Magdalene, Herod, Alexander the Great, Anacreon, and others.

All this goes to prove, too, that collecting is not merely the getting together of a number of objects. Collecting, in the accepted art sense of the word, presupposes some knowledge of the objects collected, some desire to know all one can about them. One might as well poke fun at a university as to poke fun at one who collects intelligently, whether the collector's hobby is



Auction sale at Clinton Hall, New York
By Leon y Escoscuria (1834-1901)



old china or postage-stamps. Every beautiful, interesting, useful thing which the mind of man has conceived, his hand executed, has its story, which sometimes the running may read, but which, more often, one comes upon only by that diligent seeking which lends zest to the matter. The romance of collecting is as real as anything else, as real as anything which shelters romance. Romance, indeed, is prince and chief in the realm of collecting, arbiter of antiques and curios, from whom every object of art takes cachet for perpetuity. Romance commands the delectable form of acquisitiveness which gives to each collector his place in the field, which brings him joys as keen as any.

The pleasures of collecting need never be dependent on the quantity of objects collected, need never be discouraged by the purse of moderate means. What to collect is, more often than not, answered by individual tastes, as with Walpole, of whom a contemporary rhymester once said:

China's the passion of his soul,
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy or break his rest:

although it must be admitted that there wasn't anything Walpole didn't collect. When to collect needs only the keen eye, the *flair*, the acquisitive means to determine; but volumes might be written on the subject of when *not* to collect, and their chapters could in all probability be adequately summarized in the statement that there is no true joy to be had in collecting against one's conscience!

After all, collecting is the getting together in pleasurable manner a number of related objects of beauty and interest that form, as it were, a brief or extended story, as the case may be, as told by the collection thus assembled. The collector will walk with history on one side of him and art on the other, adventure, perhaps running on before. Once one begins to collect in any field, the gods are kind and draw back the curtains from the great mysteries, dispel the clouds that may have hidden the landscape of opportunity

from view. One does not look for pearls in snail shells, it is true, but one can collect almost anything from any point of the compass and still be far from the spot. We have in the English language many magazines either entirely or in part devoted to collectors' interests of every sort, books on the subject of every phase of collecting and on collecting in general in our great cities, public auction sales of antiques and curios which have really become permanent institutions and which issue catalogues throughout the season far in advance of the sales, and then our larger cities support many shops dealing exclusively in antiques and curios. Naturally the world's great masterpieces in this field have long ago found their way into public or private collections, and such as again come into the market are certainly *not* to be had for a song. But there are thousands, yes millions of lesser objects of art worth collecting, and it is surprising what one can accomplish for very little.

"People laugh at collectors," said Anatole France, "who perhaps do lay themselves open to raillery, but that is also the case with all of us when in love with anything at all. We ought rather to envy collectors, for they brighten their days with a long and peaceable joy. . . . a love for collecting is no more vain and useless than other passions are."



Bric-a-Brac

By Alexander Hugo Bakker-Zarff. Collection, Metropolitan Museum, New York

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Railroad Shopmen's Strike

MR. HOOPER, Chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, did succeed, on the 14th, in bringing together in conference representatives of the railroad managements and of the striking shopmen. But nothing came of it. It is generally stated that the chief bar to a composition is the attitude of the railroad managements on the seniority question. In general the railroad managements declare that striking shopmen who refused to return to work after due warning forfeited their seniority rights, which were acquired by new men succeeding to their jobs, and decline to restore their former seniority status to strikers who should now return, at the expense of the new men. But there is so much bluff and camouflage and equivocation in this controversy that one cannot be sure what really is the chief bar to a settlement.

It is understood that the President, after mature consideration, has decided not to intervene in the shopmen's strike. The Railroad Labor Board has been provided as the Government's agency for the settlement of railroad controversies and should, in the Government's opinion, suffice. In general, disorder has been less rife during the past two weeks than it was in the earliest days of the strike. The most serious existing situation is at Denison, Texas, where martial law has been declared by the Governor. The strike has not seriously spread during the last two weeks, but there is ground for nervousness as to the action of several classes of railroad workmen, should cases now under consideration by the Railroad Labor Board be decided against them.



Sacramento Bee

Wouldn't you think they'd be a little more careful of their aim?

The Miners' Strike

On July 15 the Policy Committee of the United Mine Workers rejected the President's proposal of a Coal Commission. To be more exact, they would not accept the kind of commission proposed by the President; one combining fact-finding and wage-arbitral functions. A purely fact-finding commission—they would heartily approve of that. On the 17th a majority of the representatives of the bituminous operators assembled at Washington accepted the President's proposal without reservations; a minority, though approving "in principle," declined to accept the proposal without nullifying modifications. The President's efforts for a voluntary adjustment had failed.

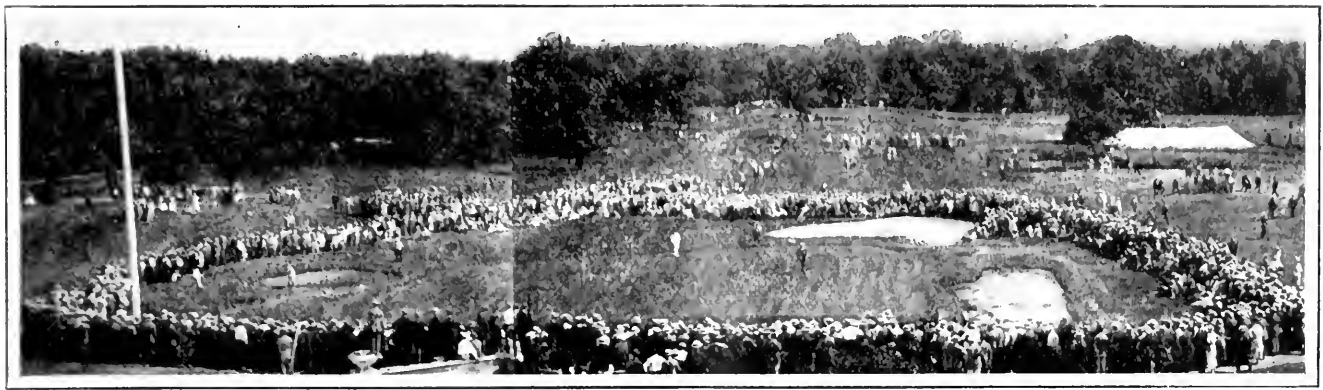
The President's next move was to "invite" the bituminous operators to resume mining operations (a pledge of protection by Federal troops in the last resort being of course implicit in the invitation). He appealed by wire to the Governors of the twenty-eight coal-producing States to encourage and protect (with troops, if necessary) efforts to resume. With unimportant exceptions, operators and Governors responded cordially. But "producing the goods" is a different matter. The country is anxiously waiting for results from the President's invitation and the cordial responses thereto. Results affording sure promise of success must come quickly; or, it is admitted, something more drastic will have to be done. The spectre of a coal famine haunts our furnaces and hearths. It were perhaps wiser to postpone further comment on this experiment until our next issue.

The President's later move was perhaps more important than the one just recorded. He appointed a committee, including representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Department of Commerce, the Department of Justice, and the Department of the Interior, with Secretary Hoover as Chairman, to direct distribution and rationing of coal and other essential commodities. At the instance of the Committee, the Interstate Commerce Commission should issue the orders governing service of the railroads. Coal profiteering (and it seems to be established that Mr. Hoover's voluntary agreements for keeping down coal prices were rapidly going by the board) should be prevented by withholding cars from mines where profiteering is practiced. Of late, coal shipments from non-union mines have fallen to 3,500,000 tons per week, as contrasted with 5,500,000 tons before the shopmen's strike began. On July 28 H. B. Spencer, of Washington, was appointed Temporary Federal Coal Administrator.

The Little Affair at Cliftonville, West Virginia

That the glorious episode at Herrin, Illinois, has aroused a noble spirit of emulation, is proved by the following:

On July 17 a mob of striking miners, mostly from nearby Pennsylvania, attacked a mine at Cliftonville, West Virginia, which was being worked by non-union



Edwin Levick

The ninth green during the Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones match in the national golf championship contest

men and was guarded by Sheriff Duval of Brooke County, West Virginia, and twenty deputy sheriffs and special guards. After a fight of an hour and a half the assailants were put to flight, after setting fire to the mine tippie, which was partially destroyed. Sheriff Duval and six of the mob were killed, and one deputy sheriff was wounded. The mob carried off their wounded, whose number therefore is not precisely known, but it was considerable.

The affair took place in the morning. In marked contrast to the inaction after the Williamson County, Illinois, atrocities, the Brooke County authorities and the State authorities of both West Virginia and Pennsylvania, got busy at once and before midnight forty-three suspects were in jail, arrangements had been made for a special grand jury, murder charges against twenty-seven men had been filed, and other appropriate action had been taken.

The Convention of the American Federation of Labor

From issue to issue exigencies of space have forced out from this summary the following notice of the most important proceedings of this year's convention of the American Federation of Labor (June 12-24). It is thought that the notice, though belated, should be welcome; for it is important to know and to ponder the sentiments of the members of the Federation regarding the great issues:

The session of June 14 was "child labor protest" session. Senator La Follette addressed the convention, denouncing the power wielded by the Federal courts as the result of usurpation. The decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Federal Child Labor Act unconstitutional, said the Tribune of the People,

"is typical of the conduct of the Federal judiciary, and particularly the Supreme Court, whenever Congress has sought to enact progressive and humane legislation which was offensive to great financial interests and enterprises. The point that I am trying to make is that we are dealing with a fixed purpose and predisposition on the part of the Supreme Court and the Federal judiciary generally.

"This decision is, however, merely the last of a long list of decisions equally arbitrary and equally indefensible from the standpoint of public welfare. You have only to recall the decisions arising out of the Employers' Liability statutes, the Arbitration Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Income Tax laws and the shameful manner in which the

Court rewrote and misapplied the Anti-Trust Act in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust and other cases. If the memories of any of you are very short, I direct your attention to the recent decision of the Coronado Coal Company case.

"We have never faced the fundamental issue of judicial usurpation squarely. The time has come when we must put the axe to the root of this monstrous growth upon the body of our Government, the usurped power of the Federal courts must be taken away, and the Federal Judges must be made responsive to the popular will."

How? By a Constitutional amendment in the following form:

"That no inferior Federal Judge shall set aside a law of Congress on the ground that it is unconstitutional.

"That if the Supreme Court assumes to decide any law of Congress unconstitutional, or by interpretation undertakes to assert a public policy at variance with the statutory declaration of Congress, which alone under our system is authorized to determine the public policies of Government, the Congress may, by repassing the law, nullify the action of the court."

The delegates, it is reported, acclaimed the speech with frantic demonstrations of approval.

* * *

The convention rejected by an overwhelming vote a resolution in favor of unrestricted immigration. A resolution condemning a sales tax was carried. The Executive Council was instructed to exert itself to bring about an alliance between the Federation and the farm organizations in the country.

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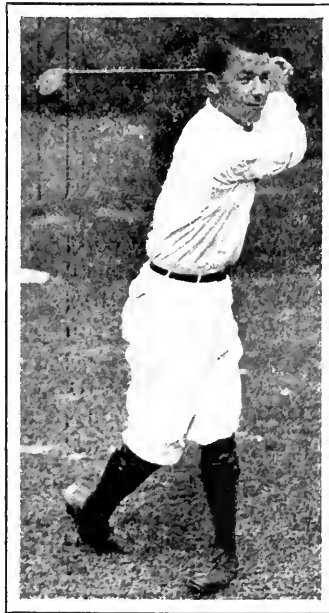
The convention unanimously passed a resolution condemning the Ship Subsidy bill (or Merchant Marine bill, whichever is the correct title); and this, too, on the very day that a letter from President Harding to a member of Congress was made public, stating that, should Congress fail to pass that bill this session, he would feel obliged "to call Congress immediately in extraordinary session" for consideration thereof.

* * *

The convention unanimously pledged support to the striking coal miners, and, though no pledge of support was given, indicated that a strike of railway men would have their approval.

* * *

On June 21 the Special Committee on Court Decisions of the convention made their report. They recommended four constitutional amendments: to prohibit child labor; to prohibit legislative or judicial interference with the right of labor to organize, to deal collectively, and to boycott; to give Congress a veto over decisions of the Supreme Court; to make easier amendment of the Constitution. They also recommended a law to "make more definite and effective the intention of Congress in enacting Sections 6, 19 and 20 of the Clayton Act, which was manifestly ignored or overridden by the Court;" and repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which "was intended by Congress to prevent illegal combinations in restraint of trade, commonly known as 'trusts,' but through judicial misinterpretation and per-



Edwin Levick

Gene Sarazen, professional, of Pittsburgh, aged 21, and born of Italian parents, wins the open golf championship of the United States

version has been repeatedly and mainly invoked to deprive the working masses of their natural and normal rights." The report, moreover, proposes establishment by the Executive Council of the Federation of a Legal Defense Bureau to combat all laws and judicial decisions prejudicial to the rights of Labor. The Committee goes Senator La Follette's speech one better in denunciation of the courts. "The courts of the country, and particularly the Supreme Court of the United States, have within recent years undertaken to deprive American Labor of the fundamental rights and liberties which heretofore have been accepted as deeply and organically ingrained in our system of jurisprudence."

The Committee's report was adopted by the Convention by an overwhelming majority.

* * *

A great effort was made by the radicals in the convention to procure passage of a resolution calling for recognition by our Government of the Moscow Government, but it was overwhelmingly defeated.

* * *

President Gompers was reelected President of the Federation, without opposition.

Brief Notes

On May 15 the French war debt to the United States amounted to \$3,340,857,593 principal and \$430,000,000 accumulated interest, and Britain's similar debt amounted to \$4,135,818,358 principal and \$611,000,000 interest.

* * *

An article entitled "The End of Race Migrations," by Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University, in the current *Yale Review*, is heartily recommended to the reader. The argument presented for continuing the present drastic restrictions on immigration into this country, is difficult to refute.

* * *

The Federal Government has acquired a 228-acre farm near Beacon in Dutchess County, New York, overlooking the Hudson, as the site for a reclamation hospital for 1,000 to 1,200 disabled ex-soldiers. A site for a 500-bed tuberculosis hospital at Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks has been selected. There is to be another tuberculosis hospital at Chelsea, New York.

* * *

On May 31 the cornerstone was laid of a building to



Wide World Photos

Tanks filled with oxygen to assist in scaling Mount Everest

house the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The total cost, including the site, will be about \$20,000,000. The offices of the bank are now scattered here and there through the financial district. The present personnel numbers 2,600, but the building plan contemplates an ultimate personnel of 5,000.

* * *

With a baby wireless set Marconi demonstrated to 1,000 American engineers at the Engineering Societies building, New York, the other night, how radio waves may be directed straight to a receiving station, and how by means of short waves and a reflecting apparatus the vicinity of metal objects may be detected (and so ship-collisions may be avoided). Marconi is after Old Man Static, and hopes before he dies to abate that aerial nuisance.

* * *

May was a fortunate month for the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City. The city authorities appropriated one million dollars for completion of the south wing of the Museum; Mr. George F. Baker gave \$1,000,000, the income to be used at the discretion of the trustees; and Mr. James F. Ballard gave a superb collection of rugs, valued at half a million. Among other fine things added to the Museum's collections was a "Holy Family" by Andrea del Sarto (the "Berglerini Madonna").

* * *

The American Museum of Natural History of New York City recently received two great contributions to the permanent endowment fund of that institution; one of \$1,000,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and one of \$250,000 from Mr. George F. Baker.

* * *

The Bronx River Parkway, a driveway forty feet wide, running through the charming Bronx River valley within a reservation which has an average width of 600 feet, from the Botanical Gardens of Bronx Park to Kensico Dam, four miles from White Plains, capital of Westchester County, will be completed in 1923. At Kensico Dam it will connect with a system of State highways.

* * *

In May the Ford Motor Company produced 134,762 Ford cars; 9,105 tractors; 602 Lincoln cars—a record.

France, Germany, *et al.*

An Eloquent French Appeal

ON July 16, Stéphane Lauzanne, in an article in *Le Matin* of Paris, stated accurately and with justifiable emotion the French case regarding reparations, as follows (the translation is that of the *New York Times*):

Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, has asked M. Parmentier, the financial delegate of France, to give him documents and statistics relating to our credits, debts, devastation budget, &c. Is it too late to ask M. Parmentier not to forget to give Mr. Mellon two figures?

Two figures—it is not much—but it may be sufficient. Two figures often present a situation better than twenty statistics. Two figures have at times sufficed to explain religion or make history.

The two figures which we would so like to place before the eyes of Mr. Mellon and all the American people, are the following: \$1,250,000,000—\$7,500,000,000.

We will explain. The billion and a quarter dollars represents the total of what Germany to date, July 15, 1922, has paid to the Reparations Commission both in specie and

deliveries in kind. The last balance of the Reparations Commission gives the payment of 4,944,000,000 gold marks, which represents, at four marks to the dollar, \$1,250,000,000.

Seven and a half billion dollars represents the total of what France has poured out up to July 15, 1922, for cost of reconstruction of the devastated regions and the cost of pensions—a cost which by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles falls exclusively on Germany. These figures come from a declaration by Premier Poincaré which places these costs at 92,000,000,000 francs—which sum, divided by the average exchange of the last three years, or twelve francs to the dollar, gives the sum of \$7,500,000,000.

Thus in three years Germany, who did not have an inch of soil ravaged by the war, who had not a house destroyed by the war, who had not a factory deteriorated by the war, has given up \$1,250,000,000, and during the same three years France, who has had seven of her richest departments devastated, who has seen her richest coal mines wrecked, who has seen her richest industrial districts laid in ashes, has nevertheless found the means of advancing \$7,500,000,000 for the account of the authors of this devastation, wreckage and destruction.

For love of the truth, let us not stray from these two figures. When we are told "Germany is weighed down beneath the weight of her reparations debt," let us respond, "Pardon me, she has paid only \$1,250,000,000 while we have paid \$7,500,000,000." When we are told "German marks have fallen to zero because of the payments Germany must make," let us answer: "No, the German mark cannot fall to zero merely because it has served to pay \$1,250,000,000, when the franc has fallen only 40 centimes after having served to pay \$7,500,000,000."

A billion and a quarter dollars—this is all that 70,000,000 Germans who have not had a window pane broken have paid to repair the devastation of the war which they declared and which they lost. Seven and a half billion dollars—this is what 40,000,000 French who have had seven departments ruined have raked up by bleeding themselves and draining their poor wool socks (the proverbial bank of the peasant) to repair the horrors of war which they have endured and won.

A billion and a quarter dollars! Seven billion and a half dollars! There, Mr. Mellon, is the effort of the one and there is the effort of the other! Who has the right to a moratorium? Who has the right to a reduction of debt? Germany, who, in her strength, has paid a billion and a quarter dollars, or bleeding France, who has paid seven and a half billion?

Weigh these two figures in your conscience, Mr. Mellon! History will weigh them in her balance.

All Agog Over the Next Move

The German Government paid the cash reparations installment which fell due July 15. The Committee on Guarantees returned to Paris from Berlin on July 17. It is understood that they have submitted their report to the Reparations Commission and that Poincaré and Lloyd George have copies. It is also understood that Lloyd George and Poincaré (perhaps the whole Supreme Council) will meet in London on August 1 or shortly thereafter to discuss the reparations problem, the Near East, Tangier, and Austria; chiefly, of course, reparations (and only Great Britain and France of the nations represented on the Supreme Council are "interested" in Tangier). It is probably not an exaggeration to assert that Paris, London, and Berlin are all agog over the next move in the great reparations game.

The Italian Crisis

THERE is a very serious Government crisis in Italy. The de Facta cabinet was overthrown by an adverse vote; the Catholic or "Popular" Party, which holds the balance of power in the *Camera*, turning against it. The issue was the old one—how to deal with that pestilent feud of the Fascisti and the Communists. Father Sturzo, head of the Catholic Party, was not satisfied with de Facta's manner of dealing. But it does not appear that Sturzo knows a better way. The ideal Italian Government would be one which should

say, "A plague o' both your houses!" and proceed discreetly and firmly to abate both nuisances. But apparently no such Government is procurable. The great Orlando, de Nicola, President of the *Camera*, Meda of the Catholic Party, and Bonomi, were each in turn invited to form a Cabinet. Orlando and Bonomi tried and failed. What now? New elections? The result might make matters better and might very well make matters worse. The situation is almost inconceivably complicated. Mussolini, the leader of the Fascisti, says that an attempt by any Government to deal roughly with his 300,000 well-armed, trained, and ardent young patriots, would lead to civil war. There is little doubt that the Fascisti have rendered priceless service to the State; that they saved it from the anarchy willed by the Communists. They claim that their organization is still necessary to the State and will be till a Government arrives which has the resolution to deal firmly with the Communist menace. Unfortunately, they seem to "have reason." It is a hard saying; but better, perhaps, the occasional excesses and even wantonness of

these Vigilantes than a recurrence of the situation of two years ago. Data is lacking for a confident estimate of the situation.

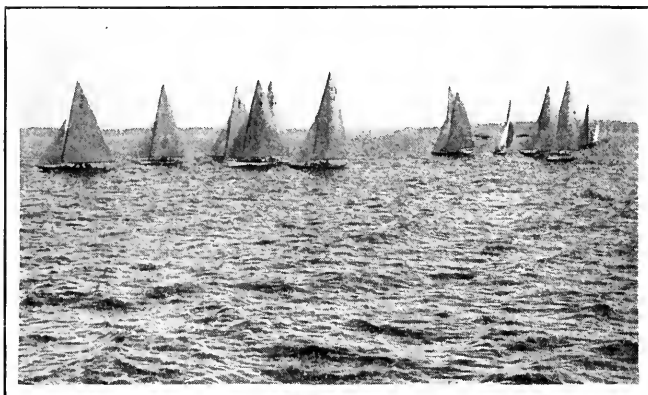
"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow"

ONE cannot help feeling a certain sympathy for Sheik Ahmed-el-Sherif, head of the most interesting of religious fraternities, the Senussites. When the present Sultan of Turkey was about to be installed, he thought it would add greatly to his prestige if the Senussi Sheik should attend the ceremony and buckle on the sword of Osman. The thing was managed with difficulty, the Sheik working his way to Cyrenaica and there boarding a Turkish submarine sent thither from Constantinople, and which had no mean job eluding the Allied fleets. The Sheik buckled on the sword, but was not able to get away from Constantinople before the Turkish capitulation, which occurred soon afterwards. Since the Allies took control of Constantinople, they have held the Sheik as a valuable hostage against participation by the Senussites in a Pan-Islam movement.

A good deal of vague reference is made to the Senussites, but really little is known about them, their numbers or the extent of their sway or influence. They derive in a sense from the Wahhabites, but are no such dour Puritans as the latter. Certainly they seek to revive the faith and usages of early Islam and they do eagerly proselytize, but hitherto they have done so more by the word than by the sword. Indeed, their work has been a highly civilizing one—digging wells, cultivating oases, improving trade, and building rest-houses along the caravan routes. The present headquarters of the fraternity is at Jof in the oases of Kufra in the middle of the Libyan desert. How the great Sheik, held a pris-



oner by the hated Giaour in a Constantinople fallen from its high estate, must long for the vast spaces and the clear air of his Libyan homeland!



International

The Larchmont regatta. Race of the six-meters

The Attempt to Scale Everest

THE party headed by Gen. C. G. Bruce, who attempted to reach the summit of Mt. Everest, were, after several desperate advances from their base camp at 25,000 feet, which were foiled by terrible weather conditions, compelled to give over their enterprise by the breaking of the monsoon on June 3. The greatest altitude attained was 27,300 feet. There is good hope for the next party. It is thought that the base camp might be carried up to 26,000 feet. The best path for the final assault is known. When at last the highest of mountains has been topped, the glory of the victors should be shared with General Bruce's party and the party headed by Lieutenant Colonel Howard-Bury which in 1921, after an elaborate reconnaissance, "found the way" and ascended to 23,000 feet, when the weather routed them. The originator of the Bury expedition, a famous mountaineer, Dr. Kellas, died of heart-failure due to overexertion. Aside from the fact that these glorious fellows "found the way," they made interesting scientific records. They have just jointly brought out a book ("Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921") which is illustrated by as beautiful photographs as ever were made. We should be grateful for the book, but what a pity Pierre Loti wasn't young and a mountain-climber, to have gone along!

The reader will, perhaps, be grateful for the following statistics: Mt. Elbruz in the Caucasus Range, the highest mountain in Europe, is 18,465 feet (Mount Blanc is 15,785 feet); Mt. McKinley, the highest in North America, is 20,300 feet; Mt. Aconcagua, the highest in South America, is 23,080 feet; in Asia there are many peaks higher than 23,000 feet.

Vague and Obfuscate

SUN YAT-SEN is still on a gunboat, vociferating. A report of last week gave out that the main forces of Sun Yat-sen and Chen Kwang-ming grappled about 150 miles north of Canton and that Chen won a decisive victory; but this report seems to be discredited by a later one. If there was fighting, probably it was mild and indecisive. Reports from Peking are vaguely disquieting. Apparently the centrifugal forces are again asserting themselves, Tuchunism is reviving, statesmanship is not, the promise of

harmony and reconstruction has gone a-glimmering. It may not be as bad as that; the dispatches are brief and obfuscate.

The British Empire

The Irish Situation

THE meeting of the new Provisional Parliament, twice postponed, the second time to July 29, has been further postponed.

During the past two weeks the National Army, commanded by Michael Collins himself, has prosecuted the campaign against the irregulars in the southwest with unvarying success. Waterford and Limerick were captured last week, and it is doubtful whether the irregulars can be said any longer to present an organized defense. Will they sensibly accept defeat or carry on as long as possible a war of isolated positions, ambushes, and wanton rapine and destruction?

British Loans

The war-time loans made by the British Government were as follows: to Russia, £655,000,000; to France, £584,000,000; to Italy, £503,000,000; to Serbia, £25,000,000; to several smaller States, a total of £67,000,000.

Relief and reconstruction loans made by the British Government since the war have been as follows: £12,100,000 to Austria; £3,900,000 to Poland; £2,200,000 to Rumania; £2,000,000 to Serbia; to other States, £1,000,000. A loan of £9,000,000 to Belgium is under consideration.

Sundry Matters

THE Hague Conference lived on till July 20, when it "gave one last gasp and sighed and died."

* * *

Poland, too, is having a Government crisis, but it is all very obscure. The best hope, apparently, to be conceived of the situation is that Poland will muddle through without serious misfortune till October, when new elections are to bring in the first Diet under the new Constitution. The new Diet is to elect a President of the Republic. Pilsudski, the present President, seems to have messed things a good deal of late.

* * *

Lloyd George in his report to the Commons on the Genoa Conference stated that Moscow had 1,500,000 men under arms, with 4,000,000 men in reserve. As a matter of fact, the combatant strength of the Soviet army is not over 700,000, though the ration strength may be 1,500,000. Indeed, Lloyd George's handling of military statistics is apt to be a trifle airy and casual.

* * *

Djemal Pasha, one of the three (the others being Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha) chiefly responsible for the Turkish atrocities upon the Armenians during the war, has been assassinated, probably by Armenians. He was Chief of Staff of the Afghan army at the time of his death.

* * *

The Japanese Diplomatic Advisory Council, on the recommendation of the Japanese Cabinet, has decided that by October 30 all Japanese soldiers shall be out of the Maritime Province of Siberia. It should now be evident to the world, says a Japanese Foreign office official, that Japan is a "non-aggressive nation, striving to maintain the peace of the world."

Lem Hooper on the Constitution

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, looked over the tops of his shell-rimmed spectacles at the worried-looking little man Officer Bungay had brought to the bar of justice. The big cop held the little prisoner firmly by the arm, as if he feared an attempt to escape.

"Now, now!" the judge exclaimed. "What's this? You don't mean to tell me that Mr. Pethcod has been up to something, Bungay?"

"Judge," began the meek looking Mr. Pethcod pleadingly, but the big cop gave his arm a twist and shut him up.

"He's complained against by Mrs. McDoodle," said Officer Bungay. "This afternoon at four o'clock the lady was givin' a five o'clock tea to the elect of Riverbank and this man's wife left him at home next door—"

"She told me to start cooking dinner at four," said little Mr. Pethcod.

"Sauerkraut!" exclaimed Officer Bungay. "And his kitchen to the North-East-by-East from Mrs. McDoodle's residence, your honor! And the wind wafting itself to the South-West-by-West! Twenty-four of the swellest noses of Riverbank was insulted immediately, your honor, and the tea-party put on the bum, as you may say. The lady telephoned me, and I fetched the little fellow in. He must have been busting some law, judge."

Judge Hooper shook his head.

"No, Bungay," he said kindly. "Turn your prisoner loose. There's no law on the Riverbank statute-books against cooking dinner. Not even if it is fried onions, Bungay; not even if it is fried onions complicated by sauerkraut. You misjudge the statutes of Riverbank, Bungay; the citizens of Riverbank are still permitted to cook sauerkraut no matter where the wind bloweth, and I see no way you can justify your action, Bungay, unless you have an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the same. Or prohibiting the wind from blowing, Bungay."

"And it should not be so difficult, Bungay. Time was when the Constitution was more like a solemn pact guaranteeing the rights of those who united under it to form a government, and less like a bangle bracelet, than it seems like to become, Bungay."

"The notion seems to be, Bungay, that when a State or a town isn't man enough to enforce its own laws it totes them down to Washington and has them hooked onto the Constitution, in hopes that the big gun will shoot better than the little gun. 'Here's a cartridge my gun won't shoot,' it says; 'try it in the big gun for a

change.' The only trouble, Bungay, is that when the bore of the sixteen-inch rifled cannon is changed so as to shoot .22 blanks, some folks take the notion it is but little more respectable than a target rifle. They all want to borrow it to shoot sparrows with."

"The elephant is a great and noble beast, Bungay, and its tread shakes the earth. When insulted and enraged it is most awesome and terrible. When it pulls the car of the Maharaja it inspires veneration and amazement. But if you hook a donkey cart behind the car of state, a goat wagon behind that, and a wooden duck that flaps its wings when the little red wheels turn behind that, and a peanut behind that, somebody is going to laugh. Some lawless guy is going to step on the peanut."

"The Constitution was once looked upon as the bulwark of our liberties; now it begins to look like a slot-

machine into which any majority in Congress can drop a brass slug stamped 'Amendment' and get a permit to pass a bill not otherwise legal, whether it is to control the proportion of hemp seed in canary food or to compel Red Indians to grow beards."

"There was a time, Bungay, when a Viscount Bryce could read over the Constitution of the United States and say 'The United States is a nation founded upon the following great and immutable principles.' The time may come, Bungay, when the man that picks up the Constitution will read for six months and then say: 'After a serious study of the Constition of the United States I make

bold to announce that skirts for ladies between the ages of sixteen and sixty, for the first three months of the coming year, unless Amendment 658 is amended, will be one inch longer than at present, the Supreme Court not ruling to the contrary, if the Supreme Court is not amended in the meanwhile.'"

"That's interesting—it's very interesting," said Mr. Pethcod nervously; "but, your honor, I left my sauerkraut on the stove—"

"Your wife trusted you," cried Lem Hooper, "and you left that sauerkraut on the stove? Here, Durfey!"

The Court-Officer stepped forward respectfully.

"Durfey," said the judge, "sit down instantly and write a letter to Washington and demand an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting husbands, when left in charge of sauerkraut, from deserting it."

"You're jokin', judge," said Mr. Durfey. "They'd never put through an amendment like that."

"Maybe not," said Judge Hooper, "but who are you and I to say what they'll do to the Constitution next?"



And I fetched the little fellow in—

New Books and Old

IN the bad years after the war, bad for publishers, and bad for readers who prefer their books to be well printed on good paper, there was at least one recompense. The paper on which books were printed was cheap, and the printing was often poor, but the books were light to hold and to carry. There was little or no illustration—the years were bad for artists—but as a result there was no need to use calendered paper. The light weight which makes many English books so agreeable to read prevailed on both sides of the ocean. And when half-tone was deserted for line cuts printed with the text, illustration usually improved, and books were better.

W. H. Hudson's "The Book of a Naturalist" (Doran), which appeared in 1919, is without illustrations, but though a fairly large book is not cumbersome. His "A Traveller in Little Things" (Dutton) of last year is also without pictures. Two others by the same writer have caused me to reflect upon the penalty which often accompanies pictures. The publishers have recently sent me a copy of the sixth edition of Hudson's "The Naturalist in La Plata" (Dutton), published this year. The book first appeared as long ago as 1892; it contains chapters distinctively South American, as the one on the Pampas, and others about the puma, a curious rodent called the vizcacha, and the huanaco. Other chapters on various birds, animals, and insects, although inspired by South American observations, treat also of English species. Like all the author's writings upon animals, it is extremely interesting. But it is illustrated, and upon smooth paper; the hand which raises the book sinks under its unexpected weight. Hudson's "A Shepherd's Life" (Dutton) is printed upon light-weight paper and illustrated in line-drawings by Bernard C. Gotch. The scene is Salisbury Plain, the downs of Wiltshire, and author, artist, publisher, and printer have combined to make a book to charm and please the reader.

Being a fairly ignorant person, and contented withal, the name of Tycho Brahe had never caused me so much as a quiver of emotion. Rather in doubt which of his names was given at christening (if he *was* christened), not at all sure whether he was a reformer, a humanist, or the leader of some medieval art movement, and entirely in the dark about him except a vague feeling that he was rather Middle Age-y, I might have continued to the grave in this welter of ignorance. But while on vacation I picked up Alfred Noyes' "Watchers of the Sky" (Stokes) and now Tycho Brahe has become very important to me indeed. I know a good deal, and intend to know more, about his astronomical studies, his gold mask made to conceal the injury suffered in a duel (less poetical persons call it an artificial nose), his

marriage, his beautiful wife, his scientific colony, his Uraniborg, or Castle of the Heavens, upon the haunted isle, his catalogue of the stars, and his times of favor and of disfavor with kings and princes. "Watchers of the Sky" is the romantic biographies of the great astronomers; like most long narratives in verse, it is not always inspired poetry; unlike many of them, it is always of absorbing interest.

Two poems from Medora C. Addison's "Dreams and a Sword" (Yale University Press):

G. G. II.

He laughed, they said, and leapt the parapet,

He turned and, laughing, bade them follow on.

"You couldn't worry him," they said, and yet

He knew what lay before him in the dawn.

His comrades saw him last in No Man's Land

Still laughing at the bitter game he played.

And there Death came and took him by the hand

With reverent touch for one so unafraid.

Yet well we know the laughter has not died

Upon those gallant lips, nor shall our tears

Efface the flaming splendor of our pride
In that brave laughter ringing down the years.

MOTHERHOOD

Standing alone at the ocean's edge,

Eager and unafraid,

You are the child I used to be,

Playing the games I played.

Now I have only a coward's heart,

Holding you all too dear,

Learning at last that love shall teach

The fearless how to fear.

You are so little against the sky,

Eager and unafraid—

Oh, little son by the ocean's edge,

I am afraid, afraid!

In Sir Francis Younghusband's "The Heart of Nature, or The Quest for Natural Beauty" (Dutton), the author draws many of his illustrations from India and the Himalayas. He crossed the Desert of Gobi with a train of eight camels, and to enable them to eat by daylight started to march daily at 5 p. m., marching till one or two in the morning. The desert was absolutely open in every direction. "Seated on my camel, or trudging along apart from my little caravan, I would watch the sun set in always varying splendor . . .

"The sunset glow would fade away. Star after star would spring into sight till the whole vault of heaven was glistening with diamond points of light. Above me and all around me stars were shining out of the deep sapphire sky with a brilliance only surpassed by the stars in the high Himalayan solitudes I have already described. And a great stillness would be over all—a silence even completer than the silence among the mountains,

for there it was often broken by creaking of the ice, whereas here in the desert it was so profound that, when at the end of many weeks I arrived at a patch of grass and trees, the twittering of the birds and the whirr of insects sounded like the roar of a London street."

A lady writing a book about Italy is frequently in great danger. Most women, and many men, when they begin to write on Italy, become ecstatic upon the title-page, and continue in that state throughout the whole volume. The author of "Italy Old and New" (Dutton) is Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, professor of Latin at Vassar. Perhaps her learning saved her, but at any rate, while her enthusiasm is genuine, it never runs away with her. The reader is not left breathless and gasping. She enjoys the contrast between the old Italy and the new, the days of classic Rome and of the Great War, re-reading Catullus at Sirmio, and near the foundations of the anti-aircraft guns set up to drive back the Austrian planes. The chapters on Rome, upon the Rome of Horace, and the one called "Re-reading Catullus in Sirmio," are especially good.

"Who's Who in America, Vol. 12, 1922-1923" (A. N. Marquis & Co.) has been published. It is a frequent custom for the writers of book reviews to publish long and sometimes semi-facetious articles about each new volume of this work. I have committed both kinds of review of it, so this time I will be brief and wholly serious. It is amazing to find in how many ways the book is useful in an editorial office. Quite aside from the direct personal information which it contains, there are so many other reasons for it. To find the date of publication of a book by a certain author; to learn the length of service of a certain Senator; to clear up a question of relationship—these are examples of the less obvious information which it gives me almost daily. In those unhappy years, 1914-1917, a number of plausible gentlemen were beseeching this country—entirely in the interests of humanity, and without the slightest leaning toward one side or another in the European War, (oh, dear me, certainly not!)—to forbid the exportation of munitions to the Allies. One particularly vociferous Middle Western professor had such a fine old New England name that his solicitude was hard to understand. That is, it was hard until one looked him up in "Who's Who in America" and found two bits of information which may be represented thus: "Awarded Order of the Pink Eagle, 3rd Class, by German Emperor, 1911; married, Munich, 1904, Berta Baumgartner."

The *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* is not intolerant. It is apt to err on the side of too much patience with freaks. So it is the more to be congratulated on being alone in speaking truth about James Joyce's "Ulysses," which it calls "crazy literature." E. L. P.

Book Reviews

Two American Novels

INDELIBLE: A Story of Life, Love and Music: In Five Movements. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

A MAN OF PURPOSE. By Donald Richberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

PERHAPS it is a pity that Mr. Elliot K. Paul's sense of humor, or his publishers, did not persuade him to omit the lines which, under the title of "God's Erasers" in the first instance and "Let Them Live!" in the second, serve as prelude and postlude to his narrative. Or is this really a fine spirited utterance of modernity? Let the potential reader take it for what it may be worth to him:

God looks o'er the world, a stupid, cluttered map with many billion eyes for dots, upstaring helter-skelter. The eyes are always bright to start with. Every morning the new ones are bright. Still-births don't count.

God has a roll-top desk, and in the pigeonholes, erasers. First he tries a brown one, Heritage. He rubs the helter-skelter map and weaker dots fade out.

Brush away the debris.

A soiled eraser, Poverty, sweeps the sheet. Some are called and many weaken. Flick the dirt away.

Down comes Crime, the red one, and eyes are smudged that were not aimed at. Eruption, Famine, Disease: Storm, Pestilence, Drought. He tries them all at times.

Divine Impatience! A steel eraser, War, which gashes the map and wipes great dead-white furrows.

A rotten job to clean this time.

Believe it or not, there are still bright eyes remaining.

Bang goes the lid of the roll-top desk.

Let them live!

This ebullition and a number of similar ones scattered through the book are printed in italics; and one suspects from this and from a certain occasional truncation of lines, that they are probably poetry. But I have to own that, modern or not, they not only add nothing to my understanding of the story, but depress me in themselves. It seems to be agreed that every young literary artist must now be omniscient and oracular to start with. The most youthful and yolkly geniuses now adopt an obligatory condescension to God, and shake a kindly head over the foibles of a world which, after all, has never hitherto had the advantage of their advice. Often the gesture is superfluous, not to say impertinent. The only connection between the present writer's preliminary (or all-embracing) chant and the fable, is that we have to do with the fortunes of a young pair who emerge from unpromising origins, find each other, and are happy. In short, it is a pretty story, a sentimental story, to which its author has essayed, not quite successfully, to give a proper air of scepticism and Hardyish detachment and Dostoevskyan verity.

These are frills and notions of the hour. There is honest stuff in the book, if we don't let ourselves be diverted

from it. The humor is sound, and the people are not puppets, and there is a real story. By way of refreshing change, the urban scene is neither New York nor some city of the midlands, but that reputed haunt of literary traditions and dead ones, Boston. Boston, it seems, is still a spot where the materials of fiction survive—that is, where people live and work and love as elsewhere. Samuel's father has a carpet-cleaning shop in Melrose, and lives in "Cliffondale," where a sort of village life goes on within sight of the golden dome on Beacon Hill, and within sound, as it were, of Symphony Hall. Samuel's father is a good-humored, lazy man of the people, his mother a narrow-minded, big hearted village woman; there is nothing in either to account for Samuel's musical genius. A sound point in his characterization is that he is shown as, outside of his music, a quite ordinary, simple-minded, boy. He is a normal infant, schoolboy, and calf-lover. He thinks the thoughts of his age and uses its artless vernacular. Only, he has an extraordinarily sensitive ear, somebody discovers the fact, and thereafter he is destined for the Boston "Conservatory" and a more than respectable career at the piano.

Meanwhile moves toward him from an unlikely quarter his complement and mate. This is Lena, daughter of a Jewish old-clo' man: born also for music. At the Conservatory their ways meet; and a proper tale of art and love follows. The terrible thing that befalls Lena on the threshold of her career as violinist comes perhaps nearer melodrama than naturalism. That in her moment of revolt she deliberately smashes her precious fiddle seems to me the doubtful note in the piece. A violin-lover is not a MacPherson. Nor does the echo of her impulse in Samuel ring true to my ear, casual box of wires though his instrument be: "I have not touched a piano since. I would break that thing with an axe if I could go near enough to it." However, all is not over for either of them, and after a suitable period of misapprehension and separation (heroine vanishes, hero gives up his art, etc.) everything comes out very pleasantly in the end, with a baby in the immediate foreground.

And in the end we see well enough that apart from its italicized gloss, its knowing and heavily ironic business of erasers and rolltop desks and so on, this is a well-arranged love-story, of the smile and tear sort. Behind it and not necessarily as far apart from it as its occasional decorations or camouflages of naturalistic detail, lies a true instinct for characterization and interpretation. Who can ever really draw the boundary-line between creative realism and creative romance?

The author of "A Man of Purpose" is an important American novelist of "ideas." An earlier novel of his won warm praise from Roosevelt because it preached the Rooseveltian doctrine of strenuous service. In this story the idea or moral is the same, but the hero of it is too complex and the ending

too inconclusive to have pleased Roosevelt. The narrative, by a familiar device, is supposed to be an arrangement of autobiographical materials found among Merrill's effects after his disappearance, or withdrawal, from the knowledge of men. He is, in brief, an idealist whose search for happiness and for the perfect service is doomed to disappointment, but whose spirit is unbroken (if somewhat unbalanced) in the end.

The autobiographical character of the narrative is evident. Mr. Richberg, like his Rodney Merrill, is an active lawyer in the middle West, who has wished to be on the side of the angels in politics and in matters of social and industrial righteousness. As for Rodney's demonstration against authority, it represents an active radicalism which in the author's own case has not gone so far.

This is a "life" story, beginning with Rodney Merrill's birth and ending only when his character has been fairly established, and what happens or may happen to him has become a secondary matter. He has "a good bringing-up," is a normally vigorous and haphazard adolescent and undergraduate. He is fastidious (or sentimental) in matters of sex. He becomes a Bachelor of Arts without getting any real "conception of art or the arts in any sense in which the words may be used. During my four years in college I had learned a little about men and women, about their motives and habits and how to work with and sometimes lead my fellows. Such social knowledge as I had I was least conscious of. Such bookish knowledge as I felt conscious of I possessed the least."

From Harvard Law School he returns to his "home town" and a place in his father's law office. The law looks like a slow road. He enters local politics in a small way, to find himself very soon confronted by the usual choice of rising young men: "Was I going to 'play the game' as the successful politicians played it, never allowing public interest to interfere with private advantage; or was I going to refuse to play that game unless I could square it with my idea of what public service should be? If I refused to play that game, was there any other game I could play more decently—and achieve any personal success? I was far from sure that my ideals were all practical. And I did want to be practical. To be sneered at as an 'impractical theorist' hurt me more at that time than any other condemnation." Such a youth is in for hard knocks and disillusioning experiences, and Rodney Merrill gets his share of them. In his contest with political corruption and social injustice he does not come out victor—in the judgment of society. Nor does his "practical" idealism or common sense weather the long journey. In the end he takes sides with those who are oppressed by real and fancied abuses of justice and therefore assail the whole machinery of justice. "With four hundred thousand men back

of me," cries Rodney Merrill to an audience of striking miners, "I believe I could enforce the law even against a lawless judge." Alas, when he defies and accuses the judge in open court, he is jailed for his pains; and we are to take it that, after his release later on, he is to become a wanderer; a seeker after truth among the byways of the "successful" world, and for the woman of his heart who, from lofty motives, has vanished from the sight of men. . . . Rodney Merrill too vanishes, murmuring his doctrine of service through self-realization and revolt: "The swift defeat of the rash idealist seems a futile sacrifice, yet along the track of broken lives of men who sought to serve them, the unready and unwilling host moves on."

Familiar matters: what gives the book its exceptional character is its sense of ultimate responsibility to something greater than self, its sense of the close relation between sex and service, and its successful embodiment of so many public and social aspects of current American life in a single and consistent action.

H. W. BOYNTON

Two Versions of Dante

THE INFERNO OF DANTE, with text and translation. By Eleanor Vinton Murray. Boston: Privately printed.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI: the Italian text with a translation in English blank verse and a commentary. By Courtney Langdon. Vol. III: Paradiso. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

MRS. MURRAY pleads eloquently for a rendering of the "Divine Comedy" into *terza rima*. Her plea is appealing; but also cooling is her reminder: "This has been done many times in the course of the last three hundred years, but the result has usually been unsatisfactory and often surprisingly unskillful." Has her own version broken the malign spell? At least, it is in spots surprisingly skillful. In it there are sonorous lines, passages covering several tercets of fluent and graceful strength, at least one canto—the nineteenth—well sustained throughout. Also, her translation is in general faithful. In fine, her best is surprisingly skillful; but, I fear it must be added, her worst, like the others before her, is as "surprisingly unskillful." No reader can fail to be all too frequently shocked by an English which just is not English—as any native, not to say poet, would use it. We hear indeed the "iterant rhyme" with its "solemnity of a tolling bell"—tolling, alas! the knell of poetry. And we murmur Amen to the quoted anathema of Henry Adams: ". . . the whole Trinity, with the Virgin to aid, has not the power to pardon him who should translate Dante or Petrarch."

Pardonably or not, Dante will be translated. He will be translated into prose and into verse, into blank verse and into rhymed verse, into his own *terza rima* and into other rhyme schemes. "There are nine and sixty

ways, and every one of them" . . . may have its merit. Undoubtedly, Dante's own chosen meter has an obviously special merit. Mrs. Murray's best proves it reasonably manageable; her worst proves . . . only that she has not always done her best, but the best her time and patience permitted. But Dante "was made lean for many a year" by his task: why not his translator?

Pending the arrival of such competent devotion, it seems there might be an alternative way, by which the effect of *terza rima* would be got and yet the burden of constant triple rhyme somewhat lessened. Leopardi's great odes show how sporadic rhyme, artfully used, can give every effect of continuous rhyme. The ear, attuned, carries over the rhymeless lines. Dante's rhythmical units are very often several tercets long: need these be triple-rhymed throughout? Experiment might show.

There is, however, an opposing ideal of translation, which prefers before all else accurate rendition of the text. This it will not sacrifice to any tintinnabulation of sweet sound. Holding to this ideal, Professor Langdon employs for his version blank verse—a blank verse hardly distinguishable by ear from rather monotonously rhythmic prose. There are few lyrical echoes heard through its austere simplicity, little of the swift grace, the melodious utterance, of the poet,

"Quale allodetta che in aere si spazia,
Prima cantando."

Yet if this new translation of the "Paradiso" is a wingless victory, it is still a victory. It is, I think, the best so far; and in its own kind will not soon be bettered. Dante's *ipsissima verba* are made English, exact, clear, and idiomatic. No nuance of meaning is missed. The spiritual beauty of the noble canticle abides, even if lost the "belle membra" in which it was once enclosed.

Mrs. Murray's translation is without commentary; Professor Langdon continues his elaborate and original commentary. Indeed, at times he would seem to declare his interpretation so original as to be valid only for himself. He would "recall Sir Philip Sydney's words and 'look into his heart and write,' even though the result risk the danger of proving a comfort and an inspiration to himself alone." This is a gesture not of humility, but of conviction. "What sayest thou that I mean? is the question which a real poet asks of his reader."

Yet Professor Langdon is not quite at ease in his intuitive dogmatism. He very humanly wishes to persuade us to abandon our views for his as to the meaning of the poem. He relates an incident that happened to Browning. An American friend had sent Browning an interpretation of one of Browning's poems. Browning's response "was to the effect that, to tell the truth, he did not mean what Professor Corson thought he meant when he wrote the poem, but that he was very glad to recognize the latter's interpretation of his thought as its fuller meaning now."

Browning's experience is not an uncommon one. We often build better than we know. Dante himself, in the prose narrative and commentary of the "Vita Nuova," has apparently persuaded himself, and would persuade his reader, that his youthful verses held a "fuller meaning now" than he had been aware of when he first wrote them.

And the logical inference? Dante, surely "a real poet," has asked the question, "What sayest thou that I mean?" Professor Langdon says it. And Dante, as Browning to his American friend, should from spiritland reply: "To tell the truth, he did not mean what Professor Langdon thought he meant when he wrote the poem, but" . . . etc.

The obvious trouble is, that, unlike the living Browning, Dante cannot be interrogated. If Professor Langdon wishes confirmation of the "fuller meaning" of Dante, he can only appeal to others than Dante—others living six hundred years after Dante. It may be that, looking in their own hearts, these will find the selfsame "fuller meaning" of Dante's thought that Dante himself did not intend. *Tant mieux!* But an idea, planted in two different "hearts," rarely germinates and develops alike. Never in life could Dante Alighieri be called "all things to all men." Were it not unkind if the meaning of his life-work must become such?

But Professor Langdon, I venture to think, himself builds better than he knows—better at least than his avowed canon of interpretation allows. For instance, his most stressed and most important interpretation is that of the symbolic value of Beatrice as Dante's "inmost self." Now he never, if I understand him, presents that interpretation as a "fuller meaning" not in Dante's mind when he wrote. Professor Langdon is constantly pointing out that Dante's own words can mean nothing else. (See the notes to *Par.* i, 85; ii, 27; iii, 128; iv, 139; x, 37; xv, 70; xii, 46; xxvii, 89-96; xxix, 1-9; xxx, 75; xxxiii, 38, 133.) Also, he sharply scores others who have found it in their hearts to say that Beatrice represents such institutional or abstract or static things as Church or Revelation or Theology. (ii, 27; x, 37; xxi, 46; xxix, 109.)

This is confusing, and hardly fair. Should we scold the critic who, before Browning's American friend evolved that "fuller meaning," had interpreted the poem as Browning had actually meant it? The cases are not parallel, Professor Langdon's notes appear to say; the whole intent of Dante's words preclude his having meant ever what I censure.

It seems a pity that Professor Langdon does not take his stand upon this clear and relatively determinable issue. As it is, his reader, if I may judge by myself, remains baffled by the uncertainty whether we are discussing Dante's own meaning, or Dante's meaning for Professor Langdon, or the meaning which Dante would recognize as his "fuller meaning," though he had never

(Continued on page 52)

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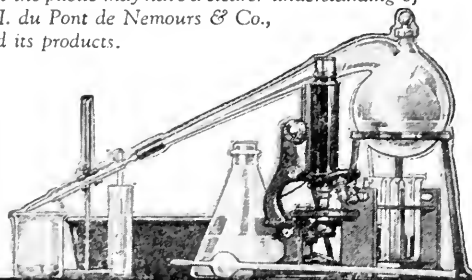
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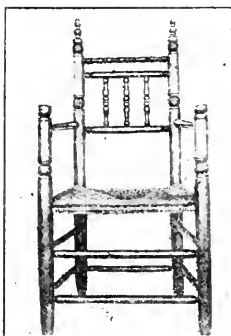
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(Continued from page 50)

meant it. This confusion is the more a pity, since, in spite of it, Professor Langdon's work seems to me of very great value indeed, not only for its high seriousness, but also for its keenness and depth of insight. No real student of the "Divine Comedy" can afford to neglect it, even if—as I think at least—he must sift out for himself what is valuable because verifiable.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Art of the Colonial Period

FURNITURE OF THE PILGRIM CENTURY.
By Wallace Nutting. Framingham, Mass.: Old America Company.

THIS book is useful in the sense that it adds to the ever-growing public interest in the art of our colonial period. Mr. Nutting, a clergyman turned collector and manufacturer of reproductions and colored photographs, has industriously photographed examples of seventeenth century and early eighteenth century furniture and hardware in public and private collections. Many of the pieces pictured in his book are familiar to those who know the furniture exhibits of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Rhode Island School of Design, and other public museums and antiquarian societies. Others of the pictures were made in private houses; they pictorially reproduced for the first time works that every student of colonial furniture is glad to know about. Some important examples are owned by Mr. Nutting himself. His enterprise as an investigator and collector is commendable.

The book is a bad one as regards literary quality and logical arrangement. It contains some statements of fact that are, to put it mildly, questionable.

The title seeks to capitalize present-day interest in the Plymouth Pilgrims. The manufacture in New England, however, of furniture and metal-work which constitute most of Mr. Nutting's one thousand specimens, was due, of course, to the influx of British artisans during the Great Migration. No continuous account is supplied of the conditions under which this manufacture was carried on, but scraps of information and opinion are included in the descriptions of individual pieces. The style is often naive and sometimes puerile. Nuggets of banality like the following abound: "We are told that the cradle as an institution has been abandoned. We lament it. We believe that someone who purports to be wise has said that rocking a child is bad for its brains. Had hygienic objections arisen against the papoose board on which the aborigines are strapped, we could easily have allowed that impeachment, but how any child could fail to grow up strong from so rugged a piece of architecture as that on the opposite page we cannot understand." On page 124 is such a slip as this: "Pelatiah Parmenter was born in the early part of the seventeenth century and was lost at sea, during the War of

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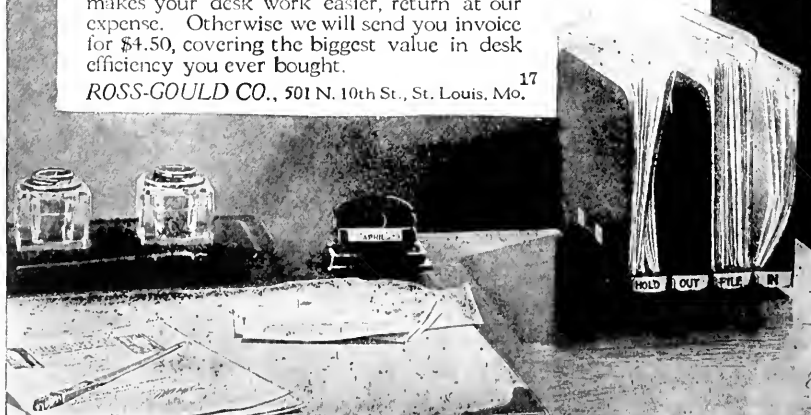
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the Revolution, in privateer warfare."

The assertion, on the title page, that the book is illustrated with photographs "by the author, hitherto unpublished," might be challenged by any possessor of Mr. Nutting's own pamphlet on "Early American Ironwork," which as a manufacturer of reproductions he brought out in 1917. Several of the plates used in illustrating that sales catalogue have been thriftily re-used in the present book, and with text which fails to inform the reader that these are pictures, not of ancient originals, but of twentieth century reproductions of and variants upon colonial and old English hardware.

It would be amusing to get from Mr. Nutting the facts about the ornamental ironwork of Newfoundland. He presumably is prepared to stand behind his statement on page 573: "505 is a rope twist found in Newfoundland, as was also 300." One would like to know more about the flowering forth of metalry in Newfoundland!

F. W. COBURN

Chanters and Singers

SLABS OF THE SUNBURT WEST. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

HARLEM SHADOWS. By Claude McKay. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

KINFOLKS. By Ann Cobb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WATCHERS OF THE SKY. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

WOOD NOTES. By Mildred Whitney Stillman. New York: Duffield & Company.

SO much praise, some of it well-deserved praise, has been showered upon Mr. Carl Sandburg by our intelligentsia, that it is probably temerarious even to suggest that his work falls short of perfection. Still, after having survived the incredulous scorn with which the before-mentioned intelligentsia respond to any doubt of the orthodox dictum that Whitman is *the* great American poet, one is steeled to endure anything. There is in Mr. Sandburg's mental and spiritual equipment an abundance of true poetry, even if it frequently comes out mixed with baser stuff. At his best he is vivid, original and haunting. But whatever may be his merits and abilities, they do not relieve him from the primary obligation laid upon all writers, that of expressing ideas intelligently in a common literary medium. No assortment of verbal Roman candles and pinwheels and other interjectional fireworks, no quantity of Whitmanesque catalogues, can supply the place of coherent and cohering sentences, whether in prose or verse. And if, as his publishers say, "Carl Sandburg is perhaps the most American of American poets," the more is it incumbent upon him to use dictionary language conceivably understandable by all American readers, and not the special brand of thieves' slang or local and temporary argot that happens to strike his momentary fancy. Here is an alleged poem classified by



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the publishers as one of "two dozen lovely lyrics":

TWO HUMPTIES.

They tried to hand it to us on a platter,
Us hit in the eyes with marconigrams from
moon dancers—
And the bubble busted, went flooey, on a
thumb touch.

So this time again, Humpty,
We cork our laughs behind solemn phiz-
zogs,
Sweep the floor with the rim of our hats
And say good-a-by and good-a-by, just like
that.

Tomorrow maybe they will be hit
In the eyes with marconigrams
From moon dancers.
Good-a-by, our hats and all of us say good-
a-by.

This is literary, or rather sadly un-
literary charlatanry; even though it
justifies the printer's error through
which Mr. Sandburg's latest book,
"Slabs of the Sunburnt West," was an-
nounced as "Slobs of the Sunburnt
West."

"Harlem Shadows" is a collection of
the later verses of Claude McKay, a
poet of pure Negro blood, born in
Jamaica, educated in that island and
in the United States, and now living
in New York City. In an introduction
to the book Mr. Max Eastman chal-
lenges controversy with the pronounce-
ment that, "Here for the first time we
find our literature vividly enriched by
a voice from this most alien race among
us." Somewhat of like import was
probably said of Paul Laurence Dun-
bar, and will presumably again be said
of other Negro poets; enough to appre-
ciate the originality and vigor of Mr.
McKay's work without determining the
precise niche in our literary hall of
fame to be assigned to an author who
offers no reflected nor pumped up emo-
tions but gives us his own loves, sym-
pathies and passions, his own rebellions,
wraths and resentments. While some
of Mr. McKay's lyrics relate to the
island of his birth, the more significant
are those that tell of "Negro Harlem,"
that populous but little known commu-
nity in upper Manhattan, of which the
poet may well become the accepted in-
terpreter. And here it may be permit-
ted to regret—however rightly we may
have deserved his animosity—that this
poet hates us so. For indeed his re-
venge against the cruel "White City"
is already terrible.

The clean, old-fashioned cover of
"Kinfolks," recalling as it does the
old hand-blocked prints and wall-
papers, is prophetic of the contents.
For the book is a modest attempt to
present through the medium of simple,
colloquial verse, the mountaineers of
the Cumberland with their thoughts,
speech, emotions, customs and preju-
dices, something of the routine of their
daily lives and something of their re-
actions to innovations and to the
emergencies resulting from the war.
Miss Ann Cobb, the author, has lived
and taught among these Kentucky
highlanders for fifteen years, and her
picturesque little book of eighty-two
pages is manifestly a labor of love.

Ambitious as always is his design,

but bravely and honorably ambitious. Mr. Alfred Noyes in "Watchers of the Sky" devotes two hundred and eighty-one pages of blank verse with occasional lyrics to the great astronomers, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton and the Herschels, whom he figures as the dauntless "Torch-Bearers" passing the pure and increasing light of science from hand to hand through the darkness of the centuries. Some readers will balk at the length of the work and probably few will find the interest unflagging; but there is much of true beauty and fine enthusiasm and touches of grandeur in this sequence of poetic tales or personal sketches. All in all, the book is worth attention and no astronomer's home should be without it.

"Wood Notes," by Mildred Whitney Stillman, is a group of nature songs, child songs and mother songs, all slight, but nearly all pleasing or at least showing a certain discernment and appreciation of beauty. As the author says in her last two lines,

Though to the world no silver song I give,
Still day by day, my poetry I live.

We may well believe it. Perhaps the true mission of many transient books of verse is to warm our hearts with a reassurance that there are still in the world so many kindly people quick to respond to all that is love-worthy.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The Life of Edwin Austin Abbey

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN; A RECORD OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By E. V. Lucas. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THESE two luxurious volumes represent a tribute of friendship to a most amiable gentleman, who was one of the best illustrators of his time, and as well a competent historical painter and mural decorator. The secret of this multiform success was Abbey's unlimited painstaking. Coming to New York in the early seventies, the young Philadelphian apparently with equal ease won the best artists as friends and the best magazines as patrons. As a matter of fact the charm of his pen drawing had been fostered by close study of the Pre-Raphaelite illustrators, and by the most laborious consultation of nature. Hence the success that young Abbey attained even in advance of his greatest series was a very solid one, upon which it was possible to build. Like Poussin, he could proudly say: "I have neglected nothing."

At twenty-six, in 1878, Abbey moved to England. The motive was to study the actual scenes of Herrick, and Goldsmith, and Shakespeare. It was no wonder that he soon settled where he only meant to sojourn and ended his days as a somewhat exotic country gentleman and a very fully naturalized Royal Academician. Fundamentally, then, Abbey is simply one of the more distinguished of those nostalgic American artists, who have found a kinder air across the sea, a big brother let us

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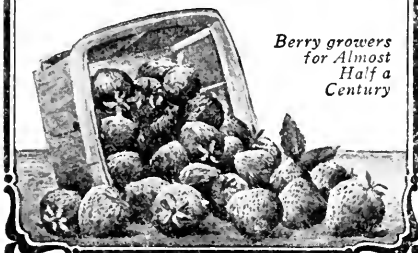
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say of the Powerses, Crawfords, Heals, Vedders, Henry Jameses. His advantage over most of this clan was that he was a robust expatriate, holding his own against the seduction of the English scene, and only profiting by its quiet mellowness.

Before 1890 Abbey had won recognition as one of the most exquisite book illustrators of a time that produced many. The "Herrick," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Old Songs," "The Quiet Life," and "The Rivals," perhaps still represent the most valuable and enduring part of his accomplishment. But Abbey, not content with these triumphs in the intimate vein, was soon to forsake comedy and idyl for epic, to become a historical painter after the teaching of Sir Joshua and ultimately a mural decorator in the grand style. About the same time he turned his energies as an illustrator from Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Herrick, to Shakespeare.

His success in the grander vein was amazing. "The great historical pictures were the sensation of successive Royal Academies; the decorations for the Holy Grail legend won all hearts whether in the preliminary exhibitions or in their shadowy room in the Boston Public Library. He was chosen to paint the Coronation picture for King Edward VII. The histories and allegories in the State Capitol at Harrisburg received universal critical acclaim. Even the few who felt reserves regarding the grand new style, had to admit that, save Puvis and J. P. Laurens, no contemporary historical painter was of equal eminence. Such success was the result of tireless pains and study, both in preliminary archaeological studies and in execution.

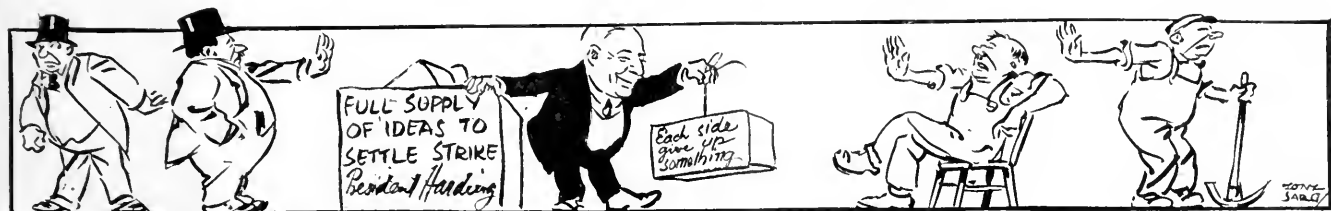
Yet perhaps the future will consider more highly the slighter perfections of the Herrick drawings than the entire later work. Abbey rarely attained ease and unity in his grander vein. The effort always appears. There is the difference between a good historical panel by Abbey, and one by Ford Madox Brown or Frederick Shields—to take only painters whose ideal was akin to his own—that there is between a classical tragedy by Matthew Arnold and one by Shelley. We have to do with extraordinary talent, taste, and industry unsupported by genius. Genius there is in abundance in the idyllic and humorous illustrations of Abbey's early years, and it seems very much of a pity that his great adventure in mural decoration could not have followed lines that had proved so congenial to his capacity.

As a man Abbey is a most winning figure, and this full record of his activities in work and play, of his ideals and friendships, will make its appeal far beyond the narrower circle of art lovers. Mr. Lucas has achieved his self-abnegating task as editor with tact and charm, and the publishers have provided a wealth of choice illustrations which afford a very intimate view of the best pen draughtsman and most delicate idyllic genius that American graphic art has to show.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

August 19, 1922



ADDRESSING an Americanization meeting in Brooklyn the other day, a distinguished speaker said: "Freedom of speech should mean the freedom to speak the truth."

Ah, but, Gamaliel, what is the truth? Dost thou not beg the question?

ONE of the sprightliest editorial comments on the renomination of Senator James A. Reed by the Democrats of Missouri comes to us from *The Times Star*, Cincinnati, Ohio. "The triumph of Jim Reed," says *The Star*, "is a sporting, not a political event." In other words, the people of Missouri were most deeply interested in the battle that raged around Senator Reed because of its liveliness as a fight, and they backed the Senator as a better fighter than Mr. Breckenridge Long, his principal opponent. There appears to be much in this view of the case. Senator Reed appears to have had most of the tangible forces of politics against him. He was opposed by the regular Democratic organization of the State, not only on account of his differences with Mr. Wilson, but because of his chronic state of rebellion; he was opposed openly by Mr. Wilson, who is generally accepted as the national head of the Democratic Party; he was opposed by the Women's Clubs because of his reputed "back to the kitchen" attitude toward women, and "as a traitor to Mr. Wilson"; he was opposed by the Anti-Saloon League as too outspoken in his wet sympathies. He flourished on these oppositions. Perhaps that fact does not indicate much as to the real extent of the hostility toward any of these groups; on the

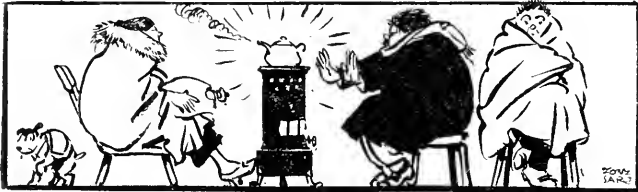
other hand, it cannot be taken as an indication that any of them are particularly strong. It is said that many Republicans voted as Democrats in the primary in order to aid Senator Reed. Very likely this is true, but it is doubtful if their number was sufficient to be a determining factor. It would seem that there were rather too many kinds of opposition, and that the people of Missouri came to the rescue of "a bonnie fighter."

AMONG the other State Primaries that have attracted national attention during the past two weeks, that of Ohio is the most important in its political effect—not because of the issues brought forward in the campaign, but because of its result. If the Ohio Republican nominees are elected to Congress, it will throw a solid block of twenty-two Congressmen and the Senatorial nominee into the pro-Administration ranks in Congress. The State, in Carmi A. Thompson of Cleveland, will also have a Governor of strong pro-Administration sympathies. Representative Simeon D. Fess, who received the Republican nomination for United States Senator, winning over a considerable field of "progressives" of various stamps, has been one of the trusted friends of the Administration in Washington. He is a man of high scholarly attainments and his career will be watched with keen interest.

The renomination of Miss Alice Robertson as Congressman by the Republicans of Oklahoma is of widespread interest. Miss Robertson during her two years in Congress has won many friends, not only personally, but for the cause of women in

politics. Her shrewdness, wit and homely good sense are at the farthest remove from the qualities of volatile sentimentality which are charged by the critics of women in politics. If she is returned to Congress, her sane and wholesome influence over political groups of women will be even more in evidence than during the past two years.

"THE mining of coal is not interstate commerce." This ruling of the Supreme Court was the ground on which the Trade Commission was enjoined from forcing certain mine owners to put their accounting of costs and profits in the



"If winter comes"

hands of the Commission. It was the ground on which the United Mine Workers escaped an \$800,000 fine in the Coronado case. It is worth the attention of all liberals, both those of the professional sort and those who merely try to be fair-minded.

Consider the consequences of a contrary ruling. If the Supreme Court had held that the production of coal is a part of interstate commerce because most of the coal produced enters into interstate trade, this principle would have compelled it to rule that *every* commodity which ultimately goes into interstate trade is also a part of interstate commerce even while in the process of production. If, on that basis, control of the coal-producers' accounting could be put into the hands of the Federal Trade Commission, that Commission could equally extend its supervision to the accounting of every manufacturer, every wheat farmer, every raiser of live-stock—even every market gardener, whose products were or might probably be shipped from State to State.

Such a rule would mean unlimited Federal power to supervise the business operations of every producer of the country.

It would mean that every strike in every factory and on every farm whose products passed from State to State would be a restraint of interstate trade: and, since most strikes are prearranged, that every such strike would be in danger of being classed as a "conspiracy" of the kind forbidden by the Sherman Act.

MISS JANE ADDAMS, genuine pacifist that she is, calls upon the world to witness that, in case this country ever again enters into war, she will do nothing to succor our soldiers. There can be no objection, in a time of peace, to pacifists violently asserting their views. If by so doing they can advance the cause of eternal peace with honor,

their name shall be blessed. What we strongly object to is the pacifists' habit of reading into past events the inferences to be drawn from their own philosophy. The Great War was a war to save civilization, to save the conditions under which Miss Addams is privileged to set forth her views without obstruction. And any effort to cast a slur on the boys whose heroic labors accomplished so much, is in wretched taste, by whomsoever promoted.

OUR American *penchant* for written constitutions and by-laws may have its rigidities—its crudities, if you will—as compared with the slowly developed and unformulated system of precedents more favored by our English cousins. But the American way has its advantages. English courts have been called upon to decide whether or not there is any one entitled to give a receipt for a bequest "to the Church of England." Halsbury defines the Church of England as "That branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church which was founded in England when the English were gradually converted to Christianity between the years 597 and 686." The Central Board of Finance of the Church of England claimed the bequest. The heirs combatted the claim, and the Attorney General of the Realm refused to admit that the Board could give a valid receipt for such a bequest. The case was settled by agreement, the court finding itself averse to determining just what the Church of England is or who represents it. Meanwhile, that great body of Christian believers goes on with its beneficent and civilizing work probably with less desire than ever to formulate its traditions or determine its own metes and bounds. There is much to be said for the English way, but it is not our way.



Poincaré's idea of a moratorium to Germany

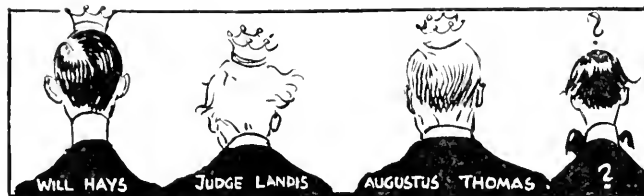
THE departure from Germany of Einstein, threatened with assassination by that society of heroic champions of the Hohenzollern and of the cult of the blond-brute, who have already compassed the deaths of Rathenau and Erzberger, must give satisfaction to all friends of the Vaterland and of the higher interests of civilization. The very fact that Einstein is by consensus of competent opinion the greatest living scientist, indeed of the very first flight of scientific genius, and the added fact that to his divine gift is joined a personality of singular modesty and benevolence, only add to the credit and glory of the German patriots who have rid Germany of his presence. For the transcend-

ent genius and the excellencies of character only serve to throw into bolder relief the hideous and inexpressible crime of which he is guilty;—namely, that of being a Jew. He is a Jew; therefore a stench in the nostrils of a real German, a veritable blond-brute! He is a Jew; therefore he ought to be assassinated!

It is a pleasant thought, O noble band of Assassins, that from your modest activities may be evolved a movement which shall undo the detestable work of Moses Mendelssohn in Germany. Back to the ghetto with the Jews! Or, better yet, under the sod! The one foolish thing said by the great Frederick was his remark that "to oppress the Jews never brought prosperity to any Government." Lessing was a fool with his Nathan der Weise. And may the movement spread! If such things as the Christian religion, the philosophy of a Maimonides or a Spinoza, the political imagination of a Disraeli, the wit and lyrics of a Heine, the music of a Mendelssohn, require Jews to their production, the world can well dispense with them.

One last word, ye Assassins! With true blond-brutish altruism, seek out Einstein wherever he may be and assassinate him. He's a Jew, damn him!

ON another page we print a vivid and engaging description of the manner in which an Italian audience expresses approval or disapproval of that which is proffered for its entertainment. The Italian method would not consort with the American sense of decorum, but the result which the Italians achieve—namely, a swift and effectual expression of public opinion as to the propriety



Another vacant throne?

as well as the excellence of artistic productions, is a thing that we need somehow to achieve. Our baseball, "movie," theatrical, and, as now suggested, book-publishing super-censors are a groping in that direction. The dollar that the patron holds in his pocket retains the final censorship. Let the spender use his power conscientiously, and improvement will be swift and sure. Deterioration is the result of the easy-going dollar.

Our National Guest

PICTURESQUE if a little boisterous, and if hastily organized, none the less discerning, is the greeting which the financial district of lower New York is accustomed from its towering cliffs to shower upon distinguished strangers from abroad, filling the air with floating tapes of paper and with cheers of good will. Just now investment business is paying court to a guest not from abroad, and the country at large has been somewhat astonished at the spectacle. But one of the sanest of the older financial editors of the city, a man who has watched the ebb and flow of many booms and panics, sums up his long experience by saying that Wall Street is rarely mistaken in its estimates of the immediate future. If Wall Street to-day is paying court to Prosperity, it is a very safe guess that Prosperity is arriving.

Despite serious strikes in two of our basic industries; despite the failure of conference after conference to reach a working basis for the stabilization of European currencies; every effort of "the bears" has failed to check the rising movement in the prices of stocks that has been in evidence now for several months. Nor is this attitude of investment business a Pollyanna cult. The financial district of New York is very far from being in a Pollyanna state of mind. It is anything but "glad." Gloom is on its brow, a sour taste is in its mouth, and its words are raspy and even unreasonably critical. Nevertheless, and in spite

of itself—one might say against its will—Wall Street has recognized the unmistakable signs of approaching prosperity.

And if it is not a Pollyanna philosophy that accounts for the unwilling optimism of financial New York, neither is it the delusion of a Fool's Paradise. We have with us few of those elements which, in the post-war boom period, created a fictitious activity. The Government is not disbursing huge sums on credit for non-productive purposes. The banks are not lending loosely on all kinds of collateral. Booms of all sorts appear to be nipped at early bud. Certain very solid things are showing up well.

Steel tonnage is increasing. Car-loadings of miscellaneous freight are increasing. Public confidence is returning, and real money—the money of the people—is in evidence in the buying and selling both of commodities and of securities. Only an unprecedented disaster can now interfere with enormous crops. Unemployment is waning—or, in other words, strikes excepted, the people are at work. With these substantial realities unmistakably in evidence, it requires something more than a spectre of European currency-collapse to frighten us out of our prosperity. Nor is this making light of a situation whose seriousness we cannot too deeply take to heart. The appalling economic disaster which Europe faces, with its possible train of political changes, should be

averted by our help, if there is any way in which we can be of help toward the accomplishment of any result excepting that of bolstering up impossibilities. Currency collapses produce untold misery, but they teach very wholesome lessons and are usually followed by sounder conditions. There is an underlying consciousness of this truth—a realization that affairs abroad are nearer to a real betterment because they are so much worse. An economic illness, however severe, is never fatal. The economic life of a people cannot die excepting by the death of all the people. When it has reached its worst, it can do nothing but get better.

But the great obstacles to returning prosperity which loom large in every mind are our two terrible and disastrous strikes. What is it that the financial world sees in these dire events that they have had so little effect on the buoyancy of the security market? Doubtless the confidence on which this state of mind is based differs as to its source in different individuals. Some may feel sure that such a settlement will be reached as will better conditions that long have been troubling us. Others, less certain, may feel only that no settlement possible will wholly counteract certain gains that already have been made. This much at least the trend of the strikes appears to such observers to justify: wage reductions of railroad shop workers that have long been known to be necessary will go into effect; the Railroad Labor Board will, they believe, emerge from the trouble with its hands strengthened; with the railroad strike at an end, they are confident of the early end of the coal miners' strike, and of a settlement of that issue which will register some gain for the public interest.

So large are both of these industries that any gain achieved in the settlement, when multiplied by the great volume of business affected, will soon absorb the losses caused by the strikes, severe as these may prove to be. All in all, the barometer of security prices appears to be correctly registering the indications of coming events.

The Railroad Issue

FLOODS of propaganda on the railroad strike have done so much to obscure certain basic facts in the conflict that it is profitable to a clear view of the situation to consider some of these facts in a simple fashion.

The strike was primarily a protest against the reduction of wages ordered by the Labor Board. Strike votes were also taken on two other questions—the abrogation of certain working rules which gave the shopmen advantages not enjoyed by labor in other industries; and the course of some railroads (about twenty-five out of the total of nearly 200 Class I roads) in having repair work done under contracts which escaped the control of

the Labor Board. The first issue—that of wage rates—was the issue of chief importance to the men themselves. On that issue the strike was lost three weeks ago; and the action of the leaders in agreeing to resume work with seniority rights intact was a confession of failure on the main issue of wage rates. Even if the strike had been ended on that basis, the men would have learned something of importance as to the unwisdom of striking against the Government on a wage question pure and simple.

On the question of “contracting out” repair work, nearly all of the railroads concerned have agreed to end the practice; but whether, in resorting to it in the first place, they were acting in contravention of the law is a question not altogether easy to decide.

When the union leaders realized that the strike was a failure on the wage issue, it became of the highest importance to them that resumption of work should be free of any penalty on the men in the shape of loss of seniority rights. After much misinformation let loose on this matter, the public has finally learned from fairly reliable statements that seniority rights *are* highly prized by the striking shopmen: that seniority carries preference in the choice of jobs and shifts, with certain advantages in desirable hours of work and increased pay, and—most important of all—preference in the re-employment of men laid off because of slack work in the shops.

The attempts made in some quarters to treat as a minor issue—“not one of the original issues of the strike”—and therefore negligible, the question of whether the strikers should have full seniority rights if they resumed work, has fooled neither the labor leaders nor the railroad executives.

There are really two issues in the strike: First, whether the railroad men can by a strike coerce the Labor Board into more favorable treatment of the men than the Board would give if not so coerced; and, second, whether, accepting the fact that a particular strike has failed, the labor leaders can so preserve their own influence with their men as to control the action of those men in a future dispute with the Board.

The seniority issue, in the aspect that is most important to the public, is really the question whether a nation-wide organization of the shop crafts which was first created by the war-time Railroad Administration, and continued under the Transportation Act, shall retain enough prestige to repeat the present strike tactics on some future occasion. The railroad unions affiliated with the Federation of Labor—unlike the four train-service Brotherhoods—have a nation-wide set of rules governing all working conditions, in addition to wage rates. Their leaders are naturally eager to keep the advantage of this position. The railroad executives are as eager to see this exceptional position abolished.

How is this really major question involved in the proposals already made for submitting the seniority issue to the Labor Board? On this point let us go back to the official resolution of a majority of the Board, passed July 3. Beginning, the Board records that

. . . the six organizations comprising the Federated Shop Crafts have notified the Railroad Labor Board that a very large majority of the employees whom they represent have left the service of the carriers, that the members of said organizations are no longer employees of the railways, under the jurisdiction of the Railroad Labor Board or subject to the application of the Transportation Act.

And the Board resolved

That the employees remaining in the service and the new ones entering same, be accorded the applications and benefits of the outstanding wage and rule decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, until they are amended or modified by agreements with said employees, arrived at in conformity with the Transportation Act, or by decision of this Board.

Closing its resolutions, the Board made this assertion as to the rights of the loyal old workers and the new workers, as against the strikers:

That, if it be assumed that the employees who leave the service of the carriers because of their dissatisfaction with any decisions of the Labor Board are within their rights in so doing, it must likewise be conceded that the men who remain in the service and those who enter it anew are within their rights in accepting such employment; that they are not strike-breakers seeking to impose the arbitrary will of an employer on employees; that they have the moral as well as the legal right to engage in such service of the American public to avoid interruption of indispensable railway transportation: and that they are entitled to the protection of every department and branch of the government, State and National.

The proposal to bring about a settlement by referring the question of seniority to the Labor Board is one of those tempting expedients which, unless guarded by the necessary limitation, are full of danger. To depart from the principles and promises laid down in the foregoing declaration would be to paralyze the Board upon every future occasion of difficulty. Whether, without violating those principles and promises, something of the seniority privileges which the strikers wish to have restored can be granted to them is a question worthy of the most careful and serious consideration. Upon that question we do not feel able to make an absolute pronouncement. But certain it is, to our mind, that the acceptance of this basis of settlement would be violative of the most peremptory needs of the public as well as of the railroads in this crisis, unless such acceptance were accompanied by a guarantee that the Board, in whatever arrangement it might make, would faithfully abide by the principles it has itself laid down.

As to Egypt

FIELD Marshal Lord Allenby, Lord High Commissioner of Great Britain at the Court of King Fuad of Egypt, has just delivered a little message from his Government to that royal bud which, if said bud wishes to reach full royal flower, he had best heed. Great Britain's gift of independence to Egypt, the message points out, was conditioned upon fulfillment by

the Egyptian Government of certain pledges subscribed by the latter; including embodiment in a Constitution of certain clauses defining in detail the relations between Egypt and Great Britain, and ratification by the Egyptian Legislature of that Constitution. The gift was not to be consummated until the pledges had been fulfilled. Furthermore, the gift, when and if consummated, was not to be one of pure independence and sovereignty in the sense that France and Italy, for example, are independent and sovereign States. The offensive term "protectorate" was dropped, to be sure; but Britain was to retain the right and obligation of safeguarding the property and personal rights of foreigners in Egypt (the rights conceded to resident foreigners by all civilized governments): a reserved right (and obligation) of the very first importance, but one which every candid person will admit that Britain would never exercise unless compelled thereto by failure of Egypt to measure up to the standard of civilized governments. Moreover, under an absolute imperial necessity, Britain stipulated for the right to maintain in Egypt the minimum garrisons required to safeguard her communications through the Suez Canal and into the Sudan, which great area was to remain under British rule, since it would be the sublimest height of folly to turn it over to the Egyptians.

To such extent the sovereignty and independence of Egypt were to be limited; and only doctrinaires, ignoramuses, fools, and enemies of the British Empire, will maintain that such limitation is not desirable with reference to the general welfare of the world. The Egyptian Constitution must accept and sanction these limitations.

For the rest: certain indemnity and other arrangements were to be carried out before the gift would be consummated. Those still remaining of that body of British officials under whose supervision (for the most part kindly and intelligent) Egypt had since 1882 been raised from a condition of insolvency, poverty, insecurity of life and property, and oppression of the fellaheen by the most rascally and rapacious set of landholders and officials the world has ever known; was raised, we say, to a condition of complete solvency (Treasury bonds at par) and of almost perfect security to life and property, a condition, too, under which the Egyptian peasantry for the first time in history enjoyed justice, easy well-being and a sense of personal importance: those British officials were to be dismissed, but they were to be pensioned off according to length of service.

The message delivered by Lord Allenby told King Fuad that the conditions for consummation of the gift of independence and sovereignty (qualified as noted above) to Egypt, and of royal honors to himself, had not been fulfilled; *au contraire*, and more and more so.

We are informed that since Fuad assumed the

purple, conditions have been reverting with almost incredible speed toward what they were prior to 1882: brigandage supreme in Upper Egypt, in the great cities the rights of foreigners insolently flouted (not to mention murders of British military and civilians), official methods such as to delight the shade of Ismail, and landlordism restored in its former hue and aspect. Worst of all, those mighty riverine works of the British which trebled the cultivable area are being neglected, and already the desert is again claiming its own. And, in the way of human nature, and especially Levantine human nature, the more convincing is their demonstration of incapacity and unfitness for self-government, the more insolent the Egyptians become. Fuad has proclaimed the Sudan to be a part of the Kingdom of Egypt, signing himself "King of Egypt and the Sudan." Worse yet: he has asserted a claim to the exclusive control, protection, and ownership of the Suez Canal, and has declared his intention to increase tolls on shipping therethrough. The reader hardly needs to be told that the Egyptian Government has made no move toward pensioning the dismissed British officials.

We omitted to mention the most important item of the British note. It is to the effect that, if the Egyptian Government continues to manifest an indisposition or inability to fulfill the conditions of the gift, and, most particularly, if for whatever reason it continues not to afford proper protection to the lives and property of British and other foreign residents, the provisional gift will be withdrawn and the British will resume their former degree of control.

Congratulations, Lord Allenby and Lloyd George! The doctrinaires may talk *contra* around the clock to the millennium, but the fact remains that there are certain peoples incapable of self-government, and that it is to the general interest of the planet that these people be supervised, guided, and, if necessary, disciplined and coerced by other more civilized, competent, and decent peoples. Of such incapable peoples are the Egyptians, unless our exhibits lie. Since centuries before the Christian era they have shown no capacity whatever for self-government; their cities today are sinks of the lowest Levantine humanity; their so-called upper classes are the mongrel deposit of wave after wave of conquest. The Egyptians need to be supervised, guided, and (probably, alas!) disciplined and coerced; and the British are the most competent nation for that task. Upon the whole, British imperial power has been exercised beneficently; nowhere more so than in Egypt. With an ever-deepening sense of responsibility and an ever-clearer planetary outlook, that power is sure to be exercised more beneficently and generously in the future than ever before. We hope, of course, that the British will not be constrained to resume their former degree of control in Egypt;

but if they are so constrained, we say, God be with them! And we say also, God be with the Egyptians and give them common sense, that so they may recover that unexampled prosperity which they formerly enjoyed under British auspices.

Leave Us Our Fairies

"THE most precious truth that has ever come to suffering humanity"—thus has Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a parting plea, characterized the message of spiritualism. After listening with considerable interest to his exposition of the doctrine, how many in this country are prepared to agree that it contains anything either true or precious?

It is natural enough that the cult of communication with the dead should make effective appeal to some whose loved ones "are all gone into the world of light" and who feel their own remaining days on earth to be "mere glimmerings and decays." Among those so bereft there are sure to be certain ones whose will-to-believe has become hypertrophied until it has pushed aside and all but annihilated what Bertrand Russell has called, by way of contrast, the wish-to-find-out. To these a mere straw of "evidence" will suffice. And the fact that a Conan Doyle—a man of intellect—is on the side of the spirits furnishes to their minds conclusive argument from authority; they fix their mental gaze upon it and are blind to the obverse fact that, taking the world of distinguished persons as a whole, the number of those who give any credence whatever to the claims of the occult is infinitesimally small as compared with those who give none.

The normal healthy-minded American, however, like the normal healthy-minded Briton, regards the phenomenon of the conversion of Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as little more than a psychological curiosity. In the first place, even the wish to believe in spirit communications is absent from the general run of mankind. The source of the primitive belief in ghosts, as Dr. James Leuba has recently pointed out, was fear, not desire; and most of us find better consolation in quiet memories of one loved and lost than in tantalizing attempts to establish "contact." But even those who would like to follow in Sir Arthur's footsteps are likely to find him hard to catch up with. His faith o'erleaps itself. Ectoplasm must have served for many as a *reductio ad absurdum* of spiritualistic credulity. And the fairy pictures! Why, we wouldn't believe in fairies for fear of losing the fun of them. In these days of wonder-tales come true—seven league boots, magic carpets and the rest—we need to reserve the fairies themselves for make-believe or (alack the day!) we shall have nothing left for our imaginations to play with!

Whose Ox Is Gored?

By Agnes Repplier

MEN and women who read Charles Reade's novels when they were young (before the world was submerged by the tide of minor fiction) may remember that Mr. Eden, the kind-hearted prison chaplain in "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," lends a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to a singularly brutal jailor, in the hope of softening his spirit. Hawes reads the book from start to finish with infinite relish, and a deep disgust at the cruelties narrated; but it does not make him one whit more humane. He thanks Heaven that there are no slaves in England to be tortured by their masters; and he goes on inflicting barbarous punishments upon the unfortunates under his charge. His sympathy, like the sympathy of his betters, is of a restricted character.

On June 30, Senator William H. King of Utah addressed a mass meeting in Philadelphia upon the familiar subject of Turkish atrocities. He had a great deal to say about the Turks and the Armenians, and he said it very well. The gist of his argument was the responsibility of the civilized world for cruelties which might have been averted, and were not; and which may be repeated unless preventive measures are taken. The sufferings of Armenia are to Senator King what the sufferings of the slaves were to Mrs. Stowe, a blot upon Christian society. He asked that the United States should interfere to avert a renewal of such horrors.

The day before this meeting was called, a Philadelphia negro wrote a bitter letter to the press, observing that a nation which tolerated lynching in the Southern States had no call to be concerned over the misdeeds of the Turks. Until the Anti-Lynching Bill was passed by the Legislature, the less Americans prated about justice and benevolence the better. They had their own house to put in order.

Exactly! And how is a member from Illinois going to help discipline the South when his State has given an example of wholesale lynching, more brutal, more bloody, more shameless than anything Georgia has ever known? The Southern negro is lynched presumably for a crime. The Herrin miners were lynched for claiming the first right of freemen—a right fought for through centuries of oppression. They worked where they pleased and for what wage they pleased. Therefore they were murdered with a savagery of circumstance that we thought possible only to Germans. We shall have to revise our judgment of Germany in view of the deeds we have proved ourselves capable of committing.

If the States refuse to punish the crimes of their sons, the Government has no final alternative. It will have to do the punishing. This sounds paternal; but it really means that the North is prepared to punish the South, and the East the West; a task which is seldom understandingly done. The Anti-Lynching Bill has some commendable features; but the clause which compels the payment of \$10,000 to the family of a man who has been lynched is sentimentalism run riot. If the taxpayers are to be mulcted \$10,000, surely the family of the man who has been shot, or of the woman who has been raped, is as worthy of compensation as

the family of the man who has been lynched. Let us suppose a negro shoots and kills a sheriff. I select this particular crime because it is one often committed, and less vile than others which are common. A posse of exasperated and lawless citizens, for whom no excuse can be offered, lynches the negro. Now of a certainty the wife and children of a man who has died in the fulfillment of a perilous duty deserves \$10,000 rather than the wife and children of a criminal whose death has been the sequence of his crime. Our attachment to malefactors carries us sometimes beyond the bounds of reason.

Murder is murder. When the enthusiasts of the Russian Revolution murdered the reigning family, including two young women and a child who were innocent of any wrong-doing, they committed a crime as low down in the scale of atrocities as any that have stained the records of history. We have been charitably disposed toward this ebullition of patriotism. We have tacitly agreed to pass it over, to forbear from comments which might seem to disparage a government that had proclaimed the divine rights of man. But we can no more blot it out than can the perpetrators thereof. England beheaded a king at Whitehall. France guillotined a king and queen in the Place de la Révolution. It took courage to do these deeds before the eyes of the people and in defiance of the world. A sombre dignity wraps them round. The lessons they taught have never been forgotten. If in many souls they aroused abhorrence, nowhere did they excite contempt. But Russia's crime was of the order of the gutter. It was in bad form even for criminality, rank with cowardice, and foul with the dregs of cruelty. It cannot be softened by sentiment, or gilded by eloquence, or dissolved into nothingness by silence.

Do we then all resemble the jailor in Reade's forgotten novel? Do we condemn one form of violence, only to condone another? The Turks have sinned, and Russia has sinned, and Georgia has sinned, and Illinois has sinned, and none are prepared to acknowledge and expiate their guilt. The orators who assail the murderous Turks say little or nothing about the murderous Russians. The negroes who write inflammatory letters and make inflammatory speeches about Southern lynchings are not fretting their souls over the massacre of white miners in the West. In all these cases, it may be observed, the offenders go unpunished. Our stern and exalted sense of justice, our serene philosophy of endurance, depend, now as ever, upon whose ox is gored.

"IT is a dark picture that a committee of the American Bar Association draws of the United States: 9,500 'unlawful homicides' last year, and in ten years the killing of 85,000 persons 'by poisons, by the pistol or the knife, or some other deadly instrument,' the committee says:

The criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than that of any other civilized country. Here is less respect for law.—*The New York Times.*"

After the Battle of Dublin

By Stephen Gwynn

IT is a fortnight today since the Irish Government was forced into action. In a military sense things have gone quite well. Opposition in the capital was put down with very few casualties: counting all actions, the troops have lost only nineteen killed in thirteen days. The loss to the irregulars was even smaller; and this is as was desired. The Government troops were not out to kill. But the civilian population has twice as many dead as the combatants, and moreover has the bill to pay. In some respects the cost cannot be made good. The Four Courts in ruin makes a pendant to the Customs House; a second of the most beautiful eighteenth century buildings in Europe has been destroyed. There is, further, the destruction of irreplaceable national records. But what use in counting up pails of spilt milk? The question is, What has been done, what remains to do?

First, then, civil war has been conducted for a fortnight without rancor. There has been no venom in the fighting. As compared with the Dail debate, where old comrades and colleagues heaped odious accusations on each other, the war has been almost a pleasure to watch. So far as the fight for the Four Courts was concerned, its issue was a certainty from the time when the Irish Government decided to accept equipment from the British. The building could have been knocked down in a tenth of the time, but that, in desire to avoid a fire, cannon shot was used in the fashion of a hundred years ago simply as battering rams.

Secondly, the result achieved was achieved by that army in whose name Rory O'Connor challenged the Government. Until the buildings in O'Connell street had fallen, which the irregulars made their second stronghold, none were employed against them except members of the old I. R. A. or of the Irish Volunteers. I myself think that this line of action was a mistake and that Government ought to have mobilized at once all competent men whom it could trust. But offers from ex-service men, whether of individuals or of groups, were rejected until the Government was able to say that Rory O'Connor had been beaten by the men who beat the Black and Tans. These, of course, included not a few who had served in the European War before joining the I. R. A. From July 8th, appeal was made for general support, and the recruiting offices were crowded. The Government can get as many men as it can use, and it will want a great many.

There has been scattered fighting all over Leinster, Connaught, and the three Western counties of Ulster which belong to the Free State. In all of this the Government has been successful. The only concentration of irregulars on any considerable scale was at Blessington, on the western slope of the Crickton hills, fifteen miles from Dublin and about ten miles from the Cunagh, which is the most important military centre outside Dublin itself. This obviously threatened a raid on the communications and on railway lines to the South. But the appearance of a combined movement of troops dispersed the irregulars. At Drogheda, an important town on the route to the North, there was resistance in the old fort from which Cromwell made his

attack. But when artillery came into play, evacuation was prompt.

Nevertheless, even where the irregulars have been attacked and defeated and where Government is fully in control, marauding bands can come together, make raids, and cut railway lines, while in Dublin itself the national troops are subjected to much sniping, and even in some cases to bombing attack as they pass in lorries through crowded thoroughfares. These attacks can be made in most instances with impunity because escape is easy. In short, the Government are today, as the British Government was a year ago, up against the problem of dealing with an enemy who wears plain clothes, while their own men are marked by uniform.

This touches the crux of the whole situation. If civilization is to be reestablished here, a point will come at which the Government must, like all Governments, treat those who resist it by violence as criminals against society. The fact that a man using force against the forces of law is acting from a political conviction does not entitle him to the privileges of a combatant in war. But when it is admitted that civil war exists, each side is bound to recognize the soldiers of the other as soldiers. The Government have fully conceded to Mr. Rory O'Connor and all their opponents up to the present the status of combatants. Indeed, they could not justifiably have done otherwise, in view of all that happened before. Had they dealt with the trouble when it first showed its head at Limerick as far back as March, it might then have been treated simply as a mutiny of troops. But they were pressed in the direction of leniency by two sets of considerations. The first was the feeling of comrades for comrades, who had fought together in a bitter and successful struggle. Nearly all the Provisional Government—it was then only a Provisional Government—had been acting soldiers against England. They hated to order guns to be turned on their comrades, even though their comrades held guns pointed at them. The second consideration was political. They were uncertain of the effect which would be produced on the public mind.

Nevertheless, it is one of the difficulties of the Government that they cannot give force to this consideration without undermining their whole position. They are today the Irish Government, established in power by an overwhelming vote at the polls. They cannot permit it to be supposed, they cannot permit themselves to suppose, that because they are "the Government" they occupy the same position as did the English Government. British power in Ireland, especially in the period from 1916 on, rested nakedly on force. It was maintained nakedly against the will of the governed. Ireland's reaction against the penalties imposed in 1916 was not merely instinctive or temperamental. The right of Ireland to self-government had been conceded by statute, yet in this vital matter capital punishment was executed on sixteen men without Ireland's having a word to say. But if punishment had to be imposed now, it must be imposed by Irishmen put in authority by Irish votes, and themselves having inevitably all those feelings of tenderness for the offenders which any

Irishman can be expected to entertain. They have a duty to Ireland which is first and foremost, that of affording protection to law-abiding citizens.

Little more than a year ago it was a daily occurrence for men to throw bombs at British lorries in Dublin streets, exposing the civilian population to a double risk, from the bombs and from the reply to them. The bomb-throwers could plead that they were acting for Ireland. They said, and were probably entitled to say, that the general will of the Irish people was behind what they were doing. Ununiformed men, they took cover in the crowd. They had a justification because it was an Irish crowd. The Irish Government cannot, without destroying its moral authority, admit that this justification applies to its present opponents.

Nevertheless, what is the Government to do? They cannot deny that a state of war exists. In the Southern province of Munster, they have as yet made virtually no attempt to assert their authority. The elections proved that all over this area an immense majority of the people were for the Treaty. Yet in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, the three most important cities after Dublin outside of Ulster, the irregulars are in control of everything. I myself believe that their forces will begin to disappear when the Government's power is made evident everywhere north of the Galties: that the resistance will break up and not grow solid.

The Government's answer must be in the last resort, and should be at once: "Very well, if you are combatants, let us know it and we will treat you as soldiers. But if you masquerade as our party till you whip out bomb or revolver, you shall suffer for treachery."

Such measures, however, will need a determination of which the Government have as yet shown no evidence. And it is fair to say that the public has as yet made no demand for it.

The essential point, however, to note is that Rory O'Connor has been beaten, not only materially, but morally. This plan is a failure because the British have not intervened. Astounding as it sounds, the aim of

the mutineers appears to have been to bring back British troops. If that happened, the Irish forces, they reckoned, would join up together, and would probably join under the extremist men. Anyhow, the Treaty would be destroyed. This hopeful project has been defeated by several causes, first of which was Mr. O'Connor's impatience. He forced the Irish Government's hand and gave them a ground for action which they could not refuse. Second was perhaps the British Government's patience. After the murder of Sir Henry Wilson—as desperate a provocation as any people ever received—there were very strong forces at work for immediate British intervention. Mr. Churchill has been abused for naming the possibility of that intervention, and it is true that by doing so he made it more difficult for the Irish Government to act. But in truth he should rather be greatly praised for having compelled the forces of folly to be content with this small comfort.

It is now recognized in both countries that British intervention would have been a blunder and a disaster of the first magnitude. Ireland must deal with its own trouble. The spur to the Irish Government and to all honest Irishmen should be this thought: that if a condition of sheer anarchy is produced over any considerable part of Ireland, British intervention will again be urged with tremendous force: and the worst danger is that Ireland may come to regard it as the lesser evil.

Mr. de Valera has done more than would have been thought possible to disgust Ireland with her freedom and to shake Ireland's self-confidence. His own position is pitiable. He gave Rory O'Connor moral support, but he was not in the Four Courts. When the Four Courts fell, he took part in the further even more futile stand which led to the destruction of half O'Connell street, but he did not stay out that adventure. He escaped from the beleaguered place, leaving nothing but his reputation to assist in the final defense. I fear that it, with many more solid things, will have perished in the burning.

Dublin, July 12

An Archaic Greek Head

By Gardner Teall

AN unusually important archaic Greek marble head of the sixth century B. C. is one of the new accessions to its classical collections just announced by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This interesting fragment apparently belonged to one of the early period "Apollo" figures of which several whole examples have, in recent years, been excavated in various parts of Greece and the Greek Islands. The Associate Curator of Classical Art, Gisela M. A. Richter, writes: "A close study of this head will teach more of the struggles and achievements of the Greek artist at the beginning of his career than the reading of many books on this subject. The formation of the individual features, the indication of the chief bones and muscles, the spatial relation of the manifold planes to one another, the representation of soft flesh and glossy hair in hard stone—what multitudinous difficulties do these problems represent to one who is confronted with them without long traditions behind him! Thus it took the



Greek head, sixth century B. C.

Greek sculptor, extraordinarily gifted though he was, more than a century of concentrated effort to solve those problems satisfactorily; but he had then solved them once for all, and all later generations of artists could follow in his footsteps." This primitive bit of Greek sculpture, though not far from the beginnings of the art, still exhibits the definite Greek feeling for beauty of line and surface latent in the soul of the plastic artists of the Peloponnesus from earliest times.

Antiques as House Furnishings

By Marie Lounsbery

ADMITTING the desirability of antiques as house accessories, what can be included? The answer is—practically everything that is sought as a collector's hobby. In the matter of furniture, should one indulge one's fancy in the work of early Italian craftsmen, one will find an appropriate setting for it in the modern Italian house, that has been so skillfully adapted to present-day American life from early Italian architectural plans.

Furniture of this type has a wide scope, including the cassone, the refectory table, and the great variety of chairs that have become familiar to us through popular usage, but which, as originals, soar into impressive values if the prices brought at the season's sales are to be credited.

For the Tudor house, there are equal possibilities in



Group of English antiques—Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

Jacobean furniture, such as old oak cupboards, dressers, benches and stools, and fine bits of old copper, brass, and pewter, and for the Colonial house, unique examples of maple furniture, mahogany, old clocks, and even the hooked rugs of a somewhat later period.

While china, because of its fragility, suffers in contrast, in the point of usefulness, it is by no means to be relegated to the corner closet and curio cabinet, for with careful handling it can be used and enjoyed. This also may be said of old English and Irish glass—for who can resist its charm? Certainly not one who knows its texture and color values. Antique silver, also, has its place, both from a decorative and a utilitarian standpoint, for it imparts a dignity to a table-setting that modern silver can never give.

Few collectors are able to indulge in the assembling of the works of the old masters, but etchings, engravings, and Japanese prints, which are more nearly within the reach of all, offer a field for collecting of corresponding interest. Oriental porcelains also have a decorative value that makes them especially sought as a house accessory, in furnishing a desired color note and in filling a place in which nothing else could be so suitably applied.

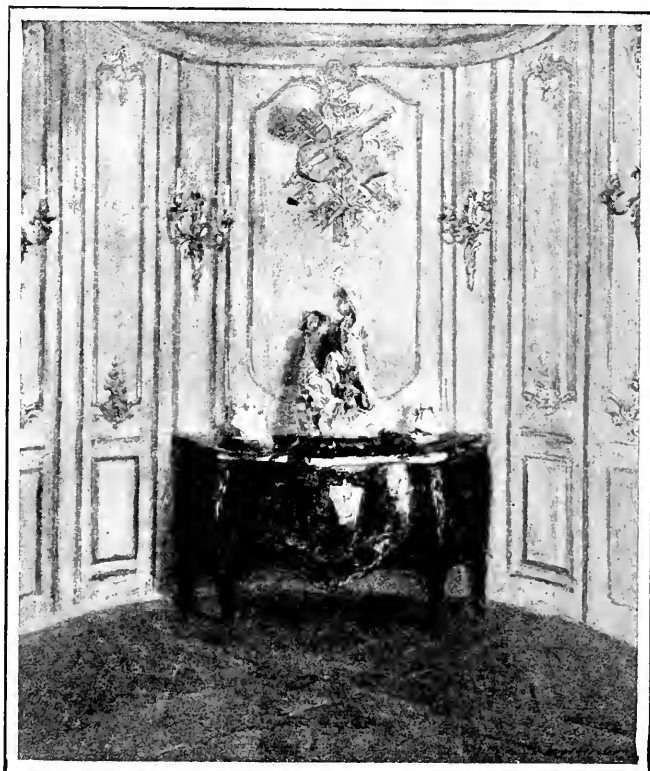
Tapestries and great pieces of embroidery are lim-



Objects of art, sixteenth century

ited, necessarily, by hanging space, but can be collected as fragments and as such have an undeniable use in house furnishings. Books impart an interest to a room's setting that no other feature of decoration can lend, either when arranged as a library, lining shelf after shelf, or when placed as a single volume upon a table in intimate use.

Antique iron also can form an important part in the decorative features of a room, namely, about the fireplace, or it can be applied as a structural adjunct in the general scheme of the house, in grills and balustrades. Old Italian and Spanish iron are much sought for these purposes.



Green Salon, by Walter Gay—Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

Thoughts on the German Enigma

By Fabian Franklin

I HAVE just been reading an article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* which is at once typical and non-typical of a great deal of what is written about Germany. Usually the writer does one or the other of two things. He either dwells upon the frightful collapse of Germany's financial system or insists upon her extraordinary industrial activity; and in either case he usually draws a moral. He either finds in the financial collapse proof positive that Germany is reduced to helplessness by the reparation requirements, or in the remarkable productivity of her industries equally sure evidence that her helplessness is a sham, deliberately gotten up to enable her to escape the payment of her just obligations. Now the article in the *Fortnightly* lays equal stress upon the industrial prosperity and upon the financial ruin; and it says substantially nothing about the responsibility for that ruin. The writer, Mr. John Leyland, is, however, obviously animated by the greatest possible good-will and sympathy for Germany; and readers of his article will certainly gain from it the impression that for the steadily-growing worthlessness of the mark, with its tragic consequences to the German people, the fault is not in themselves but in their stars.

During all these weary years since the armistice, that question of German good faith on the one hand and systematic German perfidy on the other has been a leading source of perplexity. Possibly fifty years from now, or a hundred years from now, something like the truth about it will be established. In the near future, however, there is little reason to expect that anything like adequate light will be thrown upon it by the investigation or the reporting of facts, however conscientiously undertaken. One is therefore thrown back upon the broad and obvious elements of the case, and upon the inherent probabilities determined by what we know of human nature. To direct attention to some of these elements, and to draw from them such inferences as one can, may not be wholly unprofitable.

Let us take as the starting point of these reflections the presentation made by this friendly and sympathetic British observer of the actual state of things in Germany. He tells us of the almost desperate view taken of Germany's condition by representative Germans in almost every walk of life. And yet, he says, the traveler in Germany "will find visible very few evidences of this situation":

On the contrary, he will be amazed with the appearance of abundant prosperity. He will see the rich rolling by in luxurious motor-cars, and filling unpleasantly the big hotels, and buying in the shops. It will seem to him that the country is full of money. He will see the streets busy and everything "humming." He will learn that very few men are unemployed, and that in some places, as in the dye-stuffs factories, there are not skilled men enough. He will see public works and private works in progress everywhere, and colonies of workmen's dwellings rising in the neighborhood of all the large cities, where there are many thousands of people still unable to find lodgment for themselves. . . . In all the towns, the opera houses and theatres are full, the shops are busy, the people are mostly well clad and well cared for, and the cafés and *bier* and *wein stuben* are merry.

But along with all this profusion among the rich, and all this activity and immediate well-being among the

manual workers, there is hopeless distress among the middle-class millions, and utter chaos and demoralization in business. Of the apparent contradiction between these two pictures, the writer says:

Here, then, is an anomaly, the explanation of which baffles many observers. How can we understand the paradox of the poor Germany unable to pay her debts or balance her Budget, and the same Germany so rich that she is spending money freely everywhere? The solution of the problem lies in the dangers that threaten the State, in the abnormal condition of the exchange, the multiplication of paper money, the low value of the mark, and the constant rise in wages and prices, each chasing the other a vicious course.

Now, the curious thing about this "solution of the problem" is that, whereas the writer appears to think that he has named a number of factors to account for it, he has in reality, apart from the vague phrase "dangers that threaten the state," named only one. The abnormal condition of the exchange, the multiplication of paper money, the low value of the mark, and the constant rise in wages and prices are not four things; they are just one and the same thing. The curse that lies upon Germany is that old familiar bugbear of economists, that evil which every enlightened country has for a hundred years and more shunned like a pestilence—the plague of a currency that rests on no solid basis; a currency (and in this must be included bank credits as well as circulating notes) of which the volume, and therefore the value, is determined by no principle of safety, convertibility; or stability; a currency whose meaning nobody can define or come anywhere near defining. The consequences of carrying on life with such a currency—the demoralization it produces in all classes, the frightful distress it brings upon precisely those solid middle classes which are the backbone of the best life of the country—are only too familiar; but in his article Mr. Leyland spreads them out before us with unusual vividness.

And here, to my mind, is the nub of the business: How does it come that in a country like Germany—a country not like desolated Russia, but full of high productive activity; a country not like dismembered and denatured Austria, but, in spite of severe territorial losses, the country of a great people and of splendid resources—how does it come that in such a country this insane condition of the currency is allowed to persist, to go from bad to worse and from worse to worst, without any serious attempt to remedy it? To say that the mere dead-weight of the prospective reparations is sufficient to account for such a thing is nonsense; and to attribute it to the actual payments thus far made would be still greater nonsense. The thing to be accounted for is not so much the actual condition of the currency but the absence of any genuine endeavor to remedy it; if such an effort had been made and had failed, the case would be different. Why has it not been made? Is it to be supposed that there is in Germany such woful lack of intellectual resources, of financial knowledge and skill, that she has been absolutely unable to devise any method of getting back to solid ground, or even of setting her face towards solid ground? Is a country which is carrying on such vast industrial activities as

our writer describes utterly helpless to supply itself with a currency system that is something better than a quagmire, something better than a nightmare? It is ridiculous to suppose so.

And yet I do not jump to the conclusion that Germany, in order to escape the reparation payments, is deliberately inflicting upon herself the measureless woes of a crazy monetary and financial system. The truth, as I see it, lies between the supposition of this extreme of insane wickedness and the opposite extreme of entire innocence. The key of the situation, I take it, lies in the fact that Germany's financial problem, inherently difficult enough and greatly aggravated by the precarious condition of her internal politics, required for its treatment the single-minded devotion of her utmost resources in intelligence and leadership, and that the desire to escape the reparations has caused the absence of that devotion. Germany's finance, Germany's monetary system, has not been deliberately wrecked by her disloyalty to the treaty, and yet it is this disloyalty which has made that wreck possible. With half her mind and nine-tenths of her heart preoccupied with the desire to escape her just obligations, it was inevitable that she should fail to go through the mighty task of financial and monetary reform. The disorder of her finances presented the simplest and most effective of pretexts for failure to pay; and to keep that pretext alive no action was necessary—*inaction* was quite sufficient to do the job. Effective action would have been extremely difficult in any case; and indeed that difficulty was so great that doubtless many regard it as in itself sufficient explanation for what has taken place. But it is about as sure as anything of the kind can be that, however great the difficulty, Germany would long before this have overcome it, or been well on the way to overcome it, if she had honestly and whole-heartedly wished to do so.

Another thought forces itself on one's mind as one reflects on this most deplorable spectacle. The bottom fact about Germany's manœuvres for escape from the reparations is not the *desire* to escape but the *possibility* of escape. It was a great mistake in the Versailles Treaty to make the amount of the reparations dependent in so enormous a measure upon Germany's

future prosperity; a definite amount should have been fixed, or arrangements made for fixing it. But a far more lamentable thing was the division which so soon became manifest among the Powers on whose union the enforcement of the requirement manifestly rested. Wrong as Germany's conduct has been, she can truly plead great temptation; the prospect of escape through division among the victors would be a tremendous temptation to *any* vanquished nation upon which hard conditions had been imposed by a treaty of peace.

And that very division is another illustration of the havoc wrought by want of singleness of purpose in the presence of a tremendous problem. At the close of the war there rested on the principal Powers that had won the victory a stupendous and overshadowing responsibility. They had to effect a settlement which would give promise of stability for the world, and they had to stand together in the enforcement of that settlement. The concentration on this awful task of all the energy, all the insight, all the wisdom of the world's ruling statesmen, would have no more than sufficed for it; yet from the very start there was a terrible diversion of energy to the problem of the League of Nations, which would have been sufficiently provided for by an agreement to erect the League within a stipulated time. And if the League *was* to be erected simultaneously with the war settlement, it was imperatively necessary that it should comprise all of the principal Powers that had won the war. Whatever might be necessary to make absolutely sure that the five great Powers stood together solidly for the enforcement of the Treaty should have been done, no matter what remoter object was sacrificed. It was this feeling, above all else, that filled the hearts of practically all high-minded Americans, with one tragic exception, during the half-year of anguished solicitude after the submission of the Treaty to the Senate. With the elimination of America disappeared the last chance of such union as there might have been between the Powers that won the war. And it was through the vanishing of that union that Germany was beset with the temptation which has been her undoing, and which has consequently contributed so disastrously toward creating the evil conditions with which all the world is still grappling.

Music Before a Roman Jury

By Grant Showerman

WHEN the Emperor Augustus, at 35, had the world at his feet and was prepared to live, he began to prepare to die by erecting a great tomb for himself and his line near Father Tiber in the north end of the Campus Martius, not then the densely crowded quarter of today. It was 220 feet in diameter, and was called the Mausoleum. "It consists of a mound of earth," says the geographer Strabo, "raised upon high foundations of white marble, situated near the river, and covered to the top with ever-green shrubs. Upon the summit is a bronze statue of Augustus Caesar, and beneath the mound are the ashes of himself, his relatives, and friends. Behind is a large grove containing charming promenades. In the centre of the Campus is the spot where this prince was

reduced to ashes; it is surrounded with a double enclosure, one of marble, the other of iron, and planted within with poplars." Forty-two years after its erection it received the ashes of Augustus, and 396 years after that it was rifled by Alaric and his Goths. In the Middle Ages a fortress of the Colonna, it was attacked in 1167 and besieged in 1241. In 1354 the bones of Cola di Rienzo were laid within its walls. Two hundred years elapsed, and the Soderini had hanging gardens in or on it, and in the century that followed its vaulting crumbled and fell in the shock of an earthquake. At the end of the eighteenth it had become an open-air circus, and continued in uses of the sort until about a dozen years ago, when the City of Rome converted it into one of the world's most impressive concert

halls, with huge organ, chorus, and orchestra platform, and seats for upward of 4,000 people.

The Augusteo programmes are varied and liberal. Directors from other European centres appear quite frequently. For some tastes, the programmes are too liberal; but if the moderns are sometimes unduly prominent it is probably due to the desire to be fair, and if patriotism seems sometimes to figure too greatly in programme building it is due to reaction against the excessive glorification of German composers and slighting of the Italian before the war.

The Augusteo audiences are somewhat exacting, but just. There is no better place to appreciate Italian character and the Italian attitude toward music. So far as the instrumental concert is concerned, the Augusteo is the heart of Rome. Its public is liberally sprinkled with those who play or sing or teach or compose, and, although on the whole a people's audience, entirely made up of lovers of music bred to concert and opera and well aware of what they like and why they like it. A high level of understanding and feeling, combined with a certain spontaneity and an absolute frankness, results in exceedingly effective judgments rendered on the spot. In Rome you need not wait for the critic to tell you in the next day's paper what to think. The audience lets you know before you leave your seat. It applauds real excellence with a frenzy of *bravo's* and *bis's*. It kept Albert Spalding playing the other afternoon six numbers or more beyond the printed programme. If it doesn't approve of the music or its execution, there is a storm of hisses.

Three times within the past month or two I have witnessed scenes at the Augusteo which would seem strange, and perhaps outrageous, to most Americans. On one occasion the programme was devoted to Italian composers, classic and modern. Donizetti and Rossini were warmly welcomed, Respighi, professor at Rome, was tolerated, but Davico's "Impressioni pagane" and Mantica's "Canti d'amore" provoked such bursts of ill humor that only Rossini, artfully held in reserve, saved the programme from utter condemnation. On a second occasion Alfredo Casella, after brilliant execution of a Mozart concerto for piano and orchestra, played for the first time in Europe his own "A notte alta," whose initial rendering, by the composer himself, took place last November in Carnegie Hall. "The character of this poem," wrote Lawrence Gilman, translated in the Augusteo programme, "ranges from enthusiastic and solemn exaltation to an acute and passionate cry of desperate pain. It is full of the tragic sense of mortal helplessness in the presence of the awful and disconcerting gaze of the Cosmos," etc. But the Augusteo audience doesn't listen to music in that exquisitely intellectual manner. It is willing to think, but above all it is unwilling to forego the enjoyment of music as an art. Casella finished the piece, but the last third of it was tempestuous with hisses. On a third occasion, Bruno Walter, director of the Munich Opera, after the Seventh Symphony presented Schönberg's "Notte trasfigurata"—"two lovers in the moonlight, cruel fate, transfiguration through suffering," etc. This time the number was finished only by dint of the director's Teutonic persistence. For the first quarter the audience listened with curiosity and good will, for the second with tolerance, for the third with growing impatience, and during the last did its best to stop the per-

formance by a tremendous hurricane of hisses, whistling, and ironical calls of *bis, bis!* that left nothing of the piece except what could be got through the eye. Sometimes, when the case is not quite so clear, the audience, instead of combatting the director, splits into factions that combat each other. It is at such moments that one realizes the wisdom of Eternal Rome's inflexible rule that sticks and umbrellas are to be left in the *guardaroba*.

This is not rowdyism nor ill nature nor partisanship nor prejudice, but the genuine and spontaneous expression of honest and robust sentiment, and is a salutary thing for art. The essential justice of the Roman be-



The Augusteo, Rome

havior is proved every now and then by its ingenious ways of separating subject-matter from execution and showing disapproval of the one and approval of the other. It is the same in drama. When Duse appeared this winter in Scotti's "Cosi sia," written expressly for her, the Costanzi audience let her know beyond shadow of doubt from first to last that they admired and loved their favorite actress at over sixty as much as ever, but that "So Be It" was not a play to be tolerated for a moment. They killed and buried it promptly.

If there is one thing evident from the Augusteo concerts this year, it is that Italian musical taste is weary of transfigured nights and mooning lovers, of frisking fauns and fairies and dancing dryads and nymphs and nereids, and all their frigi line, and of what may be called in general the music of the study. What it wants is music. It is willing to listen to the new, and to hear it in any vernacular. In the concert hall, it forgets that America interfered at Fiume, it forgets its quarrel with Germany, it forgets the century of struggle with the Austrian *prepotenti*—and proves itself after all human by *not quite* forgetting the feeling toward France. But if it is to listen, it wants to listen through the ear.

It is always possible to deny the competence of the critic, and there are those who distrust the verdicts of the Augusteo and similar assemblages as pronounced from too popular a source. But art is a social product, and not the affair of the studio alone and unaided. After observation of the Roman musical public at thirty or forty concerts in its big or little halls, the conviction of the observer is likely to be that any composer who wishes an unmistakable, immediate, and just opinion of his work is reasonably sure to get it in Eternal Rome.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

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Domestic Affairs

The Railroad Shopmen's Strike

[In view of the remarkably rapid rates of development of the situations presented below, it is important to note that the latest events considered are of the 8th instant.]

THE President changed his mind about mediating in the shopmen's strike. He presented the following proposals for a settlement:

First—Railway managers and workmen are to agree to recognize the validity of all decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, and to faithfully carry out such decisions as contemplated by the law.

Second—The carriers will withdraw all lawsuits growing out of the strike, and Railroad Labor Board decisions which have been involved in the strike may be taken, in the exercise of recognized rights by either party, to the Railroad Labor Board for rehearing.

Third—All employees now on strike to be returned to work and to their former positions with seniority and other rights unimpaired. The representatives of the carriers and the representatives of the organizations especially agree that there will be no discrimination by either party against the employees who did or did not strike.

The representatives of the striking shopmen, assembled at Chicago, after two days' debate (August 1 and 2) accepted the proposals, but with "understandings" which may be construed as seriously qualifying the acceptance.

One hundred and eighty railroad executives assembled at New York on the 1st accepted the first two proposals,

but with "understandings" which very seriously qualified their acceptance; the first sentence of the third proposal they rejected, not without show of indignation, giving their reasons at length. Having made certain promises to loyal old employees and new employees, they proposed to keep them.

The President's effort, then, failed; the strike continues. The executives say that, if the Administration will forbear further intervention, they can break the strike within thirty days. The shopmen's leaders sing in a different key.

* * *

But the Administration would not forbear. On the 7th, the President sent messages to Mr. Jewell, head of the striking shopmen, and Mr. Cuyler, president of the Association of Railway Executives, in which the following identical paragraph is the only thing of importance:

Mindful of the pledge of both the executives and the striking workmen to recognize the validity of all decisions by the Railroad Labor Board, I am hereby calling on the striking workmen to return to work, calling upon the carriers to assign them to work, calling upon both workmen and carriers, under the law, to take the question [that of seniority] in dispute to the Railroad Labor Board for rehearing and decision and a compliance by both with the decision rendered.

The effect of this new effort of the Administration remains to be seen. Apparently the message has been received coolly in both camps. Immediately following publication of the President's message, the Railroad Labor Board by resolution invited the executives and the shopmen to submit the seniority question to their decision.

* * *

Mr. Jewell requested Mr. W. J. Stone, Chairman of the heads of the "standard railroad labor organizations," to summon those heads to a conference at Washington on the 11th, to "formulate a program having for its purpose protection of the public, preservation of the railroad industry and an honorable basis of settlement for the managers and the employees." If that is really and truly Mr. Jewell's sole purpose, 'tis an admirable idea. Mr. Stone has complied with Mr. Jewell's request.

The Miners' Strike

Efforts to mine coal in response to the President's "invitation," in mines which were shut down by the strike, have not produced sensible results.

* * *

The Governor of Indiana on the 2nd proclaimed martial law in a territory eight miles square, sent thither 800 National Guardsmen, and called for volunteers to work mines in that territory. The results to date have not been sensible.

* * *

The total volume of coal shipments from non-union mines has somewhat increased through the diversion of cars to these mines by the President's committee. The present rate is about 4,250,000 tons per week. A little better; but not good enough. The committee has led





International

The Passion Play in California. Christ riding on the ass to Jerusalem.

us to expect that, when its program is in full swing, the rate will be 6,000,000 tons.

* * *

In response to an invitation from Mr. Lewis, Chief of the United Mine Workers, operators representing about thirty per cent. of the bituminous tonnage of the central competitive field (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Western Pennsylvania) met the more important miners' officials at Cleveland on the 7th. Most of the Ohio tonnage was represented, but little of the tonnage of the other States. Some representatives, however, of outlying districts were present. The conference was organized and postponement was taken to the 9th, by which date it was hoped the conferees would be joined by operators representing enough additional tonnage to make an agreement subscribed by the enlarged conference effective for the central competitive field (i. e., the operators standing out would have to fall in line), and determinative for the rest of the country. Prior to the opening of the conference, the assembled operators had intimated to the Miners' Policy Committee their approval of a scheme of settlement the nature of which has not been officially divulged. Settlement of the bituminous strike may result from the Cleveland conference; and may not.

Brief Notes

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, died last week at his home in Nova Scotia, at the age of 75. He was born and educated in Edinburgh.

* * *

The recent rains have washed so much pollen from the flowers in New York State that the New York bees are producing little honey.

* * *

Recently an automobile hearse containing a dead body was halted five times by prohibition agents while proceeding from Islip, Long Island, to New York City.

* * *

Mr. Bryan has had a real hair-cut.

* * *

'Tis said our girls are about to adopt Greek modes of dress. Let it be soon!

The United States, Germany, and the Allies

Lord Balfour's Note

ON August 1 the British Government dispatched an identical note to the Governments of France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Portugal, and Greece—Governments indebted to Great Britain upon the account of the Great War. The note is signed by Lord Balfour as Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was evidently composed by him. It announces Great Britain's policy with respect to the war-debts owing to her from her European Allies; a policy determined by the fact that the United States insists on payment of Britain's debt to her.

As the note points out, the war-debts of Allies (exclusive of the one-time ally Russia) to Great Britain total £1,300,000,000. The principal of Russia's debt is £650,000,000; of Germany's £1,450,000,000. It had been Great Britain's intention, "if such a policy formed part of a satisfactory international settlement, to remit all the debts due her by her Allies in respect of loans or by Germany in respect of reparations." The Russian debt is only mentioned by the way. But the attitude of the United States Government has made that policy impossible.

The important, the ineluctable fact in this connection is that the British taxpayer, by far the most heavily taxed person in the world, will not stand for such a one-sided cancellation; loudly and numerous of late he has exclaimed to that effect. Therefore the British Government is constrained to request each of the Allied Governments indebted to Great Britain to "make arrangements for dealing to the best of its ability" with its debt to Britain. The British Government, however, will ask no more from its debtors than it is required to pay to its creditor, the United States. [On May 15 the British debt to the United States was \$4,135,818,358 principal and \$611,000,000 interest.]

It is interesting to trace the development of the Balfour note. At the outset Lord Balfour is most scrupulous not to criticize the United States Government, but as he warms to his theme criticism of our Government's war-loans policy is implicit throughout.

The note ends with a formal offer on the part of the British Government to renounce all right to further reparation payments from Germany and all claims to payment by the Allies, if the United States Government will take similar action.

An offer and appeal addressed to deaf ears, as Lord Balfour well knew. The note has been widely criticized as indiscreet, as likely to postpone rather than hasten that American cancellation of war-loans and generous participation in a "satisfactory international settlement," which many confidently expect. It is to be said, on the other hand, that the momentous British decision had to be announced; that with the announcement an explanation was in order; and that the explanation of so grand a matter behooved to be full and candid. To be sure, the candidness of the note has been called in question; some will have it that the British Government is not showing extraordinary magnanimity in offering to cancel sundry bad debts (so they call them) only on condition of cancellation by the United States Government of a perfectly good debt, to wit, the British debt to the United States. That interpretation is noticed here without approval, merely as an extreme specimen of the adverse criticism which the note has provoked.

The American bearing of the note is not of great immediate importance. The very great immediate importance of the note lies in the fact that it has dashed the hope of a satisfactory reparations settlement at the conference of the Supreme Council now in process in London; a hope based on the expectation that Britain would cancel the debts due her from Allies and renounce her share of German reparation payments. A considerable number of Britons, including Mr. Asquith, have urged and still urge the British Government to recall its decision and make the great renunciations without reference to the policy of the American Government. They argue that Britain would in the end profit by such action, whatever the United States Government might please to do; and they suggest the possibility that the United States might be shocked into a similar act of renunciation by so magnificent an example of generosity.

It has been thought proper to quote almost the entire British note. The reading thereof should set Americans to pondering deeply whether the present policy of our Government respecting its war-loans is the correct policy, whether in respect of decency or in respect of self-interest.

With most perfect courtesy, and in the exercise of their undoubted rights, the American Government have required this country to pay interest accrued since 1919 on the Anglo-American debt, to convert it from an unfunded to a funded debt, and to repay it by a sinking fund in twenty-five years. Such procedure is clearly in accordance with the original contract. His Majesty's Government make no complaint of it; they recognize their obligations and are prepared to fulfill them. But evidently they cannot do so without profoundly modifying the course which in different circumstances they would have wished to pursue. They cannot treat the repayment of the Anglo-American loan as if it were an isolated incident in which only the United States of America and Great Britain had any concern. It is but one of a connected series of transactions in which this country appears, sometimes as debtor, sometimes as creditor, and if our undoubted obligations as debtor are to be enforced, our not less undoubted rights as creditor cannot be left wholly in abeyance.

His Majesty's Government do not conceal the fact that they adopt this change of policy with the greatest reluctance. It is true that Great Britain is owed more than it owes and that if all interallied war debts were paid the British

Treasury would on the balance be a large gainer by the transaction, but can the present world situation be looked at only from this narrow financial standpoint? It is true that many of the Allied and Associated Powers are as between each other creditors or debtors or both, but they were and are much more. They were partners in the greatest international effort ever made in the cause of freedom and they still are partners in dealing with some at least of its results. Their debts were incurred, their loans were made, not for the separate advantage of particular States, but for the great purpose common to them all, and that purpose has been in the main accomplished.

To generous minds it can never be agreeable, although for reasons of state it may perhaps be necessary, to regard the monetary aspect of this great event as a thing apart, to be torn from its historical setting and treated as no more than ordinary commercial dealing between traders who borrow and capitalists who lend.

There are, moreover, reasons of a different order to which I have already referred, which increase the distaste with which His Majesty's Government adopt so fundamental an alteration in the method of dealing with loans to Allies. The economic ills from which the world is suffering are due to many causes, moral and material, which are quite outside the scope of this dispatch, but among them must certainly be reckoned the weight of international indebtedness with all its unhappy effects, upon credit and exchange, upon national production and international trade. Peoples of all countries long for a speedy return to the normal, but how can the normal be reached while conditions so abnormal are permitted to prevail, and how can these conditions be cured by any remedies that seem at present likely to be applied?

In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors, yet while we do not ask for more all will admit that we can hardly be content with less, for it should not be forgotten, though it sometimes is, that our liabilities were incurred for others, not for ourselves. Food, raw material and munitions required by the immense naval and military efforts of Great Britain, and half the two thousand million sterling advanced to the Allies, were provided, not by means of foreign loans, but by internal borrowing and war taxation.

Unfortunately a similar policy was beyond the power of other European nations. An appeal was therefore made to the Government of the United States and under an arrangement then arrived at the United States insisted, in substance, if not in form, that, though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it. This co-operative effort was of infinite value to the common cause, but it cannot be said that the rôle assigned in it to this country was one of special privilege or advantage.

For evidently the policy hitherto pursued by this country of refusing to make demands upon its debtors is only tolerable so long as it is generally accepted. It cannot be right that one partner in a common enterprise should recover all that she has lent and that another, while recovering nothing, should be required to pay all that she has borrowed. Such procedure is contrary to every principle of natural justice and cannot be expected to commend itself to the people of this country. They are suffering from an unparalleled burden of taxation, from immense diminution in national wealth, from serious want of employment and from severe curtailment of useful expenditure.

These evils are courageously borne, but, were they to be increased by an arrangement which, however legitimate, is obviously one-sided, the British taxpayer would inevitably ask why he should be singled out to bear the burden which others are bound to share. To such a question there can be but one answer and I am convinced that Allied opinion will admit its justice.

But while His Majesty's Government are thus regretfully constrained to request the Governments [indebted to it] to make arrangements for dealing to the best of their ability with the several loans, they desire to explain that the amount of interest and repayment for which they ask depends not so much on what [the several] Allies owe to Great Britain as on what Great Britain has to pay America. The policy favored by His Majesty's Government is, as I have already observed, that of surrendering their share of German reparation and writing off through one great transaction the whole body of inter-Allied indebtedness, but if this be found impossible of accomplishment, we wish it to be understood that we do not in any event desire to make a profit out of any less satisfactory arrangement.

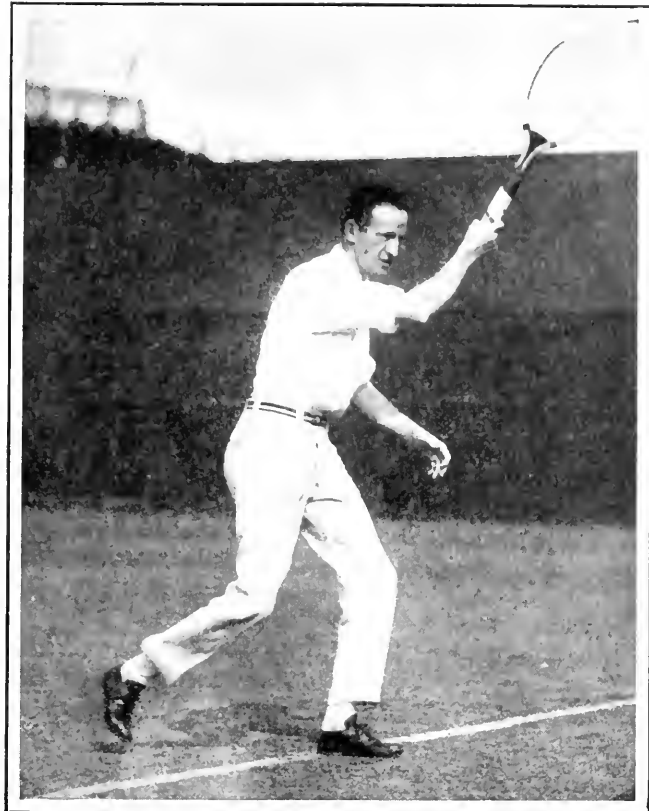
Before concluding I may be permitted to offer one further observation in order to make still clearer the spirit in which his Majesty's Government desire to deal with the thorny problem of international indebtedness. In an earlier passage of this dispatch I pointed out that this after all

is not a question merely between the Allies; ex-enemy countries also are involved, for the greatest of all international debtors is Germany. Now His Majesty's Government do not suggest that, either as a matter of justice or one of expediency, Germany should be relieved of her obligations to France or the other Allied States. They speak only for Great Britain and they content themselves with saying once again, so deeply are they convinced of the economic injury inflicted on the world by the existing state of things, that this country would be prepared, subject to the just claims of other parts of the Empire, to abandon all further right to German reparation and all claims to repayment by the Allies, provided that this renunciation formed part of a general plan by which this great problem could be dealt with as a whole and find a satisfactory solution. A general settlement would, in their view, be of more value to mankind than any gains that could accrue even from the most successful enforcement of legal obligations.

Poincaré's "Retorsional" Measures

In June, 1921, at its own instance, the German Government undertook monthly payment of the equivalent of £2,000,000 towards liquidation of pre-war debts of German nationals to nationals of the Allied Governments (seventy per cent. to go to French nationals.) Several weeks ago the German Government informed the several Allied Governments that for the immediate future at least it could pay only the equivalent of £500,000 monthly. A brisk correspondence between Paris and Berlin followed, culminating in an ultimatum from Poincaré announcing that, if by August 5 assurance should not be forthcoming of payment of the originally stipulated Aug. 15 installment for French nationals, the French Government would on that date put into effect "measures of retorsion." The required assurance not being given on August 5, the French Government on that date acted as follows. It announced suspension of payment of German nationals' credits in France; suspension of payment to Germans of awards of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal; sequestration for the present of the proceeds of liquidation of German property in France; and that "conservatory measures would be at once taken in Alsace-Lorraine." What "conservatory measures?" Probably sequestration of the property of German nationals residing in Alsace-Lorraine, and possibly expulsion of some of the most prominent and most objectionable of those Germans. "In case these measures do not suffice to bring prompt settlement, they will be completed by other progressive measures," says the French *communiqué*.

Now the Germans say that this business of payment of Allied private creditors is a part of the general reparations business: the French say it is not, that the Reparations Commission lacks jurisdiction; that there is no bar, technical or equitable, to independent French action. Assuming the French contention to be correct (which it probably is), yet the French have taken a highly significant and momentous step. The British, Italians and Belgians replied to the German note that they would discuss the matter with their Allies in London. Why was Poincaré in such a hurry? Why couldn't he wait until after the London Conference (to open on the 7th), or at any rate why not wait until the 15th before putting the "measures of retorsion" into effect? One cannot say, of course, but one shrewdly guesses that his object was to bring heavy moral pressure on Lloyd George, who cannot fail to be impressed by the possibilities opened out by these not mere intimations, but actual first steps, of an independent French policy. It is a reasonable construction that Poincaré has practically committed France to independent action in her



International
"Little Bill" Johnston getting into form for the great tournaments

entire dealings with Germany, should Lloyd George refuse substantially to accept the French proposals regarding Germany now before the Supreme Council. A reasonable construction; not a certain one.

It should be remarked that Poincaré's "retorsional" measures to date are only suspensory; it is possible that they may be cancelled, and that coöperative Allied measures may be substituted for them, as a result of the London Conference.

The Meeting of the Supreme Council

The Supreme Council met in London on the 7th: present, Lloyd George, Poincaré, M. Theunis, Premier of Belgium, Signor Schanzer, the Italian Foreign Minister, and the Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain. Ambassador Harvey was not present. Poincaré presented proposals for future dealing with Germany. These have not been officially disclosed, but a probably authentic report declares that their main feature is a really effective system of Allied "control" of German finance, one much stricter than that recently agreed to by Germany: the customs to be closely supervised, new paper money to be issued only as authorized by the Allies, appropriations to require Allied approval. The proposals have been submitted to a committee of Allied Finance Ministers and associated experts, who are now engaged in hot debate over them. "Control" is used above in a sense somewhere between its original and its current meaning.

The following facts are significant in this connection. Germany increased her paper circulation by 13½ billion marks in 1919; by 33 billion marks in 1920; by 45 billion marks in 1921; and by 58 billion marks in the first six months of 1922. During the same period France has reduced her paper circulation.

Italy

FOLLOWING Bonomi's failure, Signor de Nava amiably attempted to form a strong cabinet of which not he, but the great Orlando, should be head. The situation now took a singular turn. The Catholics withdrew opposition to representation of the Conservatives in the Cabinet; in other words, they would not oppose firm dealing with the Communist menace. Thereupon the Socialists sprang a *coup*. They signified a willingness to participate in the Government in association with the parties of the Center and Right; thus abandoning a cardinal article of their policy. But, should participation be granted to them, it must also be granted to the Fascisti. Well, why not? one unversed in Italian politics might be expected to ask. Why not a Government of wide representation to include both Fascisti and Socialists? The correct answer is implicit in a remark of Giolitti's: "Make sure, if you have that sort of Cabinet, that a Red Cross ambulance is always at hand." Of course, such a Cabinet was out of the question. But the Socialists' *coup* was thought by the Socialists to have accomplished its purpose; to have prevented formation of a Cabinet likely to deal severely with the Communists and gently with the Fascisti. It should be observed that, though the Moderate Socialists disapprove the violence of the Communists, they own the obligations of kindred. They themselves are anti-dynastic and anti-capitalist and are only less obnoxious than their Red brothers in Marx to the Fascisti, who, when making reprisals, have not always distinguished nicely between pink and red.

De Nava having failed, the King sent again for de Facta, who succeeded in forming a Cabinet. But, said most of the wiseacres, it will not last long; it, like its predecessors, will deal weakly with the great domestic problems. Some, however, took particular note of a new name in the list of ministers—that of Senator Taddei, Minister of the Interior; the Taddei who in 1920, as Prefect of the Province of Turin, so brilliantly handled the situation in that province when the Communists had come so near to "putting over" their Bolshevik programme. Would Taddei display a like firmness in his new office?

He did. On August 1st a general strike had been declared throughout Italy. It was called off on the 4th. The violence of the strikers was quickly suppressed, partly by Fascisti and partly by Government troops, the latter displaying unprecedented vigor. But the Fascisti were not satisfied. Punitive measures, they felt, were in order; the Communist menace must be clean removed. Milan, Genoa, Bologna, Naples, Ravenna and other Communist centres were seized by the Fascisti; Communist offices were burned, Communist administrations sent packing. Resistance was suppressed, sometimes bloodily. All was going merrily when Taddei intervened. The military were ordered to "put down civil war at all costs." Martial law was proclaimed in six provinces. Movement of motor lorries was forbidden throughout Italy; a clever order, for the success of the Fascisti had been largely due to the swiftness of their movements, made possible by possession and use of lorries. The Fascisti were "flabbergasted," and here and there they clashed with Government troops. But on the 8th, Mussolini, head of the Fascismo organization, ordered demobilization of the Fascisti throughout Italy.

Whether he issued the order voluntarily or in compliance with a demand from the Government, it is unlikely that he would have issued it had he not felt confident that Taddei would by legal means continue the work which since 1920 the Fascisti had carried on by extra-legal means: namely, that of suppressing Bolshevik efforts to subvert the State.

Reports from Italy declare order completely restored. Taddei deserves an ovation. Thanks to him, the new de Facta cabinet has received a vote of confidence. The omens are propitious.

Sundry Matters

THE steam shipping of the British Empire totals about 21,000,000 tons; being 39 per cent. of all the steam tonnage of the world. The percentage has fallen from pre-war 47. The steam shipping of the United States totals about 12,000,000 tons, exclusive of wooden vessels; being 22 per cent. of the world tonnage, and having risen from pre-war 4 per cent. About 12,000,000 tons of shipping throughout the world is laid up idle; 3,000,000 in Britain, with loss of employment to 30,000 officers and men.

* * *

The seizure of cable landings at Waterville and Valentia in Ireland by Irish irregulars, has caused a tremendous how-d'ye-do in the world.

* * *

It is calculated that, if the present rate of decrease in the French birth-rate continues, the population of France will in 1965 have dwindled to 25,000,000 (it is now 39,000,000).

* * *

The mandate system will soon be completely in operation, the League Council having confirmed the Palestine and Syrian mandates conditionally upon settlement of some minor points still in controversy between France and Italy. When these points have been settled, those mandates will automatically go into effect.



Underhill

The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London, arriving with Mrs. Inge at Buckingham Palace for the King's garden party. The Dean is one of the most notable figures of the world

Lem Hooper on Dictators

By Ellis Parker Butler

COURT-OFFICER DURFEY, who had been on his two weeks' vacationing, hurried into the courtroom of our eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lemuel Hooper, and hung up his hat.

"Good mornin', judge; it feels fine to be back," Durfey said, and then asked: "Anything new happened since I went away?"

"Durfey," said Judge Hooper solemnly, "I am glad you are back, for I need your comforting smile. I am a heart-broken and disillusioned man, Durfey. This world, which I thought was a kind old cow that gave down sweet milk containing the full legal requirement of butter fats, turns out to be nothing but a wormy crab-apple. The guy that gave me the tip that life was one grand sweet song fooled me, Durfey, for I have discovered that life is no song at all, but a mess of poison ivy.

"I do not refer, mind you, Durfey," Judge Hooper continued, "to the disillusionment that has come to me since you went away regarding the younger school of authors in which I had put such high hopes. I had thought it was an enfranchising movement conducted by the younger intelligencia, Durfey, and I discover that His Sleepless Eyeness, Mister Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, says it is a conspiracy. I thought the eager lads who wrote the books that mother puts under the mattress when Gladys comes home from school are our one best bet, and I learn that many of

them were so awkward they busted their fiddles and have to use them for garbage scoops to make an indecent living. It is a shame, Durfey! The time will come, if this keeps on, when a man cannot read a dirty book and get folks to believe it is because he is trying to wash his mind clean enough to tackle the Rollo books. If it keeps on, Durfey, the time will come when folks will believe I buy the rank ones because I like them rank and not because I am a higher intelligence recognizing the better things.

"Mr. Sumner has written to Mr. Williams of the Authors' League, Durfey, suggesting that a committee be appointed to pass on the propriety of manuscripts before they are printed. 'This book,' the committee will say, 'has infected tonsils which should be removed before it is allowed to go to the party,' and 'I suspect, from the spots on its abdomen, that this book has a case of the measles and I recommend that it be interned until further notice.' 'In the case of the novel entitled *The Cocktail Gulpers*,' the committee will write, 'we beg to report favorably, with the exception of the contents, and we recommend that the cover and the copy-

right notice be permitted to be published after the picture on the cover has been submitted to the Committee on Garments established by the Ready-Made Garment Makers' Association of East New York, for approval or revision.'

"It should be no trouble to establish a committee, Durfey. A man has but to wiggle his little finger and he can establish a Committee for anything from Improving the Morals of Smoking Tobacco Signs to a Committee for Prohibiting the Sale of Nude Radishes to Adolescents, but the question is what the Committee will commit.

"For a book, you understand, Durfey, is not a motion picture, nor yet is it a stage play. Many a time you've seen the bold boast that this and that motion picture cost sleepless nights and the toil of thousands and

\$1,000,000, and maybe it did cost more than a house with a tile roof. And it's a poor stage play, Durfey, that don't cost more than you and I make in a year, both added together. A man does not want to have such royalty walk the plank, Durfey, and he'll stand a search first, but a book costs little more to make than a screen star will spend on a dinner to her second-best friends. So it will be 'Up with the black flag, and rake in the dubloons while the good times last!' and the line in front of the stall that sells the books bearing the colophon of the skull and cross-bones together with the motto 'We take a

chance!' will not last a minute—the mob that rushes to get the uncommitted books will pile over it like the ocean surf over a water-logged peanut."

Judge Hooper wiped the perspiration from his brow and snorted angrily.

"If I was a writer, Durfey, I would call a suggestion to committee my writings an insult to my honesty and decency and good sense. Committee! By thunder, Durfey, I'd rather have a Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis dictatorship any minute of the day!"

Court Officer Durfey rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Well, your honor," he said hesitatingly, "I can't make head nor tail of what you've been sayin', but I can see easy enough you're dead right on the subject. The only thing, judge, is that I don't see why it should rile you so."

"Rile me? Rile me?" cried Judge Hooper. "Great cats, Durfey, that ain't what riled me! I'm just working off my rile on that! What riled me, Durfey, is that yesterday I had to hold my own special bootlegger for the grand jury in \$500 bonds! My own bootlegger, mind you, Durfey!"



"—a committee be appointed to pass on the propriety of manuscripts"

Private Schools—Their Distinctive Merits

By Walter S. Hinchman

THE case for the private school depends a good deal on opinion. "There's allus two 'pinions," we must remember; "there's the 'pinion a man has of himself, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him." It is constantly alleged in favor of the private school, for example, that it provides, as the public school does not, successful experimentation in the field of education. Yet, however reasonable it may seem that the private school should make such a contribution, it has latterly not done more than the public school for the progress of education. The private boarding-school, especially, seems willing to treat as final its diagnosis of the pupil's needs; the medicine for unborn generations, even, would appear to have been already bottled and labeled. We must distinguish carefully between alleged and actual values.

It is reasonable, on the other hand, to take note of certain potential values, even though they may not have been fully realized. That is, there are things a private school may do which a public school can do only under millennial conditions, and if these things are already done in a few cases, or may easily be done, they may reasonably be considered "distinctive merits."

A still further point to bear in mind is that any valuation must deal with present conditions in America. The fact that public education on the continent of Europe surpasses private education in almost every particular, proves little. American education, like Topsy, has "just growed," and it cannot be measured by a European yardstick, even though it may profit greatly from a study of European education.

Rather obvious merits of the private schools spring from their small size, their relatively large funds per pupil-hour, and from greater flexibility in the disposal of funds than the public schools enjoy. As a result, the opportunity for experimentation, for measurement, and for careful supervision of both study and play is obvious. Private schools do not always make the most of this opportunity, as pointed out above, but from their nature it is clear that they might. A small enrollment in private schools of good standing is the result of deliberate choice; in public schools it is the result of isolation or meagre support. In the majority of cases, moreover, the public school is so crowded and the available teachers are so few that classes must be uncomfortably large, instruction must often be in the hands of an underpaid novice, and personal contacts must be light and fleeting.

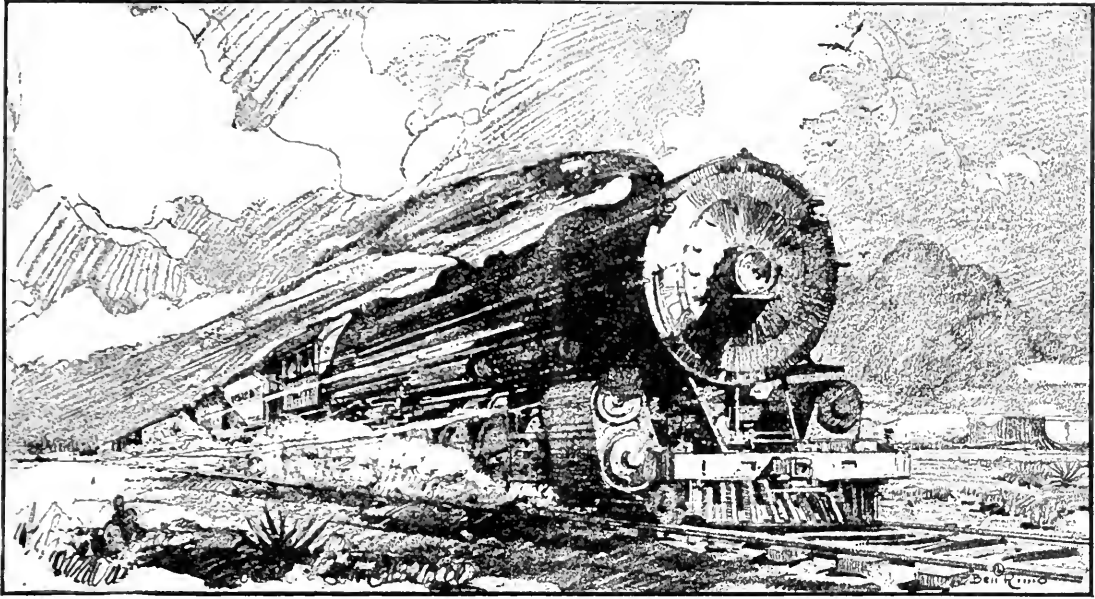
Coming now to a distinction between actual and potential merits, it has been stated that in regard to curriculum and methods the private schools, with a few notable exceptions, do not make the most of their opportunity. Many schools are the victims of a perverse tradition—a tradition compounded of fear of college entrance examinations, of failure to realize that education is an intellectual as well as a social process, of a stupid confusion of mental with moral discipline, and of a fixed distrust of experimentation. As a result, masters who are gentlemen but not teachers are often appointed, and apathy towards scholarship is thus viciously perpetuated.

In regard to other, non-curricular phases of education, in contrast, the members of private schools are distinctive in fact as well as in possibility. The pupil, after all, is the same person, whether he is playing baseball or eating lunch or studying Latin; his whole development, moral, physical, social, as well as intellectual, must be served; and as an individual person, he can grow only through personal contacts. The careful attention implied by the above he gets in the majority of private schools as he cannot in public institutions.

The perfect living-conditions of some private schools are not always a "distinctive merit," for the poor boy who goes home from the public school to do chores or run errands gets valuable experiences often left out of the life of the boy or girl who knows only study and play. In a great many American private schools, however, two notable steps have offset this defect. One is the emphasis on service, on doing something for your school community; the other is the insistence on self-help, a requirement that each pupil wait on himself or herself and share with the others such manual activities as will secure decent living-conditions and good playgrounds. It may be remarked, in passing, that the first headmasters to introduce these two excellent things—service and self-help—were bold experimenters; would it require greater hardihood to make a few ventures in the intellectual field?

A temporary merit of the private school, so far as studies go, is its refusal to run wildly after the fetish of elective courses. It no doubt often forces a pupil through studies for which he is unfitted; in contrast to its deep concern for the pupil's physical and moral needs, in the class-room it prescribes, as it were, one medicine for a whole ward of patients, irrespective of ailments. In many public schools, however, subjects are so briefly touched that the pupil does little thoroughly; as a result we have far too many "graduates" who have "studied" a number of things yet know nothing well—dangerous citizens, who because of their education assume that they have a right to ideas; worse yet, to the public expression of notions which they mistake for ideas. Whatever the motive of the private schools, their practice results in their exposing their pupils to a few subjects long enough for a fair percentage of them to get an education. The disease that Cardinal Newman saw in English universities—of superficial, scattered knowledge—has descended alarmingly on American public schools, while the private schools have generally resisted the lure of meretricious variety.

So far I have been thinking more or less of the pupil in the abstract. But the abstract norm does not exist in flesh and blood; nearly every boy or girl during adolescence needs some special attention—this one in studies, that in body, another in moral supervision. Given a good home, a good public school, and a child with few needs beyond the normal, the public school is frequently the better choice; but in our present state of complicated city life, the private school has an important service to render to any boy or girl who needs more individual attention or more outdoor life than the public school can provide.

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TRADE  MARK

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

THE HAIRY APE; ANNA CHRISTIE; THE FIRST MAN; three plays by Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.

THE RETURN, by Walter de la Mare. Knopf.

Evidently the re-publication of an early novel, a tale founded upon a supernatural incident.

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY, by Maurice Baring. Little, Brown.

Recollections of an English diplomat, traveller, and author.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, by Edith Wharton. Appleton.

IT will do no harm to refer again to three of the summer's books, three so entertaining that you may be glad to have the suggestion to take one or another of them away with you in September. Heywood Broun's "Pieces of Hate" (Doran) is the best collection of American essays of the season—the best I have seen is what I mean, of course. Its fault is the author's addiction to a kind of fat man's philosophy; a vague sympathy with the quitter and slacker, which is really an affectation, a tribute which Mr. Broun thinks he must pay to the god of his adoration, Bernard Shaw. He thinks he despises the "go-getter," the "red-blooded he-man," the professional 100 per cent. American—and so do we all. But no man who writes all the columns and pages which Mr. Broun writes is quite the good-natured, helpless, drifter which he likes to imagine himself. The merit of the book is that it has all the good humor of the younger English essayists with much more substance. It is not village curate wit. And it is American—as American as Coney Island or as a clambake. This is also funny, since Mr. Broun, and the paper for which he writes daily, the *New York World*, rather fancy themselves as internationalists.

The others are volumes of recollections, one English, one American. Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow's "Random Memories" (Houghton Mifflin) deserves all the praise it has received in reviews; it is unexpectedly amusing, and free from hackneyed opinions about a number of great personages. The other is the "Memoirs of a Clubman" (Dutton) by G. B. Burgin—a better book than the title indicates. Opposite the title-page is a list of about sixty books, evidently novels, by the same author. Look what an ignoramus am I—none of them have I heard of before, not even "The Shutters of Silence," which has gone into thirty-nine editions! Mr. Burgin's book is a mine of anecdote about authors and other folk. Here is one; it cannot be

new, yet it is new to me. Theodore Hook was in a Friends' Meeting House. Appalled by the silence, he produced a pork pie from his pocket. "The first who speaks shall have this pie," he sadly declared. "Profane scoffer, get thee hence," answered a member of the assembly. "Sir," said Theodore Hook, "the pie is yours."

Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" has not only won the Pulitzer Prize, but has been selected as *the greatest of American plays*, to be produced in Paris. What the greatest of American plays may be, I have no notion; that "Anna Christie" does not deserve the title, I ought not to say, since I have not seen it performed. But after reading it, I can only feel astonishment at the manner in which grown men and women load each new novelist, playwright, and poet, with extravagant praise. Mr. O'Neill's new volume of plays, "The Hairy Ape" (Boni and Liveright), includes "Anna Christie" and one other. "The Hairy Ape" must have been extraordinary—curious, vivid, and interesting—on the stage. Reading it is unsatisfactory; it is almost deafening, and I get the sensation of hearing forty men pounding on anvils.

A piece of careful research into early typographical history in this country is Lawrence C. Wroth's "A History of Printing in Colonial Maryland, 1686-1776." Mr. Wroth is first assistant librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore; the book is published by the Typothetæ of Baltimore and is itself typographically excellent. Mr. Wroth has made an admirable and exhaustive study of his subject, beginning with William Nuthead of St. Mary's, after his exile from Virginia, and including William Bladen, John Peter Zenger, and the Goddards. The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to an annotated bibliography of Maryland imprints of the colonial period.

A report upon English prisons, with a chapter upon "some American experiments" in penology and reform systems, is given in a volume of more than seven hundred pages. "English Prisons Today" (Longmans, Green) is the title; the editors are Stephen Hobhouse and A. Fenner Brockway; it is the report of the Prison System Enquiry Committee. Where the report strikes at prison cruelty, at unsanitary or harsh conditions, at the contact of the young, first offender with hardened criminals, it rings true, as a needed protest and a useful book. Where it merely quotes convicts saying "I shall treat mankind now without mercy," and where it emphasizes the fact that few convicts enjoy their prison experiences, it varies from the merely obvious to the viciously and impudently, sentimental. Consulting a number of witnesses who had been in prison as suffragists or as anti-militarists was a method of compiling testimony not devoid of some disadvantages. The edi-

tors say that they both spent considerable periods in prison (one for over twelve months and one for over twenty eight months) during the years of the war. They neglect to state under what circumstances they were there; if it was as prisoners for reasons connected with the war, the reader of the book ought to know that. I can understand the argument of the man who says that prisons do no good, and that they should be abolished altogether. I can understand and fully agree with the man who tries to abolish brutality and unsanitary conditions in prison. But I cannot understand the mental processes of the man who complains that prisons are not "cheerful" places. As well complain because the bill of fare in a hospital does not include mince-pie and Welsh rabbits every night.

The third series of essays by Anatole France, "On Life and Letters" (Dodd, Mead), are translated by D. B. Stewart, and there are pretty Beardsley end-papers to the volume. The great ironist writes of Charles Baudelaire, of Chinese stories, of Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, of Joan of Arc, of Paul Verlaine, of Buddhism, and of many other subjects. Persons for whose opinion I have the most profound respect assure me that Anatole France is incomparable. His writings are now forbidden to faithful sons of the Church of Rome. I wish I were a Roman Catholic; then I could abstain from reading Anatole France and acquire merit. And how easy it would be!

Speaking of the late Harold Monro, who used the pen-name of "Saki," the Hon Maurice Baring describes the high quality of Saki's wit. People dismissed him as a funny writer, although he was really a thoughtful satirist. In literary circles in London, "or at dinner-parties where you would hear people rave over some turgid piece of fiction, that because it was sordid was thought to be profound, and would probably be forgotten in a year's time, you would never have heard 'Saki' mentioned as an artist to be taken seriously."

Mr. Baring's book, "The Puppet Show of Memory" (Little, Brown), says much of his diplomatic and other experiences, in Russia, in the East, and in other countries. Nowhere, so far as I have discovered, is anything said of his own delightful trio of books "Dead Letters," "Lost Diaries," and "Diminutive Dramas," three books so amusing and original that I have been in a continual rage for years to hear many other books, far inferior, praised to their comparative neglect. Delay not, but read "Dead Letters," or "Lost Diaries," and see if I speak not the truth. Meanwhile, "The Puppet Show of Memory" is a most varied and pleasing book of recollections.

It belongs to the class of easy and informal autobiography—a kind of book which Englishmen are now writing with more and more success.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

Mrs. Wharton on Character

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

MRS. WHARTON has been long and busily discussed as realist, ironist, stylist, and so on; but it is safe to say that her great public has cared for none of these things. No great public does, consciously. Unconsciously, it may accept them as secondary achievements or attributes of some value. But what the great public is after, and rightly, is the great, or at least the good, story in itself. Its rewards are for the skilful story-teller; and it is ready to put up with, and even good-naturedly to acknowledge the merit of, a novelist's philosophy or his graces if they do not interfere with the main business. With a novel, as with a play, ideas and style "do no harm" in their places. Thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens have followed Mrs. Wharton's work—from "The House of Mirth," at least, to "The Glimpses of the Moon"—as the children followed the piper. Tens and hundreds of them might have followed her if she had been what a critic recently called her: "essentially a votary—among Americans the first, the most consistent, and by all odds the most important—of the realistic spirit." The "scientific spirit of modern realism" of which the critic goes on to speak is not the spirit, surely, that broods over "The Glimpses of the Moon."

And indeed it is true of this story, as it has been progressively true from the beginning of Mrs. Wharton's novels, that it shows less of ironic detachment and skepticism than its forerunners. Her master, Henry James, said that with her "the masculine conclusion tended to crown the feminine observation"; which, rudely speaking, means that she saw like a woman and reasoned like a man.

After the death of Henry James some of the secrets of his workshop were revealed, and we learned, to our amazement, that his great preoccupation and pain had been with the substance and structure of his work, and that its style was hardly more than an unlucky accident. What he had yearned and slaved for was the perfect contrivance, the flawless mould, the story solidly and frugally built to stand by itself and to bear inspection from every angle. He was a sculptor, though the vulgar world thought him a mincer of words. If he was, as we say, Mrs. Wharton's master, the traces of her apprenticeship have become less and less noticeable. And she has at the same time got a firmer hold on the great principle of his craftsmanship,—construction. Now and then—notably in "The Fruit of the Tree"—her earlier novels showed confusion or diffusion owing to imperfect control of materials. "The Glimpses of the



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Moon" is as infallibly built as a story by Conrad or Merrick.

The key to this new chamber in Mrs. Wharton's castle of imagination may lie in the suggestion that its chief occupant, Susy Branch, is a Lily Bart with a soul. To begin with, of course, she is a Lily of a later generation. She knows more clearly what she is about, has the frankness and the security from casual assault of the modern girl. Her only assets are beauty and breeding; and they are still amply sufficient to win her a parasitic maintenance when she steps forth to her adventure with Nicholas Lansing. He is little better than a male of her own kind, in practice. Though he makes a sort of living by literary hack-work, and will not be cheaply bribed by richer people of his set, he does depend upon them for his luxuries, his opera, his dinners, his travels. Neither he nor Susy wishes to marry; but love takes them; and, not rating the quality of that love too highly, they determine to let it have its way. Yet even here we touch the bedrock of strength and decency which distinguishes the Susys from the Lilys. Susy herself, at the time, would give it no higher name than common-sense: "I've seen too much of that kind of thing. Half the women I know who've had lovers have had them for the fun of sneaking and lying about it; but the other half have been miserable. And I should be miserable." She has her own sensible plan ready: "Why shouldn't they marry; belong to each other openly and honorably, if for ever so short a time, and with the definite understanding that whenever either of them got the chance to do better he or she should be immediately released? The law of their country facilitated such exchanges, and society was beginning to view them as indulgently as the law."

Why not? Nicholas Lansing has no higher code that he is aware of. So the pair embark upon their temporary legalized union, which they see lasting as long as their wedding cheques and Susy's adroitness in "managing" various free and luxurious lodgments at their friends' expense shall last. An irresponsible and cynical undertaking. How readily, in the hands of our blithe young modernists, it would develop into a chronicle of boredom and intrigue, debauchery and disintegration, with a Slavic brutality or a Gallic frivolity to top it off! Not so, as Mrs. Wharton sees it. For the whole idea and upshot of her story is that for Susy and Nick marriage is an undertaking in the face of which, or behind the back of which, neither Susy nor Nick is able to be irresponsible or cynical. There is good stock in them both, a solid basis of old-fashioned and unmodish "characters." It keeps them from sinking into the nether mires of selfishness and sensuality, and binds them, willing or unwilling, with the firm tie of honest mating. To both, we are to see, comes the "better chance" of a second marriage, with persons by no means uncongenial, which will guarantee them all the freedom and opportunity of boundless wealth—all

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they have consciously coveted. But for both, when the pinch comes, the change is impossible, because both realize that in some mysterious fashion their light union has turned out a real mating. They belong to each other, are "married" for good and all; and though there are clearly troubles enough ahead for them, nothing can put them asunder.

Shall we say that in pointing such a moral, or enforcing such a conception of married love, Mrs. Wharton has foresworn her "scientific" god of old for the rosy idol of sentimentalism? Or shall we surmise that, however romantic its method, her present interpretation of character in action may be, in the big sense, quite as realistic, as true to the nature we know, as any of our current imitations of an alien and negative realism?

H. W. BOYNTON

An American Problem

IMMIGRATION AND THE FUTURE.

THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATION AND THE ALIEN. By Frances Kellor. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1920, 1921.

IN the first of these two books on immigration, Miss Kellor presents, in all its many-sidedness, one of the urgent problems which confront America at the present time. She sets forth the results of her careful study and gives a dispassionate analysis. The second book is a supplement to the first and is concerned less with larger aspects than with more immediate administrative measures. In both, however, the author's brief is that some definite policy should be formulated. She shows us that, in order to establish a sound and sane policy, one which shall afford justice and a chance for development for all concerned, an exhaustive study of the entire field must be made by experts; notes must be compared and differences settled as between interest and interest and nation and nation; we must realize that it is more than a question of labor supply; that we have on our hands a situation the roots of which reach back into the past and whose branches extend to all parts of the earth in bewildering intricacy.

Because the features of the State laws which provided for the protection and assimilation of the immigrant were omitted when the Federal law nationalized immigration, the result now is that the alien is welcomed to this country by a person of his own nationality, and from then on is immersed in an economic system organized and conducted by other aliens. He is housed by members of his own race; he buys his food and other needs at stores which they run; he banks with them, and he finds recreation in membership in societies that promote close association with the mother country. The mother country, meanwhile, in pursuance of a policy in sharp contrast to America's indifference, is keeping in touch with her emigrants, and, to a large degree, is controlling scientifically both the volume

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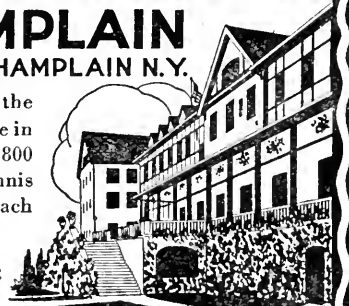
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The Independent and the Weekly Review invites inquiries pertaining to travel for pleasure, health or business.

**THE INDEPENDENT
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and the direction of her emigration.

Many interesting questions are raised in these two books; questions which the author does not attempt to answer, but which must be answered if a working policy is to be established: Is immigration essential to our economic development? What shall be done with the foreign-language press? Shall aliens be registered? Shall America adopt a national system of assimilation? Shall the basis for assimilation be Anglo-Saxon?

Miss Kellor does answer the last question but one, not directly, but by her implicit assumption throughout the two books that America can gain, not economically alone, but through a fuller, richer development, by the "complete integration of the immigrant into American life at each vital point."

L. MARGARET GIDDINGS

New Light on the Life of Virgil

VERGIL. A BIOGRAPHY. By Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THIS new biography, its author states, will derive little support from the ancient records of the poet's life. "The scraps of information about him," it is declared, "given us by the fourth century grammarian, Donatus, are inconsistent, at best unauthenticated, and generally irrelevant. . . The meagre 'Vita' is a conglomeration of a few chance facts set into a mass of later conjecture." This is a splendid act of renunciation on the author's part. What is there left from which to write a life of a supremely reticent poet like Virgil if we dispense with his ancient biographers? Professor Frank finds more than a fair compensation in another source, rejected during the long years of hypercriticism from which we are just emerging; it is the collection of minor poems, *Culex*, *Ciris*, and the rest, which the ancients, now joined by many of the moderns, regarded as Virgil's own work. However, one does not have to read far before perceiving that the author has not wholly thrown off the shackles of Donatus, Servius, and their confederates. The "few chance facts" bulk rather large.

The most enjoyable and novel part of the book is the account of the pleasant days spent by the youthful Virgil in the garden of the Epicureans at Naples. Whatever the exact boundaries of this period, the years 48 to 42 would include it. It is a period of revolt from rhetoric and Rome and of preoccupation with the Epicurean teachings of Siro and Philodemus, which the poet Lucretius had put into brilliant relief not many years before. Building partly on the work of his predecessors and adding many plausible conjectures of his own, Professor Frank has drawn an unforgettable picture of these Neapolitan days, which from now on must form one of the chapters in any life of Virgil. With no less skill and charm,

(Continued on page 84)

What Bonds for Your Investments?

IT is hardly straining the point to say that the rule which ought to govern the investor in bonds is the rule of "Safety First"—that is to say, the rule of making sure (humanly speaking, of course) that both principal and interest will be paid in full when due. And in order to make sure, it is practically necessary for the investor to turn to the bond expert for advice.

This is particularly true at the present time, because the conditions which give stability and profitability to specific issues of bonds are undergoing rapid changes which only an expert can follow.

It seemed a year and a half ago, when many apparently and many actually "gilt-edged" bonds were offered on terms to pay interest of 7 and 8 per cent., that high interest rates combined with safety were at the disposal of the most innocent investor. But even then—and perhaps more emphatically now, when all interest rates are much lower—it was and is true that the investor who wants to guard himself against unwitting speculation in bonds needs the counsel of some agent possessed not only of good judgment, but of the complete knowledge of each bond offering that is indispensable to the forming of a sound judgment on a particular issue.

Those whose bond investments are frequent and cover a large range of issues, are likely to know that the promises of Government and State bonds can rarely or never be enforced by legal process; while the bonds of lesser political divisions (in the United States) can be—at least to the point of securing a judgment. They know that some foreign government bonds, like many foreign municipal issues, are "secured" either (or both) by specific mortgages on public properties, or by liens on public revenues, and in other ways.

But the real validity of the assurance—or insurance—provided by such provisions is a thing that can be judged with reasonable certainty only by the trustworthy and trained expert.

As to other bonds, also, things are often not quite what they may seem to the investor. It does not follow, because railroad profits generally are rising, that the 6 per cent. bonds of two great railroads are equally good investments. Many things besides the equal good faith of the two roads are involved—questions of finance, of economic opportunity, and the like, which only an expert is capable of judging. The same thing applies to city and to industrial bonds. A city may be honest, and progressive, but have plans too large for its tax-paying capacity. An industrial plant may have a product whose superficial promises of large profits is much impaired by faulty methods or by a rising competition. There are many safe advisers available to the investor; and he needs them.



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(Continued from page 82)

he shows us Neapolitan flavors in the *Bucolics* and the *Georgics*. Any reader of the latter poem learns from the poet himself that it was written in Naples, but Professor Frank has made its background stand out vividly, suggesting incidentally that the little poem on the *Copa*, a rollicking tavern-maid who performs a tarentella and invites us to sip the *vino di Sorrento* in a pergola, was composed in the same period as the *Georgics*. And the *Bucolics* are relieved of much silly criticism by the ingenious observation that their scenery, though it will ultimately be found nowhere but in Arcadia, is primarily Campanian.

The scent of the Garden lingers pleasantly in the poet's later works, and it seems to have somewhat overcome Professor Frank. He would have Virgil a pronounced Epicurean not only in his youth but for the remainder of his existence. Servius has recovered his lost authority with a vengeance; for Servius loses no opportunity to discover Epicurean doctrine in Virgil's poetry and to proclaim the poet a strict adherent of the School. I venture to think that few will follow Professor Frank thus far. Despite Virgil's devotion, never retracted, to the master of his early thought, he throws down the gauntlet to Lucretius in the noble lines at the end of the second *Georgic*, where he protests that the simple piety of the rustic no less than the philosopher's science brings happiness and peace; with Tennyson, he would have knowledge grow from more to more, with no abandonment of reverence. It is true that the theology of the sixth *Aeneid* is primarily necessitated by the demands of the plot; the poet, wishing a supernatural setting for his panorama of Roman history, invents a Platonic picture of Elysium, where heroes, awaiting transmigration, can be viewed before their earthly time. But because his imagery fits his design, as Virgil's generally does, it does not follow that he is not in sympathy with the ideas underlying his imagery. Though the poet is not rehearsing a creed, he is writing out his temperament. His mind, though ever a battle-ground for the ancient quarrel between science and poetry, and occupied with broodings on the doubtful doom of human kind, was too deeply tinged with mystic longing to adhere permanently by a mechanical and atomistic theory of the universe. He is a follower of Plato, if we must associate him with a school, and a harbinger of the new faith about to come:

Dieu volait qu'avant tout rayon du Fils de l'Homme
L'aube de Bethléem blanchit le front de Rome.

At all events, we may be grateful to Professor Frank for protesting against a tendency too much in vogue of late, to think of Virgil, and Virgil's hero, as primarily Stoic. That is enough to make the poet's body turn in its grave, and his soul, in whatever Elysium it be, to flee *indignata sub umbras*.

E. K. RAND

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

September 2, 1922

WE understand:

That Albert O. Wharton, a labor member of the Railroad Labor Board, was re-elected President of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor at the convention of that organization held in Chicago in April, 1922.

That Bert M. Jewell was at the same time re-elected Vice-President of the organization.

That the convention, after discussion, reached the understanding that Vice-President Jewell was to sign as "president," and not as "acting president."

That Brother Wharton, with other officers newly elected, gathered on the platform and in the presence of the convention repeated the following obligation:

"I . . . of my own free will and in the presence of the officers and delegates of this convention here assembled, pledge upon my honor as a man, to perform to the best of my ability, all the duties of the office to which I have been elected. I will obey the constitution and laws of this organization and orders emanating from its proper officers, when in conformity therewith. . . ."

That this understanding of the status of Brother Wharton has for some time been familiar to the public members of the Labor Board.

That one of these public members has said that "The shopmen's strike was engineered from inside the Labor Board."

That this understanding of the status of Brother Wharton has been made available to President Harding.

That Section 306 (a) of the Transportation Act reads in part as follows:

"Any member of the Labor Board who during his term of office . . . holds any office in any organization of employees . . . shall at once become ineligible for further membership upon the Labor Board."

POLITICAL America is again reminded that there is a limit to the grace with which the

citizens of a State welcome advice from outsiders. If we may judge by the primary campaign now under way in Michigan, that State is becoming restive under the effort to make a national issue out of "Newberryism." That editorial local patriots should declare the State slandered may signify little. More unexpected and more significant are the indications of a very general apathy in the State campaign. Two months ago every one was saying as a matter of course that there would be a hot primary fight in Michigan this year. Quite the opposite. The *Detroit Free Press* goes so far as to say, "There is depressing evidence that the large mass of the people of Michigan are not interested."

"Newberryism," as a matter of fact, is not, at least directly, so much of an issue in Michigan as it is in certain other States. Indirectly, however, the bringing of campaign expenses into the limelight is having its effect. Senator Townsend, Republican, who seeks renomination, feels constrained to make public statements monthly of all campaign expenditures in his behalf. One of his opponents, Patrick Kelly, has been severely heckled by women for refusing to follow Senator Townsend's example. The law, of course, requires no such statements. A third candidate, Mr. Baker, is making his canvass as "a poor man" and on the theory that the farmers and laboring classes are discontented. He is attacking almost everything, the Transportation Act in particular.

An anti-Ford organ says, "Ford gives orders for getting a U. S. Senatorship as he gives orders for building a blast furnace." There is little evidence that such "orders" are being honored.

THE general indications are that Michigan will have one of the least costly and least exciting primary elections under its present law. Little money, little interest? We dislike to say so. But it is evident that the problem of the right use of money in political campaigns must have more seri-

ous attention than it has yet received, if it is to be solved. What is undoubtedly an important factor in rolling up huge campaign expenses was touched on by Mr. Charles D. Hilles, of New York, at a complimentary dinner tendered him on the occasion of his retirement as president of the National Republican Club. Speaking of certain party debts Mr. Hilles said, "These deficits are rarely imposing in their proportions, unless they are incurred by successful business men who are sojourning in politics temporarily. A lion in finance is a lamb in politics quite as often as a giant in politics is a pigmy in business."

ONE of the most important and interesting of the Senatorial primaries is that of California, which is taking place as we go to press. Here the renomination of Hiram W. Johnson is contested by Mr. Charles C. Moore, a San Francisco business man of high reputation, who was president of the San Francisco Exposition. What makes the contest particularly interesting is that ranged back of Moore are a large number of those progressives who formerly followed Johnson as their leader, but who are now disillusioned. They include such men as Chester Rowell, E. O. Egerton, William Kent, Ralph Arnold, and many others. On the other hand, the chief supporters of Johnson are William Randolph Hearst and M. H. de Young, owner of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The Johnson political machine, fed at the public crib, is still powerful in California, and old-line politicians predict that it will win. The Moore campaign, however, though undertaken as a forlorn hope, as a protest against Johnson's conduct as Senator and against the Johnson machine, has shown unexpected strength, and in the last fortnight has greatly worried the Johnson leaders. Johnson's alliance with Hearst is a bitter pill for Californians to swallow, especially his employment while Senator to defend Hearst before the Supreme Court for his theft of news from the Associated Press, and as counsel in the New York traction matter to obstruct the enlightened policy of a Republican Governor. Southern California will give Moore a large majority, as will many of the mountain districts; if Moore is defeated, Johnson will owe his success solely to the machine which he built up by patronage while Governor of the State.

THE sister of an army officer recently "plucked" at the age of fifty-three, moved thereto by an editorial paragraph in our issue of August 5, has written us a pathetic account of her brother's condition. "My brother seems to have lost, for the time, all self-confidence," says she. "The dejected appearance that he makes in contrast with his military bearing of only a few months ago completely withers me, so that with difficulty I

carry on my accustomed mode of life *among people to whom no satisfactory explanation can be made*. On returning home from work, I almost always find him seated resting his head upon his hand, or walking up and down with measured tread. Urged to undertake some new line of work, he always answers with the deadening words, 'I'm too old to begin.' My father was a captain in the Civil War and instilled in my mind a patriotic sentiment, but the worry and insomnia I have suffered as a result of this *ex post facto* law seem at present to have deadened my patriotism."

We know nothing about the merits of this particular case, but we venture to say that, among the 2,500 who under the recent legislation are to be plucked, there will be many a conscientious efficient officer on whom the terrible humiliation will have an effect similar to that above described.

Some will say that those who succumb thus show a weak and puling spirit. That is not fair. They showed spirit enough, these fellows, under fire. Only the humiliation touched them mortally in their pride. Those who succumb are not to be blamed or despised. But we wish for all the plucked ones a spirit above what the bad faith of Congress may do, "unconquerable will and courage never to submit or yield" to the bludgeonings of Fate or Congress. Gentlemen of the Congress, you do not well, in bad faith to sow such seeds of bitterness!

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY is right. It is absurd to expect a married man to live on nothing at all, and you can't blame him if, while *trying* to live on nothing at all, he picks up odd jobs outside his university work. But Northwestern has adopted the wrong corrective. Instead of forbidding instructors to marry, it should cut down the number of its faculty so as to leave enough money to go around. The truth is, faculties are in the situation of the coal miners: they number too many men. A "fact-finding" committee composed of business men would undoubtedly discover that our universities cannot furnish enough productive work for their vast army of laborers. We do not overlook the fact that instructors groan under the burden of many hours of teaching and committee meetings. What we are laying stress on is *productive* work. We can see no reason for dividing knowledge up into such snippets as provide the excuse for many a course. If one-quarter of the courses offered in any large university were to be discarded, the result would not be calamitous but beneficial. Or suppose that our highly specialized present system were practiced in, say, four universities, one each in the East, West, North, and South, and that the remaining universities were satisfied with a more modest programme. Think of all the overlapping which would be avoided, and think of the fat salaries that universities could then provide.

UPON the news of Michael Collins's death, almost every one was moved to throw up his hands and cry, "No hope for Ireland! A curse is on her!" Whether or no the attack from ambush by some 200 "irregulars" on the Collins party of twenty officers and men was in violation of the laws of war (the irregulars have been conceded belligerent rights) depends on whether or no the irregulars were uniformed or wore some readily distinguishable badge to mark their party. But, whether or no there was violation of the laws of war, it was the most despicable, cowardly, and inhuman of ambushes; in the view of all generous men it was assassination of the meanest type. To give it its proper name, it was the crowning act of infamy of those "irregulars" whose conduct in the civil war has been consistently infamous beyond precedent. No hope for Ireland, then—such an Ireland? Why, yes, great hope. According to competent authority, the irregulars and their sympathizers do not total more than 10 per cent. of the population. The other 90 per cent. are as decent as so many average Americans. Indeed, the behavior of the Free State Government and of the National Army has been almost without precedent for restraint and generosity.

It is, of course, to Ireland a tragedy of the first order, the loss of Collins: a genuine national hero, a fellow of infinite resource, of an invincible buoyancy of spirit, of complete integrity, of a merry valor, of a personal magic hardly equalled in our time, the darling of his countrymen. But the very able Richard Mulcahy is quite competent to carry the war to a successful finish. And though the loss of Collins, the statesman, the President of the Provisional Free State Government, the champion of the policy of loyal fulfillment of the London Agreement, twinned as it is with the loss of Griffith, creates a doubtful, even, perhaps, a dangerous situation, it is no compliment to the Irish people to despair of worthy successors to those two great men. The work of Griffith and Collins has been carried to the point whence smaller men, equally sincere, can successfully continue it.

We could justly praise Griffith as highly as we have praised Collins, though in a different kind. He died of over-work in the cause of his country; a death as truly heroic as the death of Collins. And, though not a soldier, he was as intrepid as Collins, as he showed at Sligo.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!

The Right to Work

IN his speech at Marion on July 4 President Harding said, "A free American has the right to work without any other's leave." And in his message to Congress on August 18 he repeated the proposition and vigorously asserted that it would be maintained by the American Government.

Did Mr. Harding understand the revolutionary bearings of his statement? On both occasions, it is true, his words were prompted by a specific set of circumstances—the situation in the coal and rail strikes. It was not his intention, for the time being, we may suppose, to see the principle applied beyond those two fields. He did, nevertheless, elevate the issue to a moral plane, not being satisfied to consider merely the public's rights and convenience. And if a moral issue can be found to guarantee a man's right to work with reference to the mining of coal and operation of the railroads, man's right to work, unmolested by his fellows, can be made a moral issue wherever labor is employed. For it is absurd to look upon this as a sacred right only when the interruption of man's work inconveniences the public.

As stated by President Harding, here is a great moral principle to enforce which he means to use "all the powers of the Government." It is a principle with a ring to it, the kind of ring which sounds American—"A free American has the right to work without any other's leave." It is a prin-

ciple which should appeal to every one as a true American's birthright. It is not a new principle, yet one which has long been in abeyance. And the determination of a President of the United States to enforce it would, if carried out broadly, be one of the most important milestones in our history. If the President will live up to his words, and if, through the instrumentality of the Government, he succeeds in so changing the complexion of our industrial life that outlawry and threats of violence no longer find a place in labor disputes, this one achievement will make him an outstanding figure among our Presidents.

He has chosen an auspicious time. The public is sick of seeing itself flouted, of being at the mercy of labor and capital, and is more than willing to have the old, primitive methods replaced by more enlightened ones.

But let no one think that the principle of man's right to work will be accepted without great opposition, especially on the part of labor leaders. They know, and everybody knows, that the teeth of most strikes have been violence and intimidation. Once the principle in question is strictly enforced, the strike will in general have lost its potency. It may be that by a widening of the affiliations of labor unions a great deal can be accomplished by means of sympathetic strikes, even without threat and violence. But that method is full of difficulties for the labor leaders.

The enforcement of the principle of the right to work would be regarded by union labor as a body blow, and not unnaturally. Suppose it were known that every person replacing a striker today would be completely safeguarded, how long would the railroad strike last? It would collapse immediately, since labor is plentiful just now. In considering the principle outlined by the President every one might as well recognize that its enforcement would, unless supplemented by carefully devised legislation, upset most of the present calculations of the labor union. It would tend to leave laborers at the mercy of the employer, as they were left before the union became so active. It is, of course, the public's realization of labor's plight and the employer's greed which has made people, during the past thirty or forty years, so tolerant of the outlawry practiced by unions. By outlawry and threats of outlawry the workingman succeeded in bettering his economic status, and a sympathetic public was lenient and forgiving on that account.

But the public now understands how patient it has been. It is beginning to insist that the relations of labor and capital shall be so managed that there shall not be this widespread inconvenience year in and year out. It has no intention of taking away from the union its privilege of collective bargaining or its right to strike, but it is now ready to say that unless workingmen can conduct their strikes in a law-abiding way, then strikes must cease. It expects from the unions some constructive suggestions and not merely an obsession with their own selfish interests. We venture to predict that some really helpful suggestions coming from union leaders would have the public's enthusiastic support.

For ourselves, we are happy that the President has brought the whole question to a sharp issue by proclaiming a principle to which every self-respecting American must subscribe. To enforce it satisfactorily will require the exercise of consummate statesmanship. If President Harding does no more than get the principle so oriented in people's minds that it can be made a slogan in the fight to straighten out labor troubles, he will have done much.

We cannot but feel that the more thoughtful of labor-union men will see how valuable in the long run the principle would be to them. Many of them have been forced into strikes for which they had no relish; they have not even had the privilege of voting secretly on a strike, being required to say yes or no in a meeting frenzied by their enterprising leaders. There is plenty of evidence to show that union men are not satisfied with the manner in which they are being led and that a reasonable campaign of education might disclose to them the fact that to reject the principle of man's right to work would be to turn their backs on their own best interests.

The President will not expect to win their confidence by depriving them of their strongest weapon unless at the same time he is prepared to advocate the setting up of machinery which will hold the balance even between labor and capital. In the Railroad Labor Board there seems to be the possibility of such an instrument. We still believe that if it is provided with proper authority—and this is the President's intention—it will more and more win a reputation for fairness, and can demonstrate that the new ways are much better than the old.

The matter will not be so difficult as it now appears if the principle of freedom to work can be got home to the public as a part of our American tradition which from now on, at least, must not be forfeited.

The Helmsman Sets a Course

AFTER much buffeting by contrary winds and cross-currents, sometimes through enveloping fog, Helmsman Harding has at last set a straight and definite course through the stormy and rock-strewn Sea of Strikes. He has picked out two true beacons: "no body of men . . . shall be permitted to choose a course that imperils public welfare" and "the right of men to work." If he will but hold the tiller firm on this course, undeterred by menacing clouds and impervious to false counsel, he will soon win through to the calmer waters of prosperous seas, to the grateful satisfaction of passengers and crew alike.

Such in allegorical form is our appraisal of the President's significant and statesmanlike message to Congress on August 18. A considerable portion of that message is taken up with a recital of the Administration's long series of fruitless efforts at negotiation and mediation to end the two great strikes, efforts which taxed to the utmost not only the characteristic patience and toleration of Mr. Harding, but that of the general public as well. As for the shopmen's strike, we believe that, had the President from the start taken a position squarely backing up the Railway Labor Board and affirming unequivocally the right to work, the strike would have long since been ended and the public interest highly served. Indeed, the President's willingness to compromise on the principle of seniority, a compromise which the carriers were bound in honor to reject, but which was dictated by Mr. Harding's overwhelming sense of responsibility for what he terms "the pressing demands of the welfare of the whole people," was calculated to complicate gravely future railway labor controversies. In any case, union labor cannot but thank the President for giving to their side the most indulgent consideration. The delay occasioned by these long negotiations has been costly and exasperating, but it has achieved one big result. It has convinced the public that the Administration is no

tool of "the interests" and has crystallized public opinion on the fundamental principles which the President has now announced. The issues have been clarified and Mr. Harding will have solidly behind him the vast majority of the people in his determination to put an end to the wholesale campaign of sabotage, assault, intimidation, train-wrecking, and murder by which the unions have sought to apply "economic pressure."

The President's recommendation to Congress of the establishment of a Government commission, clothed with authority to investigate to the bottom the coal-mining industry, wages, and conditions of labor, and to recommend legal enactments to safeguard the public, should have universal approval. It is a constructive proposal of the first importance. Concerning the President's other concrete recommendations we are less confident. The emergency created by the great coal strike may demand the intervention of a Government commission with authority to purchase, sell, and distribute coal, but we should like to see every possible resource short of this exhausted before resorting to such a war-time measure with the evils inseparable from it. Likewise we are inclined to doubt the necessity of special legislation regarding the safeguarding of the rights of aliens under treaty as against the action of local authorities or against their failure to act. No State can set aside treaty rights and the Federal courts are open for redress. It lies within the power of the Department of Justice to make a salutary example of local authorities who disregard and flout these rights, while in such legislation there is danger of encroaching yet further on the proper rights of the States.

We note one statement in the message which indicates that the President has been imposed upon with false and inaccurate information. He says: "Under these conditions of hindrance and intimidation there has been such a lack of care of motive power that the deterioration of locomotives and the non-compliance with the safety requirements of the law are threatening the breakdown of transportation." It is true that there has been a large amount of criminal sabotage and that locomotives and other rolling stock have been covertly damaged, but it is also true that the railroads have been extraordinarily successful in making repairs and in maintaining their equipment in spite of this.

We call attention to this point in the President's message because of the ironical effrontery of the strikers' argument based upon the assumption that rolling stock has sadly broken down and that public safety is endangered. To put sand in bearings, tamper with bolts and gears, cut air-brake hose, and then to appeal for public support on the ground that the railroads cannot operate safely without their help because of the condition of equipment, strikes us as a delicious example of sardonic humor.

Tariff and Bonus—The Buncombe of Blind Leaders

REPUBLICAN members of the Senate and House present a most extraordinary spectacle. To be sure, there are a few conspicuous examples of men of courage and intelligence who are standing on principle and who thereby win the respect even of their political opponents. But the mass are tremulously concerned over their prospects of reelection, and in their anxiety to catch in their sails every vagrant breeze that blows are pursuing a course not only endangering their own campaigns but likely to encompass the defeat of their party two years hence. They are now transforming Republicans into Democrats at an astonishing rate.

The two measures which are doing this so successfully and to which the major part of the present session has been devoted are the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill and the Soldiers' Bonus Bill. Both are political boomerangs of high power. Glance at the proposed tariff enactment. Nearly every one outside of Congress realized two fundamental considerations governing the situation. The first was that the changed position of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation and the unsettled economic conditions in Europe made it hazardous to venture on any tariff legislation at all until proper data could be obtained. The second was that nothing could be better calculated to injure American business and raise the cost of living than to erect a tariff wall which would prevent other countries buying our products in the only way possible to them, namely, by selling us theirs. Oblivious of these obvious facts, both houses have passed bills that constitute the most grotesque example of tariff legislation in the history of the country. As the bills come to conference, there is the difference between the two houses as to the so-called American valuation plan as well as nearly twenty-five hundred Senate amendments. It is a spectacle to make the judicious grieve. It also presents to President Harding the greatest opportunity of his career. If he will choose the courageous course and veto the obnoxious measure, he will not only win for himself a high place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, but will rescue his party from ignominious defeat. The American people are now disgusted with the jockeying and lobbying that have written the bill; their disgust will be intensified tenfold if its effects come home to them.

The proposed bonus bill is even worse. Even if no question of principle were involved—which is not true—it seems incomprehensible that Congress should show such a lack of foresight as to enact a measure involving so enormous an expenditure without providing some tangible scheme for

meeting it. As a matter of fact, of those who propose and support it, few indeed really want it. They would talk for it and get what political capital they may out of it, and then throw upon the President the onus of saving them from the effect of their disingenuous action—a familiar political subterfuge. The President has made up his mind to veto the bill, an action which would be consistent with his earlier declaration. It is reassuring to know that the President is determined to assume this responsibility.

The Vigilantes of Italy

WHEN a stalwart and fearless youth rushes in and puts out of action a brutal bully who is maltreating and terrorizing helpless women and children, normal people feel a thrill of satisfaction. A similar feeling was the natural reaction when two years ago the youth of Italy, mainly those who had fought bravely in the war, came to the defense of their country and saved it from the threatened Communist overthrow instigated by Moscow. In 1919 Italy was in a desperate situation. The war had left a bitter legacy of poverty, unemployment, and discontent. The Bolsheviki had poured in hundreds of agitators and millions of money to take advantage of it. Rights of property were denied, governmental authority laughed at, and the law openly flouted. Under these conditions the elections were held. It was not strange that in the summer of 1920 factories were seized by the workingmen and lands by peasants. The Government, headed by Giolitti, was helpless. For a time it looked as if the red flood would engulf Italy, and Moscow cheered.

Then came the Fascisti. Recruited chiefly from ex-soldiers, filled with patriotic devotion to their country, and loathing those who sought to destroy it in the name of Communism, they met force with force and rushed up and down joyously, putting the fear of God into the hearts of the bullies who were accustomed to terrorize the weak and work their own sweet will with the property of others.

But necessary as are the ministrations of vigilantes in times when constituted authorities are helpless or inert, the cost is likewise great. Obedience to law, respect for authority, national discipline are boons slowly and dearly won, and easily lost. The Fascisti, their ranks swelled by many of the unemployed and discontented, have dreams of a permanent organization with a dominating influence on the Government. We trust that wiser counsel will prevail among their leaders. It is reported that Mussolini, the head of their organization, has issued an order to demobilize them. If this proves true, a grave danger may be averted, for it would be a tragedy if Italy, having taken a strong drug to cure a serious ill, should in turn succumb to addiction to it.

Lord Northcliffe

HE was undoubtedly a great man. His war-contribution was nearly of the first order. Several years before the war, convinced that war was inevitable, he labored to prepare Britain for it. He was one of the first to advocate conscription; he overthrew Asquith; he drew attention to Kitchener's limitations (perhaps his most important service); he was instrumental in the formation of a Coalition ministry; his mission to the United States in 1917 was of almost incalculable value to his country; and to end, without completing, the recital of his services, he became Chief of Inter-Allied Propaganda. Considered by itself, his contribution to the war was sufficient to stamp him a great man and an ardent patriot. Colonel Harvey goes so far as to say that he is "convinced by study and observation at close range that Northcliffe and the *Times* [of which Northcliffe gained control in 1908 to the consternation of a great part of the conservative British public] saved England. In all Britain only Northcliffe was prepared."

He made strenuous efforts towards the end of his life to spread knowledge of each other throughout the far-flung portions of the British Empire, so that each should recognize the others' needs, and all should appreciate the necessary elements of an imperial policy. In pursuit of this grand object, he made a world-tour of the British possessions, the strain of which doubtless brought on or rendered acute the heart-trouble which killed him. Thus he was in a sense a martyr to a noble aim.

It should be added—and for this his egregious faults should be forgiven him—that he never wavered in his friendship for France and sympathy for her intolerable post-war difficulties. It should be further added that he did as much as any Briton for the development of motor transportation and aviation, and as much as any Briton (except, perhaps, Lord Bryce) for the improvement of Anglo-American understanding and relations.

But his aims were not all noble by any means; at all events his methods were often far from noble. He was supremely an egoist, and self-love, an itch for power, and a passion for the lime-light vitiated great part of his career. He has immensely increased the influence of journalism, but at what cost in vulgarity, banality, standardization! He had the vanities of a Little Napoleon.

We have said some things in disparagement of Northcliffe; but recalling the authentic stories of his generosity, both to his own family and to many a struggling journalist and artist, and realizing the warm human heart that beat beneath the more obvious exterior of hustle and material ambition, we can overlook his shortcomings, which were the faults of his qualities and a product of his time and environment, and say that a great man has passed.

The Truce in the Soft Coal War

By Benjamin Baker

TWO large results stand out as consequences of the agreement signed at Cleveland on August 15 by the United Mine Workers and by individual coal operators.

The first and most obvious is resumption of soft coal production by a daily increasing number of the mines which have been idle since last March. The signers on the date of the agreement represented mines in only seven States, and much less than half the former normal output of the former unionized mines; but, as this is written, most of the operators of Indiana and Illinois have surrendered to the Union, and by the time these words are in print the total production will probably be nearly or quite up to the normal level. An industrial coal famine of threatening proportions has been averted, and the householders of the Northwest, who depend on bituminous coal, will have enough of it at least to avoid suffering.

The second is a rather sweeping victory for the miners over both the operators and the public, whose real character is that of a truce which almost certainly will expire on March 31, 1923; and which is even more certainly only the prologue to another bitter fight in which the Federal Government will be involved as it has not been during the strike just ended. The steps leading to the Cleveland agreement, and the provisions of the agreement itself, taken in connection with President Harding's plan for a Federal commission of inquiry, deserve rather detailed record because they so clearly indicate the conflicting interests and purposes which will figure in the coming struggle.

With reference to the victory-for-the-miners aspect of the truce, this victory is certainly substantial only in that the miners have delayed at least until March 31, next, any deflation of the war-time peak wages which they received (but seem not to have enjoyed), up to last April; and have assured for the next seven months the collection of union dues by means of the "check-off." These particular results they probably would not have obtained under the arbitration offered by the President, which they refused. They successfully resisted all proposals for including an arbitration provision in the agreement—an issue on which Illinois and Indiana continued to stand out until after the conference adjourned.

On the interstate contract which President Lewis of the miners expected to secure when he called the conference, the miners apparently lost. The conference adjourned from the first day, Monday, August 7, until Wednesday, the 9th, in order to let more operators come in, and also to give time for considering the so-called Crews plan, drawn up with Lewis's approval, apparently much on the lines of the one finally signed. On Thursday, operators from outside the Central Competitive Field, for which Lewis wished to restore the former contract, were excluded from the conference; but an alarm over a report that the Government would rate that a violation of the Anti-Trust Act (many of these operators, with miners' officials, are already under indictment on that charge) caused Lewis to abandon in a public statement the plan for an interstate contract and to accept an agreement to be signed by all in-

dividual operators who wished. It is significant of the commercial pressure on the operators and of the necessities of the Union that the final agreement was proposed by T. H. Watkins, of the Central Pennsylvania field, with whose district the national officers of the Miners have never before dealt directly.

The operators yielded for a variety of reasons. Some were influenced solely by the prospect of large sales in an empty market, at prices which would give them large profits even at the high level of wages accepted. With this motive, which had some effect on probably most of the operators, was the feeling that public sentiment would condemn any further resistance to the Union terms, when resistance meant failure to mine any of the coal so much needed by the country. Operators who yielded on this second ground probably did so in the hope that President Harding's commission, backed by Congress, would sweep away the Cleveland agreement.

In the provisions of the agreement itself are evident the selfish purposes of the miners and of some of the operators; and there may be found also an indication of how the miners will soon push their demand for the six-hour day, five-day week, and still higher wages.

Denial of the public interest in coal mining is written all over the provisions of Sections 2, 3, and 4. The provisions for an October conference of miners and operators, which is to select a joint commission to find "facts," and to devise (for action upon it at a convention in January) a plan by which miners and operators shall settle the next wage contract without any interference by the public, shows its anti-public character very clearly—in no way more emphatically than by its preposterous plan for having President Harding approve (or even appoint some members of) a determining body on which the public has no representation! There must be a large element of fraudulent representation and treacherous intent in an agreement which includes prominently a device so obviously hostile to the policy of the Government and so repugnant to the most elementary sense of justice and fitness.

In (a), Section 3, is the clue to future wage demands, and the indication of how they will be urged. The budget of cost-of-living will be introduced again, and the public may expect to see Professor Ogburn again declaring on high piles of figures that a miner in a country town cannot possibly eke out a decent existence on an annual income that is some hundreds of dollars greater than that on which millions of other families are living in what they mistakenly think is a healthy respectability. The result of this campaign, if it should succeed, would be a tax on the coal-consuming public measured by what operators and miners together think the traffic would tolerate. The chief immediate prospect of escape is through the President's Coal Commission, which no connivance should be allowed to forestall. As a whole, the Cleveland agreement represents the Mine Workers' effort to forestall and to exclude any participation by the public or its official representatives in the regulation of the coal industry. A sharp conflict on that issue is inevitable.

Salvation for Germany—A Proposal

By John Firman Coar

THE grave crisis caused by the assassination of Walther Rathenau seems to have passed for the moment. A graver crisis is impending. Subconsciously every German is living under its dread shadow and the nerves of men are taut with vague forebodings. Perhaps we Americans may be able to understand, though we are hardly in the position to appreciate, the subtly disintegrating pressure which gradual national impoverishment exerts on the German people. In Russia and in the Balkan states impoverishment was the result of national disintegration. This we can both understand and appreciate. But in Germany the process is being reversed. Its details would weary all but political economists, but a few general facts may be welcome to those who still recall the fine hopes we cherished during the war.

"National impoverishment," as I use the term, must not be mistaken for "state bankruptcy." The German State is hopelessly bankrupt now, and with this fact most Germans reckon quite unemotionally. They are troubled only by the "when" and the "how" of official bankruptcy. By "national impoverishment" I mean something far more serious than the repudiation of national debts and the scrapping of a depreciated currency. I mean the steady consumption of a people's wealth and the relentless enervation of a people's economic energy. This is exactly what is taking place in Germany.

Take the case of German merchants. Last spring they replenished their stocks at prices determined by an average dollar exchange rate of 280 marks. This new stock was sold at a fixed (30 per cent.) profit in paper marks. Meanwhile the mark continued to depreciate, and with every turn-over of a merchant's stock the paper profits of his sales were wiped out, and often heavy losses on capital account incurred. The ultimate consequences are self-evident as far as the mercantile world is concerned. Material impoverishment is inevitable, and business enterprise is slowly becoming paralyzed.

The ultimate consequences for the purchasing public are the same, though they are reversed and therefore somewhat obscured. Purchasers are deluded by the belief that they are obtaining bargains when they buy goods or necessities under the foregoing conditions. Consequently they spend more recklessly than their income, as measured by any stable currency, warrants.

But worse than either the consequences for the merchants or the consequences for the consuming public are the consequences for the German people. A very large percentage of the sales are made to foreigners who crowd into the country from all points of the compass. Goods purchased by them and taken from the country are, up to 50 per cent. of their real value (if not more), gifts of the German people to other peoples. This particular process of self-impoverishment has been going on for at least two years on a huge scale in export industry. We know it as the dumping system. Today the leading industrialists are quite aware that it is ruining them and also the country, but are powerless to stay the evil. Land, houses, shops, industrial plants, and

other kinds of property are passing into the hands of foreigners at an alarming rate.

The process of impoverishment cannot, of course, continue indefinitely. Sooner or later, more likely sooner than most of us anticipate, it will effect the complete collapse of the political, economic, and social order of the German people. The great leaders of German industry, commerce, and trade are beginning to sense the approaching end. It has been my privilege to be in conference with many of these men during the past two months, and also with prominent political economists. The situation is most grave, and when the catastrophe comes—if it is permitted to come—it will be far worse than the catastrophe that has overtaken Russia.

An industrial *débâcle* in Germany means a return of the horrors of the blockade, but without the hope of ending them and without that patience to endure them which is born of patriotism. Even today the huge industrial population and the burgher classes are becoming panicky. The dissolution of the German community has set in and the morale of the people is beginning to break.

The impending tragedy is not one that can leave Americans indifferent. Some way we must lend a hand to avert it. Our coöperation, at the present juncture, through political agencies is apparently out of the question, and is, in my opinion, undesirable. Some other form of coöperation must be found. Recently this form was proposed to the representatives of Germany's key-industries and other men of outstanding importance. It received their unanimous and warm approval, and I violate no confidence when I say it had the approval of the one German who seemed destined to find a way of escape for his country from the threatening ruin. But no German can take the first step in any proposed action that is primarily in the interest of Germany, for the simple reason that suspicion will at once attach to his suggestions. The first move must be made by Americans, preferably by the representatives of industry.

This move must have the support of public opinion in America. The proposed action of American industrialists to which I refer is one that ought to obtain this support. It is this. Let them invite the representatives of German and French industry to sit with their own representatives at the same council table for the purpose of examining the industrial situation in so far as it is determined by the abnormal relations existing between France and Germany. Let this conference of industrialists express its judgment as to the prerequisites of economic stability and progress in so far as stability and progress are dependent on the establishment of economic coöperation between France and Germany. Once these prerequisites have been laid down—as they can be laid down by an unpolitical conference of this kind—then the industrial, financial, and commercial representatives of other countries should be invited to participate in a larger conference, the aim of which should be to examine and report on the economic situation of all Europe and the best methods of international economic coöperation.

Again I violate no confidence when I say that the rep-

representatives of German industry (including industrial labor) are prepared to lay their cards on the table of any preliminary conference that American industrialists may decide to call, and that they will abide by the judgment of the conference and seek to make it politically effective. For it is a foregone conclusion that questions of political import cannot be avoided. The problem of reparations (their total and the manner of their payment), the conditions under which Germany can pay reparations and yet recover (which means the question of military occupation, of military and economic sanctions, of commissions of control, etc.), and matters of similar political bearings, will inevitably constitute a part of the agenda. In the final settlement political agencies or Governments must confirm and act on the judgment of the conference, and no one can foretell just how political prejudices will affect the final outcome. But it is the purpose of the conference to weaken the prevailing prejudices so that Governments can act rationally, and one is entitled to cherish the hope that the mature judgment of men prominently and

directly concerned with and in the economic realities of Europe will weigh heavily with all who influence political action.

It will most certainly do so in Germany and in England. It is very likely to do so in Italy, and it ought to give to France and to Belgium that assurance which both countries require. There remains America, and I for one have faith enough left in the potency of our professions to believe that a programme arrived at on the initiative and under the auspices of the best representatives of American industry will receive the overwhelming backing of the American people. It may be that things must grow still worse in Europe before sane counsel prevails. But no one can study the European situation without being fearful that the policy of *laissez faire* will permit chaos to spread to that point where no other way remains open except the way of economic reorganization through the horrors of political disorganization. Do we as Americans wish to force that issue by refusing to lend a hand now?

Berlin, Germany

Comments on Mr. Coar's Proposal

Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President Guaranty Trust Company, New York

I HAVE read the proofs of Mr. Coar's article with much interest and am in perfect accord with both his analysis of the situation and his suggested remedy.

I don't regard it likely that our own country will, however, take any hand in the situation, at least until it reaches more critical form. Neither our statesmen, nor business men, nor our people as a whole have any conception of what the situation really implies or what our relationship to it actually is, and in default of that understanding I am rather hopeless about any constructive assistance from our end of the line. Moreover, I am not at all sure that it would accomplish the purpose, in view of France's stubborn attitude on the subject. Certainly England has done everything that could be done to inject reason and order into the solution of the problem, but so far without material results. Europe is still a madhouse of fears and hates and ambitions, which have little place in economic discussions. I do not know that there can be any economic solution reached until these deep-seated disorders run their course.

This is a rather pessimistic view and I hope an untrue one, but at the present moment I do not see the answer in sight.

Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric Company

I BEG to acknowledge yours of the 16th inst., enclosing proof of an article by Mr. John Firman Coar, which I have read with great interest.

I cannot agree that the present is an opportune time for an international conference of industrialists brought about by an American invitation, and I have some doubts whether a purely private conference of this character will ever be effective, although one cannot safely predict as to the future in this situation.

I do not quite understand what Mr. Coar means by a "complete collapse."

I have recently talked with a gentleman just returned from Europe (who, in my opinion, is one of the best-equipped of American observers on account both of his great ability and his wide international acquaintance), and he told me that he had endeavored to obtain specifications as to what was meant by the "complete collapse" of Germany, which is so frequently predicted.

He received no answer to this question. No one whose opinion has weight was willing to say that anything is likely to happen different in kind from that which has already happened. I think he expresses the feeling which generally pervades the American mind.

Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., Retired

PERSONALLY, I doubt the accuracy of Mr. Coar's picture of Germany's "national impoverishment." It ill accords with the fact that she came through the war with not so much as a pane of glass broken. Her industrial plants are untouched; their organizations intact; her people working hard and long, in marked contrast with the British and American laboring man.

Every student of her affairs recognizes the depreciation of the mark as the cause of her troubles, yet nothing is being done to remove that cause. On the contrary, her printing presses are busy turning out more paper money every day.

The proposed conference between American, French, and German industrialists would be futile unless the latter accepted in fact and not in words a complete oversight of all German affairs by their foreign creditors. Germans must "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." They might, to use Mr. Coar's expression, "lay their cards on the table," but everyone would be quite certain they had others "up their sleeve." They are poor sports and bad losers. They can be confidently depended upon to "welch" if given the slightest opportunity. The real question before the world today is not Germany's ability but her unwilling-

ness to carry out the terms of the peace treaty. In scarcely any particular has she loyally complied with them. The Scapa Flow sinking of her surrendered ships; her actions in connection with airplanes to be given up; her withholding of arms and ammunition to be turned over; her military preparations veiled under the camouflage of "police" prove her lack of good faith. She is not to be trusted. It must not be forgotten that a German's word is no longer to be believed unquestioningly.

The late Frederick W. Taylor, the father of Scientific Management, told me that "all Germans are liars." He based this sweeping indictment on personal experience as a boy at school in Berlin and as a man having business dealings with them. This astounding assertion has been confirmed to me by other men who have had transactions with them. Indeed, the revelation of Germany's moral debasement is almost the saddest outcome of the present war.

Why, it may be asked, should we volunteer her further financial assistance? Was it not enough that President Wilson, without authority, practically presented the Germans with some twenty billions of American money when he waived the indemnity which, by their own ruling, was our due and which they had frankly announced they would, in amount to their satisfaction, impose on us when they won the war? Even before we were forced into it, they stated their purpose to exact from us ten billions of dollars in punishment for our furnishing munitions to her enemies. With what grace can they appeal to us for assistance today?

I fear Mr. Coar has been beguiled by his German friends in their intense greed for other people's money and goods. His proposal should be accompanied by the condition that any help on our part would be based on absolute control by the foreign creditors of all Germany's affairs, governmental and industrial. The over-manning of her railways; the vast multiplication of her civil employees; the huge military expansion under various misleading names, for example, must be stopped at once and all such services cut to the very bone. Unfortunately this and cognate results can be secured in but one way, through pressure. Germans are open to but one argument, the mailed fist. Consideration and kind treatment they regard as manifestations of weakness.

If Mr. Coar can obtain these indispensable requirements his scheme might work. Without them, the funds advanced, except on definite, tangible security, were as well cast into the sea. Can he obtain them? The crux of the whole matter lies in the answer to this question.

Frederick P. Fish, Boston

I HAVE read the proof of Mr. Coar's article. I have no doubt whatever that it would be of the greatest value to have a conference of the leading business men of France, Germany, and the United States to consider the economic condition of Germany in connection with the relation of that country to other countries. The economic side, which is, of course, of prime importance, has not been the subject of international investigation by competent investigators of the practical business type.

The difficulty is to get the men of the different countries and to bring them together. While I am sure

that the Governments of the countries should not participate in such a conference or undertake to influence it, it seems to me that almost the only way in which such a movement could be launched would be by some leading Government official who would take the initiative individually and, of course, with the assent of his associates, but not officially.

If President Harding or Secretary Hughes could be induced to become active in the matter, suggestions from them or either of them would undoubtedly bring leading American business men to the cordial support of such a conference.

Other ways may be suggested for exciting the interest of those who must take part, but I see no other that is likely to be effective.

The Choice

By Thomas Thornely

WHEN tossed by summer waves of heat,
I seek a haven dear to me,
Where matted alders bend and meet,
And gnarled roots form fantastic seat,
What book shall my companion be?

Shall Science clank her causal chain,
Till thought in wonder finds release?
As well be at my desk again
As court such buffeting of brain,
In hours I consecrate to peace.

Loose then your lyric ardour, chase
Some nimble Georgian's flying feet;
Alas, that were indeed a race
For one who, at a bovine pace,
Crops only where the grass is sweet.

Choose then some statelier utterance, flee
From verse to Pater's aureoled prose;
A Dryad whispers from her tree,
"There is not room for him and me,
Here life is simple, wild the rose."

Thrice foiled, I cast the net again:
A sunny wisdom suits the day,
Go, dally with the sage Montaigne,
Or, giving laughter looser rein,
Probe the wild wit of Rabelais.

Again that warning whisper low—
"These ill consort with pastoral scene,
'Twas theirs to watch life's motley show,
And break the bubbles wordlings blow,
With genial mirth or satire keen."

Seek out a gentler spirit, choose
A dainty wit, a feeling heart;
Let Cowper sing of poplared Ouse,
And morals, ere his clouded muse
Renounced the solace of her art.

Too trite, or too didactic! So
Once more I set myself to think,
My choice shall be—ah, now I know—
The smooth, innocuous, dreamy flow,
And filmy grace of Maeterlinck.

Civil War in Ireland and After

By Stephen Gwynn

There is no keener or more authoritative writer on the Irish situation than Stephen Gwynn, The Independent's correspondent in Dublin. Although his present article was written before the two latest and most sombre acts in the tragedy of Ireland, the untimely demise of Arthur Griffith, the brains of the revolution, and the assassination of Michael Collins, its personal hero, he analyzes so incisively the contemporary situation that his article is of unusual interest and value.

WHEN the resistance in Dublin was crushed (leaving only stray snipers still active) the Irish Government had to face a country in which bands of irregulars were in control at many points, able, if they could do nothing else, to block communications in all directions; and they had no staff trained to organize and control movement and supply. The surprising thing is not the length but the shortness of time found necessary. In the course of July all Leinster was completely cleared, all Connaught except a few outlying mountainous districts, and all the three Ulster counties which belong to Southern Ireland, except again one mountainous part of Donegal. The difficulty of the task lay in the extent of operations; the ease, in the fact that nowhere except for a few hours at Sligo did the irregulars put up a fight. In Munster the entire province was controlled by the irregulars, who were in fact the Government, but Limerick on the extreme west and Waterford on the extreme east were quickly reduced and further resistance ended by the threat of a turning movement from the coast. The game is up and Cork must shortly be in the Government's hands. That will be an end of all solid organized resistance. But it will be by no means an end of trouble. This war has crippled Ireland financially; it may have crippled the Irish people morally for the task of self-government. You cannot take the events of these last six months in isolation. There is a close-linked chain of causes and consequences from six years back, in 1916, and it again links back to the first appeal to physical force of this century made by Ulster in 1912-13. The main interest of Irish affairs is for political, not military, students.

Since this fighting began in June, two sets of people have desired to see the Government defeated: those who would accept nothing but the separate republic, and those who would accept nothing but the old Union. Neither party expected to see the present Government replaced by a republic. Both expected and desired the same thing, the re-entry of British troops. The idea of the one is that the reconquest would be permanent; of the other that it would unite Ireland in a resistance which would finally break all links. Probably most of the mutineers think that owing to a natural superiority as fighters the Irish would inevitably beat the English in war. The more intelligent possibly had convinced themselves that the British democracy in its present temper would not allow a war of reconquest. Whatever the motive, there is no doubt as to the aim. A dispatch from one of the irregular leaders in Kerry was captured which ordered his people to attack any British destroyer or sloop which might come along in rifle range. "Possibly then they may shell the coast or make a landing—the very thing which we want them to do. Then we will have the old enemy back and that will clear the whole aspect of the present war."

Everything in short is welcome which can demon-

strate that the form of government which the Irish people have voted to accept is a form of British tyranny. Meanwhile, so far as the irregulars can manage, all the resources of the Irish people are commandeered to resist the Government for which the Irish people have voted, and are destroyed when they come into that Government's control. Moreover, before evacuating a town they habitually burn all buildings that are Government property, and barracks, workhouses, and so forth. At Clifden in Galway they also burnt the great Marconi station. It will cost half a million to pay for and will certainly never be rebuilt in that outlandish spot. In Tipperary they burnt out a big factory of condensed milk. In various places they have burnt great and beautiful mansions—for which presumably the Irish Government will have to pay. Probably the expenses of this war will run to fifty million pounds, nine-tenths of it for wanton damage. The taxable capacity of Ireland compared with that of Great Britain is about one to forty, so that the equivalent for Great Britain would sound pretty staggering.

That, however, is not the immediate trouble. No suggestion has yet been made that the action of the mutineers was not legitimate war, involving only the military risks which they have been careful to reduce to a minimum. Even where, in a completely controlled region such as Leinster, a band of men comes together and cuts a railway line or fires from an ambush, it is still apparently regarded as fair war. If a man throws a bomb at a passing lorry with troops in Dublin and kills a couple of harmless civilians, it is an act of war, and the perpetrator of the outrage becomes, if he is captured, a prisoner of war.

Obviously, there has to be an end to this some day. Killing will some day become murder, and arson, felony. But even when every town in Ireland has been reoccupied, every rail and post office reopened, there will still be hundreds of men and boys who for many months have done with impunity whatever seemed good to them and who, living this buccaneering existence, have had a splendid time. Are they going back to humdrum work? I do not see them. They are likely still to exercise the art of commandeering at the point of the revolver. Will the community support the Government in trying to repress crime? Will it assist? These questions have to be answered before we can know if so elementary a thing as trial by jury will be seriously possible in Ireland.

The mind of Ireland has been terribly demoralized, and it is quite clear that up to the present the Government believes that sternness of justice would be taken for tyranny. They have proclaimed indeed that troops will fire on people looting or breaking bridges, but public feeling has grown callous about the loss of life, though it either is, or is believed to be, hysterically sensitive about the legal infliction of penalties. The argument always comes to this: You are punishing

men for what you were doing yourself. If it was justifiable to bomb the lorries of Black and Tans in Dublin streets, why not to bomb lorries of Government troops? Both acts are conscientiously done. So long as a professed political motive can be held to justify any act which in normal civilization would be felonious, there can be no stable civilization in Ireland.

How soon we shall be able to escape from the moral chaos we are in cannot be guessed. But it is clear that we shall only do so by a perception of first necessities. Government will not be able to become stable by making itself popular. It must pay for what has been broken and therefore must maintain a high tax-

ation and cannot begin attractive expenditure. The main task must be the ungrateful one of re-establishing order among people who do not forget that it owes its existence to a movement which broke down order. I myself do not believe that order will ever be re-established in this country until the community for its own defence forces the hand of the Government: in other words, that we shall have to pass through a period of some kind of lynch law. No price is too high to pay for freedom; but we shall not have freedom in Ireland till we have liberated ourselves from our past, and some of it is not yet six weeks old.

Dublin, August 6

Silence

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

THE whole trip leads up to it. Sand; sage-brush; Indians; the Petrified Forest; the Painted Desert; these should be seen first and lingered over.

What better preparation could there be for the Great Wonder than to see the homes of the ancient cliff dwellers; to finger their very implements; to tread the dust that once was quick; to see the desert in its beauty, and to gaze on death made exquisite?

For that is what death has done in the Petrified Forest. It has taken life, leaping once with the spring, basking in summer, and shivering a bit in winter, and has locked it forever in the trunks of the ancient trees that loved the sun so passionately, eons before man trod this planet, that now they have returned to it with its rays buried in their hearts.

To take the pulp of life and turn it into jewels, to crystallize the singing sap . . . surely such accomplishment is worth a long entombment. Surely the mystery of it is a fitting prelude to the solemn awe one is to feel a little later.

As I look back, I find that I think of the whole State of Arizona as the ante-chamber of the Secret Place.

The entire country heaves itself slowly up, higher, higher, higher, until it breaks open in a vast two-hundred-mile crack, and instead of looking up at crags and towering buttes, one looks down—and gasps—and prays.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is worth a pilgrimage.

For the artist, what scheme of color could be more beautiful than that blending of white and cream and varying reds? For the geologist, what study of more

absorbing interest than those varying strata? For the seeker of sensations, what thrill could be more moving than that of looking across a thirteen-mile cleft that strikes six thousand feet into the bowels of the earth?

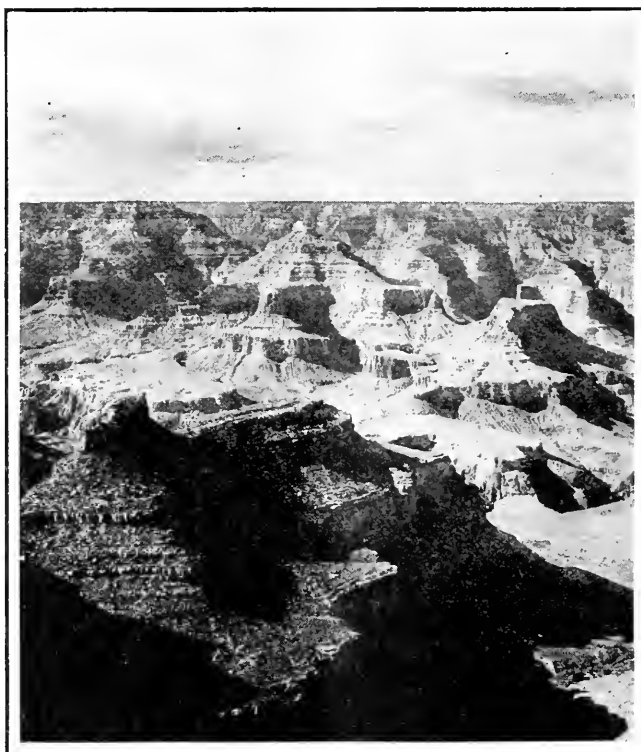
And yet one gets what one takes, even from the Grand Canyon.

As I strolled along the forest-grown rim I reflected that no spot in the world could be more perfect for a

honeymoon than this. For lovers sociably inclined, and with comfortably filled pocketbooks, there was El Tovar, the grand hotel; and for those who wished for solitude at considerably less cost there were delicious tents in Bright Angel Camp; and hikes galore, down the Canyon and around the rim; and long, long hours when one might sit and dream with one's back against a pine (or a beloved shoulder), and one's feet at the edge of a three-thousand-foot chasm; or make love in the forest or under the stars. . . . Such stars! I have sailed Southern seas and seen the Southern Cross, I have slept upon tropical house-tops, and climbed the Himalayas, but never have I seen the stars in such glory as I

did at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Venus hung like a lantern in the sky. Mars held its warning red light steady. Jupiter filled one with scorn for diamonds. While the Milky Way blazed its path across the sky, so near that one felt that with just one more stretch one could pluck a handful of glowing jewels from the sky.

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.



The Grand Canyon

In such a night
 Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Aeson.
 In such a night
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew. . . ."

But the next morning we shared our breakfast table with a young couple.

"No, we don't care much for it," declared the bride. "And I'm awfully disappointed in the colors. I thought we'd have blue and violet instead of all that henna!"



Down the Canyon

I'm so fond of blue." She glanced complacently down at her turquoise suit, and added, "We think we'd rather spend what extra time we have at the Los Angeles beaches—Venice, for instance. So we are going to catch the ten o'clock train."

There is so much to see. All morning, when the Canyon is a blaze of white light, there are motor trips to the various points of exceptional interest.

For those of the afore-mentioned long purse, I have no advice. They can take in everything, all the motor-bus and pony trips, and the hikes; and can stay as long as they wish. But for those whose time must be short, the Rim trip is the most important. During it the Canyon is almost continually in view on the one hand, while the Tusayan Forest sweeps softly up on the other; and at its close, at Hermit's Rest, the guests may descend into the charming Hermitage, built at the head of Hermit's Trail on the edge of the chasm, and partake of cooling fruit punch. The drive back is the more appreciated for the rest.

After lunch an inspection of the Hopi house, a miniature Indian pueblo, should be made. It is not only well worth seeing in itself, but purchases may be made to suit every purse, from the most expensive of Indian blankets to delicate ornaments with agate settings from the Petrified Forest. Near at hand are the dwellings of some Hopi Indians, who will give a dance late in the afternoon.

Out they come, out of the Hopi house, the men beating drums, the women waving bunches of green leaves, dancing dances that were old when our ancestors were painting themselves with woad in English forests.

We saw them dance the Thanksgiving dance, the Butterfly dance, and the Eagle dance, and heard them all interpreted by the leader in really excellent English.

The most significant part of the performance, however, flashed upon me all of a sudden when I realized that the space between the moccasins and the hem of the skirt of one of the Indian maidens was occupied by an excellent quality of black silk stocking! I wonder whether she had been educated in Carlisle.

But the Indians are not the only ones who dance at the Grand Canyon.

By virtue of being a chaperone I strolled through the starlit woods that night, to the cheerful, well-lit hall where the drivers and their friends held festival.

From my corner I picked up many an interesting bit of information. That young woman dancing with the tall, lean young man was a New Yorker, come West, some years ago, to see the Canyon, who never went back, but yielded instead to the ardent courtship of the lean young man, and became a Western wife, a good sport, a first-class rider and shot, a regular cowgirl.

Do you see that girl in pink? Yes, the one with the brown hair. Well, her father was one of the early Canyon settlers; and he so adored it that when his daughter was born he insisted upon calling her Canyonena—and she has thriven in spite of it.

That good-looking young fellow dancing with the bobbed-haired girl is a college lad run away from home. He is one of the drivers and is writing his experiences. He has just finished an article called "Foolish Questions Asked at the Grand Canyon," and expects, confidently, to see it published in a few weeks in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

That one . . . but hush!

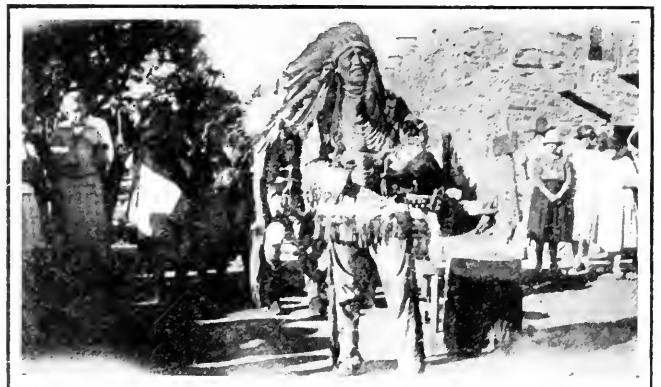
A cowboy is dancing the clog, a delicious clog, while his yellow and purple tie flashes up and down in gorgeous accompaniment.

From the Eagle dance to the clog makes a typically Western experience.

But, after all, the time of worship at the Canyon is the afternoon. It is then that it blooms.

It was with infinite relief that, on my last afternoon, I slipped away from the hotel and the crowded Rim-side benches, for my last stroll through the Tusayan Forest to Yavapai Point.

To settle one's self in the shade of the firs and gaze out into the Canyon was bliss indeed. Adjectives failed. The only way to salute the silence of the Canyon was by—silence.



Interpreting the Thanksgiving Dance

To my left the Temple of Buddha had been carved by the tremendous erosion of that turbulent river, the Colorado. The temples of Shiva, Osiris, and Horus rose in dignified serenity at the side. Before me lay what was so evidently a battleship that a primary child would have recognized it at once. Behind me spread the forest and Yaki Point. But over all lay—silence.

Dreamily I recalled the complaint of a disappointed girl the afternoon before.

"It's so quiet—so horribly, horribly quiet!" she

wailed. "Why, a tremendous thing like that *ought* to be noisy. You ought to hear the river roaring. Think of the noise of Niagara. That is greatness, terrific, roaring greatness. . . . But this fearfully quiet gap in the earth's surface seems uncanny. . . . It makes one feel like a fly. . . . It seems to be lying there waiting. . . ." She shuddered.

What was the psychology behind her plaint? Was it not that noise may be harnessed—used? Men have set Niagara to work turning power machines for breakfast food. But who can harness silence? Before it busy little man stands helpless, conscious of his mortality.

"You like this?" A soft voice broke upon my musing as a tall figure emerged from the juniper bushes.

It was one of the Navajo Indians who may be seen at the Canyon serving as occasional guides.

"I knew you liked it from the way you sat—so—" he dropped his lithe length upon the ground against a vine-covered limestone boulder. "You were looking . . . out . . . as if your soul had floated away out there"—he made a beautiful gesture. "I saw you from the trees yonder, and I thought I'd like to join you. Sometimes I long to . . ." he paused, groping for words in which to dress his thought.

"To kneel with another worshiper?" I suggested.

He nodded. "That's it."

His quiet chatting hardly stirred the silence. It seemed to melt into it.

Before I left I had his little story. He had, as his perfect English implied, been away to school. He had married a "Mexican lady." She was dead, and her mother was taking care of the two children; leaving him free to return to the Canyon.

"There are quite as many Indians as there used to be before the white man came," he said smiling. "We are well taken care of; we don't have to fight each other as we used to; and there is always plenty to eat. I don't have to work at disagreeable trades that would shut me up in factories as white men do. I am free to wander about as I like, to act as guide now and then. If anyone throws a dollar at me, I don't refuse it! But I don't have to breathe bad air. . . . I can sit here as long as I like instead."

Years before I had climbed Mount Huttu—three days' journey beyond Simla, in the heart of the Himalayas—climbed that peak in the wilderness, and looked down upon a sea of mountains rolling away to the south, to the north, to the east, to the west, breaking into waves whose peaks were covered with eternal snow. It was as if a sea, in the moment of upheaval, had been frozen motionless—waiting. Below me there yawned a valley—the trough of one of the great frozen waves—and into this valley there floated a Himalayan eagle.

Over it all there had brooded—silence.

In the dark Himalayan valleys leopards had stalked, and bears had hidden.

At the Hopi house in the Grand Canyon there was a caged lynx.

From the dusty plains of spawning India we had gone up into the heart of the hills to find sanctuary.

From the heat and hammer of America's restless factories we came to the Grand Canyon and abased ourselves before the great silence.

"Do you know," said the Indian softly, "I've tried to

leave it. I have gone away for years together, but I always feel its pull. I don't seem to be able to keep away. When I was a young man at school I looked through the telescope and saw the stars. . . . And when I sit here and look out, I think of them . . . and of God."

He ceased as quietly as he had begun; and the pregnant silence enfolded us.

House on a Rock

By Clement Wood

DE Lawd he made
Ol' Adam delve

By de sweat uv his brow;

Build yo' house: on a rock!

De Lawd gwine free

Mah weary soul

F'm labor—

'Cause I done built mah house: on a rock!

De Lawd he stomp

A brand on Cain

Fer smitin' Abel;

Build yo' house: on a rock!

De Lawd won' let

No evil come

Ter me—

'Cause I done built mah house: on a rock!

De Lawd he let

Ol' Samson lose

His prophet's hair.

Build yo' house: on a rock!

De Lawd won' let

Delilah turn

Mah head—

'Cause I done built mah house: on a rock!

De Lawd he makes

Dem heathums burn

In hell an' brimstone.

Build yo' house: on a rock!

De Lawd won' let

No fires uv hell

Scorch me—

Cause I done built mah house: on a rock!

After Sunset

By S. Donald Cox

SUNSET has faded, and the flushed cheeked clouds
Have changed to wisps of grey above the hill.
Silence, a summer silence, warm and still
Broods on the meadows where the mist enshrouds
The quiet hedgerow and the watchful trees
That stand austere, unmoved by any breeze.

The noises of the day sink on the air,
Dying in distant whispers, and the sound
Of little, unheard voices all around
Creeps on the waiting senses. Here and there
The tender humming of the small-winged flies
Drums overhead, and fades and sinks and dies.

From the dim-shadowed tangle of the grass,
The multitudinous songs of minute things,
Like the faint music of small, muted strings
Plucked by invisible hands, rise, fall, and pass.
And then again come silence and the white,
Innumerable jewels of the night.

What Are the Churches Saving?

By Franklin H. Giddings

A YEAR or more ago I contributed to *The Independent* an article on the question, "Can the Churches be Saved?" If the letters about it that came to me from believers and unbelievers, Christians and pagans, godly and ungodly morons, ungodly and godly intellectuals, were admissible evidence, the question raised was neither idle nor irreverent. The churches are not *in extremis* but their low blood pressure is cause for apprehension.

The letters awakened further reflections, supplementing those that I had printed with such provocative effect. Admitting in my own mind, and granting, that the churches probably will be saved, somehow, I remembered that their own function is a salvaging enterprise. "Salvation" is the immaterial utility in which they are interested. I found myself asking, "What are the churches saving now, in this present year of grace, 1922?"

I beg the reader not to think me flippant. I am serious. I was never more serious in my life. And I know what answer I shall get. "The churches are saving souls, of course!"

Of course. But further questions press, and I must put them. And, first, what are the churches, at this present time, saving souls from?

We all know what the churches were saving souls from as recently as a generation ago. They were saving them from hell. It was a real hell, too, a lake of fire and brimstone, a place that one would rather not get into, the abode of Dives, the damned.

How many churches are yet carrying this torrid place on their maps? How many are still snatching "hell bent" souls from its sulphurous crater? If any information is trustworthy the number is not considerable. At any rate, the number of "influential" ones is not. They still affirm, it is true, that there is a hell, but they have spiritualized it. They have converted it into a state of mind. It is an "eternal retribution." It is said to be poignant, and, morally, as bad as the old "pit," but not so blistering.

And then there are churches—"advanced," "liberal" churches—that apparently have let hell go. They are devoting themselves to saving sinners from sin. Whether this is an easier task, or not, I am not altogether sure; so much depends upon what we mean by sin.

There is a mystical sin which has a fatal fascination for many sinners, because, as nearly as I can make out, it renders them a service like that which the fleas on David Harum's dog rendered to the dog. They kept him "from broodin' on bein' a dog." Mystical sin keeps sinners from brooding on their vices and crimes. What I should like to know is, what the churches are doing to save sinners from profiteering, breaking the traffic laws, bootlegging, and boodling. I should like to know also, how far they think they are succeeding in saving the souls of men and women from the spiritual meannesses of malice and envy, scandal-mongering, bitterness and jealousy; how far they think they are succeeding in imbuing mankind with the charity that vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up; which is loath to think

gratuitous evil, and which is kind, though suffering long.

Another question that I should like to ask is, What sinners are the churches saving? The intelligence tests have made it pertinent. Granting that the tests were imperfect, and that the percentages obtained will presently be corrected, the results are true enough to be sobering. Four and a half per cent. of the American people have minds capable of following the calling of a civil engineer, a physicist or biologist, a pathologist or surgeon. They are capable of building railways and bridges, draining morasses, stamping out pestilences and fighting tuberculosis. Nine and a half per cent. more are capable of completing a college course. Sixteen and a half per cent. more are capable of taking a high school course. The remaining sixty-nine and a half per cent. of our population are incapable of following high school studies. Assuming that morons and capables are all sinful by nature, I think it would be interesting to know whether church membership is recruited proportionately or disproportionately from these groups. It would be especially interesting to know to what extent the churches are succeeding in enlisting the efforts of the capable in saving the very numerous souls of the morons.

This reflection suggests one further interrogation: What are the churches saving besides human souls? Throughout their history so far they have been mightily concerned to save dogmas, doctrines, and creeds. What beliefs in particular are they bent on saving now? This question, too, is important, for it has an immediate bearing upon their chances of success in enlisting the whole-souled efforts of capable men and women in saving the relatively incapable from lives of crime and vice. Are they wedded to their dogma of special creation, or will they scrap it and accept evolution? Do they hold that Bryan and McCann are more competent teachers than Darwin, Mendel, and De Vries? Do they insist that it is unchristian to face and acknowledge the facts of heredity, and the biological elimination of the physically and mentally unfit? If they do, they are likely to have to be content to recruit their membership, and their clergy, from the ranks of the morons.

In particular, are the churches trying, at all costs, to save their proclaimed conviction that the doctrine of evolution robs man of his spiritual dignity as a child of God, created in His image? The Holy Scriptures tell us that God made Adam out of dust, but Eve out of a rib. It would seem, therefore, that He did not deem it unworthy of omnipotence to utilize preëxisting organic material in bringing into differentiated being the better half, at least, of the human race. The Scriptures tell us also, that the heavens declare the glory of God, and that the earth exhibits His handiwork. Are the plants and the animals, then, alone devoid of spiritual significance and grace? And why pick on the ape? Did not God make him also? Does he not chatter the glory of God in the sunshine, and gibber it under the stars? What has he done worse than man to deserve the divine displeasure and human contempt?

I ask these questions humbly, seeking light.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Railroad Shopmen's Strike

THE vote of the railway executives on President Harding's proposal to refer the seniority question involved in the shopmen's strike to the Railroad Labor Board for decision, was 192 to 77 for unconditional acceptance. Two reports (a majority and a minority one) were submitted to the President. The 192 of the majority report consented to take back all the strikers and to refer the seniority question to the Labor Board. The 77 of the minority report consented to refer the question of seniority to the Labor Board, but would not consent to take back all the old men; they proposed to take back only the old men needed.

The representatives of the striking shopmen flatly rejected the proposal, in language a good deal more brusque than it is proper to use toward the Chief Executive.

So the President's second mediatory effort failed.

* * *

The meeting, at Washington on the 11th, of the heads of the "standard railroad labor organizations," "to formulate a program having for its purpose protection of the public, preservation of the railroad industry and an honorable basis of settlement for the managers and the employees," resolved itself into a sort of standing mediation committee composed of officials of the five train service brotherhoods.



A conference between this mediation committee and a committee of railway executives was held in New York and was adjourned on the 18th. The proposals of the mediation committee were referred to the executives of the 148 principal railroads of the country, who met in New York on the 23rd. These proposals have not been made public, but it is evident that their substance may be expressed in the following language of the President's first mediation proposal: "All employees now on strike to be returned to work and to their former positions with seniority and other rights unimpaired."

The executives rejected the proposals in a resolution of which the following is the most important passage:

The railroads adhere to the position heretofore taken, namely, that "the striking former employees cannot be given preference to employees at present in the service without doing violence to every principle of right and justice involved in this matter and without the grossest breach of faith on the part of the railroads to the men at present in their service. Under these circumstances it becomes apparent that the railroads cannot consider any settlement of the present strike which does not provide protection in their present employment, both to the loyal employees who remained in the service and to the new employees entering it."

Only one executive dissented from the resolution of rejection.

So the strike enters a new phase; in all likelihood, an exacerbated one.

* * *

An alarming development in the strike situation was created by numerous walkouts of train service crews, especially in the far West. There were tie-ups on the Santa Fé system, on the Southern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Louisville and Nashville, and other lines. Much suffering was caused to passengers marooned in the sizzling desert, and there was much loss of Pacific Coast perishable stuff en route or awaiting shipment. In most cases the cause of walkout alleged was presence of armed guards, in others it was defective rolling stock. After the movement began, the presidents of four of the "Big Five" brotherhoods issued singular manifestoes to their men, telling them that they would be justified in individually walking out, should they feel their lives endangered by railroad guards or defectiveness of material or equipment. Mr. Lee, however, President of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, telegraphed his subordinate officials that the walkouts were unauthorized, and ordered the trainmen back to work. If they had grievances, he said, union machinery was provided for dealing with them. The other brotherhood presidents, apparently yielding to public sentiment, reversed themselves and ordered their men back to work, pending action on grievances they might choose to present through the regular channels. The men obeyed, and that chapter seemed closed; but a new walkout of brotherhood men, on the Southern Railway, was reported on the 21st. If the condition of material is as bad as the President seems to intimate, there is reason to expect authorized walkouts on that ground. The question, however, is a proper one to pose: how much of the alleged defectiveness may be due to sabotage.

In a review of the strike situation it is proper to notice a few of those very numerous acts of lawlessness concerning which the President held such stern language in his address to Congress.

At Joliet, Illinois, on the 7th, a mob of about 500 striking shopmen marched upon the house of a paint-shop foreman who had remained at work for the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway, proposing to set it on fire. A sheriff, hearing of the matter, rushed to the scene accompanied by an agent of the railway and by three deputies. He arrived at the house at the same time as the mob and proceeded to address them. Suddenly, without warning, fire was opened from the mob, and the sheriff and the railway agent were shot dead. The deputies returned the fire, and the mob fled.

On the 13th several bombs were hurled at a passenger train on the West Shore railroad, while it was going at full speed about five miles north of Weehawken, N. J. Twenty persons, mostly women and children (Sunday picknickers), were injured, but no one was killed.

The St. Louis and San Francisco railroad bridge across the Sac River in Missouri was dynamited on the 13th.

Is there any reason why we should criticize Italy or Ireland or Hungary or Kurdistan or Russia or Egypt for violence and lawlessness?

* * *

On the 21st the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor issued an appeal to all organized Labor throughout the United States to give moral and financial support to the striking shopmen. Comment is forborne.

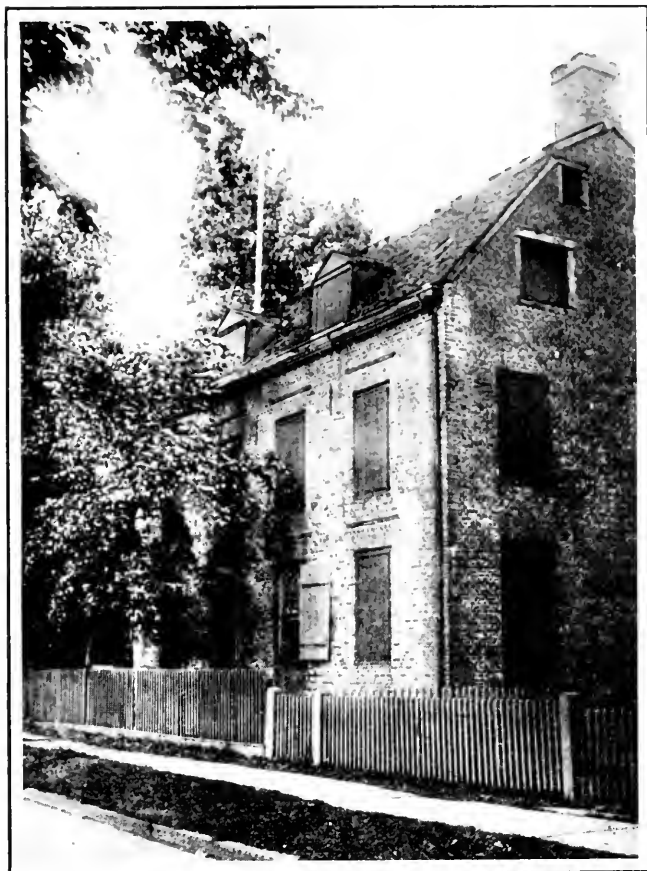
The Miners' Strike

The Cleveland conference and its important outcome are reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue.

Though the operators who signed at Cleveland represent an annual tonnage of only 60,000,000 or less, there seems little doubt that within a short time all the operators of unionized mines who held off from the Cleveland conference will have fallen in line. They are fast doing so. On the 22nd the Illinois and Indiana operators signed supplemental agreements. Whereas the total of shipments during the week ended August 19 was only 4,300,000 tons, it is expected that the total for the week ending August 26 will be in the neighborhood of 6,000,000 tons, and it is predicted that the production in the week following will be in the neighborhood of 9,000,000 tons.

* * *

It cannot be said that the Federal Fuel Emergency Organization has proved a complete success. To be sure, in the week following its creation shipments of coal were greater by 275,000 tons than during the previous week. But in the week following (July 14-19) they decreased by almost precisely the same volume. Mr. Hoover said the other day that the voluntary agreements to keep coal prices down had been 70 per cent. effective, but that he feared that with increased operations under the Cleveland agreement they would go completely into the discard. Therefore, at his instance, the President, in his address to Congress, asked for a "temporary national coal agency, with needed capital to purchase, sell and distribute coal which is carried in interstate shipment." A bill in that sense is being prepared, but it is thought to have little chance of passing.



International

The Van Rensselaer home at Rensselaer, New York, built in 1642, where in 1755 Dr. Richard Shuckburg wrote "Yankee Doodle." It has been offered to the State of New York for a historical museum, but the State authorities show no interest. Said to be the oldest brick building in the United States.

After five days of negotiation the conference in Philadelphia between representatives of the anthracite coal operators and officials of the United Mine Workers was broken off without approach to agreement. The operators had proposed to continue the wage scale in effect on March 31, 1922, until March 31, 1923, and that in the meantime a new wage agreement, to take effect April 1, 1923, be fixed by arbitration. They were willing to make a long-term contract with a provision for periodical revision of wages by arbitration. The miners' officials insisted on continuance of the old scale until March 31, 1924, and were dead set against arbitration. The tone of the conversations is said to have been marked by great bitterness.

* * *

Bills for a coal commission as requested by the President in his message to Congress, have been introduced in both House and Senate. The House bill was passed on the 23rd; it provides that members of the commission shall be impartial representatives of the public.

The President's Address to Congress

On the 18th the President addressed Congress on the industrial situation. He reviewed the melancholy history of the two great strikes. He made this striking statement: "Except for such coal as comes from the districts worked by non-organized miners, the country is at the mercy of the United Mine Workers." He asked Congress for authority to create a fact-finding commission "to make a searching investigation into the whole coal industry, to advise as to fair wages and

as to conditions of labor, and to recommend enactment of laws to protect the public in the future." He noted the provision in the Cleveland agreement for a fact-finding commission, but declared his "unalterable conviction that no lasting satisfaction or worth-while results will ensue unless we have a Government commission, independent of the industry, clothed with authority by the Congress to search deeply." He pointed out that "there are vastly more bituminous mines than are requisite to the country's needs, and there are 200,000 more mine workers than are needed to produce in continuous employment the country's normal requirements." He asked Congress "to consider at once some form of temporary control of coal distribution and prices." He recommended "provision for a temporary national coal agency, with needed capital to purchase, sell and distribute coal which is carried in interstate shipment."

"The law creating the Railroad Labor Board," he said, "is inadequate. It has little or no power to enforce its decisions. The decisions of the Board must be made enforceable and effective against carriers and employees alike. But the law is new, and no perfection of it by Congress at this moment could be helpful in the present threatened paralysis of transportation." One does not quite follow the reasoning in that last sentence.

Having referred to the sundry bombings and shootings and hold-ups and other outrages by strikers, and to the outrageous behavior of groups of Brotherhood workmen, he made the following bold and true statement [Let the States jealous of States' rights take notice!]: "There is a state of lawlessness shocking to every conception of American law and order and violating the cherished guarantees of American freedom. At no time has the Federal Government been unready or unwilling to give its support to maintain law and order and restrain violence, but in no case has the State authority confessed its inability to cope with the situation and asked for Federal assistance."

It would seem from the President's statement that "the deterioration of locomotives and the non-compliance with the safety requirements of the laws are threatening the breakdown of transportation," that the operators have not been telling the truth about this matter.

Having used proper language about the outrageous behaviour of strikers and the failure of State and municipal authorities to prevent, check, and punish outrages, the President announced that he would not ask for legislation to give the Federal executive greater freedom of action in the premises. "It is not my thought," said he, "to ask Congress to deal with those fundamental problems at this time. No hasty action would contribute to the solution of the present critical situation. There is existing law by which to settle the prevailing disputes." [But is there?] "There are statutes forbidding conspiracy to hinder interstate commerce. There are laws to insure the highest possible safety in railway service. It is my purpose to invoke those laws, civil and criminal, against all offenders alike. The legal safeguarding against like menace in the future must be worked out when no passion sways, when no prejudice influences, when the whole problem may be appraised, and the public welfare may be asserted against any and every interest which assumes authority beyond that of the Government itself.

. . . I am resolved to use all the power of the Government to maintain transportation, and sustain the right of men to work."

Presumably the above statements are intended to herald specific and effective executive action in the near future, should the rail strike continue. The Government has the power to maintain transportation and the President is resolved to make full use of it; legislation is not necessary; therefore there should soon be an end to transportation embarrassments.

The British Empire

The Woes of Erin

ON August 12 Arthur Griffith, President of the Dail Eireann and chief Irish negotiator of the Free State Agreement, died of a sudden heart-attack caused by over-work, at the age of 50. He was Ireland's greatest statesman.

* * *

On the 22nd Michael Collins, head of the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State, and commander of the Free State forces, was killed, at the age of 31.

He was returning to Cork (accompanied by about 20 officers and men) from an inspection of the positions of the National Army south of that city, when the party was attacked from ambush by some 200 irregulars. The Collins party was composed of picked men, and after a fight of an hour the attackers fled, leaving many dead and wounded. It was near the very end of the fighting that Collins was mortally wounded. He died within a few minutes. He was Ireland's best fighting man and most powerful and attractive personality.

* * *

Just before his death Michael Collins expressed himself as sanguine of soon bringing to completion the work, which has been proceeding with steady success, of cleaning-up the irregulars. His very able Chief of Staff, Richard Mulcahy, is likely to succeed him as Commander-in-chief.

Occasionally there is a resurgence of irregular activity in districts supposed to be pacified. For example: at 3 o'clock of the morning of August 14 a considerable force of irregulars entered the town of Dundalk, surprising, and killing, capturing, or putting to flight the small garrison of national troops. They looted the banks and bombed some buildings, and then most of them took a train for Drogheda, expecting to repeat the programme there. But the nationals were ready for them, and they did not repeat. Reinforced, the national garrison sallied forth, defeated the irregulars and put them to flight, then pushed on to Dundalk and recaptured it. It is probable that organized resistance on an important scale will soon cease, but for how long incidents of the Dundalk type, or pettier, may be expected, is an anxious question. The irregulars continue to act like super-Vandals.

Notes

The career of Lord Northcliffe, who died last week, receives an especial notice elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

Lloyd George is writing a book, for which he is to receive the modest sum of \$450,000. Milton, if memory deceives not, was to get £25 for "Paradise Lost," but never got all of it.

Mr. Asquith also is writing a book. So is Mr. Winston Churchill. So is Lord Birkenhead.

* * *

According to a writer in The London Daily Mail, British taxation yields from four to five times as much as before the war, while German taxation yields one-fourth as much.

* * *

Rhodesia is to have a referendum in October on the question of joining the South African Union.

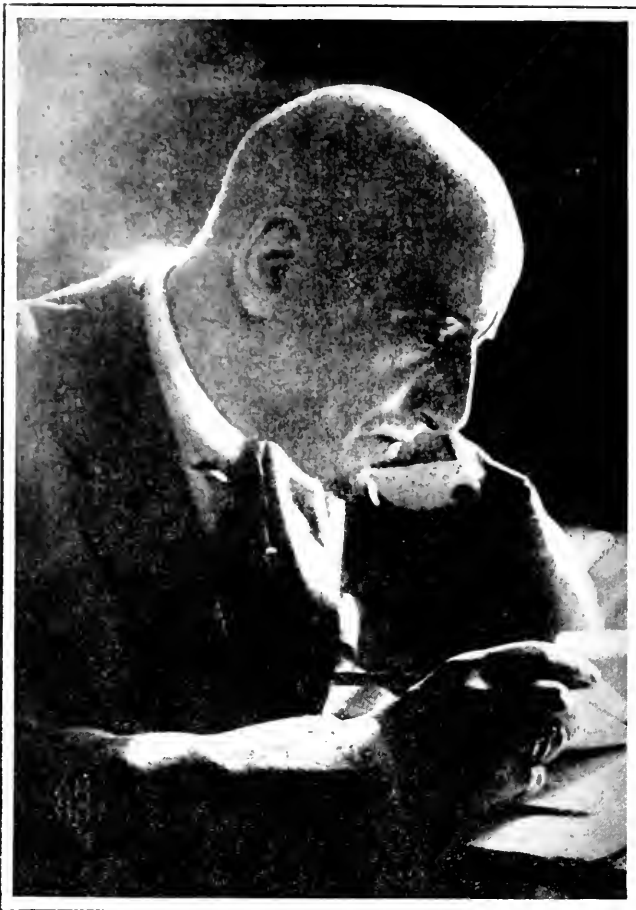
Germany and the Allies

THE conference of the Supreme Council in London ended on the 14th, with nothing accomplished. There was no definite breach; merely it was impossible to reach agreement. Poincaré was willing to grant a further moratorium to Germany, but only on condition of stricter and more extensive Allied control of German finance. He proposed fourteen measures of control or "productive guarantees." The committee of financial experts, to whom they were referred, and afterwards the Council (by a vote of 4 to 1), rejected them; all of them, apparently. They did not recommend themselves as likely to accomplish their object—namely, to compel Germany to set her finances in order, that so she might be able to reestablish her credit and meet her obligations; rather, it was objected, they seemed likely, if set afoot, to worse confound the present confusion.

Very likely Poincaré was ill advised as to the means, however just and reasonable might be the end, proposed by him. The precise nature of Lloyd George's counter-proposals does not appear from the dispatches; but apparently he wished to grant Germany a long and all-embracing cash moratorium (including respite from payment of costs of armies of occupation and the monthly payment of the equivalent of £2,000,000 towards liquidation of pre-war debts of German nationals to Allied nationals), and he desired that the "control" should be gentle.

Between these extremes (though it is not proper to speak of Poincaré's proposals as harsh or unjust) no acceptable mean could be found; so the conference broke up. It is now up to the Reparations Commission, who have authority under the Treaty to modify at their discretion the terms of reparations payments. They, of course, are seeking a compromise which both Poincaré and Lloyd George can be persuaded to accept. Poincaré insists that the present condition of German finance is almost entirely the Germans' own fault; if indeed the mark has not been deliberately debased. Incompetence or dishonesty; whichever it may be, it is absurd, he argues, to grant a moratorium without such "control" as will insure that at the end of the moratorium period Germany shall be in better plight to pay up than she is at present. Left to her own devices, she will be in worse plight; *quod absurdum est*. Lloyd George is not without keen sympathy for the French predicament (eight billion dollars spent on reparations and four billions yet to spend, and not a cent in cash yet from Germany to set against these sums), but he is naturally preoccupied with the British predicament, which is well stated in the following paragraph of an article in the August *Contemporary Review*:

To state the problem concisely in a sentence, compared with 1913 the [British] population has increased a twelfth—of that population approximately one quarter is unemployed [the writer includes in this estimate the families of the unemployed]—foreign



International

D'Annunzio, poet-hero of Italy, dangerously, perhaps fatally, hurt by a fall

trade and national income have each shrunk in real value one-third—there are new charges on that trade and income to be met for American interest involving £50,000,000 per annum, while in the foreign investments supporting that trade there is a diminution of about 70 per cent.

To Britain, in the predicament above described, the restoration of the German market is all-important, and Lloyd George cannot but pursue the policy which seems to him best calculated towards recovery of that market. If Lloyd George and Poincaré were both Hamiltons (each combining financial and political genius and the loftiest magnanimity), a solution would be forthcoming which would take equal account of the different but equally tragic predicaments of France and Britain and which would provide for dealing with Germany clemently and sensibly but firmly and in closest coöperation.

But neither Poincaré nor Lloyd George is a Hamilton, and the Reparations Commission have to find a solution of sorts, something that will save the Entente and the Treaty. For there is that danger (a danger, doubtless, not so grave as might be inferred from Poincaré's Bar-le-Duc speech, yet a grave danger) that France in her despair may repudiate the Reparations Commission and take her own line. But if France should adopt coercive measures against Germany, without the Reparations Commission having first declared Germany in default, she would thereby repudiate the Treaty—and then the fat would be in the fire, sure enough! The Reparations Commission must provide against that, must tide over the crisis. They have sent a committee including Sir John Bradbury, the British member of the Commission, and the French head of the Committee on Guarantees, to Berlin, to "get certain necessary in-

formation." Gossip Rumor is busy as she can be. Perhaps the Germans will suggest "productive guarantees" that will really be productive without hurting German feelings. Perhaps the Germans will give the French (an old idea) a 25 per cent. share in the big German industries, issuing additional stock for the purpose. Perhaps, perhaps . . .

At any rate, the Reparations Commission are out to find a way. They must find a way, and doubtless will find one, though it is likely to be short and to end in another *impasse*. Across any path that may be chosen will loom that Apollyon of the Interallied debt question; and St. George, who alone might cope with the fiend, has deliberately sheathed his sword.

King Constantine as a Bluffer

ON July 27th the Greek Government dispatched an identical note to the Governments of Great Britain, France and Italy, requesting from them permission to occupy Constantinople. Of course permission was refused, and Greece was informed that a Greek attempt to occupy Constantinople would be resisted by the Allied military and naval forces in and near that city.

Constantine had assembled a considerable force (reported to be 50,000 or more) just back of the Tchatalja line which marks the boundary of Turkey in Europe, where they are still held. Constantine is not so mad as to move further in that business. But why, since he must have known he would be rebuffed by the Allies, did he move at all?

Last March the Allies (under whose mandate the Greeks originally invaded Asia Minor) advised the Greeks to "chuck" the Anatolian war and evacuate Asia Minor. The Greeks complied so far with Allied wishes as to make a truce with the Turks and to consent to negotiation, but the Turks have declined negotiation and have improved the period of the truce by new massacres of Christian civilians within the territory held by them. Constantine now says he will not give up an inch of Anatolian territory he holds. He has proclaimed the birth of a new State comprising that territory—a Greek protectorate with local autonomy, entitled "Occidental Asia Minor." He knows that there is small likelihood of Allied approval or support of this State. He knows that to maintain this State incessant war must be waged with the Turks, and that the Greek State is on the verge of insolvency and cannot support a great war much longer. Why then this move?

Probably the correct answer to both questions is that Constantine was bluffing; trying to force the attention of the Allies, to startle them into reaching decisions concerning the Near East; making a great show of strength and confidence in order to obtain the best possible terms in a peace settlement. Chiefly, it is to be hoped, he is concerned to obtain Allied intervention on behalf of the Greek civilians behind the Turkish lines who are becoming fewer each day through massacre. Of course those massacres cry to heaven. It is a shameless thing that the Allies do not get them stopped, as they very well could. The Allies, moreover, are morally bound to procure terms for the Greek Government which shall insure at least local autonomy and complete security of life to the Greeks of Asia Minor.

King Constantine threw those bluffs several weeks ago; since when we have had almost no news from the Near East. Presumably the massacres of Greeks with-

in the Turkish lines continue:—one solution of the Near East question. There is a vague report that the Governments of Great Britain, France and Italy contemplate a conference on the Near East question at Venice; to include representatives of London, Paris, Rome, Athens, Constantinople and Angora. If only the conference is postponed a little, the Near East problem will have been solved, and the delegates (except the Greeks), free of business, may surrender themselves to the delights of the Daughter of the Sea.

Several Matters

The number of the French wounded in the Great War was 3,594,889.

* * *

It was reported that another political crisis had arrived in Portugal; that the Government had betaken itself to a fort 14 miles from Lisbon; that constitutional guarantees had been suspended and a state of siege proclaimed; and all the rest of the familiar details. But a later report seems somewhat to discredit the one cited. However, it is about time for another *coup* in Portugal.

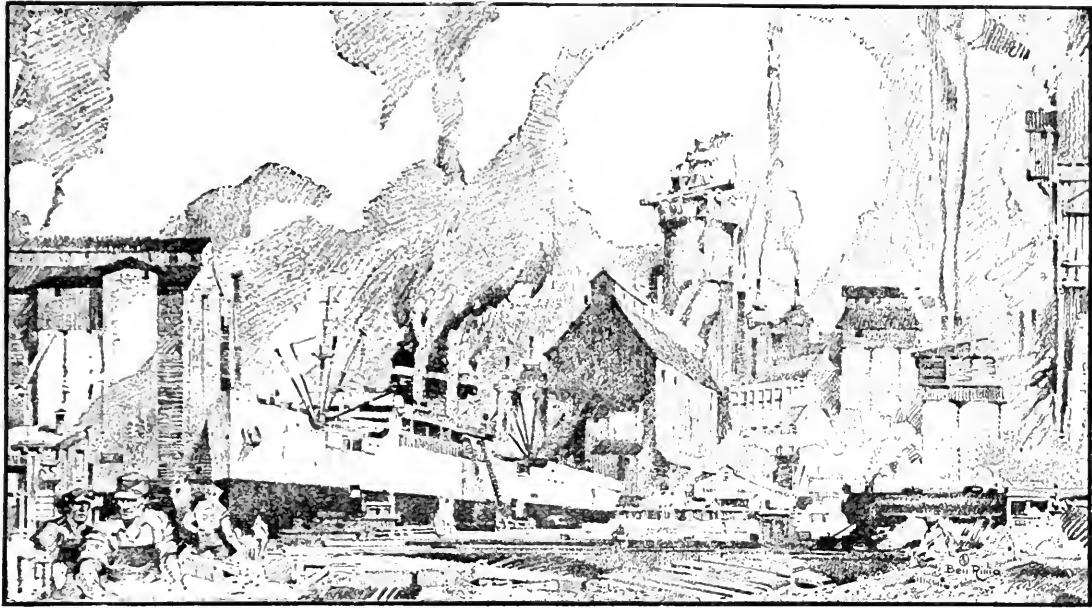
* * *

Carlo Barsotti, proprietor of the newspaper *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York City (founded by him in 1879), and a native of the province of Lucca, Italy, has offered \$200,000 for the excavation and construction of a tunnel to connect the cities of Lucca and Pisa, under that mountain "because of which," as Dante says, "the Pisans are unable to see Lucca."



International

Enver Pasha, reported slain in battle with Soviet troops, while attempting to set up an independent principality in Bokhara—the last to survive of the famous trio of Turkish official murderers, the other two (Talaat Pasha and Djemal Pasha) having been murdered in revenge by Armenians.



His visions have crowded the highways of commerce!

A NEW figure has commerce . . . a year by year looms as his helping hands world's essential in Chemical Engineer . . . strange mingling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert . . . a chemist who has forsaken his test-tubes for the lathes and vats of the world's industrial plants.

This is the man who, more than any other, has crowded the highways of commerce, and in the past generation made the Zulu and the Eskimo brothers in the world's market-places. For it is he who has brought to the manufacturer's assistance, in a *practical* way, the chemist's slowly-won mastery over Nature's elemental substances. It is he who, applying chemistry's discoveries, has made available new substances, new uses for long-used substances and uses for products that once were waste, and has invented processes less costly and less wasteful . . . It is he who has intensified the world's production, lowered costs and driven the carriers of commerce to the far corners of the earth seeking the raw materials industry needs, or carrying to market its finished goods.

HOW the Chemical Engineer has quickened the pulse of commerce is well illustrated by the history of the du Pont Company. For a century after its founding in 1802, the du Pont Company was a manufacturer of explosives . . . nothing else.

come into the world's new personality that larger in importance reach deeper into the dustries. He is the and truly he is a abilities . . . a coupling

But its founder, Eleuthère Irénéé du Pont de Nemours, was himself a chemist, and the making of explosives, even in his day, called for the services of the chemist. As dynamite was invented and other high explosives came into use, increasingly higher types of chemical knowledge were needed. So it was only natural that in the early years of this century the du Pont Company came to have a very extensive chemical staff.

It was a staff of Chemical Engineers, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, and so in the course of research looking to the improvement of du Pont explosives, they came upon other products alike in their chemical structure, that might be manufactured from the same or similar basic materials or by machinery and processes with which the du Pont Company was familiar.

And the results are sometimes surprising to those who look only at the products, which seem so unrelated, and do not consider the origin of these products. "For," says one, "what have dyes to do with explosives?" What, indeed, except that the raw materials from which explosives are made, are the same that are needed for making dyes!

So, too, for the same reason, the du Pont Company came to make Pyralin for toilet articles and numerous other things; and Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage, book bindings and half a hundred other uses—for these products contain many of the same raw materials.

Paints and Varnishes now carry the du Pont Oval, because this field of effort is also one in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer can be effectively applied.

The du Pont Oval also guarantees the purity and excellence of many chemicals, some of vital importance to industry, others invaluable in modern surgery and medicine.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

TRADE  MARK

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

CAPTAIN BLOOD, by Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin.

A stirring novel of adventure by the author of "Scaramouche."
THE POMP OF POWER. Anonymous. Doran.

An anonymous volume about the later strategy of the War, French and English politics, and the international situation during and since the Versailles Conference.

THE ALTAR STEPS, by Compton Mackenzie. Doran.

A novel dealing with the careers of extreme Ritualists in the Church of England.

ADMIRALS OF THE CARIBBEAN, by Francis Russell Hart. Houghton Mifflin.

Biographical essays about Francis Drake, Henry Morgan, Lord Rodney, and other naval heroes of the West Indies.

THE RED KNIGHT, by Francis Brett Young. Dutton.

A romance. Time: after the War; scene: the Mediterranean and England.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, edited by H. H. F. Jayne. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin.

The letters of the Editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

I HAVE read "Batouala" (Seltzer) by René Maran. The author is a negro, and the novel, originally written in French, won the *Prix Goncourt*. I have read all about the *ga'nzas*, who live in trees, if I am not in error; about the *kouloungoulou*, who supplies rubber; about the *linghas* which is like the cassowary, if not worse; about the *n'gouhilles*, but I forget what they are; and about the *kokorro*, which I think is like a koodoo, but is related to the knob-kerry on the distaff side. Bewildered, I went to a man who had read "Batouala" in French, and asked him if these words were repeated with the same maddening frequency and apparent senselessness in the original. He said that they were. Why they could not be translated; what good it does to repeat the word *linghas* forever and ever, when you mean *emu*, or something for which there is a perfectly good French or English word, I do not see. I think that the author has avenged in part the wrongs of the black race and fooled the white men who award the Goncourt Prize. Then I remembered that Sherwood Anderson took a prize for—was it "The Triumph of the Egg"? and that this is the decade of the High Mumbo-Jumbo, and the best years of the reign of the Great God Bunk.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie seems to have deserted the flash life of the stage in London, and for his subjects gone to the other extreme: the life of priests

and their families in high church circles of Anglicanism. The author himself, it is said, now inhabits one of two small islands of which he is the landlord. They are situated in the English Channel, where the climate is favorable for Mr. Mackenzie's hobby—which is growing lilies. "The Altar Steps" (Doran), although a long novel, is but the beginning of a trilogy (?). The final words are not "The End," but "Explicit Praeludium;" it is the prelude to "The Parson's Progress." The author really has something to say; he has a story; and he has the rare art of making long, discursive paragraphs not only readable, but alive and amusing. The boyhood of Mark, in this story of clerical life, is, it seems to me, far and away better than similar passages by authors who pretend to specialize in writing about children.

Stacy Aumonier is another English novelist who knows the art, impossible to define or describe, of making his characters seem both real and important. His "The Querrils" was a good novel about a family; his new book, "Heartbeat" (Boni and Liveright) centres its interest upon one character. She is the daughter of a Cabinet Minister, who goes upon the variety stage, marries an actor-manager, and has a checkered and only incidentally happy career. Some of the chapters remind one of Compton Mackenzie's novels about theatrical life. The earlier part of the book has the unusual quality of making the reader wish it were longer; the author, one feels, could have been more deliberate, could have lengthened his novel by one third with advantage. His heroine is far from faultless, yet she has the saving grace of honesty with herself, at least. She is no humbug. The reader is made to understand her contradictory nature; to sympathize with it; to see it as human and believable. And this is to say that it is the creation of an able writer.

The name of Horace Howard Furness suggests to me an elderly gentleman with white shirt-front, lecturing on "Hamlet" in a Boston theatre. When somebody asks a question he raises an enormous ear-trumpet before he replies, and when he comes to the grave-digger's song ("In youth, when I did love, did love,") he sings the words with much gayety, to the great delight of the audience, and to the very tune, he tells them, that was in all probability used by the actor who played the part in Shakespeare's company. "The Letters of Horace Howard Furness" (Houghton Mifflin) have been edited, in two volumes, by his son, and after his death, by a grandson. The letters are full of the most enjoyable comment, literary, historical, and social, concerning the events of the past fifty years. In reading one of Dr. Furness's letters, written during the Civil War, it is amusing to note the reference to old slavery days in the South, when to have a copy of *The Independent* in your possession was sufficient evidence

to hang you on the nearest tree. There is a vivid account of an interview with Lincoln. There are letters from the Crimea in 1856, after the close of the war. There is a story of Tennyson, told by Edmund Gosse, to the effect that Tennyson once intended to make a collection of one hundred of the very best, brightest, wittiest, sayings, retorts, conundrums, but that so far he had only three, and two of these were improper to tell to ladies! Dr. Furness relates a number of interviews with Walt Whitman. He refers to him with affection in one letter, and tells his correspondent that Whitman is not in need at present. Again, he hears Whitman relate the story of his conversation with Emerson on Boston Common, and his decision not to omit "Children of Adam" from his poems. "It would break the *ensemble* of my nature," said Whitman. Furness adds that he wanted to say "Damn the *ensemble* of your nature," but didn't. Furness is one more witness to the belief that Whitman was a *poseur* all his life. "The very best thing about Walt was his godlike face and mien. . . I once went up to him when I saw him on Chestnut Street, and said that I must personally thank him for being so handsome, adding that I hoped he didn't mind. 'No, Horace,' he added, 'I like it,' which was certainly delightfully honest."

It was Admiral Vernon—for whom Mount Vernon was named—who also gave his name, or, rather, his nickname, to grog. In Francis Russell Hart's "Admirals of the Caribbean" (Houghton Mifflin) the author speaks of the admiral's popularity with his seamen. His custom of wearing groggrain breeches led to the nickname of "Old Grog." He caused the rum, which was served to every man in the fleet before noon each day, to be diluted with water. The mixture was named "grog." (Farmer and Henley's slang dictionary endorses this derivation, but says that the reference was to Vernon's "groggram coat.") In spite of his act in putting water in their rum, he retained the affection of his sailors, as he was known to advocate humane treatment for them. "Admirals of the Caribbean" is a book for which printer, designer, illustrator, and binder deserve thanks as well as author.

"The Pomp of Power" (Doran) is another anonymous book upon the conduct and consequences of the War, the making of the Versailles Treaty, and the great figures of the time: Joffre, Asquith, Caillaux, Lloyd-George, Wilson, Northcliffe, and others. The author is evidently an Englishman; his understanding of American politics and politicians is, in the main, correct. The book considers the international European situation before the War, and devotes three chapters to military strategy. Some parts of the book have become especially timely by reason of events of this summer: the pages devoted to Sir Henry Wilson, the chapter on M. Caillaux, and the one on Lord Northcliffe.

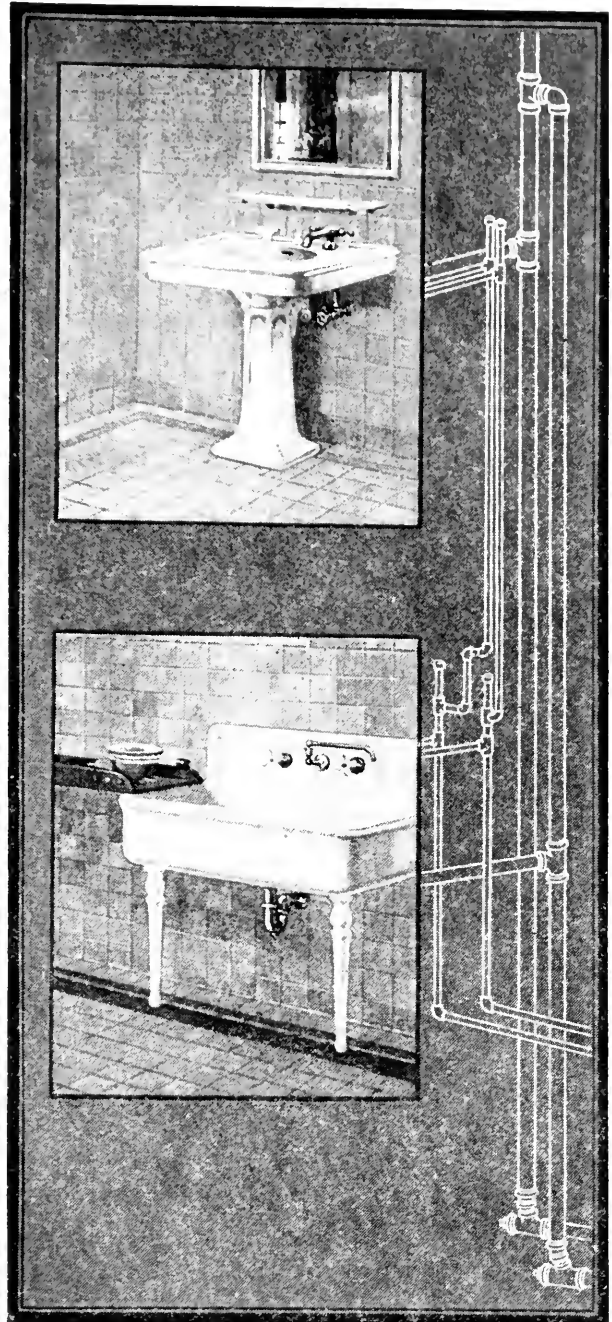
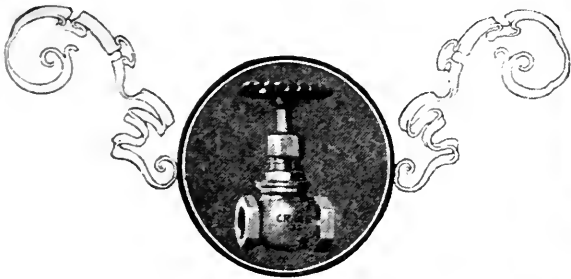
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Book Reviews

Some English Heroines:
New Style and Old

1. Cinderellas to Date

BARBARA JUSTICE. By Diana Patrick.
New York: E. P. Dutton and Com-
pany.

A beautiful rustic child with a mind and a soul above her surroundings. Weak ignorant father, good ignorant mother; gypsy strain in her blood. Esmeralda, an older crippled sister, has the gypsy second sight.

Young local squire home from Oxford. Makes love to Barbara, blamelessly, and disappears. Misunderstandings, intercepted letters, long separation. Barbara is violated by cockney-rustic. No public consequences. Leaves home to become a swimming-girl in a seaside amusement-place. There meets diseased and chivalrous artist, who marries her in the end (though he loves her deeply) only in order to leave her a fortune. Wife in name only. Widowhood. Fresh meeting with squirelet, fresh misunderstandings and alarms. Final and rapturous union. But the squirelet is a poor stick, and we can't felicitate Barbara very heartily.

SAREEL. By Edith Dart. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Sareel is born and brought up in a country workhouse. Illegitimate, father unknown. Gentle blood in her. At sixteen goes into service in a farmer's household. Thither, on a summer "reading" tour, come three young undergraduates. One falls in love with Sareel. Comes back. Makes blameless love. Leaves her with the promise of writing. Letters intercepted. Youth, a flabby and fickle sort of gentleman, grows cool, after his resentment at her not answering his letters. Sareel marries a good and devoted middle-aged man, who loves her; but she remains wife in name only. S. recovers her lover's intercepted letters, goes at once to his rooms at Cambridge. Cool reception, Sareel disillusioned and seriously ill. Forgiving husband finds and takes her back—or is willing to. She spends her convalescence learning that it is her husband she cares for. Kiss curtain. This is satisfactory: Sareel is going to be happy. The book has merits of structure and style beyond the others in the group.

ROBIN. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.
New York: Frederick A. Stokes
Company.

A sequel or conclusion to "The Head of the House of Coombe." Hapless, beautiful, clinging Robin, daughter of a Victorian vamp. Now grown up and secretary to the Dowager Duchess of Dart. Meets again young Donal, heir to the house of Coombe. The Fauntleroyish youth now "a sort of young superman." Oh, so devoted to his mother, who now as of old wishes to part him from Robin. The War arrives. Donal is about to go. He says the time is

short and we must snatch what we can. We will have each other in secret, since mother doesn't like you, but here is a ring for you to wear when we are together. "It makes you mine as much as if I had put it on in a church with a huge organ playing." "Yes," says Robin, "yes," this being, with "Donal! Oh, Donal!", her favorite remark.

So Donal goes off to war, leaving Robin to "keep their sacred secret"; a somewhat difficult matter, as she is with child. Nervous work for Robin. People with titles are being killed "over there": "Young Lord Elphinstowe a week ago—the last of his line." No letters. Then Donal reported killed in action. Everybody cries for Donal, including Lord Coombe, who keeps his character merely by showing, like the late Dan Daly, "no muscular facial sign of emotion." With the straightest of faces he now babbles the most voluptuously sentimental confidences about his feeling for Donal and the piteousness of things in general. Coombe tells Robin about her condition, and it then transpires that she and Donal have been married by a young chaplain not long before Donal's departure. No proof of the marriage, though. So Coombe must give her the protection of his name, for the sake of a possible heir to Coombe. So done: wife in secret and in law only.

Thereafter we have merely to attend to Robin's healing through a mysterious dream-intercourse with Donal; the birth of a son; the final melting and humanizing of Lord Coombe; and the restoration of Donal to Robin's arms. The apotheosis of Burnettian slush.

2. Rebels and Victims of Sex

THE LOVE-STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON.
By Gilbert Frankau. New York: The Century Company.

The "idea" of this book is somewhat insistent from the outset: it is that neither law nor church can rightfully make a woman the property of her husband.

Aliette is a young childless wife who has never loved her husband and has for some years "withdrawn herself" from him, on account of his known infidelity. The third person in the triangle is Ronnie Cavendish, soldier, gentleman, and sportsman. Aliette and he meet casually in the hunting-field. The grand passion. Resistance, compunctions—"No, no, this is wrong." . . . "And you must think of your career." . . . Ronnie's mother, a genius but old-fashioned, is an obstacle. She is a sworn enemy of divorce. But she can't stand against Ronnie's happiness. So Aliette goes to live with him openly. She is only one among "the Aliettes of England! The women whose sole excuse for illegal matchhood is love! There are half a million such in Great Britain today: women whose only crime is that, craving happiness, they have taken their happiness in defiance of some male." But Hector Brunton will not give her her freedom till, at last, he has a change of heart, and yields, with apologies. . . .

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HEARTBEAT. By Stacy Anmonier. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Barbara is the illegitimate child of a great English statesman. Does not know her illegitimacy until after his death. Her mother, a dancer, has gone to the dogs after being abandoned by Powerscourt. Barbara tries living with two maiden aunts, but longs for liberty and fame. Goes to live with a chorus girl, and becomes one herself. Marries a manager, who "pushes" her all he can, but cannot make a real actress of her. Doesn't love her elderly husband, and presently becomes mistress of his secretary, a married man of no apparent charm or force. Husband finds them together, and by chance kills the man. Meanwhile, Barbara, or, as the stage knows her, "Fancy Telling," has become pregnant by her lover. She leaves her husband, bears a son, lets him be adopted by a rich woman, and deliberately becomes a professional mistress. "One day he'll tire of me," she thought. "Well, when that day comes I shall look out for another—if I'm not too old."

Evidently the merit of this very old story must lie in the telling. Mr. Anmonier has an easy command of the current vernacular style of the "younger English novelists." So far as his "Fancy Telling" goes, he has produced a documentary record true enough to life. In the blundering, generous, earthy, "humid" manager, George Champneys, he has achieved a portrait of far greater distinction and deeper "human interest."

THE CLASH. By Storm Jameson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

From the author's Foreword to the American Edition, one might suppose this story to be dominantly an interpretation of the clash between the English and American temperaments and cultures. But the more general clashes of war and of sex, of youth and age, of class and class, are also chronicled here. And the international clash, as represented by English Elizabeth and her lover American Jess, is only a part of the clash of sex as it has to do with them. She can take him as a lover, but when it comes to the point, she cannot leave her English husband for him; and this is only in part because she cannot endure the thought of bearing children to an alien. It is a point of curious interest that Margaret Storm Jameson, author now of three novels and of some serious studies of current literary, social, and economic problems, is an Englishwoman still in her twenties, married to an American,

to whom she has borne a son, and to whom she inscribes this book.

She is, very much, of her time, but less recognizably of a literary school or manner than nineteen-twenties of her contemporaries. She is eager and pointed rather than knowing and chatty. She writes with style instead of in fashion. Her explicitness is extreme, and at times, even in this day, disconcerting. But it lacks the self-consciousness not always absent from the explicitness of Messrs. Aumonier and Frankau. From the male point of view, one feels that Jess, her lover, for all his verisimilitude, is stultified by the brutality of his final words, when Elizabeth tells him she cannot leave her husband: "I've taken all I want. Your husband can have what is left." Perhaps the American male resents the imputation that this caddish fling is a part of Jess's character as an American barbarian. However, her husband, Jamie, with his conscious acceptance of the other man's leavings, does not cut much more of a figure.

On the whole, the value of the book is that less of a finished and mature work, either as story or as interpretation, than of a brilliant and ardent commentary on many aspects and interests of modern life.

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Science in Readable Form

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. A Plain Story Simply Told. Edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. In four volumes. Three volumes have now appeared in this country.

THE day has long passed since any one man could hope to cram into his brain all the science of his time, and it appears that nowadays no one can be found who will attempt single-handed to write a general and non-technical account of the several and much severed sciences, as H. G. Wells has outlined the history of the world. But Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of the University of Aberdeen, has prepared a similar "Outline of Science" by calling to his aid various collaborators, such as Sir E. Ray Lankester, Dr. Julian Huxley, and Sir Oliver Lodge, and by copious quotations and paraphrases from previous books of popular science. It is by no means "a plain story" that he has to tell, but it is as "simply told" as could well be, and even such difficult topics as the new theories of the constitution of the stellar universe and of the atom are explained in such a way that any reader with an intelligence quotient above 13 can get a good idea of what it all means. Those who have allowed their science to get out of date will find here an agreeable way of becoming acquainted with such novelties as hormones and vitamins, chromosomes and mutants, electrons and complexes. The unscientific reader will find it hard sledding in places and slippery in others, but for the most part it is easy going and safe traveling. The slipperiest place is the first chapter of the third volume, where Sir Oliver Lodge

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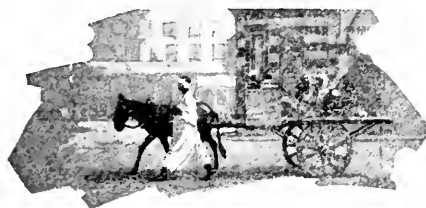
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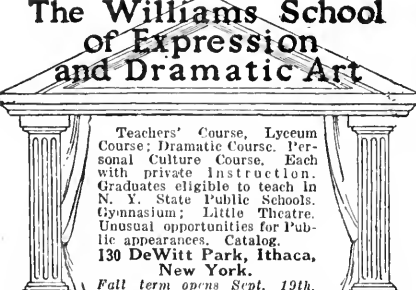
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treats of the divining rod and telepathy and other such like "psychical phenomena" as though they were established facts. The inclusion of such unscientific material in an "outline of science" is altogether misleading to the uncritical reader and will do a great deal of harm in this age of reviving superstition.

On the other hand, the clear and candid way in which the question of evolution is discussed will do a great deal of good, for the powerful movement in this country to suppress the teaching of evolution in the schools springs largely from a misapprehension of what views are now held by scientific men and from an ignorance of what experimental work has been done in heredity during the last fifty years. The "origin of species" is today not a speculative question but a laboratory method, for unit traits can now be picked out from various species of plants, insects, and animals and combined into new species according to designs and specifications drawn up in advance.

The chapter on "The Chemist as Creator" will also contain much that is new to those who have not realized that the chemist of today is not content with analyzing the substances found in nature, but boldly plans and constructs compounds that never existed before, and are better suited to his purposes than anything nature provides. The modern chemist not only breaks up and reconstructs the molecule, but even attacks the atom, although this by its very name was supposed to be indivisible.

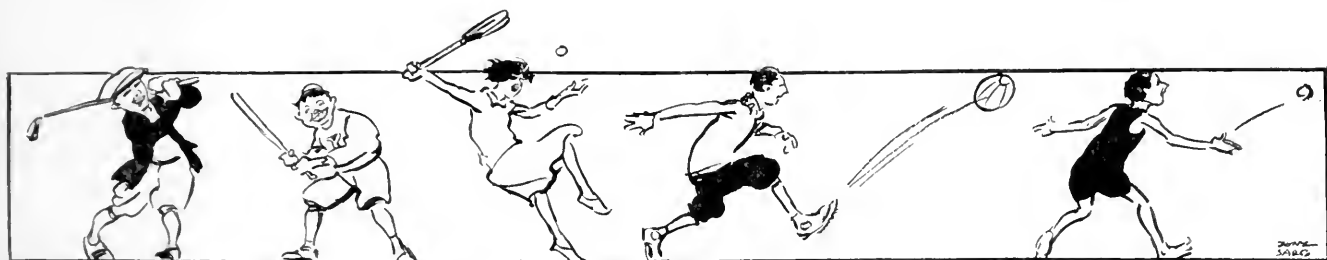
Many readers will find the descriptions of insect, bird, and mammalian life in the second volume the most interesting part of the work, though they are written for British rather than American readers. A certain insularity of outlook is also shown in the excessive preponderance of the portraits of British scientists in all the volumes and of British authors in the references and bibliographies. But this is natural, since British men of science are apt to pay more attention to literary form than are American. Professor Thomson himself writes a very graceful and fluent style, and he has devoted special attention here to the esthetic side of the subject. Bits of poetry are appositely introduced, and many of the illustrations are from famous painting or statuary. There are some ten color plates and more than two hundred half-tones in each of the four volumes.

The "Outline of Science" might more accurately be called by the name that Lankester has used for his popular books, "Fragments of Science," since it does not aim to outline science in a systematic way. It merely "hits the high spots" and these not in any orderly way. But this is just what the casual reader wants. He will not find any other book in print that will give him so comprehensive a survey of modern scientific thought in so comprehensible a form.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion
September 16, 1922



THE agreement entered into between Hugo Stinnes, representing the German leaders of industry, and the Marquis de Lubersac, on behalf of the people of the devastated regions of France, whereby the former are to furnish building materials to the amount of 13,000,000,000 francs, the same to be credited on reparation account, is a significant and momentous step toward the resumption of normal economic relations between France and Germany, and indeed toward the stabilizing of European conditions. There is no need to recount here the reasons for the failure of the Rathenau-Loucheur Wiesbaden agreement for the part payment of reparations in kind or the opposition to it on the part of French industrialists in fear of competition, or to sneer at Stinnes for his stipulation of a commission of six per cent. The share of Stinnes himself in this will of course be small, and it is a cheap price to pay for such a solution.

The main point to be considered is that it is but a natural sequence of the development of Franco-German economic relations that has been taking place almost unnoticed and despite the politicians. The extent of this development may be realized from the fact that certain iron mines of Lorraine, which came into the possession of the French, are now being operated by Germans under terms by which they share with the French the percentage of metal extracted over that which the latter were able to extract when they undertook to exploit the mines. Little by little business enterprise and the

demand for interchange of products are overcoming war psychology and political maneuvering.

ALL this combines to show the tremendous importance of the proposal outlined by John Firman Coar in the last issue of *The Independent*. The essence of that proposal lay in its unofficial, non-governmental character. If a conference of French, German, and Belgian industrial leaders could be got together on the initiative of the corresponding leaders of industry and finance of a great neutral Power like America, the political obstacles to coöperation would largely disappear and practical measures for averting the impending economic and social chaos could be devised. Otherwise, a twelvemonth may see such a crash as will plunge Europe into a welter of misery that will set back civilization a century. The politicians have blundered and failed. The hope lies in the application, not the frustration, of economic law.

FOR the past year and more all the experts have been predicting the early demise of Austria unless effective measures of relief were speedily taken. Meanwhile every form of therapeutic, from faith-healing to surgical operation, has been urged as the proper means of saving the helpless patient. While the doctors—and quacks—disagree, the patient grows weaker and no one takes an authoritative lead in prescribing. Is the situation, after all, so desperate? We do not think so, provided the case is properly diagnosed and certain relief

measures are set on foot at once. The present position of Austria, no longer a sizable, self-contained state, but practically nothing but a large city with a small surrounding territory, must be recognized. Vienna has long been the home of a number of fine industries into the product of which entered exceptional skill and artistic ability. Once financial stability is restored these industries can

selves would suffer from a failure to remedy the present parlous situation.

NEW YORK Republicans are soon to nominate candidates for Governor, United States Senator, and other important offices. The nomination will be by convention under a new system designed to remedy the defects of the old primary law. The feature of the system which is looked to with greatest hope is the provision that delegates to the convention are to be unpledged. Whether or not they will courageously and intelligently exercise the independence which the law confers on them is a question that in some ways exceeds in importance the actual results of the convention. No contest is expected over the renomination of Governor Miller. His admirable record has won for him the whole-hearted support of all considerable groups within the party. It is, therefore, principally in the matter of nominating a United States Senator that the convention will have its opportunity to show statesmanship and courage. The widespread and growing desire that New York should be represented in the Senate by a commanding personality gives the convention its great opportunity. What are we to have, a machine nomination or a real nomination? *The Independent* fails to see that political expediency calls for a compromise on this question. The nomination and election by New York of a United States Senator able to exercise leadership in that body by his courage and capacity would not only honor the State but would also help to solve many difficult Congressional problems.

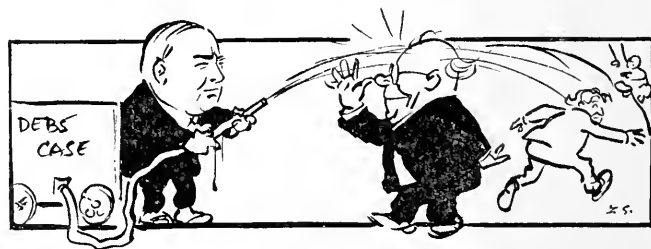
AS a result of the California primaries, Hiram W. Johnson has been renominated for the Senate. As we pointed out, the old-line politicians predicted this both on account of the strength of the Johnson machine and by reason of the inexperience of his opponents in practical politics. The Hearst papers were jubilant of course, but



Poor Austria—When doctors disagree

be restarted and employment furnished to her artisans, for there will be an ample market for the kind of goods for which Vienna was famous in the past. But more important is the location of Vienna, a location that fits her to be in the future, as she was in the past, an important entrepôt for the trade of her neighbors. To utilize these possibilities Vienna must go on a free-trade basis and make satisfactory tariff and transportation arrangements with adjacent countries, which doubtless could be done without great difficulty, since the advantage would be mutual.

It is estimated that \$75,000,000 would be sufficient to rescue Austria from the financial morass into which she has been plunged. Now that the incubus of reparations claims has been removed, at least temporarily, it ought not to be difficult to secure such a loan, provided the politicians and the League will keep their hands off. It goes without saying that such a loan would be conditioned upon drastic fiscal reforms and cessation of the printing press. Excellent security could be furnished and the amount is the merest trifle in comparison with the cost of the war likely to follow Austria's collapse. The interesting suggestion has been made that America furnish \$25,000,000 and ask England and France each to furnish a similar amount, the same to be credited on their debts to America. But, apart from the practical legislative difficulties and fatal delays involved in this proposal, we do not think it wise or feasible. To be successful governments should be kept out of it. It is a situation to be dealt with not by politicians but by business men. If our financial leaders could without undue strain provide the Dutch East Indies with a loan of \$100,000,000, surely they can, if granted the necessary guarantees against meddling interference and the opportunity to reorganize Austria's economic system on a sound basis, arrange to furnish a lesser sum, a sum indeed which would be a cheap insurance against the incomparably greater loss which they them-

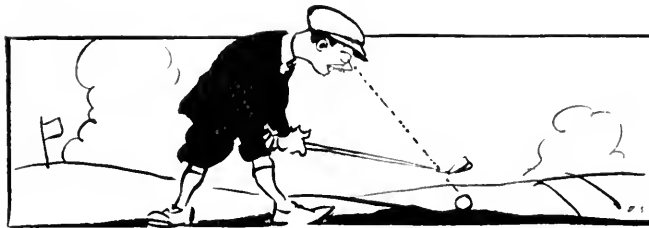


there is a fly in the ointment. While Johnson was victorious, by a majority of 75,000 instead of the 175,000 his supporters predicted, his victory was costly. So badly frightened were they by the unexpectedly strong opposition that in concentrating on Johnson's campaign they left their candidate for Governor, the present incumbent, W. D. Stephens, in the lurch, and Friend W. Richardson won out by a substantial majority. This means

that the political patronage on which Johnson depended for the upkeep of his machine will shortly pass out of his hands and with it his hopes of satisfying his higher political ambitions.

FROM M. Emile Coué comes a hint for the golfer. The reason that golfers look up too soon and do other dreadful things is, we are told, a pusillanimous use of the imagination. Instead of keeping the golfer's paradise in mind, one usually pictures the golfer's hell of traps and bunkers. In short, life on the golf links should be made a round of joyousness instead of "a lonely struggle with one's temperament," as someone has well put it. This is an age of mechanistic thought, and we cannot but wonder that no psychologist has invented a rule of thumb by which the golfer can invariably "keep his head down." M. Coué's convenient rule for all life, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," has been

tried out on golf, with disastrous results. We are inclined to believe that there are little unmanageable devils peculiar to golf courses, and that a descendant of Jonathan Edwards should thus be better able to cope with the situation and play a



"Day by day, in every way . . ."

better game than a son of Pollyanna. But to come back to the main question, cannot some psychologist provide a sure formula for keeping the head down?

Debs, Daugherty, and the Injunction

HOSTILE criticism of the Daugherty injunction against the railroad shopmen's strike was to be expected from labor leaders, from their "liberal" partisans, and from the brood of politicians. All of these reach their highest pitch of emotional exaltation over the alleged right of labor unions to self-government regardless of the rest of the world. Criticism has also naturally come from quite other sources, representing the feeling of disgust that by bringing in such inflammable issues as "free speech," picketing, and the "open shop," the Attorney General has ineptly and needlessly stirred up a certain measure of support for the very strike he was trying to end. Unfortunately, also, our long public tolerance of the nuisance features of the strike as an industrial weapon has apparently somewhat weakened the general public sense of what is inherently lawful and what is not; with the result that the sound basis underneath the Attorney General's action at Chicago is too little appreciated.

Sound law underlies every feature of the temporary injunction against the strike—even those provocative prohibitions that have stirred up such a flurry of criticism.

Authority for the Government's action is declared in the broadest terms in the decision of the Supreme Court in *In Re Debs*—the affair of the violent railroad strike of 1894, centering in Chicago. An injunction against Debs and his associates and all others concerned in the strike issued from the Federal District Court in Chicago. The District Judge took jurisdiction mainly on the ground that the strike was a conspiracy to restrain interstate commerce, in violation of the Sherman Act.

The Supreme Court sustained the lower court. In the broadest possible language it asserted the right and the duty of the Federal Government, which under the constitution had exclusive power over interstate commerce, to assure the free movement of that commerce by any necessary measures, against any and all obstruction whatsoever. Any attempt, it declared, to restrict or interfere with the free movement of interstate traffic was in itself an invasion of the national sovereignty which the Government was bound to resist to the uttermost. And in the matter of presenting such interference by injunction, the Court said:

"Every Government, entrusted by the very terms of its being with powers and duties to be exercised and discharged for the common welfare, has a right to apply to its own courts for any proper assistance in the exercise of the one and the discharge of the other. . . . The obligations which it is under to promote the interest of all and to prevent the wrongdoing of one, resulting in injury to the general welfare, is often of itself sufficient to give it standing in court." And in this temper the court, without dissenting from the lower court's reliance on the Sherman Act, said on that point:

"... we prefer to rest our judgment on the broader ground which has been discussed in this opinion, believing it of importance that the principles underlying it should be fully stated and affirmed. (Italics ours.)"

This is the whole and sufficient legal case of the United States against the railroad strikers, their associates, and abettors—the case of the sovereign national Government against any invaders of its exclusive rights and powers. It hap-

pens that the strike is also an offense against the Sherman Act, and probably a crime under the terms of the Interstate Commerce Act. Under no head is this conspiracy against the Government and the people cured by the provisions of the Clayton Act. The Supreme Court has ruled very explicitly in the Duplex case that the Clayton Act does not legalize what is otherwise unlawful.

We come, then, to the specific terms of the temporary order issued at Chicago in the present strike. The following excerpts from the injunction in the Debs case show, we believe, that every prohibition in the first Daugherty injunction has the sanction in principle of the Debs injunction as a precedent:

(1) From in any way or manner interfering with, hindering, obstructing, or stopping any of the business of any of the following named railroads. . . .

(7) From compelling or inducing, or attempting to compel or induce, by threats, intimidation, *persuasion* . . . any of the employees of any of said railroads *to refuse or fail to perform* any of their duties as employees of said railroads in connection with the interstate business or commerce of said railroads. . . .

(8) From compelling or inducing, or attempting to compel or induce . . . any of the employees of any of said railroads . . . to leave the service of such railroads.

(9) From preventing any persons whatever . . . from entering the service of said railroads, and doing the work thereof. . . .

(10) From doing *any act whatever in furtherance of any conspiracy or combination* to restrain either of said railroad companies in the free and unobstructed control and handling of interstate commerce. . . .

(11) From ordering, directing, aiding, assisting, or abetting, *in any manner whatsoever*, any person or persons to commit any or either of the acts aforesaid.

These provisions do not name "free speech," the "open shop," and picketing. But the reader will hardly need to have it pointed out to him that the Debs injunction, particularly in the sweeping prohibitions of (10) and (11), covers everything specified in the Daugherty injunction, if and when those acts operate in furtherance of the unlawful conspiracy.

A Question of Emphasis

A FALSE step at the take-off has often resulted not only in a cropper, but in a race being irretrievably lost. We earnestly trust that this will not be the fate of the Administration in its dealing with the railway strike.

The difficulty at this moment arises from the fact that a dispute which should have been settled on the basis of a broad, clear principle has now degenerated, in the public mind, to the sphere of legalistic jockeying, the Government's injunction being followed by a petition for a counter-injunction. Nothing could be more unfortunate. The atmosphere with which the question is surrounded carries one back twenty-five or thirty years to the time when smart corporation lawyers were using the injunction for entirely selfish, unworthy purposes, the best interests of the public being altogether neglected.

At the outset, the question of the railway strike was made to rest solidly on principle: Were the unions to flout the Railway Labor Board, an agency set up by law for the express purpose of handling disputes? President Harding, fearing that a great public disaster might take place if no effort was made at conciliation, in effect nullified the Board's ruling by reopening the question for discussion. Here, in our judgment, was the first false step. The Railway Labor Board could get strength and authority only if it were left free to settle a really serious trouble. If it had not the powers necessary to enforce its decision, Congress could have been called upon to grant larger powers and, considering the emergency, could have been trusted to see the urgent need of immediate action. The President chose to follow another course, and discovered that his well-known talent in conciliation was not equal to the task of bringing about a settlement.

In reality, the President was working at cross purposes with himself. He had enunciated in ringing tones a principle to which loyal citizens of our democracy must in the end whole-heartedly subscribe: "A free American has the right to work without any other's leave." He had said that all the powers of the Government would be used to enforce this principle. Here surely was an issue to which persons, regardless of party, could rally enthusiastically. It was a principle the acceptance of which, as we pointed out, would ultimately work to the best interest of the rank and file of union men. His statement was not to be construed as being aimed at labor except in so far as labor was obstructing one of the fundamental privileges of American life. Then came the injunction with an enumeration of provocative details which seemed to be in direct conflict with the free spirit animating the President's declaration of man's right to work. Nor was the case helped by Mr. Daugherty's explanation that he did not mean all that he had said in the injunction. The public began to suspect that what was involved was not so much a right principle—the sort of thing which frankly and vigorously set forth is sure to win a strong following—as the Government's fear of having its authority flouted.

For ourselves, we do not share the suspicion. The time had come when it was necessary for the Government to take hold in a big, firm way, and an injunction was the convenient and necessary means. The injunction was the one instrument by which the public could be most quickly and effectively protected; it alone, at this stage, could promptly put an end to sabotage and bring the whole question to a sharp issue. It was an impartial device, as is evident from the disapproval shown both by the unions and the executives. What we object to is the manner in which the Government went

about it. In such matters emphasis on essentials, and essentials only, is all-important. And the replacing of the general terms, which can be left to a court's interpretation, by a great mass of specific prohibitions is bound to savor of tyranny. Fortunately, the President's intention is not open to question. In spite of some blundering, he has all along desired to keep the public's rights secure, his personal sympathies as between the unions and the executives being held in the background.

But we wish that the President would keep the emphasis on his motives more insistent. He has clearly declared the principle of man's right to work and his Attorney General has mentioned a corollary of this—the necessity of maintaining the open shop in so essential an industry as the railways. If Mr. Harding wishes to keep the public sympathy he will make it perfectly clear that whatever action the Government has felt constrained to take has been prompted solely by a determination to maintain rights which are fundamental and sacred. For the public at this day, after some years of great inconvenience as a result of strikes, can be counted upon to realize that the only hope of anything like settled conditions must come from a consideration of the whole question from the standpoint of broad principles. It can be made to understand that when these are violated it is the duty of the Government to step in promptly and firmly.

The Inspiration of Sabotage

WHEN some two and a half years ago ("Moscow's Campaign of Poison," *The Weekly Review*, January 24, 1920) we published the confidential circular of instructions sent by the Executive Committee of the Bolshevik Government to its agents abroad, its insane and criminal character aroused a feeling of incredulity in many readers. The "liberal" journals, strongly Bolshevik in sympathy, either sought to throw doubt on its authenticity or passed it by in silence. The present situation recalls it vividly. Here are a few of the "instructions":

The work of Bolshevik organizations in foreign countries is regulated as follows:

1. In the domain of international relations.

(a) Assist all chauvinistic measures and foster all international discords.

(b) Stir up agitation that may serve to bring on industrial conflict.

(c) Try to assassinate the representatives of foreign countries.

2. In the domain of internal politics.

(a) Compromise by every possible means the influential men of the country; attack people in office; stir up anti-governmental agitation.

(b) Instigate general and particular strikes; injure machinery and boilers in factories; spread propaganda literature.

3. In the economic sphere.

(a) Induce and sustain railroad strikes; destroy bridges and tracks; do everything possible to disorganize transport.

(b) Interfere with and prevent if possible the transport of food supplies into the cities. . . .

Readers of the daily press who have followed the course of the present coal-mining and railway strikes cannot have failed to note the extent and character of the violence and sabotage that have accompanied them and differentiated them from earlier industrial conflicts. They have noted of course the horrible Herrin massacre and the dastardly Gary wreck. But these are only high lights in a welter of outrages from coast to coast. Every day one reads such items as these:

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 7.—The feed pipe entering the Beaver Run dam of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Packerton, the chief source of water supply on its lines, was dynamited and blown up last night.

Oklahoma City, Sept. 7.—With the arrest of four men in connection with the burning of a bridge on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad south of Reno, Okla., on August 17, United States Marshal Alva McDonald announced here tonight that he had gathered evidence indicating a state-wide plot among certain striking railway shopmen to destroy bridges and terrorize "Big Four" Brotherhood men in an attempt to precipitate a general railroad walk-out.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Between 6,000 and 7,000 loaded coal cars have been tampered with, and will have to be unloaded and repaired, it was announced by the Department of Justice today. Their contents will have to be reloaded on other cars in order to prevent a shortage in the Northwest, where many of them were consigned.

Cumberland, Md., Sept. 5.—A bridge on the Jerome branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was blown up with dynamite placed under two abutments, and both fell into the stream immediately after the explosion.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 5.—Eight men will face murder charges, four of them at Memphis, and four at Hulbert, Ark.; one will face an attempted train-wrecking charge and another a Federal court contempt charge, as the result of confessions said to have been obtained from striking rail shopmen now under arrest.

These are but a few items picked at random from the daily papers, but in the light of the "instructions" of the Executive Committee of the Bolshevik Government and of the vast sums of money which it has expended to carry them out, they have a peculiar and sinister significance. The poison from Moscow has been all too widely disseminated among certain elements of our population and must somehow or other be eradicated. The so-called "liberal" journals could perform a real public service if they would voluntarily withdraw their support from the organization and the men who are the source of this infection and from those who under the guise of liberalism obstruct all efforts to meet the menace.

The Case for Greece

THE case for Greece against Turkey (or perhaps rather against the Allies, who propose to give back to Turkey what was given to Greece by the Treaty of Sèvres) is powerfully

stated by Professor Andreades of the University of Athens in the August *Contemporary Review*.

He points out the Greek services and losses as an ally in the Great War. From 1918 to 1920, 300,000 Greek troops were always at the disposal of the Allies; the Allied army of Macedonia, whose victories greatly hastened the end of the war, was 45 per cent. Greek. The Greek mercantile marine lost more than 57 per cent. of its tonnage from torpedo attacks; a greater proportional loss than that of any other ally. Yet, whereas the national aspirations of Poland and Czechoslovakia were fully satisfied, whereas Rumania's population was increased by annexations from 7 to 17½ millions and Serbia's similarly increased from 5 to 14½ millions, it was proposed by the great Allies to satisfy Greek national aspirations only by the annexation of Thrace (population 704,000) and the administration of the Smyrna district (900,000).

Professor Andreades contends that during the war the Turks caused the death of 600,000 Greeks and that during the past two years (chiefly during the period of the armistice arranged by the Allies between the Greeks and Angora Turks) they have massacred over 300,000 Greeks.

He declares (and who will contradict him?) that "the reason why the Great Powers have yielded to the most exorbitant claims of the Kemalists, and why peace treaties are upset like children's castles, is the desire to restore peace at any price." He is quite right; at the price of decency, the pledged word, pride. He appeals (hoping, doubtless, against hope) to the Allies to redeem their pledges and save the coast districts on the Aegean and the Black Sea from restoration of Turkish sovereignty, which would mean (who doubts it?) extermination of the Greek majority in those districts.

No other episode in human annals so justifies despair of beneficent coöperation among nations as the utter failure of the Allies in handling Near and Middle East problems since the armistice.

W. H. Hudson

HE died on August 18; one of the rarest spirits of our age; perhaps of all "nature-writers" the most happily inspired and the master of the fairest style.

Many other naturalists have observed more industriously, upon a more considered system—have contributed many more data to the textbooks; but few have observed more acutely or sagaciously. He had the "seeing eye," if ever man had it; indeed, as we gather from that charming autobiography of his childhood, "Far Away and Long Ago," he began to observe intelligently (quite without schooling, direction, or example) at an earlier age than anyone else we know about.

But he was much more than a naturalist; he was a poet. That which he has to give us of most

precious is the record, in prose limpid as the song of the lark, ærial and apparently effortless as its flight, of the emotional effect upon him of things seen and heard through his marvelous senses. He writes "with his eye on the object," his style is of an elegant simplicity, the style of Nature in her happiest, her Hellenic mood. These are praises we reserve for the best of the Greeks and only a few moderns. Hudson deserves them.

Perhaps "Birds in Town and Village" is as characteristic and beautiful as any of his books. Never will one, after reading it, kill a song-bird or pass through grove or over meadow or moor without eye and ear attent. The chapters describing his sojourn in a village which he calls "A Paradise of Birds," are a series of bird-idylls (besides an apologue as good as the best—that of the wry-neck) almost as beautiful as the bird-odes of Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth; the idylls: of the kingfisher and the buttercups; of the tree-pipit on the elm-branch (the effect of the bird's last notes "like that of the perfume of the honeysuckle"); of the wood-wren at the top of the beech; of the greenfinch, which emits, among sundry delightful notes and trills, a scream, "as if some unsubstantial being, fairy or wood-nymph, had screamed somewhere in her green hiding-place."

There is so much to say, and all in praise, of Hudson. Perhaps Galsworthy goes a thought too far when he declares that "as a simple narrator Hudson is well-nigh unsurpassed," but that early novel "The Purple Land" shows that, had he continued to work that vein, he might have become a romantic (and humorous) novelist of the first rank. The characterization is vivid and clean; Father Anselmo's rigmarole is worthy of Shakespeare or Hardy. In the fantastic story "Green Mansions," for once outside China a symbolic conception is realized without the effect of refrigeration. Rima, the bird-girl, is one of Aristotle's "probable impossibilities"; oh! yes, Mr. Philistine, quite real, like Ariel. In some of his shorter sketches, such as "The Wiltshire Village," he has created "atmosphere" as scarcely any but Hawthorne and Hardy have succeeded in doing. He achieved the "village mind," as Mr. Hewlett fain would, but cannot quite. He is not surpassed in human sympathy. He gets close to the peasant as he gets close to the heart of Nature. He is even a poet in the metrical sense. In our opinion "The Visionary" belongs in the anthologies.

For the most part he is serene. Not always. Now and then the eternal note of sadness comes in—most notably in "The Return of the Chiff-Chaff." The consolation he finds for Nature's destruction of beautiful things (and the consolation that he doubtless would have us find for his loss) is that which has its supreme expression in the stanza of "Adonais" commencing:

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.

Mexico's Coming Crisis

By Chester T. Crowell

SEVERAL years ago a man who knows Mexico better than you know your backyard—and far more accurately than the Mexicans know themselves—returned to New York and reported on the situation. That was his business. It still is. He reported that Carranza would be overthrown by a bloodless revolution "from within" and that Alvaro Obregon would be his successor. He said he thought Carranza would be about the only casualty of the revolution.

Months passed. More months passed. Nothing happened. Carranza defied the United States Government. He defied the whole world. Bandits and rebels controlled twice as much of Mexico as Carranza. Still nothing happened. Carranza defied the populace of Mexico, he defied everything. He had Obregon arrested, he seemed to have not a friend left on earth, but he was still President.

About this time I met the man who knows Mexico, the man who had reported. I hinted that I thought the laugh was on him and that he should buy me a dinner. As my companion toyed with the clams he meditated aloud as follows: "The next time I cross the Rio Grande I am going to hold a solemn ceremony. I am going to burn up the multiplication table, stamp on the law of gravity, and throw a clock into the river. The great laws of nature just simply don't run true to form down there. They have time fuses attached to them. You take two and two, for instance, and put them together in California or Kansas and up bobs four. But what happens in Mexico? Why, nothing. And later on what happens? Nothing. But long after you have forgotten your two and two, up bobs a four and probably puts your eye out."

This was my cue to regale my host with the story of how I hurried out of Mexico in 1910, hoping that the train would get safely across the Laredo bridge before the fighting started—and how the revolution did not start until a year later. Well, my friend's prognostication was better than mine by six months anyhow, for Carranza was overthrown and murdered six months after the making of the report referred to; and in due time Alvaro Obregon became President.

The preceding paragraphs are a necessary preface to the statement that Mexico is again moving rapidly and inevitably toward a crisis—probably a collapse. I do not think it is possible at this time to prevent the collapse. All the ingredients have been well mixed. Anything else that is added now may change the flavor of the brew, but its potency will remain about the same. A pair of twos has been rung up and we are going to see a four. When? Well, if Mexico were a country where the law of gravity worked in an orderly way and the multiplication table did not have a time-fuse attachment, I could tell you exactly. Ninety days from now. But fifteen years of familiarity with that country have taught me to be wary about calculating time. It ought to be about ninety days. It may wait longer, but how it can is beyond my powers to guess. I can and will tell you what is brewing, but the time-fuse is coiled in the lap of the gods.

About 60 or 70 per cent. of the revenue of the Mexican Government is obtained from the production and

export taxes levied on petroleum and its products. The time has come when the production of the largest field in Mexico must decline. Salt water has appeared in the wells. They are not lost by any means, but they must and will be handled with great care in the future. It is about time to expect salt water in another field—the second largest. This does not mean the end of Mexican production, but it means a definite decline. At present the American oil companies operating in Mexico are shipping their stored oil, as well as their current production. About ninety days from now they will have nothing to ship but current production. They are already paying the highest taxes in the world—about 50 per cent. ad valorem—and they cannot pay any more for the simple reason that it would be cheaper not to produce in that field.

All of these companies have large reserve lands in Mexico where they know they can get oil in commercial quantities, but it will cost millions to develop the new fields. They want some sort of assurance that the wells will not be taken away from them after they have invested their millions. Hoping to obtain this assurance, they held a conference with Adolfo de la Huerta, Minister of Finance, when he visited New York. He thought the matter could be arranged very easily. All the companies would have to do was to put in the land and the millions and the technical skill and the Mexican Government would put in its subsoil rights under Article XXVII for 30 per cent. of the stock of the new corporation. But the oil companies mildly intimated that the Mexican Government has no subsoil rights in lands owned in fee simple by the oil companies. This brought the whole controversy right back to where it was in the merry days of Venustiano Carranza. If the Mexican Government has subsoil rights under Article XXVII, it has all the subsoil rights and not a mere 30 per cent. Once let the oil companies admit any such basis of compromise as that and they can bid farewell to their property. So nothing came of that little conference—except that as a parting courtesy Señor de la Huerta remarked that the Mexican Government would be pleased to accept a trifling loan of \$25,000,000, if those present happened to have it handy in their pockets.

So there matters stand. No new fields are being opened. The present fields have passed their bonanza era. A conference has been held. Nothing came of it. Development is under way in Central and South America involving scores of millions of dollars. Mexico will still produce, of course, but let us see how the Government can face a decline of 30 per cent. in its oil revenue.

The Mexican railways produce a deficit of one to two million pesos a month, which is made up out of the Federal treasury. For some time the army has been paid irregularly. The wages of Government employees are usually in arrears. Recently these wages have been reduced, with the usual effect upon morale and loyalty. School teachers are the last persons paid and some of them haven't been paid for so many months that a change in the system might prove fatal to those with weak hearts. Scores of bandits are "bought off" in Mexico. When the wherewithal to pay them is lacking,

the Government is a poor insurance risk. Several States which have been experimenting with radical labor laws and social legislation have found it necessary to borrow from the Federal Government. These are really forced loans because any time the Federal Government is too slow in making the loan it is likely to find a full-grown revolt on its hands.

Confiscation of lands under the agrarian laws has about wrecked agriculture. There are now pending before the Mexican Supreme Court nearly seven hundred appeals of landowners against the seizures by local agrarian commissions and not a single land owner has obtained redress. Official estimates of the cotton crop this year are 8,000 bales, compared with an average of 60,000. It will be necessary to import millions of bushels of corn and the Government will have to finance this operation if it takes place at all. Mining will produce very little revenue, thanks to the assault upon titles, as well as to the work of bandits.

The persistent poverty of the Mexican Government is a little difficult to understand if one approaches the problem as a financier or bookkeeper. It is not so much a problem in finance as one in psychology. The Mexican is not naturally thrifty. About a year ago the Mexican Government placed additional taxes upon oil to provide a sinking fund and interest for the external debt. But the money had scarcely reached the treasury before it became absolutely necessary for current expenses. It has now been used.

When Señor de la Huerta came to the United States to confer with the international committee of bankers representing the holders of Mexican bonds, he pledged these special oil taxes anew to meet the interest payments. It was agreed that interest payments were to be made beginning next January. Why not now? Well, the first year's collections have been dissipated. That would be a crime in the United States. But, without haggling over the penal laws, one may still venture to doubt whether this fund will be any more sacred next month than it was last. And as the oil revenues are certain to decline during the remainder of this year, it is doubtful whether there will be any funds available next January to pay bond interest. If there are no such funds, then it will make little difference whether the agreement is ratified or not, for the whole gesture was planned to obtain recognition from the United States Government. The Mexicans are rather cynical about government. They take it for granted that "Wall Street" rules, and that if Señor de la Huerta could negotiate an agreement with the bankers, carefully deferring the date of payment as far as possible, Secretary Hughes would be standing hat in hand at Mr. Morgan's back door to take orders as to recognition. The fact that Secretary Hughes announced his Mexican policy on June 7, 1921, and has not changed a comma of it since that date, simply does not percolate in Mexico. The Mexicans played hide-and-go-seek with President Wilson for eight years and are not yet ready to believe that the rules of the game have changed so radically in so short a time. Mr. Hughes has certainly taken a lot of the joy out of Mexican diplomacy with all this stubborn insistence on pen and ink. The Mexican diplomat prefers a confidential whisper behind the barn followed by amnesia. Hughes will not even agree to use invisible ink. But his position is just as inevitable as theirs. Unqualified recognition carries with it approval and

confirmation of the previous acts of the Mexican Government. Mr. Hughes holds it in his power to sign away the rights of American citizens to more than a billion dollars worth of honest investments in Mexico. Even the Wilson Administration finally grew tired of Mexican assurances. Secretaries Lansing and Colby were just as insistent on a written treaty as Mr. Hughes.

But this is wandering afield. The point is that the Mexican Government under Carranza, de la Huerta, and Obregon has enjoyed a revenue nearly three times as large as the Diaz Government ever received and has remained consistently in dire financial distress. Its revenue is now going to decline. The ablest Cabinets have failed under such conditions. Spendthrifts and amateurs at statecraft cannot hope to succeed.

In the background looms the Communist party of Mexico, already in absolute control of eight of the twenty-seven States and powerful in all of them. The Bolsheviks could now overthrow the Government of Mexico by a short clash. I talked with one of their leaders a few days ago. A Mexican Bolshevik is not a fugitive; he carries his card openly. Many of the highest officials in Mexico are avowed Bolsheviks. There is no secret about it.

"Why all the strikes?" I asked this Bolshevik. "What are you waiting for? Why do you harry and harass the Obregon Government week in and week out? Why don't you finish the job?"

"And bring intervention?" he asked. "No, my simple friend," he added, "we leave the pride and pomp of power to you conservative asses. We have bored from within until we now have a capitalist Government doing our job for us better than we could do it ourselves. While you precious Pollyanna fools sit grinning hopefully we are laying the groundwork. Mexico is a more valuable pawn than you think. Suppose we chase the Americans out and invite in the Japanese? Suppose we favor the British? In short, suppose we manage to embroil any two of Japan, the United States, Great Britain, what then?"

"Bunk," I exclaimed.

"No, a Bolshevik Europe," he replied with a smile. "You see it is safe to talk because you conservatives never know you are on a volcano. But then suppose we accomplish nothing more than a Bolshevik Mexico? Does that not help in the United States? Here, you know, is our most difficult problem."

"But surely you see that the Obregon Government can neither get recognition nor survive the difficulties ahead," I said.

"We have not lost hope that it will be recognized," he replied. "If it falls, we may set up another Government just like it from the remaining pieces."

"And then again you may not be able to control that wild gang of yours and they may take over the Government," I suggested.

"That is possible," he admitted, "but that way lies disaster."

This man is a Russian who learned Spanish in order to work in Mexico for the Third International, and for his own amusement has since learned English, which he now speaks excellently. As he walked out I glanced at a newspaper editorial lying on my desk. It demanded in ten-point type to know why Mexico is not recognized. It makes very little difference what color you paint a ship that is scuttled.

The Reproach of "Unskilled" Labor

By Benjamin Baker

THE time has certainly arrived when the people of this country should devote some actual thinking power to the problem of "unskilled labor." Unemployment in some directions is decreasing so decidedly that there are hints of an impending shortage of this kind of labor. If the present trend in that direction continues a few months more we shall see certain large employing interests moving strenuously for a removal of the present restrictions on immigration. Their argument will be a selfish one; and, from the point of view of the country's real interests, it will be a false one.

What these manufacturers really want to get is *cheap* labor. What they want to *avoid* is the trouble of so increasing the efficiency of their processes as to get equally good financial results with labor that is *not* cheap. The appeal will be made that American industry and American foreign trade are in danger of being stifled by lack of labor; that foreign labor is the only kind that will enter certain basic industries; and that, unless the immigration gates are opened to a new influx of this cheap alien labor, the prosperity of the country will be sacrificed to an impractical idealism—to a sloppy mixture of sentimental "Americanism" and subservience to labor union threats. From another side, also, that of the inscrutable "uplifters," will come opposition to restriction of immigration "on principle"—though on *what* principle this writer has tried in vain to discover from the professors themselves.

Consider first the plea that "Americans will not do this work." For the moment, the statement is true—but why? In the early days of the New England textile mills the operatives were "Americans." In the early days of the steel industry, the workers were Americans and the North Europeans whom we had proved able to assimilate. Both these industries—along with others that could be mentioned in various parts of the country—are now operated with foreign labor in the unskilled parts of the steel industry, and altogether in the textile plants. Foreign labor was brought into these industries in the first place because it was more abundant and, most of all, *cheaper* than American labor. Then, foreign labor having flowed in so abundantly as to establish these occupations as alien labor work, the Americans left them. The work had ceased to be an "American" job—had declined to the lower standards of cheap immigrant labor. And now, fifty years and more after the beginning of the process of substitution, we find standards of living in the New England textile industries below the vaguely assumed "American" level—mothers and children working in the mills. And in the steel industry we find that many thousands of alien laborers are living in a fashion that can by no stretch of imagination be called "American," because, as we are told, these alien laborers would rather live like pigs than surrender any of the earnings they get from the obviously un-American twelve-hour and fourteen-hour day.

In a measure, the statement is true. Anyone who is familiar with what even intelligent and thrifty aliens will sometimes do to reduce living costs, outside of the steel industry, too, can harbor few illusions on this score. The just quarrel, however, is with a conduct

of industry which needlessly permits the establishment and encourages the continuance of conditions so harmful to this country.

Let us face now the argument of the man who says: "Unless we get in a new supply of foreign labor, unskilled labor will presently command higher pay than many clerical and skilled jobs. What are you going to do then?"

There are two answers. The first answer is that when "unskilled" labor steadily commands—let us say \$25 to \$30 a week—it will draw in non-immigrant workers who can then not afford to stay out in deference to their pride, or to their prejudice against working with foreigners. By the influence of a high wage level alone, the kinds of work now done by immigrant "unskilled" labor will be in part Americanized, and progressively so if the influx of low-grade aliens such as would gravitate naturally to these occupations is still further restricted.

The second answer, and the more important one, involves the idea suggested in the title of this article. No fact in the development of American industry is more striking, or more characteristic of the American temper when it sees that it *must* tackle the job, than the readiness and resourcefulness with which labor-saving appliances have been added to existing machines, or more efficient machines invented, *when rising labor costs in a particular industry have made it profitable to do so*. A distinguishing mark of American manufacturing genius has been its readiness to scrap inefficient machinery, guided by the perception that the loss by scrapping and the added capital investment in better machinery would be more than offset by the increase in productive efficiency.

But in the use of the human machine (with a few exceptions of negligible numerical magnitude), American industry has been and now is unprogressive and inexcusably wasteful. Individual wages have been heavily reduced in hundreds of American factories and plants during the past two years where the same unit cost of product, on but little diminished wages, could have been secured through proper lighting, proper position of seats and working places, proper training of the workers, and the like. This is not a declaration out of vague theory—it is a statement of what has actually been done in really progressive American plants. The truth of it is well known to engineers who are familiar with the engineering of the human machine. But most American manufacturers, it must be confessed, are immensely ill-informed on this subject. Very few of them look for the needed economies to the easily available improvements of the human processes; as few, it is to be feared, to the available improvements in the field of pure management. For some of the largest industries, the management thinks solely of cheaper "unskilled" labor from Europe.

"Unskilled" labor is a term of reproach to American management and engineering. What is more "unskilled" than digging, or throwing material with a shovel? Alas! most digging, as it is actually done, is unskilled and inefficient. For proof, you have only to watch a gang of men removing snow from city streets,

or almost any work on public roads or ditches. Yet Taylor, twenty years ago, showed that shoveling can be made a skilled job, paying higher returns to the employer, on double the wages usually paid, when the employer knows enough about *skilled* shovelling to teach the workman. The writer knows something of Taylor's methods of skilled shovelling, and in his daily casual inspection, these days, of a certain piece of road construction work in Westchester County, New York, he sees an example of the inexcusable waste of present methods—*due to the ignorance and indifference of the employer.*

The real fact is that there is a best method and a best tool for every one of the jobs now called "unskilled" which, when found and applied, greatly increase efficiency, and return good profits to the employer on a much higher wage than is ordinarily paid for the work *as it is now done.* There is not space in this article to follow in detail the many things that serve to illustrate this fact, but one instance is illuminating—the pneumatic track-tamping machine now in use on a few railroads. Nearly everyone has seen the section gang working with picks and bars to ram earth or crushed stone under and around the timber ties of a railroad track. With the pneumatic tamping machine, half the number of men can now make a better road-bed in less time, and without splintering and damaging the ties as the bar and picks do.

We have, in truth, allowed a lot of jobs to remain "unskilled" work because we have lacked a motive strong enough to make us turn them into the *skilled* jobs that each of them can be and ought to be made. For certain large American industries that will presently be demanding a new supply of unskilled labor from Europe, the needed motive is a rising cost of labor. If we let them, they will dodge the job by getting more cheap labor! If we insist—and as Americans we ought to insist—they will turn these unskilled jobs into skilled jobs by investing a little more capital in mechanical aids, and by teaching the future skilled man how to do what is now the work of two men without training or appliances.

It is time, in the writer's opinion, for the American public to insist that no American industry be run with a wasteful, ignorant, unskilled use of the human machine; and that every American industry be refused a new supply of cheap labor until it has tested to the utmost the known resources of human engineering. Finally, that the burden of proving that all the resources of human and efficiency engineering have been exhausted be put on the industry concerned. This is not a plea for higher *unearned* wages. It is a plea for the higher efficiency of the now unskilled laborer—a higher efficiency (carrying with it a higher wage and more Americanism) that the employers of the country as a whole will bring to pass *if they believe they have to.* We have forced employers to insure their workers against industrial accidents—and the employers have continued to make money. It is time now to insist that employers insure the American standard (that we all look to as a more or less vague ideal) by protecting it against needless damage from the waste and poverty caused by inefficient use of the human machine! It is time to level up—not time to let more water into the foundations.

Whitesheet Hill

To W. H. Hudson

"*Was its [the bird's] destiny not like that of the soul, specialized in a different direction, of the saint or poet or philosopher?*" From W. H. Hudson's "Afoot in England.")

YOU who have climbed the farther "Whitesheet Hill,"
Dear Traveller, clad in your winding shroud,
Come back and tell us,—if you are allowed
To wander where we wish, or where you will:
On lonely pampas or by Exmoor's rill,
Or where 'twixt wind and wave on Norfolk's coast
You saw yourself as if a shining ghost
Or wingéd shadow, but your own self still;—

Come back and tell us of the bird you found
Upon earth's Whitesheet Hill, all stark and cold,
The bird you buried in the ant-digged ground
And hid with creeping herb and grey-mossed mould;

Has it renewed its grace and melody
On yonder hill,—and shared your destiny?

J. F.—*One Afoot on Earth*

Interesting Old Coins

THE two old coins here reproduced, (a) a silver thaler of the Archduke Sigismund dated 1486, and (b) a one and one-half thaler piece of Augustus of Brunswick-Luneburg, are from a small collection recently placed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in juxtaposition with the Museum's collection of arms and armor (one of the finest in the world), for the purpose of illustrating the part old coins and medals play in assigning armor and parts of armor to their respective periods in history.

As Dr. Bashford Dean, Curator of Armor, who presented the collection to the Museum, remarks in the current number of the Museum's monthly Bulletin, such "documents" are apt to show not only the exact year when a certain panoply was worn, but contemporary details concerning it. The coins and medals in this little collection cover a period extending from mediæval times to the close of the eighteenth century and cannot fail to contribute to the interest of the armor collections.



Metropolitan Museum

Legality and Wisdom of Constitutional Prohibition

By Wayne B. Wheeler

I HAVE read with much interest in the July 8 number of *The Independent* the article by Mr. Fabian Franklin entitled, "The Havoc of Prohibition." I assume this discussion is intended to clarify in the minds of the people the wisdom or folly of national prohibition. To this end I trust the following article will contribute.

Every legal argument that could be produced by the ablest counsel for the foes of the Eighteenth Amendment was presented to the United States Supreme Court. It was urged with much force that the Eighteenth Amendment was not an amendment to the Constitution and rational government. It was heralded far and wide that this provision of the Constitution which interfered with the personal habits of the people was an innovation, that it denied individuals their Constitutional guarantees, and overrode the fundamental rights of minorities.

Constitutional Right to Amend Organic Law

In trying to ascertain the purpose of the framers of the Constitution relative to the power to amend, it is well to keep in mind that there is only one great muniment of our liberty which can never be amended, revoked, or withdrawn—the Declaration of Independence. It declares: "*That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these things, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*" The framers of the Constitution recognized it by providing for the alterations and changes referred to in the Declaration of Independence.

Under our form of government the people are the ultimate source of power; when they have once adopted a Constitution or an amendment thereto, by the methods therein provided, the court may determine whether the procedure was in fact in accordance with the method fixed by the Constitution and may interpret the meaning of the amendment. But after it has once been adopted according to the manner prescribed by the Constitution it is the duty of all loyal citizens to obey it.

The people under this form of government may, of course, do unwise things. This is the alleged danger of a republican or democratic form of government. If the electorates are not intelligent, moral, and patriotic, our government will fail. Our forefathers took that chance in choosing a form of government that was controlled entirely by the people. History proves that they builded more wisely than they knew. The people have kept step with advancing civilization under the sane construction of our Constitution. This last advance in the prohibition of the beverage liquor traffic, which is one of the greatest evils that ever cursed humanity, is additional evidence of the wisdom of our forebears.

A recent survey made in Massachusetts comparing the last seven wet years with the two dry years reveals

a decrease of 55 per cent. in the arrests for drunkenness. Arrests for all causes in Boston decreased 27 per cent., in the entire State 24 per cent. The arrests of women for drunkenness decreased 69 per cent. in the State. There was a decrease of 52 per cent. in the prison population; of 52 per cent. in the number of neglected children; of 31 per cent. in the number of non-support cases in the State. Deaths from alcoholism in the State decreased 65 per cent. This is a fair illustration of what surveys made in other States show.

A constitutional amendment that decreases drunkenness and crimes related thereto, diminishes the consumption of beverage liquor, provides more food and clothing for the homes, and destroys the saloon and its attendant evils, is not degrading the Constitution of the United States.

Home Brew

The home-brew situation is a troublesome one, but its evils are greatly over-emphasized by both the friends and foes of prohibition. There has always been more or less illicit manufacture of liquor in the home in every community after prohibition has been adopted. This is made possible by the fact that the home is always carefully safeguarded from search or inspection and it offers an opportunity for this illegal making of liquor. Experience has demonstrated that unless a home becomes a place where liquor is made, sold, or furnished, in violation of law, the search-and-seizure act should not apply. The Federal Act prevents a search of a home until there is evidence that liquor is sold therein. Most of the State laws provide for the search of the home when there is evidence of illegal manufacture or sale. While the State and Federal Governments have the right to enact laws reaching this home-brew situation more effectively than they have done, the law has been lenient in this regard out of respect for the adage, "a man's home is his castle."

It is a matter of considerable interest, however, to know that those opposed to prohibition resist every effort to secure the enactment of laws which will deal more effectively with the home-brew situation. After the laws are enacted, one of the chief attacks upon them is that liquors may be made in the home and the law is a failure because of this. This difficult situation will be solved in time by two factors: In the first place, as the people realize that there is a necessity for further legislation to cope with this situation, it will be enacted. In addition, the changing public sentiment on this question will do much to solve this difficulty.

Knowing the protection given the home, those who were opposed to prohibition naturally took advantage of the safeguards thrown around the home and made home brew after the adoption of prohibition. It was a fad in many places. Those who wanted some kind of liquor to wean off on naturally turned to home brew. They got the materials from stores which claimed they were selling to make beverages in accordance with the law only. The same stores quietly gave information to

the purchaser how to produce more alcohol than the one-half of one per cent. The home-brew maker soon found, however, that the home-made stuff was not up to the quality of the beer made by the brewer.

Home Brew a Failure

In order to prepare satisfactory beer or other fermented liquors several conditions are essential. First, the brew must be made from pure materials; that is, good clean or sound fruits or grain. Second, the material must be brewed in clean utensils and in well ventilated and clean surroundings open to sunlight. Third, the yeast used must be of clean culture or nearly so. In addition to these, good results are seldom obtained except in large-volume operations. The conditions under which practically all of the home brew and home-made wines are now manufactured are exactly the opposite of those set forth above. The materials used are poor grain, glucose, dried or partly decayed fruits. The utensils are not clean in the sense in which that word applies to a fermentation industry. The surroundings are as a rule unsanitary, damp, and out of the sunlight. The home brew is usually made in basements, sheds, and stables. The procuring of a pure yeast culture by the public is practically impossible, and even if it were possible to procure pure yeast, the contamination produced by wild yeast and bacteria would result in a poor fermentation.

The products examined in the various laboratories of the Prohibition Unit fully bear out these statements. The "kick" usually claimed for these concoctions is due to the off-products of fermentation or ptomaines as much as to ethyl alcohol. It is a well-known fact that beverage beer was never regarded as fit for use unless it had been brewed in some clean place under clean conditions from clean materials and aged in cold cellars for a considerable time before bottling. The same conditions of fermentation and long aging are as essential in making wine also, as is well known.

It will take some time for the public to realize these facts and give up the third and fourth rate stuff they are making and with which they are ruining their health and chances of longevity. As a matter of fact, there is comparatively little home brew made compared with the amount of beer produced before prohibition. We should remember that there were nearly two billion gallons of beer and malt liquors made annually before prohibition. Only a fraction of that amount is now made. Of course the amount is a matter of opinion, as no one can get accurate statistics on it. The opponents of prohibition, in their survey made by the *New York Herald* and the *Washington Post*, gave what was probably a fair estimate of the amount of home brew and other liquors now consumed. In the first article of that survey they stated that, making a most liberal estimate for home brew and other liquors secured illegally, there was a decrease in the consumption of intoxicants under national prohibition of 70 per cent. I confidently believe that the decrease is even larger than that, but this is a conservative statement.

Home brew is the logical result of alcoholic appetite produced by the legalized liquor trade. The elimination of this appetite is the ultimate aim of prohibition. Two years of prohibition for the removal of this age-long evil is too short a trial to justify the assumption that national prohibition will prove either unwise or

ineffective. This complaint simply shows the necessity of adequate means to suppress it. This will be supplied in response to an awakened public conscience by education and legislation. We challenge the coöperation of those who complain about home brew to help solve this problem.

Beer and Wine Sentiment Not Strong

The opponents of prohibition have centred their efforts this year on a beer and wine amendment. Many unofficial polls and tests have been made concerning a modification of the law so as to permit these liquors. Some of the polls indicate a strong sentiment for a change in the National Prohibition Act to permit the distribution of beer and wine.

The only accurate test of sentiment on this question is in an election where all the people have a chance to register their convictions. Elections have been held on the beer and wine issue in Ohio, Michigan, Oregon, Colorado, and several other States. In all of these States the majority against beer and wine was larger than that by which prohibition originally carried. The primaries held in twenty-nine States where 287 districts voted on candidates for Congress resulted in the renomination of 248 of the present Congressmen. Of these 203 have records favoring prohibition, while forty-five are wet. In the thirty-nine districts where new candidates were chosen the majority are dry. These tests show clearly that the propaganda for beer and wine is backed largely by the former brewers who hope to reestablish their business, and is not demanded by the people generally.

Obedience to Law

It is a dangerous doctrine to advocate, when a law has been enacted by the orderly process of government, even though it is an interference with some people's personal habits, that "the great guilt is not that of the law breakers but that of law makers." Such statements as:

Nothing would be easier than to imagine laws which a very considerable number of perfectly well meaning people would be willing to have enacted but which if enacted it would be not only the right, but the duty, of sound citizens to ignore"

constitute an unjustifiable assumption calculated to promote the very evil of lawlessness which all so strongly condemn.

Congress could not prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor until an amendment had been added to the Constitution. The difficulties of amending the Constitution have already been stated. Therefore, to apply such an assumption to statutes flowing directly from an amendment to the organic law is unwarranted.

The issue in the United States today is one of law and order, and the perpetuity of orderly government. It may be, as is claimed by the opponents of prohibition, that this issue will divide the people as they have not been divided since the Civil War. This issue of law enforcement must be met and settled right if the Government is to live. If prohibition is the means of bringing this issue squarely before the people and settling the question right once for all, it is worth while. Civilization and law and order go hand in hand. The American people will not back track on this vital issue necessary to sustain these essentials of orderly government.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

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Domestic Affairs

The Railroad Shopmen's Strike

ON September 1 Attorney General Daugherty obtained from Judge Wilkerson in the United States District Court at Chicago an order enjoining obstruction of "the operation of trains in any manner, directly or indirectly." The order recites in great detail acts which would constitute obstruction. Senator Robinson told the Senate on the 6th that the enjoining of certain of the acts recited is "violative of express law and of the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, of freedom of the press, and of the right peaceably to assemble." A very considerable portion of the American public agree with Senator Robinson. On the 11th there will be a hearing in court on the Attorney General's motion for permanency of the injunction, when the enjoined labor leaders may present argument and the issues involved should be threshed out. This grand matter had best be left to editorial treatment.

* * *

Up to the date of issuance of the injunction, outrages in connection with the strike had continued with ever-increasing frequency. Since that date there has been a falling off, but by no means a cessation. For whatever reason, the Department of Justice has made only a few of the many arrests which would find sanction under the wide sweep of the injunction.

* * *

One of a group of shop-buildings of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh, in which fifty-five new workers were sleeping, was set on fire early in the morning of September 3. Seven of the occupants were burned to death and ten others are in hospital, two of them being expected to die. While the work of rescue was going on, a crowd of several hundred stood on a height overlooking the burning building and hurled stones at the injured persons being carried away and at the rescuers, until police dispersed them. The cause of the fire is being investigated.

* * *

Certain Brotherhood employees on the Chicago and Alton Railroad having walked out, were persuaded to go back to work, but only after obtaining some curious concessions. The workers were themselves to decide whether rolling-stock was defective, and trains were to be run only by day.

The Miners' Strike

At Philadelphia, on September 2, representatives of anthracite miners and operators agreed to a settlement

proposed by Senators Pepper and Reed of Pennsylvania, after receipt of a letter from President Harding urging acceptance. The following are the terms of the proposal of the Pennsylvania Senators:

1. The contracts in force March 31, 1922, to be extended to Aug. 31, 1923, or March 31, 1924.
2. The production of coal to begin at once.
3. Your organizations [i. e. the miners' and operators' organizations] to join in a recommendation to Congress that legislation be forthwith enacted creating a separate Anthracite Coal Commission, with authority to investigate and report promptly on every phase of the industry.
4. The continuance of production after the extension date to be upon such terms as the parties may agree upon in the light of the report of the commission.

The miners' representatives finally agreed to August 31, 1923, as the date of expiration of the renewed schedule of wages. In this sense the agreement is a compromise; otherwise it is substantially a victory for the miners. The agreement has been ratified by the Miners' Scale Committee, but still requires to be ratified by the delegates' convention of the 155,000 anthracite miners. Such ratification seems certain, and it is expected that resumption of operations in the anthracite mines will commence on the 11th.

* * *



*International
Mussolini, head of the Italian Fascisti*

The so-called Administration's Coal Distribution and Price Control bill was passed by the House on August 31. Its intention is to regulate coal prices and coal distribution in interstate commerce through priority orders to be issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Commission's powers to be extended for that purpose, and the Commission to act on information to be furnished by a Fuel Distributor. The Fuel Distributor would ascertain fuel needs throughout the country, coal prices obtaining and reasonable coal prices, and recommend accordingly. Profiteers would get no cars. The Senate passed the bill on September 7 after amending it slightly. It is now in conference.

* * *

Bituminous production during the week ended September 2 was more than 9,000,000 tons; a substantial percentage above normal consumption.

* * *

It has been announced that, owing to lack of fuel and the alleged impossibility of procuring fuel at reasonable prices, the Ford Motor Company will shut down on September 16, thus throwing 105,000 employees out of work. Industries furnishing materials to Ford plants will indirectly be hit hard. The present production of the company is the greatest in its history—about 5,200 cars per day.



Harris & Ewing

Our building for the Brazilian Centennial Exposition, which opened September 7

Brief Items

On August 31 the Senate passed the Bonus bill, which is now in conference. The House having failed to indicate whence were to come the huge sums required under the bill, the Senate attached an amendment providing for bonus payments out of payments to be received from foreign Governments upon the account of war loans. The Senate attached another amendment providing for reclamation of swamp and other public lands for homesteads for former soldiers.

* * *

John Hessin Clarke has resigned his office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in order to serve "some public causes in ways in which he could not serve them" while holding his present office; the resignation to become effective September 18. It is generally understood that Justice Clarke proposes to throw himself into the movement to swing us into the League of Nations. George Sutherland, formerly Senator from Utah, has been nominated to succeed Justice Clarke, and the nomination has been ratified by the Senate.

* * *

Yielding to circumstances, President Harding has consented that the Ship Subsidy bill shall not be taken up at this session. Yes? No? Which is it?

* * *

All Connecticut textile mills which have been shut down by strikes are again in operation.

* * *

Exports from this country during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, totaled in value \$3,770,000,000, as against the \$6,516,000,000 value of exports in the previous fiscal year; imports totaled in value \$2,608,000,000, as against the \$3,654,000,000 value of imports in the previous fiscal year.

* * *

The Davis Cup was successfully defended by our players against the Australians. Tilden and Johnson each won in singles against both Patterson and Anderson; Johnson winning both his matches with ease, but Tilden having hard fights. In doubles Tilden and Richards were thoroughly trounced by Patterson and Wood. Of all the contestants Johnson played the most bril-

liantly. There should be a rare struggle between Tilden and Johnson for the national championship; perhaps the mightiest in the history of the game.

* * *

A delegation from the Sulgrave Institution of England, headed by Sir Charles Wakefield, is now in this country to present the following statuary from that institution: to the City of Washington a statue of Edmund Burke; to the City of Pittsburgh a bust of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; to the City of Washington a bust of Lord Bryce, and to Trinity Church, New York City, a replica of that bust.

* * *

A steamer arrived in New York the other day with the following consignment from India: 13 baby elephants; 200 adult monkeys, and 60 monkey babies in arms; 2 Bengal tigers; 2 sloth-bears; 3 black panthers; 2 hippopotamuses; 56 snakes, including a python 20 feet long and 16 inches in girth; 900 miscellaneous birds. It was a hard trip for the kids.

* * *

It should be cause of national pride that the Alaskan brown bear has twice the weight of the average lion and is much more powerful. Moreover, as should be expected of an American beast, he is of superior intelligence. A well-grown one, on all fours, is about eight feet long; standing erect, he is about nine feet tall.

British Unemployment and Other Woes

MR. CHARLES HOBHOUSE, writing in the August *Contemporary Review*, gives the following statistics, which are probably close to the truth:

1,400,000 are returned by Labor Organizations to the Board of Trade as unemployed, while a great many others, who are outside the Trade Union circle, are also out of work. Trade Union membership having substantially decreased in the last year, it is probable that the unemployed in this latter category are very numerous. At least 1,620,000 persons are known to be chargeable to the rates, and a further considerable number, especially among the clerical classes, are still living on savings. Without reckoning those involved in industrial disputes, whose absence from employment is not due to lack of trade, it is not, I think, inaccurate to compute the total numbers of those dependent on the proceeds of past, as contrasted with that of present, trade,

as from 6 to 8 millions out of a total population of 43 millions. In addition, many industries are working on short time, and adding those employed therein, in terms of unemployment, to the above figures, it may be said that certainly one-fifth and possible one-quarter of our people are to-day economically not only unproductive, but are a first charge and heavy burden on the industry of the remainder.

That the machinery and capital which is idle or unremunerative is in the same proportion may be inferred from the fact that the foreign trade of the country for 1921 is, in values of 1913, only 65 per cent. of the trade of 1913. A further confirmation is to be found in the estimate of the national income, which, in the same values, is for 1920 only 63 per cent. of that of 1913. The full force of these figures can only be appreciated if it is remembered that since 1913 the population has increased by about 4 millions, and that the agricultural area available to support it has shrunk by the acreage provided, however inadequately, to house (in the fullest sense of buildings, roads, drainage and drainage areas, churches, parks, water supplies, and factories) this additional population.

Germany and the Allies

THE conversations at Berlin between Sir John Bradbury, British member of the Reparations Commission, and M. Maucière, head of the Committee of Guarantees, on the one hand, and members of the German Government, on the other, ended on August 25. The Germans would not hear to Poincaré's "productive guarantees," and quite characteristically only at the very end did they make any counter-proposal at all deserving of consideration. One hears of only one such counter-proposal; this, according to the Associated Press, "provided for a contract between the German Government and the biggest German industrialists, including Hugo Stinnes, for delivery during the period of a moratorium of products of the Ruhr mines and wood from the State forests. German industry would guarantee faithful delivery and penalties would be enforced against the industrialists in the event the schedule was not lived up to."

This proposal was in lieu of Poincaré's proposal of strict Allied control of mines and forests in the Ruhr region and in the occupied portion of the Rhineland. It was promptly rejected by Poincaré as vague and inadequate (Poincaré said that talk of Government penalties against industrialists more powerful than it, was nonsense); so the week's work seemed so much labor lost.

* * *

The Reparations Commission next invited the German Government to send representatives to present the case of Germany to the Commission on the 30th. The representatives duly arrived, but brought no new offer. More labor lost. The world in imagination heard the tramp of the French legions advancing into the valley of the Ruhr. The mark kerfopped, kerfopped, slithering downward. The French and British press addressed each other in the language of Allies profoundly differing in temperament.

* * *

But the next day there was a new face of things. The Belgians renewed an offer made at the London Conference and rejected there. It will be recalled that under a priority arrangement Belgium was to get all the reparations cash paid by Germany this year. The Belgian Government proposed to accept, in lieu of further cash installments this year, German six months' Treasury notes; that is, in effect a moratorium to the end of the year, but not so in name, thus saving France's face. The Reparations Commission approved

the proposal and incorporated it in a "decision" of which the other important details are as follows:

The Belgian and German Governments to arrange by direct negotiation the matter of guarantees of payment of the Treasury notes as they fall due. The Reparations Commission "defers its decision on the request of the German Government" for a moratorium commencing January 1, 1923, "until the Commission has completed its scheme for the radical reform of German public finance, including":

- (a) Balancing of the budget;
- (b) In the event of the Governments represented on the Reparations Commission giving their prior consent thereto, reduction of Germany's foreign obligations in so far as may be considered necessary for the restoration of her credit;
- (c) Currency reform;
- (d) The issue of foreign and national loans in order to consolidate the financial situation.

Now, since it is certain that France will not consider reduction of Germany's reparations debt to her without corresponding reduction of her own foreign debt, and since it is certain that without reduction of Germany's foreign obligations Germany can get no foreign loans, the inner meaning of the above conventionally cryptic language is obvious enough. All depends on what may or may not be done about the Interallied debts.

No one, therefore, was surprised when, immediately after publication of the Commission's decision, the French Government, replying to the Balfour note of August 2, proposed that "the problem of Interallied debts should be examined before long in all its aspects in a conference to which should be invited all the interested Allied countries without exception." It is understood that the British Government will reply favorably. Of course, every one knows that, if the conference comes off, besides the "interested Allied countries without exception," a certain Associated Power will be invited; the invitation may be expected in Washington shortly after the November elections.

Though the French Government issued a *communiqué*, "noting" with diplomatic humor that "the Reparations Commission have not accorded a moratorium," and expressly "reserving its liberty of action" without accepting or rejecting, expressing approval or disapproval of, the Commission's decision as a whole, it has *en effet* accepted it. Another reparations crisis is past. There is a breathing-space ahead. And now behold another development—a rainbow, is it, promising that there shall be no more crises, or a mirage?



Spencer in the Omaha World-Herald

Portrait of a Gentleman who once maintained that "Government is after all a very simple matter!"

* * *

It is reported that Hugo Stinnes, greatest of German

industrial leaders, and Senator de Lubersac, President of the Federation of Co-operative Societies of the French Liberated Regions, have concurred in a plan under which the Stinnes interests would furnish raw materials and made-up materials and articles to a total value of 13,000,000,000 francs, for restoration of the devastated area of France, the money value of materials, etc., furnished, plus 6 per centum thereof, to be credited to Germany against her reparations debt to France, and Stinnes *et Cie* to be reimbursed by the German Government (including the 6 per centum net profit). Presumably the German Government has informally assented to the plan; the French Government authorities are examining it. Dispatches are vague on the matter, but apparently Stinnes and de Lubersac have signed a contract which awaits ratification by the Governments of Paris and Berlin. The plan seems to be essentially that of the Wiesbaden Agreement, rid of the delaying action of bureaucracy. The Wiesbaden Agreement never got under way because of its political trammels; this deal between groups of business men is expected to function rapidly and smoothly.

The above calls for an observation or two. The dispatches do not say, but it is to be hoped that by 13,000,000,000 francs is meant 13,000,000,000 gold francs, the equivalent, roughly, of \$2,500,000,000. Now the delivery of materials, etc., to that value, would be all to the good, but it should not deflect attention from the fact that the French Government has already expended the equivalent of \$8,000,000,000 for repair of damage done by the Germans (mostly wanton), and estimates a further expenditure of the equivalent of \$4,000,000,000 as necessary to complete the work of restoration. Therefore, minimum justice requires that, after the payment of the value of \$2,500,000,000 in kind by Ger-

many, Germany shall remain obligated to pay to France, in cash or in kind, the equivalent of \$9,500,000,000. It would be unfortunate should that generous offer of Stinnes *et Cie* be so much dust in the world's eyes to blind it to France's predicament and just claims.

* * *

The German-Belgian negotiation regarding guarantees which Germany is to give for payment of her six months' Treasury notes, is now in process.

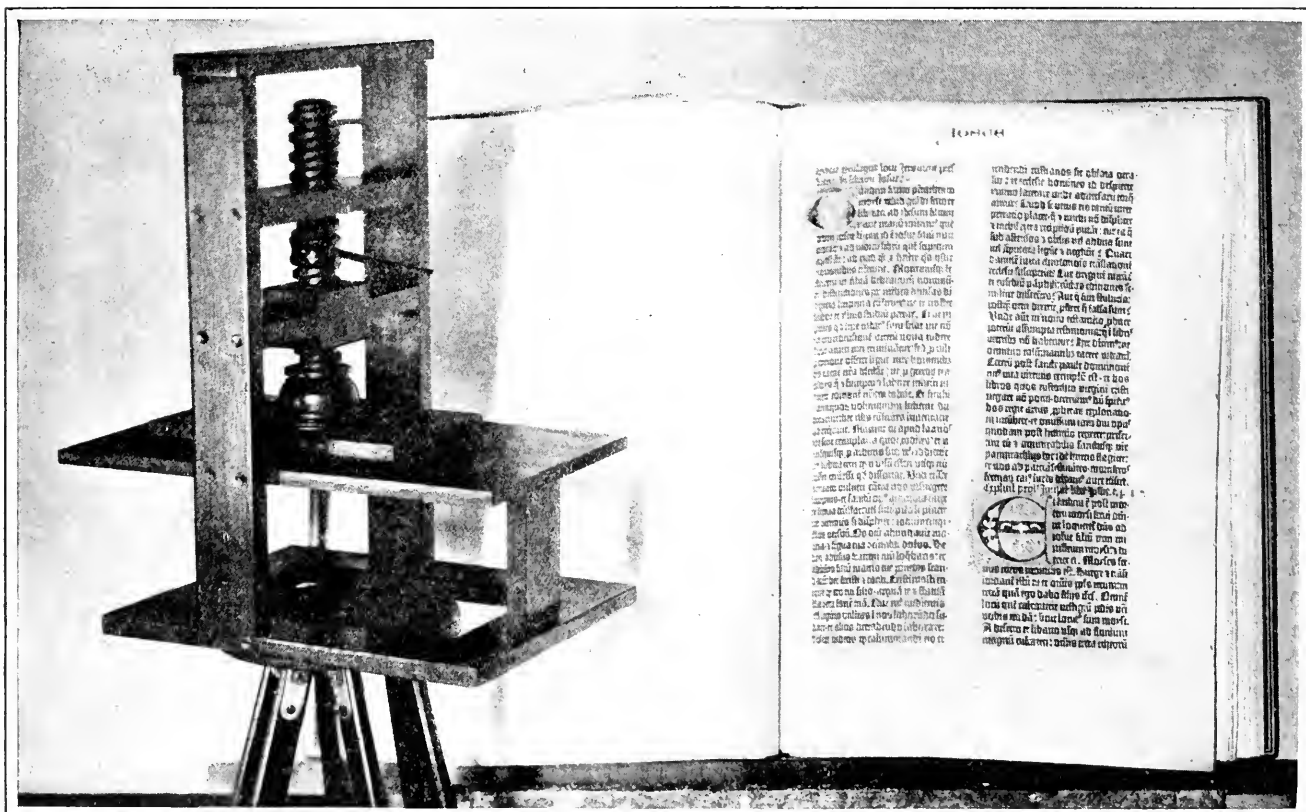
* * *

Optimism created by the Reparations Commission's decision and the Stinnes project, has boosted up the mark, which for the nonce has ceased to kerflop, kerflop, slithering downward. * * *

Recently there has been rioting by Communists in Berlin and other German cities, with some looting of foodstores and some wanton destruction. In several instances the Security Police, treated roughly, fired on the mobs, killing and wounding a few, but not many; more important, setting wild passions aflame. The Communists allege the high cost of living as the justifying incitement to their disorders.

The Anatolian War

IT is scarcely two weeks since news arrived that the Nationalist Turks had begun a great general offensive against the Greeks; and now, if certain dispatches are to be believed, the Greek army has been annihilated, the Turks are almost arrived at Smyrna, Panderma, and Pergamum, and Smyrna, having already received 150,000 fugitives, refuses to receive more and entertains little hope of being able to repel a Turkish attack. The Greek case is probably not as desperate as that; but one may hardly doubt that the Greek forces have suffered decisive reverses and must relinquish



Paul Thompson

A page from the Gutenberg Bible, photographed alongside a model of the Gutenberg press in the National Museum, Washington

hope of retaining even the merest foothold in Asia Minor. Mustapha Kemal ruffles gloriously in his dispatches and his minimum demands include Greek evacuation of Thrace, Turkish possession in full sovereignty of Constantinople and the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and the final consignment to Lethe of the Treaty of Sèvres and all other post-war Allied decisions relating to Turkey. It is rumored that he threatens Constantinople, and the rumor gains plausibility from the fact that the eminent soldier Field Marshal Lord Plumer has been sent by the British to Constantinople, though why that cool hand General Harrington should be superseded in command of the Allied forces is not clear. The rumor that Soviet Russia contemplates military coöperation with Mustapha Kemal should be taken down with a large allowance of salt.

The Turkish offensive began with a concentration against Afium-Karahissar, where the railroad from Smyrna joins the Bagdad railway. The attack was successful and the Greek lateral line of communication was severed; the Greek wings were bent away from each other and were later dealt with separately.

The Turkish leadership must be very fine. It is said that the Turks have tanks, motorized transport and many batteries of French 75's, all acquired since the armistice which the Greeks consented to at the instance of the Allies went into effect.

The situation, which threatens the extinction or complete degradation of the surviving Greek and Armenian minorities in Asia Minor, is due to the commercial and political rivalries of France, Italy, and Great Britain. A very important part of the fruits of the victory in the Great War has been lost through blind and stupid cupidity. This Turkish business has discredited western statesmanship as nothing else since the Great War—and that is saying a very great deal. Thou hast it, Mammon!

A dispatch received since the above was written states the following: that the Greeks have, through the Allied High Commissioners at Constantinople, sued to the Turks for an armistice; that the entire southern wing of the Greek army has surrendered; and that Turkish advance forces are within twenty-five miles of Smyrna.

Lord Raglan on Transjordan

LORD RAGLAN is not pleased with the results of recent British policy in the Middle East. The territory east of Palestine, which the British hold by mandate, they have named Transjordan; they have erected a government there which falls under no known category, with Sherif Abdalla, son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz and brother of King Feisal of Irak, as Governor. Lord Raglan stayed the night at the house of a Christian sheik in Transjordan. "The village elders," says he (writing in *The Nineteenth Century*),

dropped in one by one, and then came the old, old story, which I heard again and again till I was sick of it and ashamed of being an Englishman. There must be thousands of Englishmen who have heard similar stories in Asia, in Africa and in Ireland, and who know the feeling well. There is nothing behind one, nothing but a lot of jabbering idiots who call themselves statesmen. That, at least, is what one feels at the time.

They have flocks and herds and fertile land, and if there were any security, would be well off, but, bullied by their Moslem neighbors, harried by the Bedouins, their traders robbed on the roads, their crops stolen, with no hope of redress, they can barely exist.

Under the Turks, they say, they were well off, better off than the Moslems, as, if they had any grievances, there were always the foreign consuls to take these up. To be under a Christian Power, and especially the British, of whose justice, and so forth, they had always heard, was a state of happiness for which they had hardly dared to pray.



International

A scene in Limerick after the siege. An Irish woman taking her milk to market through the remains of a barricade

How different the reality! Ever since the armistice they had had British representatives, who had listened to their complaints, regretted that they could do nothing at the time, but assured them that things would shortly improve. Instead of this things had got steadily worse, and they could not continue indefinitely in such a state of misery. Could I assure them that the British Government would help them? as if not they would be compelled to abandon their homes and lands and emigrate to somewhere where there was peace and justice.

The Moslem peasant and traders all tell much the same story. The Turkish Government, with all its faults, was a government, but now there is no security, every man is law to himself, the strong devour the weak, and the country is relapsing into barbarism and desolation. Even the Bedouins have their grievance. During the war a stream of British gold, for which they made no return whatever, was poured into their pockets, and they came to consider it as their right. Now it has been cut off, and they are very indignant. In Transjordan the British name is mud.

The above acquires fresh interest from the report that Transjordan is to be included under the mandatory administration of Palestine as part of the "Jewish National Home."

Several Matters

The assassination of Collins has had the effect of greatly increasing enlistments for the Irish National Army. That army continues steadily the slow work of cleaning up the scattered irregulars. Those who remain afoot of the latter, snipe or bomb, from time to time, in Dublin, Cork, and other cities, and in small bands throughout the Free State area carry on their contemptible campaign of ambush, rapine, and destruction.

* * *

The \$450,000 which Lloyd George is to receive for his forthcoming book will be given by him to war charities.

* * *

An Italian aviator has broken the world's airplane speed record, traveling some distance at a rate of speed of 220 miles per hour.

* * *

The Persian National Council has engaged Mr. Millspaugh, formerly of our State Department, as Director General of Finance for five years.

Hooper, J. P., on the Law's Delays

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, had just fined an automobile speeder twenty-five dollars and costs and the whole case had taken less than a minute. Officer Furtig had brought in the law-breaker, and had given his testimony by saying, "Speedin', yer honor; I timed him." Judge Hooper had then said to the culprit, "Were you speeding?" "Well, Judge," the guilty man had answered, "if this town will make a fool law holding a man down to twenty-five miles—" "Twenty-five dollars and costs!" Judge Hooper had said, and the case was completed.

"I'm for quick work, Durfey," Judge Hooper had remarked to Court Officer Durfey. "When a man's guilty the sooner the law hands him his verdict the better it is for one and all. When I read of some of the cases, with the delays—my! my!"

"They do be a bit leisurely-like, some of them," agreed Durfey.

"Leisurely-like!" exclaimed Judge Hooper. "The way a criminal is rushed to punishment these days makes me think the statue of Justice should not be the hoodwinked lady with the scales but a lame snail dragging a ten-ton road roller up Pike's Peak on a midwinter day. A day when the snow is four feet deep on the average, Durfey, but drifted considerable in front of the lawyer's house. The motto in the Court House should be changed from 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall' to the more appropriate one of 'Pike's Peak or bust, and we don't care if it takes twenty-seven years.'"

"In the midst of life we are near death, Durfey, unless we have committed a murder and then we are near an appeal on the ground that when the prosecuting attorney asked the witness 'Is you?' he should have asked him 'Am you?' (counsel for the accused objecting; objection over-ruled). To the man that murders his mother-in-law with an axe the best authorities no longer say 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you lie,' but 'If I don't happen to be alive when your trial is ended my grandson will attend to the appeal to the higher court; as soon as he is weaned we mean to enter him in the Law School and if all goes well he should be admitted to the bar twenty-five or thirty years from now.'"

"If I had some mighty important business to transact six months from now, Durfey, and wanted to be sure I was alive to attend to it, I would step out and murder the first man I met. The lawyers would attend to the rest, the judges assisting. The State, with admirable beneficence, would feed and clothe and house me for six months or so, and then the technicalities of the law would begin and I could settle down to enjoy a long and care-free career on the front page of the newspaper.

"The average man, Durfey, is satisfied if he can see

life and fodder for a month ahead—beyond that he does not worry much; he may be dead by then. The tough guy hopes no more than that. As things are, Durfey, if he goes out and murders the boss of the other gang tonight, in plain sight, he improves his chances of life to a great extent. He says, 'I should worry! It will be a long time before the last word is said and who knows but the end of the world may come before then anyway.' So he puts a big lead slug in the gun and goes forth.

"It would not surprise me if an insurance company that had turned a man down because of the hacking cough that threatened an early death would hurry to sign him up for a fine policy when it heard he had murdered me. He would be good for a year or two anyway, with a fine chance that he would live to be one

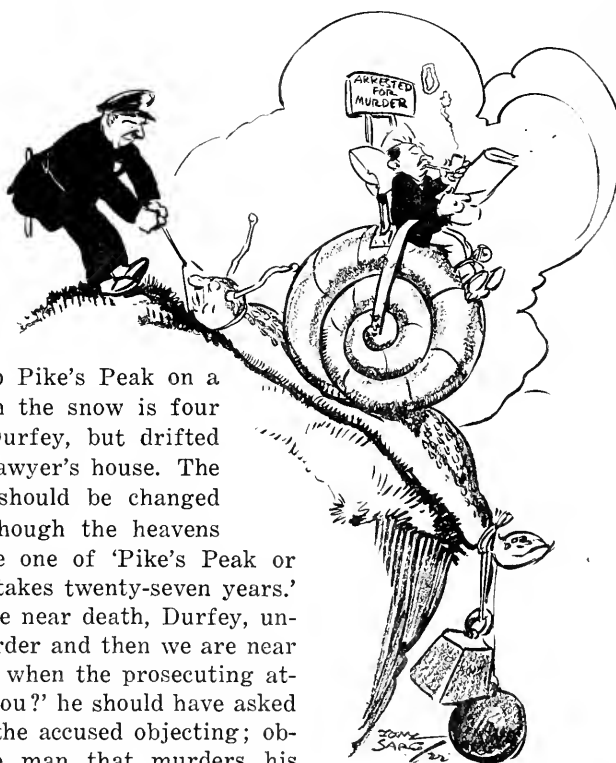
hundred, with the State patching him up and giving him a good long trial and, maybe, a nice rest from all worry for twenty years or so on top of it.

"There is no nonsense in justice, Durfey, but a lot in the way the modern justice-shop allows the criminal's lawyer to amuse the honorable court by balancing a flea's hair on the end of his nose. The time may come, Durfey, when a respectable murderer, whose trial has been going on since he was a tender youth, may come weeping into court and beg the judge to pity his gray hairs and let him die peacefully now that he is old and feeble. 'Your honor,' he will say, 'my trial has been going on for seventy years now and for the last ten years I have been wanting to pass on, but they won't let me. Twenty

years ago I was as good as dead, your honor, but the state wouldn't have it that way; my trial was not ended. They grafted monkey glands on me, your honor. And every few years since then they've grafted a new kind of gland onto me, and braced me up, and set me going again. They won't let me die. For the sake of mercy, your honor, end the trial and hang me, or let me die in peace!' 'I'm sorry,' the judge will say, 'but the Supreme Court has just sent back the documents in your case and orders a new trial. But I think,' he will say, 'we can promise you a final decision before you are as old as Methuselah.'"

"But, your honor," said Durfey, "the minute technicalities that cause the delays are to assure the prisoner full justice."

"Either that, Durfey," said Judge Hooper, "or to let the lawyers show off in public."



An Undaunted Exile

By Hamilton Fish Armstrong

It is not easy to gauge the political currents in present-day France. Obviously, however, forces are at work there which are not adequately reflected in the Parisian press, and which must be taken into account if one is not to be caught unawares by possible changes. One of the personalities to be reckoned with is Malvy, formerly Minister of Interior and now an exile in Spain, and Mr. Armstrong's vivid interview with him regarding his future plans throws light on a phase of French politics generally overlooked.

"O F one thing I am absolutely certain: France is to be democratic. That means the Left will rule. Caillaux and I will make a unit of the unorganized groups of the Left. We will rule."



Paul Thompson

Louis-Jean Malvy

It is in this determined and confident mood that Louis-Jean Malvy, during three momentous war years Minister of the Interior of France, is waiting in the little Spanish town of San Sebastian for the end of his term of exile and the chance to engage again in the political struggle which at one moment brought him prestige and the control of the electoral machinery of his country and at the next disgrace and banishment.

There has been much speculation, most of it rather at random, as to the course Malvy and Caillaux will take when the law allows them to re-enter the public life of their country. Their strength in certain labor *milieux* in Paris and in the industrial north is well recognized; and lately it has been whispered that in southwest France, where people are of an independent turn of mind, two or three of the more important radical newspapers are preparing a vigorous anti-militarist, anti-royalist, and anti-clerical campaign of which Caillaux and Malvy will be the beneficiaries. One such newspaper is the powerful *Dépêche de Toulouse*, from which about forty deputies are said to take their orders. Of course its support is less useful than that of some equally great metropolitan newspapers, but I gather that this weakness may be remedied, when the psychological moment approaches for welding the Syndicalists, the Socialists, and the so-called Radical Socialists—all the Left, that is, except the out-and-out Communists—into a cohesive political unit.

On the surface it seems inconceivable that Caillaux and Malvy, after their anathematization, should ever again attain political power. Many Frenchmen have told me it is impossible. They forget, it seems to me, how public sentiment often shifts overnight, and they ignore the many factors now at work to produce just the changes that would be profitable to the two outcasts. Everyone remembers, for instance, how Caillaux

long insisted that France should pursue a conciliatory policy toward Germany, even to the extent of making her an ally in preference to England. Today the Anglo-French entente is perilously strained. The Parisian cabaret singer is sure of a burst of applause if he can lug in an uncomplimentary reference to Lloyd George's golf and England's acquisitive abilities in the colonial field. French newspapers seem to reserve more sarcasm for their friends the English than for their matter-of-course enemies the Germans. Now this is a tune which Caillaux can play with the greatest dexterity. Each time something happens to make it appear that England, having achieved her own ends, is now abandoning France to her troubles in order to resume profitable trade with Germany, he need only jibe: "I told you so!"

So much to explain why it seemed to me worth while to pay the fiendish fee demanded for a Spanish visa. I found no indication from the manner in which Malvy is living in San Sebastian that his terms of office had left him rolling in wealth, as Léon Daudet and his other implacable enemies used to allege. Of course the exchange is heavily against him, but even so his furnished rooms are not those of a successful politician. Against the faded Japanesque wall-paper of his little parlor are hung gaudy gilt-framed pictures of solid fish and carefully cut fruits, with here and there one of the painted shells mounted on plush that infest seaside lodgings in every country of the world. The desk is heaped with correspondence and papers, while on each table are piles of books—"L'Armée Nouvelle," by Jaurès, "La Marche au Socialisme," by Edwin Milhaud, and "G. Q. G.," by Pierrefeu, besides the Code Civile and copies of Caillaux's "Agadir" and "Mes Prisons," the latter a companion volume to Malvy's own "Mon Crime."

M. Malvy came in carrying *Humanité*, *L'Oeuvre*, *Le Peuple*, and one or two other Paris newspapers just arrived by the Sud Express. He is much younger than I had expected, slight and wiry, with large prominent eyes, a high forehead and sparse dark hair. It seemed to me he rather enjoyed being interviewed again, although, had he so chosen, he might have had the sensation many times since the conclusion of his spectacular trial. Perhaps it gave him a feeling of being once more actually a part of the French political landscape instead of merely a shape always hovering just over the horizon. There was more than a suggestion of this later when he was explaining why he was disappointed but not surprised that M. Briand, when he came to power, took no steps to have the High Court's verdict reversed. "Briand is still my friend," he said, and added with a shrug, "but out of sight, out of mind."

It is clear that Malvy has no intention of remaining out of sight a moment longer than necessary, and that when he again appears on the political stage he plans

to give his enemies something to worry about. He is first of all going to make the public hear his account of how and why he was condemned to exile. "I was accused of the most terrific of crimes," he said, "that of selling my country. I will dissipate the calumny. I will show that the accusation was the product of party politics and nothing else. Clemenceau made it seem that I, who stood in the way of his political progress, stood also in the way of winning the war. But today there is in France a different psychology from that which possessed the country during the height of the war fever. Facts carry more weight, oratory and sentiment less." Confident words. But not more confident that those of Anatole France: "The *affaire Malvy* was a judicial monstrosity. It would be impious to doubt that some day we shall be able to right it."

To an American the extraordinary thing about the trial was that although exonerated on the charges involving treason—the only charges, be it remembered, on which he legally could be brought before the High Court—Malvy was found guilty on other counts, largely political in character, over which the High Court had no jurisdiction.

Incidentally, some color is lent his apologia by the fact that the verdict against Malvy, unlike any other previous decree of banishment, did not carry the loss of civil rights. He could be elected to the Chamber of Deputies tomorrow. "Déroulède was exiled for being too royalist," he said, "and his civil rights were taken away. I was exiled for being too democratic, but I kept my civil rights." As proof he cited to me the fact that he had continued to draw his pay as a deputy up to the expiration of his term, and that he still is sent the remittances due him as *avocat à la Cour d'Appel de Paris*. He thinks it clear that had the charges against him been anything but political the Senate would have followed the regulation course and barred him from all rights as a French citizen.

Malvy believes that the change in public sentiment regarding him personally will coincide with the general growth of a new liberalism in French politics. By this he intends to profit. At the moment, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* is split between the Third and Fourth Internationales. He believes he can swing back to moderate socialism almost all of the Communist workmen, by the force of his known radical beliefs and with the aid of his many labor friends who remember how much he did to advance their cause during the war. The Syndicalists, in other words, are to be merged with the great bulk of the democrats and republicans of the Left, whose principal leaders in recent years have been Painlevé and Briand.

The mention of these two names suggested an alluring question: "And who will be the chiefs of this new party?"

"Painlevé is of course in complete solidarity with us," Malvy replied, and hastened to add "nor can there be any doubt that he is a fine democrat. But he will hardly be acceptable as a fighting leader. As for Briand, he is never willing to settle down to being the chief of one party. Caillaux and I are different. We are openly party men, believing in our party programme and fighting for it. Briand is obsessed with ideas of deals and devices and coalitions. He is a despotic individualist. That is how he, a leader from the Left, managed to rule so long with a Chamber

whose majority was on the Right. But ultimately he failed because, having built up his power by this and that makeshift, he had no solid party behind him. So it would be if he were put in control of the Party of the Left."

It seemed indelicate to press M. Malvy further as to who will eventually be drafted for the duties and honors of leadership, but before turning to less personal subjects I thought a word or two more about Caillaux was needed. How would he be able to resume an active part in public life before the expiration of his ten-year term of political ostracism? Malvy assured me that the change which is coming over French psychology will soon make it possible to wipe Caillaux's conviction off the slate, either by passing an amnesty law or, better, by reversing the decision on the grounds that Caillaux was convicted of having had dealings with one Cavallini, a supposed enemy agent, but that subsequently Cavallini was declared innocent of any wrong actions.

"The change will reach deep into the roots of French life," said Malvy. "The road France as a nation is to travel lies toward liberalism and democracy, away from despotism and clericalism and militarism, the powers that manifested themselves at the Caillaux trial. I feel certain of this general swing of public opinion. The European situation and the situation at home will both intensify it."

"And Poincaré's ministry?" I asked.

"It is an interlude," Malvy replied, "in which the present Chamber has an opportunity of showing its real sentiments. Poincaré has come to power on a wave of resentment at Briand's common-sense and healing policy. But he must inevitably revert to that policy. That will mark his end. It will coincide very nearly with the end of the life of our present Parliament. And the new elections will see many changes."

The discussion turned to the manner in which the proposed new party would view the main international problems of tomorrow—the same, probably, as those of today.

Malvy said: "An understanding with England is a prerequisite to any conceivable French policy in Europe, but how definite and far-reaching it ought to be is a different problem. For one thing, there arises in my mind some doubt as to which of two great international policies is to gain the preponderance in the world. There is the old policy of special alliances and understandings between individual nations; and opposing it is the effort to create something more generous, more far-sighted, a rule of national conduct like that originally conceived by President Wilson. Friendly understandings with all our neighbors are part of that programme, but special alliances with any one nation against any other nation are not."

To my remark that I supposed the same rules should be applied to French relations with Germany, Malvy replied sharply: "Why not? Today our place on the globe is side by side with Germany, just as it was yesterday and as it will be tomorrow. Only a policy of mutual concessions, springing from a mutual will to conciliate, would have avoided the wars of the past. Only that policy and that good will can avoid the wars of the future."

"Au revoir," he said, "the next time in Paris. Things will be very different then."

The Infancy of Motor Cars

By John Chapman Hilder

ONE is accustomed to speak of the "early" motor cars as though those made a quarter of a century ago were actually the earliest. It is, of course, true that the motor car as we know it is a development of the last twenty odd years. (Alexander Winton is said to have made the first sale of an American-built car in 1898.) But the crude machines of the nineties were based on nearly a hundred and fifty years of experiment. The first horseless vehicle known to have run under its own power was a steam gun-tractor invented and built by a Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, some time before 1780. Innocent of any steering device, this machine interfered with a solid stone wall on its first trial and never was tried again. You can see its patched-up remains in Paris today at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades. As far back as 1825 one Thomas Blanchard of Springfield, Mass., built a steam carriage that ran satisfactorily. But he was forced to abandon his dream of supplying duplicates to the neighbors by reason of a stolid lack of interest on the part of the neighbors. In 1828 huge steam buses were operated in England, but they were legislated out of existence because their steel tires tore up the roads. Many other inventors, both here and abroad, produced cars that ran, but they were before their time and most of them succumbed in the struggle for public recognition. It is recorded that in 1834 a mechanical conveyance covered 1,700 miles without needing repairs—an achievement, by the way, that only an occasional modern car is able to surpass.

There were ninety-two makes of cars on exhibition at the Grand Central Palace Show in New York, approximately a dozen more were displayed at the Hotel Commodore, and there must be another half dozen at least that were not exhibited at all. But there have been even more of which the names are now forgotten by the general public. You find them listed in the trade papers under the lugubrious heading "Orphan Cars." In years gone by they too were on display and they were then as new, as shiny, as beautiful, and as advanced as at that time were those of their contemporaries which happen to have survived. Think back to some of these old names: Matheson, Searchmont, Royal, Pope, Thomas, Corbin, Welch, Columbia, Amplex—their number is legion. Good cars, most of them, yet vanished from the roads. Twenty-five odd years of progress have produced the hundred odd cars we drive in America today. More than a hundred have failed.

I paid a visit the other day to the Automobile Club of America to look at the faded photographs upon its walls: pictures of Glidden tours dear to memory, of

Oldfield making nearly a mile a minute in the weird old Winton "Bullet," of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds and Foxhall Keene and Brokaw and Bragg and all the rest of that little group of serious enthusiasts who organized the club and helped make motoring an established fact. Fascinating pictures! Jenatzy slewing around the notorious hairpin turn at Mineola in the famous "Red Devil" that won the Vanderbilt Cup. F. O. Stanley in the little black tiller-steered steamer, the first automobile to attain the summit of Mt. Washington. And cars without number filled with daring souls, fur-coated and goggled beyond human semblance.

Even a casual glance at the cars of that day suffices to justify the general attitude of scepticism and ridicule. They were unquestionably as ugly as anything the mind of man has ever conceived—except, perhaps, the cast-iron lawn animals of the eighties. Nor was their appearance enhanced by the millinery of their feminine devotees: wide, flat-brimmed atrocities, perched at desperate angles on top of tightly coiled "buns" that held them inches above their wearers' heads. What with an expression of apprehension born of the frequently crazy behavior of their conveyances, combined with the obviously unstable and uncomfortable posture forced upon them by the pitch of the high-backed seats, pioneer motorists could scarcely avoid evoking laughter from the bystander.

The appearance of automobile bodies began to improve as soon as their designers realized that they were dealing no longer with

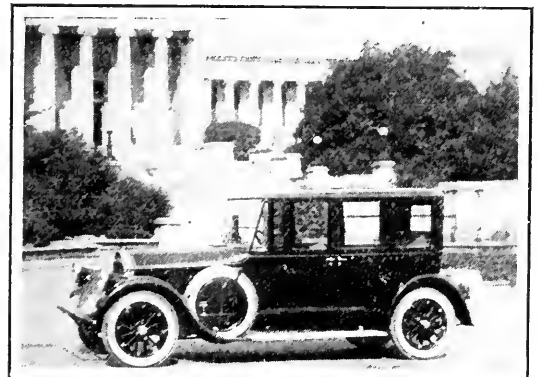
motorized buggies but with a new type of vehicle bearing no closer relationship to the horse-drawn type than a gunboat bears to a wooden frigate. It took them

s o m e time to assimilate this concept. Gradually, however, it was borne in upon them that motor travel involved conditions to-

tally different from those encountered by the driver of horses. Thus, in 1903 or thereabouts, we find that the English introduced foredoors—called side-gates—to



Yesterday



Today

keep road dust out of the driving compartment. The first American car to be equipped with a windshield appeared about 1904. And in that year, also, a few cars boasted "canopies"—crude tops such as are used on surreys even today, fringe and all. The cars of that day were hideous in design. Their bodies were composed of angles, corners, mouldings, full-rounded curves, and projections. They carried a heavy armament of brass hardware in the form of massive lamps, horns, handles, and stanchions. When engineers began studying the effect of extra weight and wind resistance on power and speed, they smoothed out the bodies and harmonized the excrescences with general contour.

In the same way mechanical features were altered to conform with conditions encountered in increasingly faster driving. One big reason why the early motorist spent so much time on his back was that, in most of the old models, the engine was under the car. With many of its moving parts exposed, the old-time engine, suspended only a couple of feet, or less, from the loose road surface, didn't really have a chance. It was never clean. Dirt interfered with the ignition system, choked up the carburetor, caked on the valve stems and springs, and, mixed with oil and grease, formed an abrasive

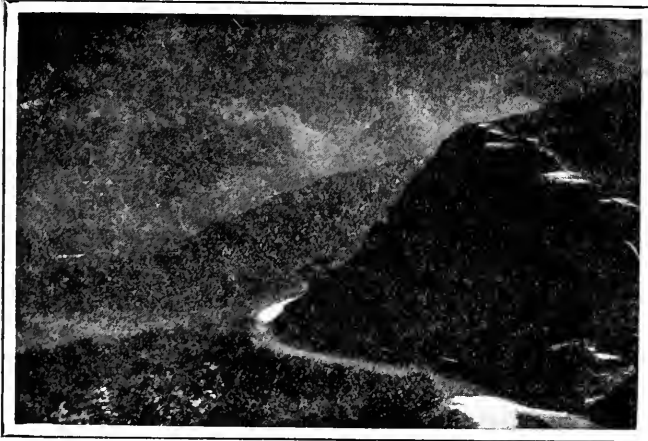
compound that made short work of the bearing surfaces with which it came in contact. Placing the engine up under a hood, high above the road and in an accessible position, was the first great step forward. Next came the enclosing of the moving parts and the regulation of lubrication, so that lubricant was supplied to bearing surfaces, instead of all over the machine.

Volumes could be written concerning the ways in which the motor car has been improved during the last few years, but many of these improvements would require highly technical explanations. It is interesting to note that, notwithstanding the changes which have been made, the basic principle of the gasoline engine as patented by the late George B. Selden remains unchanged. It has merely been refined.

But good as the new cars are, they must still be considered to be in their infancy. The most luxurious car you can call to mind, with its silent engine, its convertible body, its electric equipment that even lights its owner's cigars—if he can afford to buy them—its mechanical tire pump, its brocade upholstery, and its inlaid fittings—even this will some day seem as clumsy and crude and inefficient by comparison with the car of the future as the machines of 1903 seem to us in 1922.

Verse

My Little Town



MY little town
Was a green little town,
And a good little town to know,
With never a door
But was open to me,
Nor a hearth but was kind
Long ago.

But a moon-lit road
Led out of the town,
Over the hills and away,
Over the hills
To the wide, wide world.
Where is the lad
Could stay?

My little town
Was a green little town,
And a good little town to know.
And I would go back
By that moon-lit road,
The road that I lost
Long ago.

HARRY LEE

The Flower-Vendor

GIOVANNI peddles flowers
In the street,

His swarthy face
Lifted, laughing,
And his cry,
Like faint drums,
Disturbs the place.

Through the crowding
And the clamor,
With the children
In his train,
Giovanni peddles flowers,
Little flowers,
Bright with rain.

From a world
Of pillowed ledges,
Grandams grey and girls
Look down,
Smiling, sighing.
Who could answer
Such a peddler
With a frown?

Old folks, young folks,
Smiling, sighing,
Find their lives
Grown strangely sweet,
All as Giovanni peddles
Fallen rainbows
In the street.

HARRY LEE




Into your home He has brought a wealth of Comforts!



WHEN you reach the close of this paragraph, stop reading for a minute examine the room you are sitting in, its furnishings and fittings then with that picture in your mind, try to imagine the same room in your great-grandfather's day (stop here and look and think!)

. quite a difference, wasn't there, in the two rooms? In yours are comforts and conveniences that your great-grandfather never even wished for they were unthought of in his day.

Commonplaces they are in your eyes, but in your great-grandfather's eyes miracles! Yet this wonderful change in life has come only in this past century the century that has seen the Chemical Engineer take his rightful place in the world's industries. For it is he who, more than any other, has wrought this difference in the surroundings of life and brought into your home a wealth of comforts.

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New Books and Old

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A chance to read such an old favorite as Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel," and such newer plays as Augustus Thomas's "The Cop-perhead," Kaufman and Connelly's "Dulcy," and Booth Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers."

ONE OF OURS, by Willa Cather. Knopf.

A novel; the scene partly in the West, and partly in France with the A. E. F.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE; Social Judgments in Statute and Common Law, by George Clarke Cox, with an introduction by Richard C. Cabot. Holt.

"A case-book in ethics." Curious, interesting, valuable.

DEFINITIONS; Essays in Contemporary Criticism, by Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace.

An enlightened book about current literature and book-reviewing. THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, by Clive Bigham. Dutton.

From Walpole to Lloyd George. BABEL, by John Cournos. Boni & Liveright.

A novel by the author of "The Mask" and "The Wall."

PRELUDES AND SYMPHONIES, by John Gould Fletcher. Houghton Mifflin. Poems.

COUNCILMAN WATSON, of Boston, the newspapers say, demands that the Boston Public Library cast out the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary. Its sin is that it defines the word "constitution" without specific reference to the Constitution of the United States, and so is "part and parcel of the Anglo-Saxon, monarchical propaganda" which is insidiously undermining the sturdy Americanism of this country, and preparing to hand us over, tied and trussed, to King George as a British colony. There are many more of these insidious books in the Boston Public Library, Councilman Watson! There is a great, big, sample of English propaganda which unblushingly calls itself the Encyclopedia Britannica; there are the works of an English Imperialist named Shakespeare, who has the effrontery to utter nothing whatever about July Fourth, Thomas Jefferson, W. J. Bryan, James Boyle O'Reilly, nor Eamon de Valera; there is a poet called Chaucer, subsidized by British gold to say nothing in favor of the Dail Eireann; and there is a British hireling named Thomas Gray, who wrote a long poem in which he studiously ignores the fact that the noble

patriot, Sir Roger Casement, was barbarously murdered by the English. Don't stop at the dictionary, Councilman!

We know what the law is against murder, and that the law makes no distinction whether the murderer is man or woman. We know that in practice there is a vast difference; our law would have hanged Macbeth, but given Lady Macbeth, the guiltier of the two, a prison sentence. Public opinion supports this inequality. These peculiarities of public opinion exist in connection with every offense. Mr. George Clarke Cox, in "The Public Conscience" (Holt), has made a careful and interesting study of the final law of the land. In appearance it is a legal textbook, but it is an extremely interesting book, and a novel treatment of an important subject. Professor Sumner's "Folkways" is the nearest parallel which comes to mind.

There are so many things in Mr. Canby's "Definitions" (Harcourt) which illustrate his amazing good sense that it is hard to select any one of them. I like his apology for the nature-fakers, in that it is better to have sentimental writing about animals than no writing at all: "I would rather believe that the sparrow on my telephone wire is swearing at the robin on my lawn than never to notice either of them." He is not, he writes in the essay, "Puritans' All," an uncritical admirer of the Puritan; he dislikes smug virtuosity, vinegar morality, and the monstrous egoism of a life devoted to redeeming one's own soul.

"But I object still more strongly to the anti-Puritans. Those rebels who make unconventionality their only convention, with their distrust of duty because they see no reason to be dutiful, and their philosophic nihilism, which comes to this, that, all things having been proved false except their own desires, their desires become a philosophy; those anti-Puritans, as one sees them, especially in plays and on the stage, are an obstreperous, denying folk that seldom know their own minds to the end of the story."

To look at clouds is a superb pastime; to be among them is something I envy nobody. They are too much like the laundry on a Monday morning, with a chill added. Yet it is possible to wonder what is above them; what, besides deathly and impenetrable cold, will the explorers of the air discover? (Conan Doyle has written a story about this question.) "The Book of the Sky" (Dutton), by M. Luckiesh, is a study of cloud-forms (well illustrated), of meteorology in a popular sense, of the colors and varieties of clouds, of aerial experiences, of all that world into which man has begun to pry within the past few years.

Of John Gould Fletcher's "Preludes and Symphonies" (Houghton Mifflin) Miss Amy Lowell has this to say, on the cover: "For the discerning eye, no

living poet has more distinction of vision or of style. In him, indeed, we see the beginning of that new order of which I have so often spoken." (The italics are mine.) One feels, somehow, that the new order has arrived just about in time to escape a reprimand.

From the poems I have sought to find something to quote, and sought in vain. It is all free verse; you must take it all or none. It does not bear quotation; you cannot lift out any section which does not seem trivial by itself. It is the note-book of a poet; Mr. Fletcher is a poet, with a poet's choice of subject, and a poet's feeling. But his work is not poetry, except in snatches separated by lines of banality and dull prose. How queer it already seems that men should seriously put forth this as poetry:

THE WELL

The well is not used now,
Its waters are tainted.

I remember there was once a man went down
To clean it.
He found it very cold and deep,
With a queer niche in one of its sides,
From which he hauled forth buckets of bricks and dirt.

It is a temptation to reply with something on this order:

THE POEM

Mr. Fletcher,
If you employed a man
To build a house;

And he turned over to you
Nothing but piles of bricks and dirt,
How much would you pay him?

What is it that makes you think
That a string of words and sentences
Thrown together anyhow,
Is a poem?

Why not brace up,
Chuck this free verse piffle,
And be a real workman?

The letters of James Huneker, now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, give annoyance to the Moderns. Here he is saying that the Cubists do not interest him; that, with the exception of a few modern artists, he didn't "dote on the new chaps"; that "Shaw is shallow, but amusing . . . a rotten music and art critic" (blasphemy!); that there are no "schools" in art and literature, only good writers and artists. He advises John Quinn: "Don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk. This new crowd is already ancient. . . don't tolerate rot because it is signed 1916"—the year he wrote. And he says: "I'm dead sick of the decadents, dead sick of the entire crew of 'modernity' yowlers."

This is simply dreadful! A conversation overheard in a book-shop gives an amusing illustration of the difference between Huneker and his imitators. "How was it," inquired a man, "that Huneker picked a lot of new artists to boost, and picked real artists? While some of the others have boosted every new man that came along, and picked nothing but flivvers?"

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

In the Name of the Wild

THE COUNTRY BEYOND. A Romance of the Wilderness. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

RENFREW OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED. By Laurie Yorke Erskine. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

NORTHWEST! By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

SHEPHERDS OF THE WILD. By Edison Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

JUDITH OF THE GODLESS VALLEY. By Honoré Willis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

MY ALASKAN IDYLL. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. New York: Boni and Liveright.

ONCE in so often the well-meaning reviewer is more or less kindly chidden for dealing with so much second- and third-rate stuff. The theory seems to be that a critic should not so much as mention anything but the best books of his time: or, more workably, that he should concern himself only with the headlines, the books "everybody" is reading—or meaning to read. Unluckily the gods, or at least the publishers, fail to produce a masterpiece regularly every fortnight or so. And as for chatting about best-sellers as such, this would seem to be a secondary if real part of the critic's business. What keeps him interested in his work is as much the general drift and special currents of fiction as its popular waterspouts, or even its rare actual approaches to high-water mark.

Here, for instance, are a half-dozen stories of the American West and Northwest. Only two of them have much value as literature. But we may bring out their value by contrast with the others, which merely represent one or another phase of the ordinary commercial kind of thing. "The Country Beyond" is the best-sellery sort, a perfunctory article turned out to please the easily pleased; a half-baked yarn for the half-baked; about a virtuous outlaw, a beauteous and innocent damsel of the wilderness, and a dog.—Slush on the trail. "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted" is a group of yarns for boys, about a godling of the red-coated Mounted, and his feats of detection and endurance.—Hand-made for the juvenile market. "Northwest!" shows the author presentably Bindlossing, as it were, in his sleep. It is a variation upon the familiar tale of the weakling and tenderfoot made heroic by the discipline of the wild. "Shepherds of the Wild" treats the same idea, or situation, somewhat more spontaneously and freshly.

So much, if not much more, a critic of the contemporary may properly say of these books. They represent, in their different ways, a very popular kind of writing. In general, as everybody knows, the appeal of the wild-western or "out-of-doors" book is an appeal to the sedentary. It gives us the sense of being red-blooded without costing us anything in the way of actual courage or endurance. It is a



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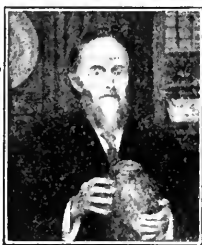
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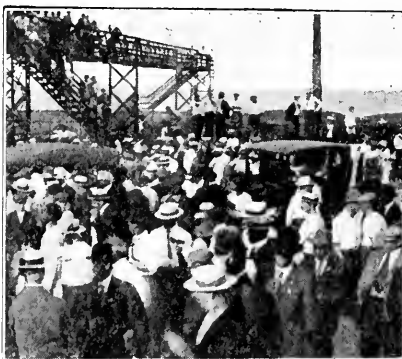
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kind of cheap "dope," and its effects are quite independent of anything like human probability or literary possibility. Hence the extreme nonchalance, not to say effrontery, of Messrs. Curwood and Company in serving up the old mess in the old way, month after month and year after year, even as it is served up, to the still more indolent eye, at the "pictures."

In "Judith of the Godless Valley" we have a story of the West which is not like any of the usual kinds of thing. It has an idea in place of the usual perfunctory layout, and its performance is by no means machine work. Lost Chief Valley is a sort of pocket in the high cattle country of the Rockies. Two or three generations back it has been settled by pioneers from New England. The grandfather of Douglas Spencer, hero of the present story, was a leader among them. This man, a by-product of New England transcendentalism, has planned to build a perfect community without God. His grandson grows up in a community which has lost all restraints of morality, and which, while still far from physical or mental degeneracy (it still reads good books), owns no allegiance or ideal. Douglas's father has married Judith's mother, and has made a squaw of her. Judith sees herself, but for the grace of God and her own stout will, headed for the same fate. Judith is the slim, boyish, unclinging young heroine of current fiction. (One would think that man had grown so much in love with himself as to worship a female made in his own image!) At fourteen and sixteen Judith and Douglas are cat-and-dog housemates. Then Douglas's chivalry is aroused by his father's treatment of Judith, and after that the development of a romantic relation between them is clearly on the carpet.

But it is by no means plain sailing for either of them. In them both works the divine or human discontent of New England forebears. With all their youth and health and joy in physical living, neither can be satisfied to live along in "the godless valley," beautiful and prosperous as it is. The boy aspires to change the valley, the girl desires to escape from it. With her mother's example before her, she dreads as much as anything the prison of marriage. There is a girl Inez who, by virtue of the peculiar conditions, has the status of chief courtesan or hetaira in Lost Chief. Without wishing to make Judith like herself, she inculcates her with theories of freedom and "self-expression." So that when Douglas asks Judith to marry him and to help him make Lost Chief a better place for children to grow up in, she will not hear of it. However, she loves him, and the ending of the story is a happy one for moralists and romanticists alike. Whether in its realistic or its romantic aspects, it is a tale infinitely removed from the idle and perfunctory yarns that merely use the husk of wild-western tradition to spin their flimsy webs in.

"My Alaskan Idyll" is not a yarn at all, though with all its basis in fact

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and its appearance of artlessness, it is the work of that much-spoken-of but rare portent, "a born story-teller." People who have read "Alaska Man's Luck" will not need to be urged to read its sequel or continuation in the present narrative. It contains the solid stuff of the frontier life which wild-western yarnsters continually do adorn with their shoddy and shopworn frills of fancy. It is as veritable a document as Garland's "Son of the Middle Border"; and as truly touched with imaginative power. It has, besides, no trace of the elegiac and commiserative attitude toward the pioneer. It is a record, full of youthful gusto, of one who is still in the game and finds it well worth the candle.

Readers of "Alaska Man's Luck" will remember that the narrative ended, or paused, at the moment when the young adventurer had won his Marian and was planning to take his mate with him to the beloved North. At Viking's Cove he dreams of founding a new race of Norsemen to people the rugged country which is in so many ways like the old Northland of his birth. Marian comes from Southern California, but she is of a hardy and adventurous spirit, and quickly responds to the charm and to the rigorous demands of the new land. Alone in their cabin, above their own private fiord, the two weave a thread into the web of Alaskan destiny. The narrative is not so much a tale as a chronicle of varied experiences. Svend tries his hand, with no very marked successes, at salmon-fishing, gold-mining, rutabaga-planting, lumbering. At times he has almost the sense of failure; or rather he sees that in theory he is a failure. For his northern heart is high, and he has faith that something good must come to him and his from the great adventure of life. Before we have done with him, his faith is modestly realized by the success of his first book ("Alaska Man's Luck"). A new world lies open to him, but the significant thing is that it is not a world of men and cities. It is a world of freedom from the slavery of the wage-earner, where he and his may live untroubled in their own appointed place. To Marian and to him alike the new good fortune means one thing: "Oh, Svend, now we can go north! I want to be in our little cabin by the lake. Then we will realize it fully when we are back in our home, our dear home, again. Do you know, Svend, that the grouse are hooting on the hill beyond the lake, and that the wind is warm in the spruce tops?" There they can breathe, there they belong—they and the young Viking who is their first contribution to the new northern race of Svend's fancy.

No, it is not, after all, a simple chronicle, but the work of a "born" story-teller. He has the knack of selection and elimination. He has told enough and not too much. And the work as a whole has structure and balance. It belongs to the rare type of personal narrative which you may call fact-based fiction or creative autobiography, as you will. As for the style, in



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SIDNEY B. FAY

The Philosophy of the Spirit

HISTORY, ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Benedetto Croce. Authorized translation by Douglas Ainslie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

SIGNOR CROCE, who occupied the post of Minister of Education in a recent Italian Cabinet, has been long known to philosophical students as a writer of very unusual talent. The present volume, of which the first Italian edition appeared some five or six years ago, is the fourth of a series which he has published under the general title, "The Philosophy of the Spirit." It amplifies and completes some very interesting suggestions that had been previously outlined in the second book of the set, and Mr. Douglas Ainslie has rendered a real service in acting as an interpreter for those who read only English.

The book is in two parts, one concerned with the general principles, the other with illustrative examples of history-writing. In the first part Signor Croce warns us against the attempt to date the beginnings of this art, and against the delusive distinction between "contemporary" and "past" history, reminding us that "only an interest in the life of the present can move one to investigate past fact," and that thus in a very real sense all history is contemporary. On the same ground he argues that all history must be philosophical, and that mere philologists, archaeologists, and archivists are pseudo-historians. But he is equally opposed to those so-called philosophers of history who use the past as material for propaganda, for driving home a moral or corroborating a theory about the life of the present. To this writer the chief value of these imperfect and even deceptive performances lies in the fact that they mutually counteract one another. The arid philologist, for example, supplies a corrective to the work of the "poetical" historian. For Signor Croce it is no function of history to *evaluate* the past. The purpose should be always positive, never negative. "A fact that seems to be wholly evil, an epoch that appears to be one of complete decadence, can be nothing but a *non-historical* fact—that is to say, one which has not been historically treated, not penetrated by thought, and which has remained the prey of sentiment and imagination." Thus "History never metes out justice, but always *justifies*."

The theoretical discussions of method are of less interest than the concrete examples from the practice of historians with which Signor Croce has en-

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forced his argument. He takes up six distinct types of historiography, from (1) the Græco-Roman period, (2) the Middle Ages, (3) the Renaissance, (4) the Enlightenment, (5) Romanticism, (6) Positivism. It is his purpose to show how each of these epochs in history-writing at once absorbed and altered the tradition and method of the epoch that had gone before. He has no patience with the view that there is an absolute breach between one period and another, or the view that there is at any time an abrupt "return" to the method of a time that had long preceded. He traces, for example, all sorts of subtle affinities—amid obvious difference—between the medieval and the Græco-Roman history-writing, and ridicules the notion that at the Renaissance the spirit of the ancient world was simply restored. "Historical thought knows nothing of returns, but knows that the Middle Ages preserved antiquity deep in its heart, as the Renaissance preserved the Middle Ages." Specially interesting here is Signor Croce's insistence that medieval conceptions asserted themselves in the historiography of the Enlightenment. "It repeats the Christian conceptions of God as truth and justice (the lay God), of the earthly paradise, the redemption, the millennium, and so on, in laical terms, and in like manner with Christianity sets the whole of previous history in opposition to itself, to condemn it, while hardly admiring here and there some consoling ray of itself." Thus, he tells us, the Enlightenment and the Jacobinism connected with it were a religion, and when it died it left behind it survivals or superstitions.

The book is intensely instructive, and suggests many a fertile field for investigation. Many a single page might furnish the stimulus for a monograph. The advertisements make, indeed, very high claims for Signor Croce's originality, and it is one task of the critic to show how far these claims must be abated. Much of the first part deals in quite familiar principles and warnings. One recalls, for example, from the late Henry Sidgwick's paper on "The Historical Method" various points that Sidgwick put in his clear prosaic way, and which Signor Croce presents with such epigrammatic terseness, such apt and vivid illustration, that they look quite new. The style of the translation, too, is by no means uniformly good. Obscure and awkward sentences are intermingled with sparkling epigram. Nor must the danger of the epigram itself be forgotten. Signor Croce tells us, for example, that chronicle is dead history and history is living chronicle. "First comes the living being, then the corpse; and to make history the child of chronicle is the same thing as to make the living be born from the corpse, which is the residue of life, as chronicle is the residue of history." We do well to be on our guard against metaphors like this, lest when we have accepted them in a figurative way we may be betrayed into inferring from

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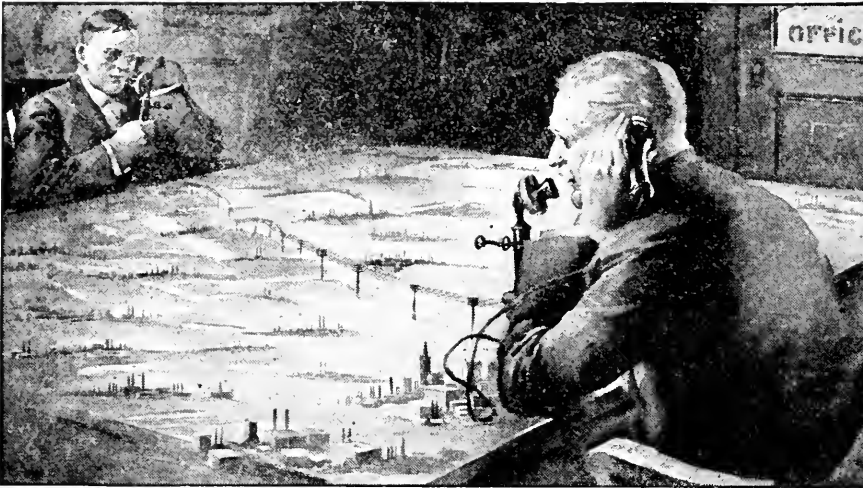
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them in a sense that is literal. When the epigrammatist appears in science, he may delight us, but the intellect has need to put up its shield at once. Yet the author has suggested here an excellent point, which one might use against the old view of Thucydides as an historian and of Herodotus as a mere simple-minded chronicler. Thucydides was more *naïve*, and Herodotus more cunning than this sharp contrast would imply. Many others have protested against the unintentional deceit of historians who put their own inference into what they narrate, but Signor Croce has summed it all up by recalling a sixteenth century inscription that may still be read in one of the old byways of Naples, praying God to deliver us from "the lies of honest men." He challenges once more such explanations as that of Taine, who refers so much to those abstractions called "the age" and "the race," demanding in the name of criticism that these abstractions shall have their own genesis explained before they are used as explanatory of events. He denounces the sharp splitting up of the past into periods, amusing his readers with an anecdote about an old professor of his own student days who used to say that the curtain fell upon the acting of ancient history in A. D. 476, to rise again immediately afterward on the beginning of the Middle Ages. He illustrates afresh the foolishness of the French neo-paganism, with its struggle to restore the forms and ideals of classical antiquity, and he adds an example of the same spirit from his own people in recent years. "Quite recently," he writes, "during the war in Tripoli, came the proposal from the depths of one of the meridional provinces of Italy, one of those little countrysides where the shadow of a humanist still exists, that a Latin commentary should be composed upon that war entitled *De bello libico*."

In one very valuable respect, however, the contents of Signor Croce's book are indeed new not merely in style but in thought, and the brilliant author has placed us under a lasting obligation. He has given us a convincing and a largely original picture of the historian's art as a special case of the same unbroken continuity of progress which the true historian sees in world events. Even Carlyle used to maintain that human experience includes long tracts which are not worth recording at all, but our age has learned that just in proportion as a period becomes known we find less and less reason to dismiss it as sterile. The darkness of the "Dark Ages" is now explained in no small degree by a defect in the historian's eyesight. If we think of the modern time as one of increasing illumination, we also feel that its dawn is not like Kipling's in Mandalay that "comes up like thunder," but that we must take account also of the dull twilights, and that no part of man's autobiography must be called common or unclean. Signor Croce emphasizes all this, and perhaps by reaction he makes

too much of it. But he adds to it the very pregnant thought that if this is true of the events themselves it is true no less of the arts and methods by which the events have been set forth. The historiographers, no less than the history, illustrate a natural law.

It may be objected that here and there in the book the author seems to mistake a question of the use of words for a question of the theory of events. What does he mean by denying that it is ever the office of history to pronounce upon values? If he means that every period had its good side, and that the historian should try to appreciate this, no one will differ from him. But he seems to mean far more, for example, when he says that history does not mete out justice but always justifies. Unless Signor Croce judges every movement of the past to have been as valuable as every other, he must intend to have the distinction drawn by some science with a different name from "history." So the dispute is about words, and to the present reviewer at least there still seems to be real significance in the aphorism of Schiller, *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Random Book Notes

An extensive book about modern Roumania, of over four hundred pages, and friendly in tone, is Charles Upson Clark's "Greater Roumania" (Dodd).

The Reverend John M. C. Wilson, in his "The Labour Movement and the Church" (Stratford Co., \$1.50), argues for a settlement of labor disputes in the terms of and by the aid of the Christian religion.

In "Boewulf, an Introduction" (Cambridge University Press), R. W. Chambers, Librarian of King's College, University of London, furnishes a rich background for the proper understanding of a difficult but highly important and rewarding poem.

The beginnings of the trust in American industry are sketched in Eliot Jones's "The Trust Problem in the United States" (Macmillan), but the greater part of the work naturally considers the past twenty years. There is a bibliography of the subject as an appendix.

"Twelve Baskets Full" (Putnam, \$5.00) is the title given by Sibyl Marvin Huse to her book of 650 pages consisting of letters to the author's students. The author signs herself, in a letter to the late Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, as "Your student's student." After reading some pages of it, one wonders what it is in these expressions and reiterations of friendly sentiment and religious faith which seems to merit so many pages and such a big book. Commonplace is none the less commonplace however much it is repeated. One recalls that the Sermon on the Mount is comprised in a few hundred words.



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How to Study This Number

THE INDEPENDENT LESSON PLANS

English, Literature and
Composition

History, Civics and
Economics

By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

(The following questions have been prepared in the absence of Dr. Law, who has been spending his vacation in a voyage to the South Seas. He will return and resume his task early in October.—EDITORS.)

I. W. H. Hudson.

1. Name some of the books written by W. H. Hudson and (in a very general way) the subjects treated in those books.
2. Name several of the greatest "nature-writers," British, French, and American.
3. Compare Hudson with Richard Jefferies, naming the latter's best books.
4. Compare him with Gilbert White of Selborne, and name the latter's famous book.
5. Compare and contrast him with Thoreau, and name the latter's great book.
6. Compare him with John Burroughs, and name some of the latter's books.
7. Contrast him with Fabre, the Frenchman.
8. Explain the propriety (in J. F.'s poem, "Whitesheet Hill") of associating the destinies of Hudson and the bird.
9. Name some of the bird odes in our language; with their authors. Discuss their merits.
10. Define "idyll" and "apologue."
11. In what books or short stories have Hawthorne and Hardy best achieved "atmosphere"?
12. "The eternal note of sadness comes in"—of what poem by what author is this an echo?
13. Who wrote "Adonais," and what is the subject of that poem?
14. If Hudson is hardly surpassed in simple narrative, who best deserves comparison with him in that kind?

II. The Infancy of Motor Cars.

1. Discuss this article in respect of its style. It is a good style; why?

III. New Books and Old.

1. Why is Shakespeare appropriately called "an English Imperialist"? Cite passages showing why, especially from the historical plays.
2. "There was a poet called Chaucer"—when did he live and what did he write? Chaucer occupied a position which gave him an opportunity powerfully to influence England's destiny otherwise than through literature. What was that position?
3. "A British hireling named Thomas Gray wrote a long poem"—what poem?
4. Define "free-verse."
5. Discuss Mr. Pearson's "The Poem," especially its magnificent concluding apostrophe. Mention some perpetrators of free-verse piffle, with appropriate remarks.
6. Contrast the poetic styles of John Gould Fletcher and of John Keats.
7. Tell what you know of James Huneker and his work.
8. "Cubist junk"—Define and comment.
9. This war between the old and the new in literature has gone on since time out of mind. The mightiest battle in the war took place about the beginning of the eighteenth century and is described by Swift. In what book?
10. Mention some "modernity yowlers" of today.

IV. In the Name of the Wild.

1. Name some good books of the American Wild—not forgetting Cooper—and discuss them.
2. Why is Cooper, after all, a classic? Name some of his great merits and some of his great faults. Why is he more popular in France than with us?

V. Trevelyan's Pictures of British Life.

1. Who is Trevelyan? What has he written? Why (having in mind other summaries dealing with the same period) does the book fill a long-felt want?
2. What books dealing with other periods might properly be called "tapestries of Old England"?
3. Who was Jeremy Bentham and what did he write and do?
4. Who was John Stuart Mill and what did he write and do?
5. Explain the reference to Florence Nightingale.
6. "The ideas of Rousseau inspired the cataclysm in France." What ideas, what cataclysm? Tell what you know of Rousseau and his writings.
7. "Watt, Macadam, Brindley, Stephenson." Tell what you know of these men and their achievements.

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A. M.
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. Debs, Daugherty and the Injunction, A Question of Emphasis.

1. Explain the legal basis for the Daugherty injunction.
2. Look up the use of the injunction in the Debs case here referred to and compare the railroad situations and the use of the injunction.
3. How are the questions of "free speech, picketing, and the open shop" involved in this injunction?
4. Show how the editor agrees with the use of the injunction to protect the public but objects to "the manner, in which the Government went about it."

II. The Reproach of "Unskilled" Labor.

1. Why do manufacturers tend to be in favor of a liberal immigration policy?
2. If they argue "for a removal of the present restrictions on immigration" why will "their argument . . . be a selfish one; and from the point of the country's real interest . . . be a false one"?
3. Why does Mr. Baker assert that "unskilled labor" is a term of reproach to American management and engineering?
4. Why do manufacturers tend to desire cheap labor instead of following Mr. Baker's ideas?
5. How would higher wages and higher efficiency tend to affect the birthrate of Americans and how is that involved in the problem?

III. The Inspiration of Sabotage.

1. Look up the meaning of sabotage. Show how the acts described here illustrate it.
2. What do you think of attempts to carry out any of the instructions in the United States? Can you give any other examples during the last few months?
3. Describe the activities of the Bolsheviks in Mexico.

IV. Mexico's Coming Crisis.

1. Explain the oil situation and its relation to Mexican finance.
2. Describe in full the financial situation of the Mexican Government.
3. Look up the relations of the United States and Mexico in Mr. Wilson's administration and show the grounds for the statement "The Mexicans played hide-and-go-seek with President Wilson for eight years."
4. What was the Mexican policy of Secretary Hughes as announced on June 7, 1921?
5. Summarize the grounds for Mr. Crowell's belief that "Mexico is again moving rapidly and inevitably toward a crisis—probably a collapse."

V. Germany and the Allies.

1. Explain the decision of the Reparations Commission, and show how it gave a "breathing space."
2. Outlining the Stinnes-Lubersack agreement, and looking up the Wiesbaden Agreement, show how they "essentially" agree.

VI. The Case for Greece, The Anatolian War.

1. State the case for Greece. Describe the Greek reverse and trace its results on Greece aspirations as they appear.
2. Show how the situation between the Greeks and Turks is complicated by the influence of outside powers.

VII. An Undaunted Exile.

1. What is meant by "the Left" in French politics?
2. Sketch the chief features of the careers of Malvy and Caillaux before their exile.
3. Explain the situation which led to the exile of each.
4. What determines the length of life of a French Parliament? Of a British Parliament?
5. Explain what are Malvy's hopes for himself and for France.

VIII. Trevelyan's Pictures of British Life.

1. Does Mr. Fay's review make you want to read this book?
2. What other books has Mr. Trevelyan written?

VI. The Third League Assembly, Ed. Par. on Austria.

1. On a blank map locate the countries mentioned.
2. What action on Austria has been proposed for discussion by the League? What other solutions have been proposed?
3. Explain in detail the editorial suggestions for the rehabilitation of Austria.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion
September 30, 1922



WITH one accord the people of these United States give thanks that Mrs. Harding has safely passed the crisis of the illness that for some anxious days brought her into the valley of the shadow, and is now convalescent.

IT is gratifying to note that not all able-bodied soldiers by any means bear the President a grudge for vetoing the Bonus Bill. Thus the City Club of New York Post of the American Legion, which is made up mostly of men who volunteered and who today are obliged to earn their own living, has expressed "most hearty approval of the substance and spirit of your veto message." Mr. Harding is to be congratulated on the firm stand which he took from the beginning. If this was based solely on the gloomy report of the country's financial status furnished by his Secretary of the Treasury, it has proved effective for the time being. We could wish that the President had come out strongly against the bonus on the broader principle that to throw a sop to able-bodied soldiers would be to insult the magnificent service which they rendered. That would probably have settled the question for all time, but he has, in any case, blocked a measure which was being used by politicians for the selfish purpose of getting votes, and for this the country owes him a large debt of gratitude.

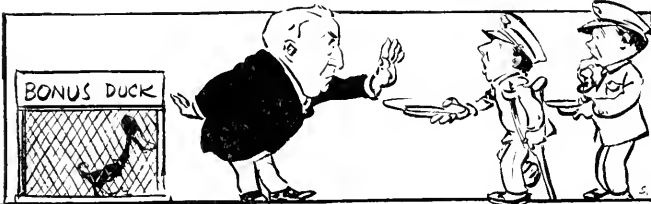
IN days gone by, a wholesale massacre by the Turks was sure to bring forth from America a cry from the heart. What has come over us that the affair at Smyrna should leave our Government cold? Washington, it is true, has gone

through the usual formality of requesting that our ships should be free to give succor and the President has asked Congress for a relief fund of \$200,000. But what most of us crave at this moment is an expression of indignation at this latest outburst of Turkish barbarity. If the sentiment of the civilized world amounts to anything as a chastener of misconduct and a spur to good deeds, America cannot afford to be silent at this time. Just because we were not prepared to fill the large order of international coöperation put up to us by President Wilson, let us not be skittish about expressing our moral feeling when the world, and especially England, evidently looks to us for encouragement.

THERE is no valid reason why Cuba and her people should not be prosperous and happy. By virtue of climate, soil, and natural resources the island ought to be the garden spot of the world. Instead, it is poverty-stricken, a prey to social and political disorder, and threatened with national bankruptcy. The explanation lies in the low standards of civic virtue prevalent there. In Cuba, as in some other Latin-American states where democracy is a recent experiment, public office is an opportunity for graft and speculation and nothing else. Carried to excess, this kills the goose that lays the golden egg. Once before the situation made necessary our intervention; we hope that it will not be forced on us again, but the prospects are not bright. General Enoch Crowder, a shrewd observer and wise counselor, after a searching investigation, has indicated the measures essential to setting the Cuban house in

order. Naturally the politicians demur. Within strict limits of diplomatic propriety, the State Department has urged the Cubans to take heed while yet there is time. We trust our island neighbors will realize that behind this is the solid force of American opinion, despite the efforts of some chronic trouble-makers to create the suspicion that ulterior motives on the part of financial interests are involved.

WE nominate for the Hall of Fame Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. Samuel Untermyer. Both have achieved preëminence in the field of



Bluff and Publicity. Mr. Ford, who has amassed one of the greatest fortunes in the world and whose hobby is anti-Semitism and the most childish of economic and financial fallacies, announced the closing down of his extensive factories, alleging lack of coal as the reason and charging "Wall Street" with the responsibility. A hundred thousand men were thrown out of work. Note that Mr. Ford owns his own railroad to the coal regions and never really risked a coal shortage. Five days later he reopened his factories, having in the meantime obtained great publicity and stimulated the demand for his flivvers.

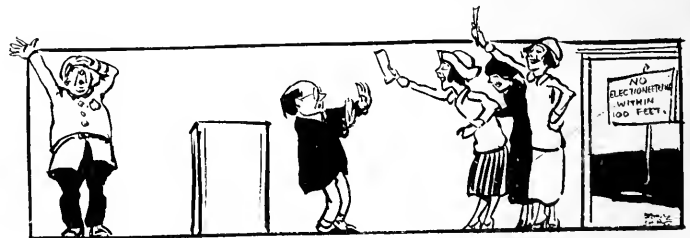
Mr. Untermyer, having amassed great wealth by his cleverness in assisting powerful corporations to skim safely over very thin ice and avoid troublesome conflict with the law, has latterly blossomed forth as the doughty champion of the Common People against Predatory Wealth. We enjoyed the alacrity with which he accepted Congressman Keller's invitation to join in pressing the impeachment of Attorney General Daugherty—a cause which he well knew was baseless—and the still greater alacrity with which he withdrew after achieving the desired publicity. We suggest that Tony Sarg be commissioned to design a joint memorial showing these two worthies with clasped hands and a common halo.

We had intended also to nominate Mr. William Randolph Hearst, but the voters of New York State in the recent primaries beat us to it.

A DEPLORABLE situation has been created by the nomination of Mr. Pelletier for the important position of District Attorney of Suffolk County, Massachusetts—the county of which Boston is the principal part. Mr. Pelletier is the man who was but recently ousted from that same position by the Supreme Court of the State, which sustained serious charges against him. The Bar As-

sociation expressed its judgment of the charges by dropping Mr. Pelletier from its membership. The charges related directly to his conduct of the office. His triumphant renomination under such circumstances could not have been accomplished under any other system of nominations than that of the direct primary. Mr. Pelletier appealed to race and religious prejudice. He was able to persuade the warm-hearted and generous Irish voters of Boston that his prosecution was a persecution and due to his race and religion. Shall we comment on the contempt for a court decision shown by this renomination, or on the moral sense of a body of voters to whom the fact of the candidate's guilt did not weigh as against his appeal to their prejudices, or on the danger to a community from the solidarity displayed by a group vote of that nature? All of these things are too obvious for more than mention. Our purpose in calling attention to the incident is to insist that the Democratic Party in Massachusetts find a way to purge itself of a grave error. The Democratic candidates for United States Senator and for Governor of the State must repudiate it—or bear its stigma. An appeal to race and religious prejudice in a country made up as ours is of many races and many religions is intolerable, and the office of prosecuting attorney is the last place where such prejudices should be entrenched.

IT is already becoming apparent that if those women who desire to maintain a high standard of honor and intelligence for the participation of their sex in politics are to succeed in doing so, they must have the loyal and determined backing of all good women. Too many women are showing themselves apt pupils in the school of political



deceit and cunning. In importance far above any other issue that is today before the American people is the exercise of sound judgment by women in the selection of their own political leaders. If women are ever to assume the high place in the political life of this nation to which they seem to be called, they must adopt the policy of never for an instant condoning falsehood and low trickery on the part of their women leaders. The necessity of organization in politics and the limited number of people who have time or talent for such work make it very difficult to dislodge a leadership that once gains power. Whether or not trickery ever was smart politics, it is certainly stupid politics for women in the position which they occupy today.

WE are frankly amazed at what appears to us as the egregious blunder of the State Department in making overtures to the Soviet Government looking to the sending of a commission to investigate conditions in Russia. The point is, not that such an investigation would not be desirable and useful, but that the manner of proposing it was most unfortunate and even harmful. Such a proposal might come from chambers of commerce or other public organizations without being subject to misinterpretation, but coming from the Government it was bound to give rise to serious misconceptions.

The moment it was known in Berlin that Ambassador Houghton had sent for and received Chicherin—and it was known immediately, for the Soviet agents, although pledged to secrecy, did not delay a moment in capitalizing it—a feeling was created all over Europe that America was no longer steadfast in her announced policy but was shifting around to a rapprochement with the Soviets. Despite the statement in the note itself that no recognition was to be inferred, the effect was to halt the growing tendency in Europe to come around to our point of view.

The Bolshevik reply was exactly what was to have been expected and what our State Department deserved. They would admit an investigating commission on the basis of reciprocity—that is, if we would do the same. Furthermore, we knew the facts already, thanks to the A. R. A. and other sources of information. They might indeed have quoted our own reply to the invitation to the Hague Conference in which we claimed as much. What the reason was for sending the note to the Soviet Government we are at a loss to surmise. At all events it drives home once more the application, in Soviet dealings, of the query: "Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled?"

IN most of our universities and colleges a very sincere effort is being made to induce students to elect a larger proportion of work in the Greek and Latin classics than has been popular for the past twenty-five years. *The Independent* desires to appeal to parents and to our youthful readers themselves to lend their aid to this movement. Teachers of history, teachers of economics, teachers of English—all are becoming acutely sensitive to the lack of a classical training on the part of their pupils. In many instances they have struggled to remedy the defect by requiring reading



courses in which classics play an important part.

There is such a thing as culture. But it is not acquired merely by submersion in laboratories or in becoming practitioners. It is taken on slowly by much communion with the great literatures and the great minds of the past. Destined to a sharp disillusion and an object of pity is the boy or girl who graduates from college without having sat down for many hours with Aeschylus, with Euripides, with Plato, with Aristotle, with Cicero, with Virgil. Pity him if such communion has not opened to him the Greek sweetness and light and the Latin consciousness of law and of the State. Pity him if he has not heard the sea with Homer, the cry of human passion with Euripides, the tread of fate with Aeschylus. Pity him if he has not groped with Lucretius into the secrets of nature, felt with Virgil the epic of a national destiny and with Cicero the call to public service.

Shall the Turk Re-enter Europe?

WHATEVER else resulted from the Great War, one achievement was welcomed all over Christendom—the Turkish yoke was removed from the Christian peoples of southeastern Europe. For five hundred years this Mongoloid race had been an anachronism in the city of Constantinople and the lands west of the Dardanelles. Individually the Turk was not a bad fellow. He had the virtues and the vices of a ruling race, and in hospitality, honesty, and courage shone by comparison with his subject peoples. But as a state, the Turks displayed every vice of corruption, oppression, and cruelty of which a barbarous mediaeval government was capable, and their continued rule was a blot on modern civilization, a stench in the nostrils of enlightened people.

Now, after a kaleidoscopic change in their fortunes, thanks to the genius of Mustapha Kemal, and the incredible blunders of Allied statesmanship, the Turks are arrogantly knocking at the gates of Constantinople and demanding the return of Thrace. England alone, at the moment, blocks the way, and while the situation has eased a bit and may wait on the holding of a conference, it is full of dynamite and may bring in its wake a train of consequences involving the whole world.

It is not easy to allocate fairly the responsibility for a situation into which so many factors have entered. The outstanding fact which strikes the world and aligns its feelings is the horrible massacre of Smyrna and the destruction of the city. Mr. Morgenthau, writing in the London *Sunday*

Times, declares that French support of Mustapha Kemal in his struggle with the Greeks is likely to alienate much American sympathy. Many Americans will ask: If the French repudiate the Treaty of Sèvres and, in general, their moral obligations in the Near East, have they any grounds for insisting on German fulfillment of the Treaty of Versailles? Mr. Morgenthau is right. A great deal of American sympathy is being alienated from France, for the blind French Near East policy since the war has bitterly offended her friends here. On the other hand, it may rightly be urged that the French nation is little concerned in Near East policy and that the latter is the unfortunate creation of the French Foreign Office, and due to a suspicion of British Near East policy, a suspicion which, however excessive—indeed, almost insane—yet does not lack excuse. For British motives are doubtless as cupidinous as French; and it is a fact that, by whatever means, French influence in Constantinople, which was predominant before the war, has been almost entirely superseded by British influence. Other nations than France look with jealousy and alarm upon British control and domination of one of the world's chief strategic points. Behind all this, however, is the initial blunder, noted by Dr. Dennis in his article in another column, committed when Lloyd George, seemingly hypnotized by the astute Venizelos, agreed to the grandiose plan of a Greater Greece to be set up in Asia Minor. The pursuit of this chimera led to the present situation.

What is to be the outcome? Will Kemal, however strong and shrewd, be able to restrain his eager hosts, flushed with victory, from an attempt to cross the Straits, and persuade them to await the holding of a peace conference? If this should happen, will England, with the limited forces available, be able to resist the Turkish advance? But even if Kemal holds his forces in leash and events wait on the conference, the big question, the problem that has been the great source of European conflict for a century and more, is only reopened. The fundamentals of that problem remain the same: the freedom of Christian peoples long under the barbarous rule of backward Asiatics, a great entrepôt of international trade, a crucial strategic point on some of the most important of the trade routes of the world, and the sole warm-water outlet for the vast plains of Russia and their teeming millions. To restore the Turks is to revive the old conflicts. In that way lie fresh wars. No matter what blunders England may have committed, there can be little doubt of the moral obligation to support her in averting such an outcome. America is not yet ready to take an active part, but this should not prevent our Government from making a strong declaration of its views in the present situation, a declaration which would strengthen the hands of those statesmen who stand against the return of the Turk to his former position in Europe and discourage those who for narrow national advantage or considerations of expediency would hamper them.

The New Tariff

THE Fordney-McCumber Tariff bill has become the law of the land. If any bells are ringing in honor of the occasion, few persons can think the sound joyous, and to many (some of them the "solid business men" who in the past throve on a protective tariff) it comes as a dirge. Three considerations have made the tariff measure extremely unpopular. In the first place, disregarding the actual workings of the measure, the world at large has received the impression that the United States, having rejected the League of Nations, immediately set to work to increase the aloofness of this country. Secondly, the unsettled conditions the world over make any tinkering with schedules at this time appear foolhardy. Thirdly, tariff revision at best leaves many people disgruntled; how large the number of these must be at the present moment! In addition there is almost universal misgiving over the provision which grants the President power to modify rates as conditions dictate. Some sort of stability in business conditions has been the hope held out by all

previous tariffs, and now this much-prized "elastic provision" threatens to remove that great desideratum.

Our own disapproval is prompted not so much by the thought of the confusion which may be caused by the Fordney-McCumber Tariff, for no doubt the world will muddle through that, as by the conviction that the situation might have been managed infinitely better by the exercise of tact and genuine leadership. Whether leaving the question to the Tariff Commission would have turned the trick is not entirely clear. But there is no doubt that the President could have reasonably urged a postponement of any consideration of the tariff by Congress until more solid information as to conditions was at hand.

Well, the new tariff is now upon us, and, if it proves to be not as bad as it is painted, so much the better. To do full justice to the champions of this measure we are glad to phrase some of their arguments and to ask our readers to give these their serious consideration.

Close political observers admit not only that a demand for a protective tariff was in no small part responsible for the huge Republican majority of 1920, but that a large majority of the people today would vote for a protective tariff. Congress has felt and responded to the pressure of that demand. Granted, then, that the majority party felt itself thus committed, there could be no escape from a high tariff. But it is doubtful, considering the present state of European currency and the deceptiveness of either valuations or rates under such conditions, whether even the most ardent protectionist in Congress would today dare to impose a tariff high enough fully to meet the protection theory. Talk of a "Chinese wall" of exclusion having been erected is absurd and will be revealed as such by the future volume of imports.

As to the "log-rolling" methods employed in the making of the law, these were, of course, much in evidence but quite different from the log-rolling procedure of past tariff bills. By "log-rolling" is meant the lending of votes in exchange for a promise of votes from the borrowers on some subsequent occasion. The old way was to repay these borrowed votes in the appropriation bills—usually the Rivers and Harbors bill. The Budget system established by the Harding Administration has made this, if not impossible, nearly so. Log-rolling in the preparation of the present tariff was usually confined to the support given by members from one section of the country to the tariff demands of other sections; or one group, such as the strong farm *bloc*, was willing to drive a bargain with another group. In this way, Louisiana or Dakota, instead of resisting an impost favorable to New England, actually helped it along in return for a like action by New England representatives. The natural resistance of one locality to another, or one group to another group, was thus largely eliminated. The result is a high tariff, and also a tariff much more broadly spread, and much less local in its total benefit, than any past tariff.

But just how high is this tariff? It is fruitless to specify a rate here or there. After all, we arrive at a more accurate conclusion by a general survey.

Treasury experts place the probable revenue from the bill at \$400,000,000. The tariff which has been superseded actually yielded \$300,000,000. But a portion of the year that brought in the \$300,000,000 was a period of depression. Using a basis similar to that upon which the \$400,000,000 is estimated one could have got considerably more than \$300,000,000 from the old Emergency Tariff. The comparison of these two figures is the most accurate measure available of the total increase under the new law. [The reader will see that this last argument opens up long vistas of interesting but uncertain speculation.] Talk of a "three-billion-dollar increase in the cost of living" is grotesque.

Indeed, the advances of price made possible by the law have been largely discounted—in some cases overdiscounted—and an actual drop in some prices may reasonably be expected. Far from being a prohibitory tariff, the workings of the new law are likely to produce a volume of business with Europe almost unprecedented.

The Independent has consistently objected to the enactment of a tariff at this time, and does not alter its position, but is glad to list the arguments of the other side and to revert to them as the new situation develops.

An End to National Railroad Strikes

THE collapse of the railroad shop strike, though it was perhaps somewhat hastened by the temporary injunction obtained by the Government, was really due to the steady resistance of the railroad executives, who remained united in their action until the crisis of the struggle was successfully passed, and the supremacy of the public right to uninterrupted transportation had been decisively asserted. It is likely that the public will imperfectly appreciate how much it owes, both in present safety and in the outlook for the future, to this united action of the railroad executives during the critical stages of the struggle, and a word of comment is in point.

The real issue in the strike was whether a numerically insignificant minority should be allowed to stop the vital circulation of the economic body—its interstate traffic in the supplies necessary to its life—as a means of enforcing wage demands which had been denied by a Government wage board on which the barely two million railroad workers of the country had as great voting power as the one hundred and eight millions from whose pockets railroad wages must be paid. The "national strike" of the shopmen, like every other national railroad strike, was not only a blow aimed at the safety of the whole people—it was an open defiance of the Government's right and obligation to maintain the free flow of interstate traffic. This right was bestowed, and this duty was imposed upon the Government by the Constitution: Congress had provided in several statutes the mechanism for performing this duty, in addition to the powers which the Government possessed by the mere fact of its national sovereignty. The principle and the duty involved were clear. The Government should have asked, and it would have obtained from its courts on the day the strike began, the injunction which it did not ask until two months of increasing violence and interference with the railroads compelled it to act.

During these two months, when the railroad shopmen were acting in open collusion with the

striking coal miners, the defence of the public right was left to the railroad executives, who were intermittently harassed by Government proposals for compromise which in effect would have sacrificed the essence of the principle the Government was bound to uphold unimpaired. The intention which prompted these attempts at compromise was as well-meant as it was practically unwise and unsound. The refusal of the striking shopmen to accept the element in the proposed compromises which would have brought upon them a penalty for striking at the public safety finally made it evident even to Washington that the issue was one in which no compromise was compatible with the public right. We are far from intending to offer a certificate of grace and enlightenment to all railroad executives indiscriminately. Railroad executives differ among themselves in courage, wisdom, and other qualities as much as did the tribes of Gaul in Caesar's day. But, "such as they are," as a body they saw clearly at the outset what the real issue was, and they stood up to the fight until the principle of the paramount right of the public had been vindicated. If some of them have finally betrayed themselves into mischievous surrender, the judicious observer can only hope that the retribution therefrom will be as educative and reformatory as it appears to be inevitable.

Judge Wilkerson's decision of last week, stating the relative rights involved in the strike, should establish in the minds of both labor leaders and the public the permanent conviction that strikes aimed at interrupting the interstate traffic which is the life-blood of the nation are unlawful attacks upon the public safety which it is the right and duty and fixed policy of the Government to suppress on that sole ground—that they are unlawful attacks upon the safety of the country.

Labor leaders have much to say about the "rights" of the worker, and it is of vital concern to all of us that the real rights of the worker, like the real rights of every other citizen, shall have full protection. But no one can have rights without also having duties, and the railroad strike has shown that some vigorous instruction on the duties of the worker is in order. Any one who undertakes a vital service—the railroad worker no less than the surgeon at the operating table—is bound by the highest obligation of duty to see that no act or inaction of his interrupts the performance of that vital service. The surgeon who would interrupt an operation to haggle with his patient's friends for a higher fee would be rightly denounced as a potential murderer. The railroad worker's duty is usually less clean-cut, and neglect of it less disastrous than in the case of the surgeon operating on a patient, but at bottom it is the same. He must make up his mind to adjust his assertion of his "rights" to the paramount claims of his duty to the public. The public, in compen-

sation for this restriction of the worker's freedom, may fairly be asked to make good the economic disadvantages of this limitation. The Labor Board is an honest attempt to fulfil this public obligation. How far it has proved just and adequate is too large a matter to discuss here.

Two aspects of the history of the strike deserve a word of appreciation. One of these is the very great technical efficiency of the railroads in moving a nearly record traffic in the face of the gravest material obstacles. The other is in large part the source of the first—the courage, loyalty to duty, endurance, and effectiveness of thousands of minor executives, from foremen up, without whose unflagging efforts the fight would have been lost. To most of us nameless, they have "deserved well of the Republic."

IT is not often that the passing from life of a man who has followed the quiet paths of scholarship, refusing to be drawn into more public ways, calls from the daily press such tributes of respect and affection as have been paid to William Archibald Dunning, who died on August 25. Professor Dunning was one of those workable and happily working combinations of diverse talents, and of thoroughness with versatility, that happen only now and then. He was beloved by colleagues and students, and honored by fellow-workers in research. A gentle cynic "whose wit, without wounding, could hit," he was primarily a serious philosopher and a hardworking author. When he was called as an expert in the history of political theories to testify whether Henry Ford was an anarchist or not, he gave cross-questioning lawyers a run for their money and the newspapers a "feature," but when two years before his death he published the third and final volume of his "History of Political Theories" he rounded out an exposition of the political thought of mankind from Plato and Aristotle to Herbert Spencer, which is probably destined to live among the few admittedly "great works" in this field. Yet in a wholly different field he was better known. No other American historian has ever so exhaustively studied the period of reconstruction as Professor Dunning did, and no other writer, historian or publicist, has so deeply or so sanely influenced later American thinking upon the rights and wrongs of that unhappy time. Men of the South and of the North, drawn to his research courses at Columbia, have alike borne testimony to his fairness and his sound judgment of evidential values. These qualities stand out not less clearly in his masterly "British Empire and the United States," published in 1914, an extraordinary review of the hundred years of peace between two Powers that have found no reason to fortify one of the longest frontiers in the world. It is a book which the England-hater disposes of by forgetting it.

Turkey and the Peace of the World

By Dr. Alfred L. P. Dennis

THE destruction of Smyrna, the flaming nationalism of the returning Turk, and the grim possibilities of further and far-reaching conflict have combined to shock the world. Some of us had almost forgotten that in 1914 the chief, real cause of the World War was the struggle for control at Constantinople. Today the essential and fundamental importance of Constantinople, both as a symbol and as a city, stands out clearly in historic fashion.

The Turk is coming back largely for the same reasons that have permitted his continuance for the past century and a half. By his rule at Constantinople he had become a factor in the European political system. The jealousies and divisions of the West allowed him to retain his political importance. Today the separate policies of the Allies, the breakdown of a common programme, have given him a chance to restore his rule over exhausted and blood-soaked lands.

For all the world and in open ways the division of policy between England and France now stands clear. This is the first result of the revival of Turkish nationalism. The Entente has struggled on since the Peace of Versailles largely because the issue of force was not brought to a test. Now if war breaks out between Great Britain and the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal the separation of England and France will become more than a stumbling-block in world affairs. Already it threatens to be a dynamic element as well. It is the separate policy of France that has made this clear. For France chose to come to terms with Kemal last October. Indeed it is quite possible that a secret agreement between the Governments of Angora and Paris explains the confidence and arrogance of Kemal's demands for Thrace and Constantinople.

A second factor in the situation is local. Once more the Turk has brought out his family heirlooms. The sword and the torch are still in his baggage as he marches to restore his rule over the remnants of the Christian minorities in the Near East. There old traditions still hold; massacre, loot, and rape are the historical methods of conquest and of government in a region that counts the years but as the sands of the hour-glass. Mere centuries disappear overnight and today the Turk returns to the natural and normal methods of conquering Asiatic predecessors.

As the Jews well know, deportation was a Babylonian practice. In a more rapid and efficient age the modern Turk is more systematic and thorough in the process of dispersion and extermination of Christian nationalities. His purpose during recent years and particularly at present is to prevent the possibility of a future Greek or Armenian "Zionism." Thus the new nationalism of Angora acts in historic fashion and is true to type in traditional Asiatic manner.

For months industrious Americans returning from the Levant have spread tales of a revived and reformed Turkey. The government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha at Angora has appeared to them as the hope of the East. We have heard much of a new spirit in Islam and of the rise of a modern liberal Turkey. Indeed, the stage was set for a Western welcome to a resilient and progressive Turkish nationality.

The Americans who were responsible for this point of view, who have appeared as ardent prophets of Turkish progress and freedom, simply forgot history. They ignored the character of the Turk and overlooked his traditions and his heirlooms. The Turk is tenacious; he is an anachronism but he is also historical. His revival as a political factor may be of permanent importance, yet it is not a sign of peace or progress.

A third element lies in the policy of Greece. The basis for the present desperate situation was laid at Paris in 1919 when Venizelos won his way with Lloyd George. The grandiose and greedy diplomacy of Venizelos carried the day against the advice of many British experts in Eastern matters. Today inefficient King Constantine is merely reaping the whirlwind. For in May, 1919, the Greeks landed at Smyrna sword in hand and inaugurated their occupation of a Greater Greece by unnecessary bloodshed and terror. The administration of Smyrna proved to be better as time went on. Nevertheless the task of holding and administering the newly acquired territory was beyond Greek strength or capacity. The ambitions of Greece have provoked her defeat and revealed her instability. In this *débâcle* the responsibility of the Allies is considerable; for they permitted the Greeks to assume a position which was dangerous to the peace of the world. In this policy Lloyd George seems to have had the chief part. His problem now is to rake the ruins and to rebuild his lines with the debris of the hasty and ill-advised decisions of 1919.

If we were to continue in such a mournful analysis, the failure of the world to provide a stable peace after the World War would bear the largest responsibility. In so far as the United States by its policy of political isolation may have contributed to that failure we are also morally responsible for the situation in the Near East. Certainly we have no direct political interest in that region, but our moral and material interests are both important and persuasive. Ultimately the policy of relief and belated restoration must give way to a policy of constructive prevention. So far we have preferred to help to rebuild the barns that have been destroyed rather than to help restrain the marauders who continue to set the countryside ablaze.

At present the chief consideration for the world at large reaches much beyond Constantinople. The reaction of the situation in Turkey is in some respects world wide. Is British policy in the Near East to set India and Egypt in flames? What effect will the recent Turkish victories have on the Mohammedan world? Is the breakdown of the treaty of Sèvres to mark the start of a general revision of other peace settlements and solutions? Such possibilities are clearly within the picture.

Recent despatches from India show that Mohammedan fanaticism is rising against British policy. If war breaks out between England and Turkey there will inevitably be a serious revival of anti-British agitation in India. Signs of this unrest were plain even in connection with the Gandhi movement. The real and practical union of Hindu and Mohammedan agitators

against British rule would represent a combination more serious and widespread than has confronted the British since Mutiny days.

Furthermore, in Afghanistan and Persia anti-British feeling runs high. These countries might well be bases of operation and of intrigue against British interests throughout Asia. Egypt also is bound to be a centre of unrest and possible disturbance. On the other hand, if war does not follow—if the Turks win by negotiation and diplomacy—the general effect on British prestige may also be serious. In short, whatever happens the situation is dangerous and combustible. Already one of Kemal Pasha's advisors is quoted as saying that "the road to Adrianople may lie through Mesopotamia." We know that the Senussi, the great African zealot of Islam, is in the employ of Angora to stir up trouble for the British among the Arabs. Disturbances in Mesopotamia have been reported and meanwhile the new king of Irak, Feisal, is housed with an illness which may be merely diplomatic. Under such circumstances, although it would be almost impossible for Arab and Turk once more to live under the same flag, the spread of disorder and of Asiatic revolt may yet extend much beyond Anatolia.

Here certainly are troubled waters and it is in such waters that Moscow enjoys fishing. So we have still another doubtful and provocative element to consider. It seems unlikely, however, that Soviet Russia would actively intervene. The interest of Moscow lies rather in winning a place at the European council table where a settlement is under discussion. However, it is obviously to the interest of Russia as a Black Sea Power to have a grateful and friendly Turkey at Constantinople rather than to have the Straits

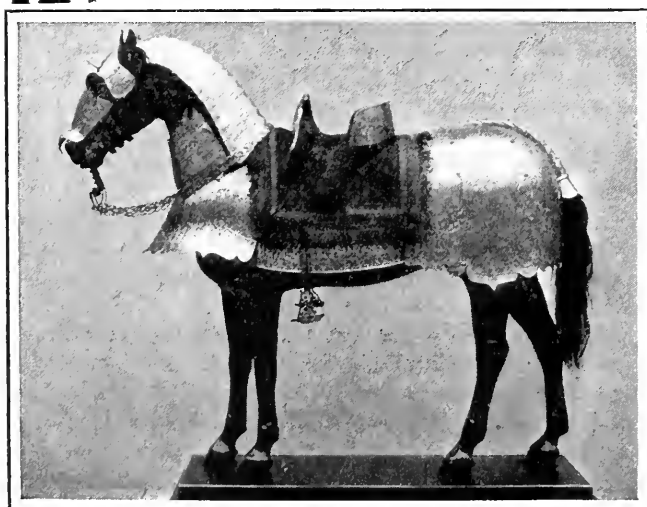
placed definitely under international or British control.

In the Balkans generally Greece is practically without a friend. Jugoslavia covets Saloniki. Bulgaria is unfortunately shut off from an outlet on the Aegean by recent Greek acquisitions. Rumania as usual is concerned only with her own interests and she would not act in any way to endanger her position in Bessarabia. Nevertheless the possibility of a return of the Turk to Europe will at once bring about an unstable and dangerous condition in the Balkans. Under such circumstances France by her leadership in the East in favor of the Turks is following a policy which makes for the revision of other treaties and the reconstruction of other peace settlements of the last few years. At present the French Government by its Eastern policy is weakening its position in opposition to the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. The trickle of water through the dike has begun; and it will be difficult to stop a larger stream or other leaks.

The fall of Smyrna therefore is not a remote or isolated affair. Once more the world stands face to face with a situation which is seriously alarming. Only the widespread desire for peace is preventing a general war. If that desire should lessen or if the force of events should become greater, the menace of the future would increase. Thus the necessity of a more stable foundation for world peace becomes clearer. The events of the last month have not as yet produced the alarm and the determination to pay the cost of peace which alone can preserve us all from another catastrophe to our common civilization. How long can the United States remain indifferent to a condition of affairs throughout the world which may at any time become a menace to our own interests and to peace?

Rare Sixteenth Century Italian Horse Armor

WITHIN recent years the Department of Armor of the Metropolitan Museum, under the curatorship of Dr. Bashford Dean, has taken prominent rank as having assembled one of the great collections of the



world, a collection comparable with those of London, Paris, Dresden, Vienna, Madrid, and Florence. One of its most recent and most important acquisitions is here illustrated, through the courtesy of the Museum—an

engraved horse armor, North Italian, dating from about the year 1560. Although, as Dr. Dean points out, horse armor is *rarissima* in collections, the panoply here illustrated is one of two, which the Museum has just added to its collection, the other, dating from about 1575, appearing to be Venetian. There are now five in the Metropolitan Museum.

For ages these two newly acquired panoplies were in the armory of the ancient castle of Collaltro in Treviso, until dispersed following the Great War. It seems more than likely that this horse armor belonged to Antonio IV of Collaltro, who became generalissimo of the Venetian republic in 1585. Both suits are unusually complete and of extraordinarily fine workmanship, presenting exquisite examples of the mediæval armorer's technique and of the metal engraver's skill.

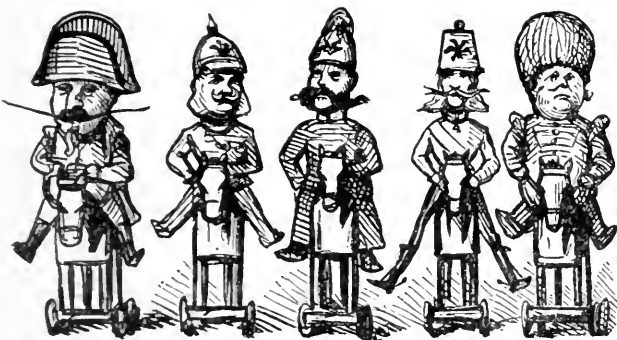


Nast on Neutrality in 1870

The cartoons and text on this page are from a little book by Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist of Harper's Weekly, which a few years ago was combined with The Independent. The volume was published in 1871. Our older readers will enjoy the reminiscence of that stirring epoch. To our younger readers who are students of history this document of the times will prove as instructive as it is entertaining. The general reader may find something suggestive in certain parallels between the Turkish situation at that time and today.

It will be recalled that England in 1870-1 was forced to play a lone hand in the Near East. France, her ally in the Crimean war and co-signatory of the Treaty of Paris, was absorbed in the Franco-Prussian war. France, moreover, had been estranged by the British neutrality in that struggle. Taking advantage of this situation, Russia announced that she felt no longer bound by the Treaty of Paris and proposed to increase her naval forces in the Black Sea. Bismarck, not unwilling to see England humiliated, declared that Prussia was not interested. Mr. Nast takes up the story at that point.

MRS. EUROPA kept a Dame's School, where boys were well instructed in modern languages, fortification, and the use of the globes. These lads at Mrs. Europa's were of all sorts and sizes. So she chose from among the biggest and most trustworthy of her pupils five monitors. These five, at the time of which we are writing, were Louis, William,



The Five Monitors

Aleck, Joseph, and John. Each of the upper boys at Dame Europa's had a little garden of his own, in a corner of the playground. By the side of Louis's domain was that of William, the biggest and strongest of all the monitors. He was proud as anybody of his garden, but he never went to work in it without casting envious eyes on two little flower-beds which now be-

longed to Louis, but which ought by rights, he thought, to belong to him. For a long while William had set his heart upon getting it back again; but he kept his wishes to himself.

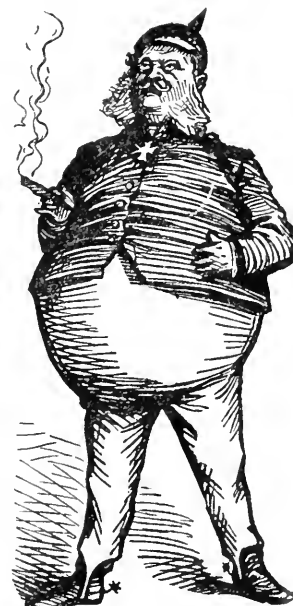
"There is only one way to do it," said Johnnie: "Hold me or I'll fight both of them." Mark. "If you want the flower-beds you must fight Louis for them, and I believe you will lick him all to smash; but you must fight him alone. You see, old fellow, you have grown so much lately, and filled out so wonderfully, that you are getting really quite formidable. Why, I recollect the time when you were quite a little chap!" "Yes," said William, turning up his eyes devoutly; "it has pleased Providence that I should be stout." "Oughtn't I to interfere?" asked John, addressing one of his favorite fags. "No," said Billy, who was head fag. "Give out that you are a 'neutral.'" "Neutral!" growled John, "I hate neutrals. Let me go at them." "And pray, John, why did you not separate them?" demanded the Dame. "Please, ma'am," answered Johnnie, "I was a neutral." "You ought to have prevented the fight from the very first. You have been a bad friend to both of them. Well, some day, perhaps, you may want friends yourself. Take care that William, the peaceable, unaggressive boy, does not contrive to get a footing on the river, where he can keep a boat, and then one fine morning take your pretty island by surprise."



Johnnie: "Hold me or I'll fight both of them."



The studious and peaceable Boy



"It has pleased Providence that I should be stout"

Wages and "Justice"

By Fabian Franklin

UNLESS one is blessed with an enviably cheerful temper, one cannot fail to have found something depressing in recent phases of the struggle between labor and capital. Yet there is a depth of depression to which there is no occasion for us to sink, and which only those should experience who have pinned their faith to certain alluring formulas. If it were true that "the interests of labor and capital are identical," or if it were true that all that is needed is a willingness on both sides to fulfil the requirements of "justice," then indeed the spectacle of strife that we have been witnessing would testify to a state of wanton perversity which might well drive the most cheerful to despair. But the truth is that while the interests of labor and capital coincide in a far greater measure than either side—and especially the labor side—usually realizes, yet they are very far from being identical; and as for "justice," it is absolutely impossible to define its requirements in a manner compatible with the existence of a system based upon individual enterprise, risk, and competition—if, indeed, they are capable of being defined at all. If we are to make progress, as there is every reason to hope we shall, in reducing the evils of industrial conflict, and especially the tug-of-war of strikes, it must be by a hundred slowly worked out methods of specific improvement, and not by the application of any sweeping formula. Failure to advance more rapidly toward the goal, lamentable though it be, must be ascribed in the main to the inherent difficulties of the problem, and only in a subordinate degree to sheer obstinacy or to perverse selfishness.

The interests of labor and capital are identical in the one supreme element of abundant production; and the failure of labor to recognize this fundamental fact is undeniably one of the most potent causes of industrial trouble. The persistence of this blindness on the part of the workingman is, however, not unaccountable. In the immediate situation with which he is at a given moment confronted he sees his advantage in a policy of "making work"; the instantaneous demand for his labor is increased when two men are required to do the work of one. But the advantage is transient and illusory, while the loss is substantial and permanent. However much the productivity of labor may be increased, human demands always keep pace with it; there is no greater percentage of unemployment in a state of the world in which machinery and organization have quadrupled the effectiveness of human effort than there was when it was at a level one-fourth as high. The making-work principle, embodied in so many of the rules of trade-unions, is no more helpful in preventing unemployment than would be the abolition of the thousand labor-saving inventions that have so wonderfully multiplied the productive capacity of mankind. The percentage of unemployment turns on a question of misfit in the adaptation of production to the shifting circumstances of the time; and that misfit is not in the least likely to be diminished by lowering the general level of efficiency. If this elementary truth could be got into the heads of the great mass of workingmen there would be in their minds as strong a presumption against the adoption of a policy of pure waste

in the shape of "making work" as there is now a presumption in its favor. For, once granted that the policy does not—except in a purely transitory and illusory way—prevent unemployment, the workers would see that it brings them no gain in the shape of increased money wages, and that it inflicts upon them, in common with the rest of the community, the loss which goes with a diminished aggregate of production, or in other words increased cost of living.

But to say that an increase in the cost of living caused by reduced productiveness of labor falls upon the workingmen equally with the rest of the community is by no means to say that the same is true of an increase in the cost of living caused by a rise of wages. If, with productiveness unimpaired, the wages of labor are increased, *and if the increase can be maintained without causing unemployment*, then what the workingmen gain in wages may be much more than what they lose in the shape of increased cost of living. Into the cost of commodities to the consumer there enter other factors besides the wages of labor; and it is quite possible that the rise in wages may be obtained, in part or whole, at the expense of those to whose share the other factors fall—the capitalist, the enterpriser, the land owner, the middleman. Efficiency in providing the total supply is a question of *production*, in which the interests of all are essentially identical; but the rate of wages is, on its face, at least, a question of *distribution* and not of production. Those, therefore, who try to persuade the workingmen that in asking for higher wages they are merely seeking to get with one hand what they will have to give away with the other, are wholly unjustified in their position; unlike the case of "making work," the workingmen's instinctive feeling on this point is correct.

And not only does this conflict of interest exist, but it is a conflict which cannot be settled on the basis of any principle of abstract justice. Whatever merit there may be in the idea of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, for example, the distinctive and crowning merit which Governor Allen so ardently asserted for it does not exist. He insisted above all on the contrast between the settlement of labor disputes by arbitration and the settlement of them by his court, which was to be a court of justice—which was to declare the just rights of the parties to the dispute, and not merely to arrive at a pacifying compromise. But there is no inherent or fundamental reason why the reward of manual toil should bear the relation that it currently does to the reward of those services which are rendered to production by the capitalist, the enterpriser, or the brain-worker. It is all a matter of the balance of economic forces, the operation of supply and demand more or less impeded by combination or legislation. All that a court can do—even supposing that its judgment is effective—is to bring about more speedily or more accurately the adjustment that the economic forces in the situation mark out as practicable. It cannot assign to each party what his service or his sacrifice merits from the standpoint of abstract justice; it can only declare that, in the light of the facts of industry and trade, as they exist at the time or may be expected to exist in

the immediate future, such and such wages can be paid for such and such work without causing an unsettlement of the enterprise—that on the whole neither side can do much better than accept the terms which the court finds to be reasonable. In other words, the court cannot be a true court, but must be essentially a tribunal of arbitration; and the objections to compulsory arbitration cannot be removed by merely changing the name of the body that administers it. There may be an important future for “courts” similar to that which has been established in Kansas; but the more clearly it is recognized that they cannot claim the character of

ordinary courts of justice, the more likely it is that they will accomplish such good as they are capable of achieving. To lessen the causes of conflict between labor and capital, to promote mutual understanding, to emphasize the community of interest which really does exist between them, to cultivate good will by every available means—these things must be in all possible ways encouraged. But to imagine that the real conflict of interest can be conjured away by a phrase, or to suppose that it can be disposed of by a judicial fiction, is to ignore, and therefore inevitably to aggravate, the inherent difficulty of the problem.

Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor

By Henry Holt

X—Recollections of Richard Gilder, Edwin Booth, and Lord Bryce

THE nearest approach to a *salon* that I have known in New York in comparatively recent times came about in this way. In the seventies or eighties a large residence on the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Fifteenth Street gave way to a bank. The stable behind this bank was taken hold of by Stan White and turned into a very unique and pretty private house—the stable yard remaining in front as a garden. The second building east was then occupied by the Century Club. To this original home an original man, Richard Watson Gilder, brought his beautiful and talented wife, born Helena De Kay, and the house rapidly became a resort of original people with a fair scattering of conventional ones: for Helena was born into the conventional world. Her brother Charles had a talent for creating clubs: the Fencers, the National Arts, and the Authors were all started by him—the last in his sister's home, a picture of which still adorns that club's year book.

I don't remember whether the Gilders had a regular evening at home in Fifteenth Street, though I was sometimes there; but they didn't stay there forever, anyhow. One reason is that they are now both in heaven, if anybody is, but the immediate reason was that Mrs. Gilder, though she had a pretty talent for painting, had a still prettier one for babies, and they soon outgrew their home and moved to Clinton Place, a little east of Fifth Avenue. There they had a regular evening at home, where one was sure to meet interesting people, including an occasional one from the decorated world—the source of them being mainly the group who, years before, one used to meet at the Bottas, Youmanses, and Drapers.

I've known the Gilders to resist great temptations for the sake of keeping their evenings at home regular, and this has led me to wonder whether the lack of the *salon* in New York may not be due to the temptations of that city being more numerous and various than those of Paris in the days when the *salon* was an institution. This acts on guests as well as on hosts. I knew we did not get down to the Gilders nearly as often as we wanted to,

because there was so often something that led us to “put it off till next week.”

Richard was a paradox, like the rest of us. He was generally evident at any literary event, from a feast to a funeral, and yet he was a retiring man. Once when he had to introduce the speaker at some parlor function, I was looking for a scintillation or two, when he merely stood below the platform and pounded on it—Théâtre Français fashion, to quiet the jabber, and then nodded to the speaker to go ahead.

Retiring poet as he was, he worked like a wheel-horse on the Tenement House Commission, and went to the fires in that region at all sorts of hours, to study up their causes in the construction of the buildings and the ways of their occupants.

He was rather a slight figure, dark-haired with big poetical dark eyes, and yet, in spite of his advantages, he was said to look like me. Bishop Geer was in that same boat with us, and was a very nice man nevertheless.

It is often said that poems—some poems, not all—are the most enduring things in the world. It's not only at my quartets that I think of Gilder's phrase, “the gradual violin”; nor only at my summer home of his

Woods that draw the sunset near.

Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin's father, lived near Baltimore, my native city, and I heard him there in “King Lear” when I was a boy of thirteen. I clearly remember

only the curse. I can never forget that. He exploded it, kneeling and tearing his hair. The dominating characteristic of his acting was force. Edwin's was subtlety and refinement. He was only eighteen when I first saw him in “Hamlet.” I was about the same age, and had no requirements which he did not then fill. I saw him in the same character at intervals during the rest of his career, and each time but the last he increased my requirements for the next time. That last time Modjeska was the Ophelia, and her age and foreign accent upset, for me at least, the whole business. Considering the high requirements which that play makes of an



Paul Thompson
Richard Watson Gilder

audience, Booth's attracting full ones for a hundred consecutive nights, barring Sundays, was probably the greatest feat in the annals of the stage.

I used to see him occasionally at the Century, but never sought him, because he appeared to me to be affected—to be playing Hamlet all the time. And now it

comes out that he really was—unless his attention was diverted: for in the paper on him in Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Silhouettes of My Contemporaries," Booth is quoted as saying: "When I am enwrap in a character I am impersonating, there seems to be another and a distinct individuality. . . . I believe you understand how



Edwin Booth as Hamlet

completely. I 'ain't here' most of the time. It's an awful thing to be somebody else all the while." Well, purposely being Hamlet so large a part of the time, when he was not called upon to be somebody else, he relapsed into being Hamlet. I was unavoidably introduced to him one night, however, and found him as natural and genial as anybody else, and I well understood from that little talk why he was so deeply and widely beloved.

I wish I could recall a story he enjoyed telling of one of his barnstorming nights when they had got the platform of the improvised theatre too near the ceiling, so that when he waved his sword it got stuck.

Larry Hutton once told me that, one night after he had put Booth into a bedroom in Larry's home, he reflected that in that room was hanging a programme of the play for the night when Booth's brother killed Lincoln. Hutton knew that Booth was still terribly sensitive to anything reminding him of that event, and so, reflecting that, even if Booth did not see the playbill before going to bed, he was still more apt to see it in the morning light. After Hutton had allowed him plenty of time to get to sleep, Hutton crept into the room and removed the dangerous souvenir. As I remember, he wondered whether Booth was really asleep during the risky adventure, or only playing 'possum.

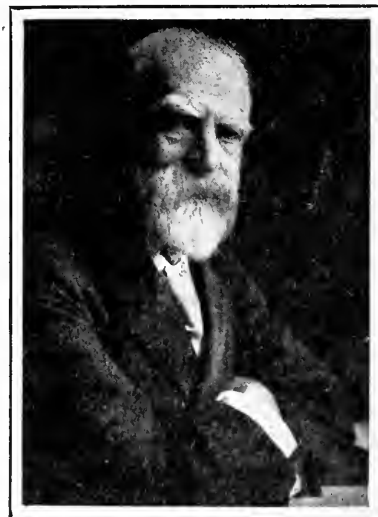
Edwin Booth, and probably his father, were of that type of genius whose delicate nerve balance is upset by the mildest indulgence in alcohol—so upset as to crave more up to the point of insensibility. Booth made a splendid and successful fight against this weakness. It involved abstinence amid the merrymaking of his friends, and, despite his Hamlet-like seriousness of countenance, he loved merrymaking with his friends. Thus his life was one of many proofs that we do not need wars to make heroes

I had read Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" at least three times, as I remember, before meeting the author.

That came about in the early eighties, once when I was taking my dear friend Harry Martin—formerly Huxley's collaborator, and then professor of biology in Johns Hopkins—to lunch at the University Club. There we found Bryce, who was an old friend of Harry, and also Charles Eliot Norton. We four went to a private room, and such a talk! My recollection is that Norton did the most and the best of it. Some twenty years or more had elapsed before I met Bryce again, and yet he remembered that luncheon. His talk was always interesting and instructive, and had a most soothing influence of sympathy and geniality, but it did not rise to warmth, nor did his talk or his speeches contain much humor or epigram. The splendid passages in his books, especially the earlier ones, must have come almost unconsciously: but for that matter, don't all splendid passages come that way? However that may be, Bryce was not only above all thought of being brilliant, but apparently above all thought further than getting off what he had to say in the clearest and simplest manner possible. And yet what he had to say was often in itself poetry. If I may be allowed to quote myself, when it was my privilege to propose his health at a dinner we gave him at the Authors' Club, I told him that I could conceive the possibility of somebody else writing "The American Commonwealth" in two volumes of prose, but I couldn't think of anybody else doing justice to the much larger theme of "The Holy Roman Empire" in a single volume of poetry. When I said that I could conceive of somebody else writing "The American Commonwealth," the fellows began shouting "No! No!" But when I finished my sentence they quieted down.

In 1909 (?) when President Taft, with the British and French Ambassadors and an official entourage were, in the words of one of them, barnstorming Lake Champlain in one-night stands, to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the lake, when they got to Burlington, the Bryces were put in my charge and spent the night with us. As we drove up from the boat one of the crowd on the sidewalk shouted the name of the borough Bryce had represented in Parliament, and he and his wife were immensely pleased.

Shortly before noon the big guns of the party fired off speeches in the public square, and I was impressed by the quietness of Bryce's. His gentle voice, however, appeared to carry to the edges of a large crowd, and Burlington still quotes his polished allusions to the beauties of its scenery. He assured me that he was coming to see us again, and climb Mount Mansfield; but he didn't come, any more than Mrs. Humphry Ward did, and probably for the same reason.



Lord Bryce

The visitors were given a good lunch at the Ethan Allen Club, an historic pageant on the lake shore, in the afternoon, and an abominable dinner, by a Boston caterer who got drunk, at the University gymnasium. When we got home after that the Bryces, whose official private car was to be hitched to an early morning train, and who therefore intended to get to bed betimes, nevertheless when "asked what they would take," declared for coffee. But, after all, they didn't get to bed so very betimes, and Bryce was his very self in more ways than one. One of my boys was home from Harvard with a friend or two, and Bryce, with his famous spirit of investigation, spent most of the time in pumping those boys. He began by asking why they went to college. Not one of them said that he went to learn anything from books. Their conglomerate object of study seemed to be "how to get along with men," and I don't remember that the great scholar found any fault with it.

In the morning he planted a memorial tree for us. But I most stupidly selected a little evergreen to go near some similar evergreens. The copper tag which identified it soon became detached, and now nobody knows which tree it was.

I have had many letters from Bryce, largely in the way of suggestion and encouragement for the *Unpopu-*

lar Review which I began with the year when the war broke out, and which survived that unpropitious season up to 1920. But it was really killed by the war. More than once before 1920 it would have stopped but for a letter from Bryce.

His letters were among the most wonderful things about that wonderful man. It has almost seemed to me that since he resigned from Washington and went back to England, I have seldom met an interesting person who has not had something to tell me about a recent letter from Bryce. That in the midst of his tremendous responsibilities he could write so many, especially as until two or three years past they were all in his own hand, is a marvel. And he did not write them solely, or perhaps mainly, to keep up his remarkable store of information, but because he loved his friends, as his friends loved him. He was probably the most widely beloved man in the world.

I never knew a man that it was more of a pleasure simply to be with. There was a kindness and geniality in his nature that affected one like a cheerful fire or a soft cushion, and yet I never saw him exhibit emotion, though I have seen him under circumstances where most men would have exhibited a good deal. He wasted nothing: otherwise he could not have been the wonder that he was.

Impressions of Brazil

By Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore

Deputy Commissioner General of the American Commission to the Brazilian Exposition

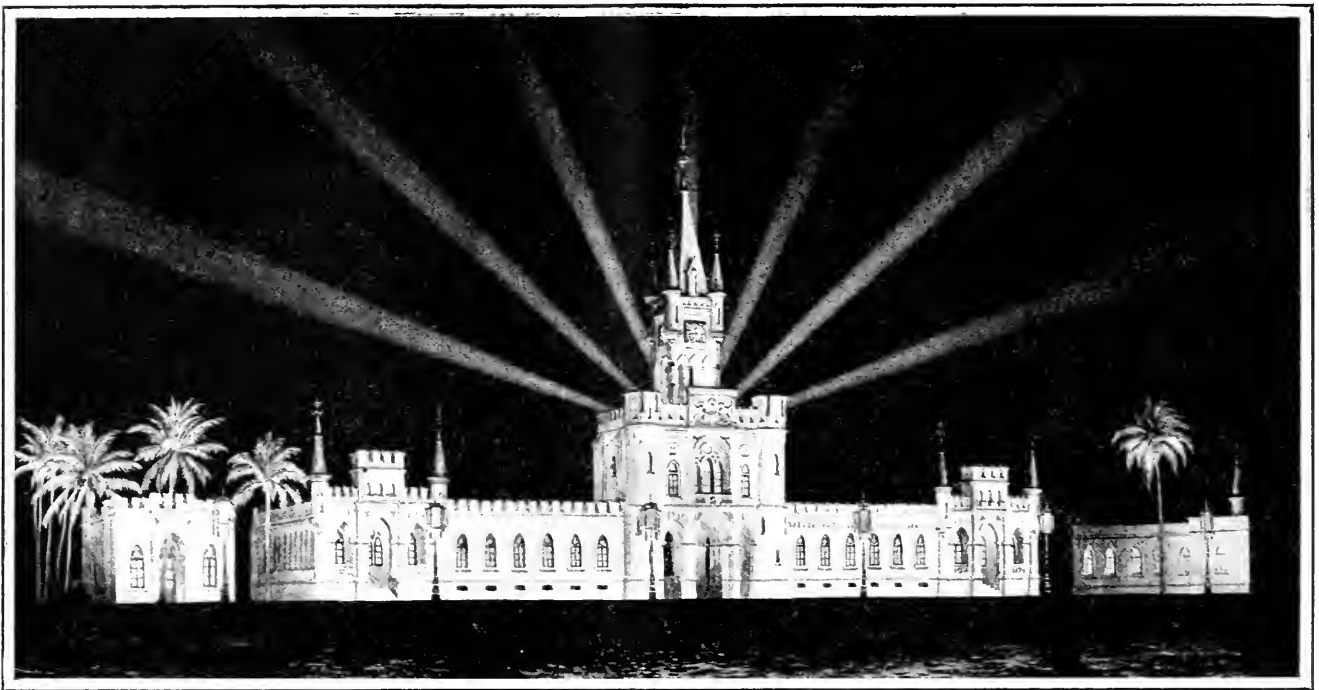
FOR the first time in our history the United States Government is participating in a Brazilian exposition, the occasion being the centennial celebration of Brazilian independence. The Brazilian warships were the only ones present to raise a foreign flag in honor of our own centennial exposition at Philadelphia in 1876.

There is much in common between the United States and Brazil. Both are republics organized on the federal principle. Both are of continental magnitude and extent. They are similar in topography, in vastness of natural resources, and in climatic range, although in this latter respect Brazil has somewhat the advantage of the United States, her climate ranging from tropical to cold temperate. There is, moreover, between the two countries that spiritual likeness which differentiates the Western hemisphere from the Old World. Most important of all, Brazil is now entering an era of development by means of great Western railways and the encouragement of European immigration, such as our own country passed through but a few short years ago.

Yet near as Brazil is to us in all these respects, she is geographically more distant from the United States than are the usual ports of American commerce with Europe. From New York to Rio de Janeiro in a direct sea voyage is more than 5,000 miles, or nearly one and a half times as far as from New York to Liverpool. This great sea voyage of nearly a quarter way around the world has now been greatly facilitated by the direct route established through the instrumentality of our own Shipping Board. This service has cut in half the time of the voyage, making possible

a voyage of eleven days with every comfort. For a restful sea voyage, one appealing to the imagination, for a journey unique and beautiful beyond previous experience, the trip to Brazil is unsurpassed.

The brilliant scenes now being enacted at the Brazilian capital are most fascinating. Here, if anywhere, Nature has set a fitting stage for the development of a great city and a great civilization. The entrance to the harbor of Rio affords a spectacle as magnificent as an imaginary panorama of stage curtains. The blue waters of the bay with its winding loops and curves form inner bays. The long city itself nestles at the base of green-clad hills and mountains, and, like the bay, is dotted with tiny hills. The winding boulevards which trace the water's edge are illuminated at night with myriads of lights like great festoons. In the distance a blue haze hangs like a veil over the Serras de Tijuca and Garea: does one need wonder that the people of Rio de Janeiro have resolved to make of this the most beautiful city in the world? Civic pride, the earnest enthusiasm of all pioneers, and lavish expenditure have transformed the dingy city of the Portuguese colonial period of years ago into a splendid metropolis of wide streets and avenues. The walks, paved with black and white Portugal marble set in patterns, afford a stately frontage for many beautiful public and commercial buildings. The city has numerous parks, including the fine Botanical Gardens with their magnificent collection of tropical trees, shrubs, and plants. Thus, as splendidly built as it is naturally beautiful, Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the Federal District, is now an outstanding city of the world for sanitation. Everywhere the white "public health" au-



General Electric Company

tomobiles are dashing about the network of streets. Every street is washed down each night. Sanitary provisions regulate the size of rooms and windows in private dwellings and forbid whatever would be harmful to the public health.

This, the largest and most magnificent city of Brazil, was the logical site for the Centennial Exposition. The buildings of the Exposition do not occupy a single tract of land, but lie at either end of a great avenue, thus making the city itself a part of the Exposition. Indeed, not only Rio de Janeiro but all Brazil is the real Exposition—that which most Americans will go to see. And this is as the Brazilians would have it.

Fronting on the water's edge and facing the harbor entrance, the site selected by Ambassador Morgan for the United States Government Building commands an unsurpassed view of the harbor. The building is on land bought by our Government and is a beautiful location next to the Monroe Palace, which is the seat of the Brazilian Legislature. This structure was the Brazilian Building at our St. Louis Exposition, from which it was removed to its present site, and renamed Monroe Palace. Our Government Building is a permanent structure of stone and granite built in the style of Portuguese colonial architecture, a style well suited to Brazil's climate. It is to become the seat of the United States Embassy when its present mission is fulfilled.

The Avenida Rio Branco, which stretches from bay to bay, unites the two sections of the Exposition grounds. This great thoroughfare is one of the world's finest examples of municipal development. It is a conspicuous evidence of the enterprising and progressive spirit of the Rio of today. Its construction involved the condemnation and removal of nearly six hundred small buildings. It is one hundred and ten feet wide, a mile and a half long. Down its centre run rows of Pau Brazil, the tree from which the republic derives its name.

In fact, when the Brazilians undertake engineering construction they do so on a titanic scale. Adjacent to

the United States Building, the ground torn out of Castle Hill is being turned into new-made land, and fills in a niche in the bay. Thousands of laborers work through the entire twenty-four hours, and literally overnight the piles of earth become growing grass plots. The work of razing this historic hill is proceeding from opposite slopes. On the water side the hill is being washed away by hydraulic detrition; on the land side it is being dug away with steam-shovels. Three hundred and seventy-five gallons of water per second are shot with a force of two hundred and fifty pounds per square inch from four-inch nozzles, while steam-shovels with capacity bites of four cubic yards, and a full complement of locomotives, dump cars, and hoisting cranes are wearing away the landward side of the hill. Needless to say, the leveling process moves more rapidly than the Hebrew prophet's dream of the "rough places made smooth."

Few things in Brazil will more astonish visitors from the United States than such evidences of enterprise and of swift and scientific accomplishment.

The sanitation of Rio and of Santos, the Paulista and Mogyana railways, and the epic explorations of Rondon are other examples of Brazilian capacity to carry through a great task. While this is one of the conspicuous features of the Brazil of today, Brazilian leaders of thought themselves realize that an infusion of other races in the national stock is desirable. They are especially desirous of cultivating immigration from those northern European countries whose people have done so much to upbuild our own Western land.

It is not difficult to foresee that Brazil and other South American countries are now at a stage of development where they will begin to replace that which the United States has been in past to Europe, economically speaking. We, in the meanwhile, pass on to a new stage of our own development, economically and culturally. To our entrance in this new rôle of becoming a source of outflowing capital and enterprise our prominent place in the Brazilian Exposition offers a happy augury.

Judge Hooper on the Strike Situation

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, looked over his spectacles at the three damaged individuals standing at the bar.

"What's the charge, Durfey?" he asked his court-officer.

Mr. Durfey turned and dragged forward a small man who seemed to be in a condition of permanent daze. As soon as the small man reached the railing he began to weep.

"I admit it, your honor," he quavered pitifully. "I'm guilty!"

"Now! now!" Judge Hooper soothed. "Don't get excited. Be calm. Just keep quiet and say nothing until you are asked to speak. Now, Durfey, what is it?"

"Well, your honor," said Durfey, "this here little felly is a citizen—"

"He acts like one," admitted Judge Hooper. "He's as scared as a plain citizen usually is when he comes to court, not knowing whether he'll be hung for owning a dog or shot at sunrise for leaving the lid of his garbage pail ajar."

"Get on with it, Durfey," urged the justice. "Who are these three?"

"This gentleman with the bum eye, judge," said Durfey, "is Seppi Verdi, a member of the Riverbank Macaroni-makers' Union, No. 34, and is one of them lads that is on strike down at Imperato's Macaroni Factory on Eighth Street. He bounced a brick off of the head of this Gus Bonzoni with his head tied up, who is a member of the Non-union Macaroni-makers' Union, No. 16. And this gent with the busted wrist is Horatio Clancy, member of Bricklayers' Union, No. 654. He's on strike at the new factory they are putting up across from the macaroni factory. He poked Verdi in the eye and Bonzoni whanged him on the wrist.

"The evidence, Judge, is that this Seppi Verdi was peacefully pursuing his duty as a striker and picket when this Gus Bonzoni came out of the factory where he was peacefully pursuing his duty as the man that got Verdi's job, and this Seppi Verdi picked up a brick from the pile at hand and peacefully bounced it off the head of this peaceful Bonzoni.

"All would have been well, judge, and according to Hoyle, had this Horatio Clancy not been peacefully pursuing his duty as a striker and picket in front of the new factory, being there to see that no son of Satan used so much as the butt end of a non-union brick, but when he saw this aforesaid Verdi pick up a non-union brick and bounce it off the head of the aforesaid non-union Bonzoni, he was righteously angered, your honor, and hauled off his fist and soaked the aforesaid Verdi peacefully and thoroughly in the eye for, first, using

a non-union brick, and, second, bouncing it off the non-union head of the non-union aforesaid peaceful Bonzoni.

"And, thereat and whereupon, your honor, the aforesaid non-union Bonzoni became righteously enraged and mad and started in to uphold the rights of his brother workers, the makers of non-union brick, declaring that no man, especially an Eyetalian, had a right to say any man, even if he was an Eyetalian, had not the right to bounce a non-union brick off the head of a non-union macaroni maker, and he peacefully picked up a club and went for the aforesaid peaceful Horatio Clancy—"

"Now, hold on! Hold on a minute, Durfey!" said Judge Hooper. "I want to ask the witness a question. Witness, you have a tongue even if you are a citizen, haven't you? Where were you and what were you doing and what did you see?"

The citizen's mouth opened, but no words issued from it.

"Your honor," said Durfey, "he's too scared to speak. When a strike is on he thinks it's his duty to shut up and take his medicine and say nothing. The truth is, your honor, he was walking along the street, going to his home, when the row began and the three peaceable rioters stepped on him and, finding

him in the way, chucked him through the window into a tub of macaroni dough."

"I'll pay for it, your honor!" said the trembling man, suddenly finding his tongue. "I'm sorry. I don't know what it is, or what it is all about, but I'll pay for it!"

Judge Hooper leaned back in his chair and stared at the little man.

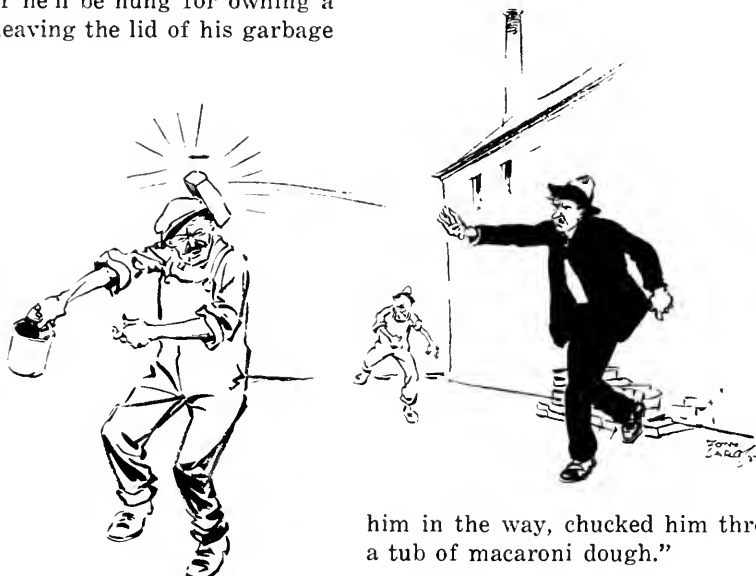
"Do you know what you are talking about?" he asked.

"No, sir, your honor," trembled the little man. "There's a strike—"

"And are you sure you are a citizen of the United States?" asked Judge Hooper. "You're not a Rooshun or a Prooshun or a Turk or an Eskimo? You're sure you're a citizen?"

"Yes, sir, your honor. I'll pay—"

"You bet you'll pay!" declared Judge Hooper. "In this case I'm going to fine Seppi Verdi and Gus Bonzoni and Horatio Clancy each and individually a peaceful ten dollars and costs, but you'll pay! You don't know it, but you are the one that will pay it. That, when it comes to strike, is about the only right you seem to have left. You foot the bill!"



What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Railroads

IN the United States District Court at Chicago on the 11th, Judge Wilkerson granted a continuance of the temporary strike injunction for not to exceed ten days. Hearings then began on Attorney General Daugherty's motion to make the temporary injunction "permanent." Counsel for the Government submitted to the court some 20,000 depositions describing murders and sundry other crimes and outrages, and, alleging that these crimes and outrages were committed in connection with the strike, argued that they constitute circumstantial proof of a conspiracy to paralyze interstate traffic. On the night of the 15th Government counsel rested their case, and on the 18th counsel for the defendant labor leaders succeeded to the ear of the Court. The hearing should be completed and the decision rendered this week.

* * *

On September 5 Mr. Warfield, president of the Seaboard Air Line, and Mr. Jewell, head of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, drew up an instrument (now known as the "Baltimore Agreement") embodying the terms which they agreed should govern separate and individual strike settlements between railway system managements and the shop crafts' "system federations" of those systems. This instrument was referred by Mr. Jewell to the Railroad Shop Crafts' General Conference Committee of Ninety at Chicago, and, after bitter opposition from those who were unwilling to surrender the principle of a national agreement, ratified by that committee on the 13th.

The main features of the Baltimore Agreement are as follows:

(1) All strikers, except those proved guilty of offenses which in the opinion of the commission to be mentioned in a moment deserve the punishment of dismissal from service, to be returned to work at the present wages and "in positions of the class they held on June 30, 1922."

(2) Controversies arising out of the strike that cannot otherwise be settled between carriers and employees or their proper representatives, to be referred to a commission to be composed of six representatives to be named by the heads of the shop crafts and six representatives to be named by the heads of the railroads accepting the terms of settlement; the mandate of this commission to expire May 31, 1923.

The instrument is silent as to "seniority." One naturally wonders whether it was the intention of the framers that among the "cases that may properly be referred to the commission" [language of the Baltimore Agreement] the question of seniority as between returning strikers and old employees who remained loyal through the strike and new men employed during the strike, should be included. Whatever may have been the intention of the framers, it remains

to be seen whether such questions will be passed upon by the commission.

* * *

It was the general understanding that most if not all of the fifty-two railroad executives who, after the failure of the negotiation at the Yale Club, New York, vainly attempted a minority settlement, had been kept in touch with Mr. Warfield's negotiations with Mr. Jewell and had practically engaged themselves in advance to accept the Baltimore Agreement. It now seems doubtful that any considerable number of executives so pledged themselves, and it is not clear from press accounts how successful the Warfield-Jewell plan has proved or gives promise of proving. It is the understanding of the writer that settlements on that basis have been concluded or are under negotiation on the following-named systems: the New York Central; the Chicago and Northwestern; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; the Baltimore and Ohio; the Seaboard Air Line; the Green Bay and Western; the Southern.

* * *

The negotiation begun between officials of the New York Central Railroad and officials of the shop crafts' "system federation" of that system, was broken off. The New York Central management issued the statement that the shop crafts' officials "attempted to interject questions not mentioned in the text and clearly outside the Baltimore Agreement, insisting that these matters be included. . . . No further conferences will be held." But Mr. Jewell rushed to New York, and smoothed out the difficulties, at least temporarily, and the agreement was signed.

There was also a hitch on the Southern, the shopmen's representatives demanding the dismissal of all new men employed during the strike. The difficulty was got by; how, does not appear.

These incidents suggest the likelihood of difficulties in the future on the systems accepting the Baltimore Agreement, through interjection of embarrassing questions avoided by that foggy instrument.

* * *

The Pennsylvania has signed an agreement, after voluntary negotiations of the most friendly sort, with its Brotherhood employees, extending the old agreement until August 31, 1923. It seems likely that the other Brotherhood agreements throughout the country will be renewed in similar fashion.

Coal

The strike of the anthracite coal miners was ended on September 9 through ratification by the delegates' convention of the miners of the strike settlement terms published in our last fortnightly issue.

* * *

The Coal Distribution and Price Control bill has gone to the President.

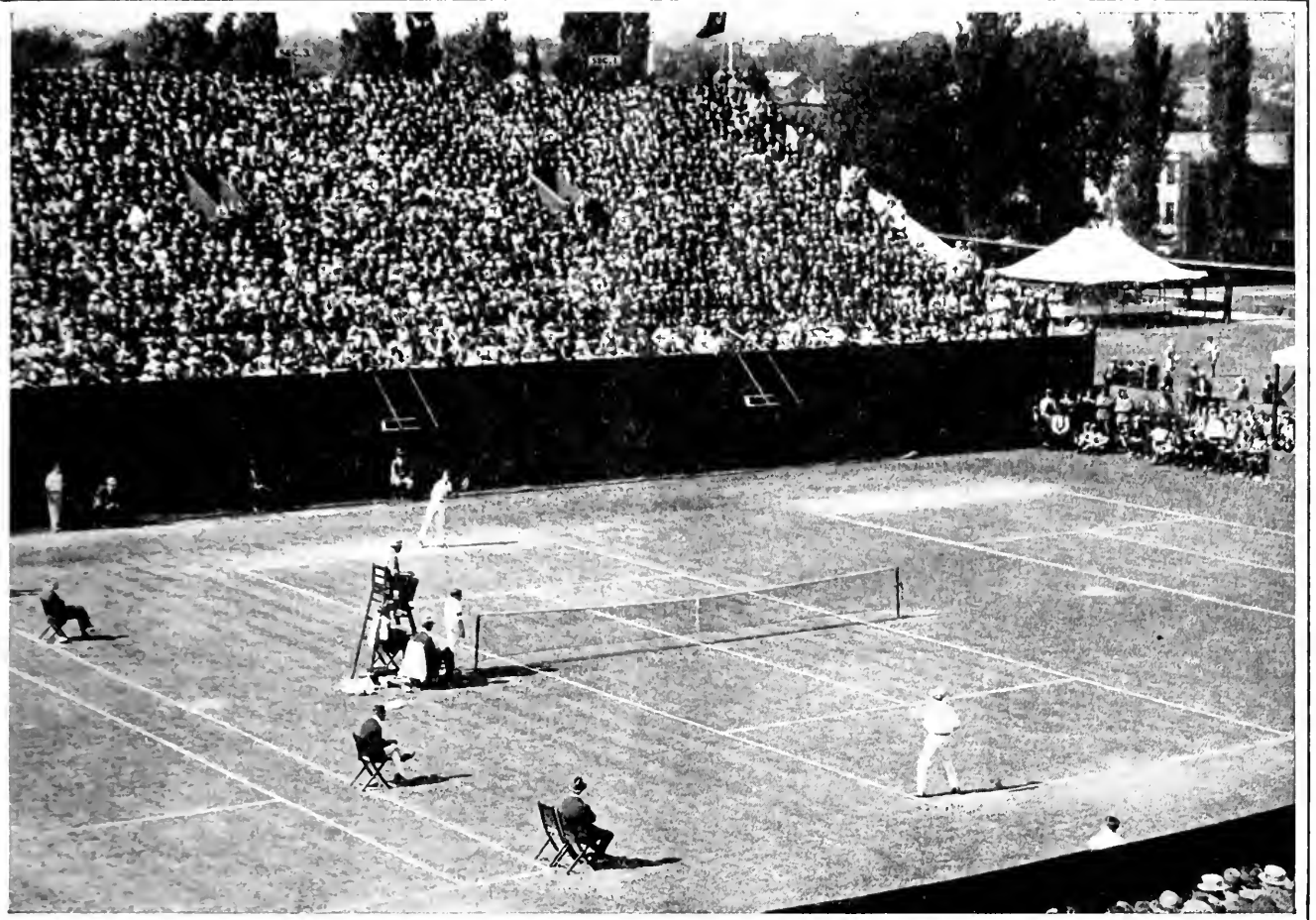
* * *

Coal shipments during the week ended September 16



Wide World

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Turkish Nationalist leader



Tilden defeating Johnston in the tennis finals for the national amateur tennis championship

amounted to 10,633,000 tons; 9,650,000 bituminous, 983,000 anthracite. The record for a week is 13,500,000 tons.

Athletics

The great Tilden is again national tennis champion, having defeated Johnston in the finals. Johnston won the first two sets. After that his strength, though not his spirit, was unequal to the contest. Of the foreigners the only one who showed himself very formidable against our mighty trio (Tilden, Johnston and Richards) was Patterson of Australia, who extended Tilden at the beginning of their contest. Richards was easily beaten by Johnston; and, even allowing for his tender years, one must doubt his ever equalling Johnston or Tilden, who today tower far above all other tennis players in the world.

* * *

At Bala, near Philadelphia, on the 20th, the Meadow Brook polo team had a sweet revenge for its recent defeat at Rumson; defeating the Argentine team 15 to 4.

* * *

Testimony accumulates that Sweetser's play against Jones in the tournament for the national amateur golf championship was simply not human. Some "affable familiar ghost" must have guided and planted the ball. The thing had best be looked into for the sake of amateur sport.

Hesperopithecus haroldcookii

THE following item recently appeared in the *Washington Sunday Star*:

Early this year, in the Upper Pliocene beds of Upper Snake Creek, Nebraska, Mr. Harold J. Cook, the geologist, discovered a fossil tooth which he sent to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Professor Osborn, President of the Museum, turned it over to those great authorities on fossil teeth, Drs. W. D. Matthew and W. K. Gregory, who have reported that the tooth belonged to an

individual of a hitherto unknown genus, "its nearest resemblance being with *Pithecantropus* and with men rather than with apes." To this creature Professor Osborn has given the elegant name of *Hesperopithecus haroldcookii*.

A name indeed like poetry of the first order (in Matthew Arnold's definition), "simple, sensuous, and passionate."

Now *Pithecantropus* belongs to the early Pleistocene period, and follows, probably by at least 50,000 years, our new-found relative, through whose tooth, if Professor Osborn and Drs. Matthew and Gregory are correct, another genus of the human family (*Hominidae*) swims into our ken; one older than the three genera hitherto known—*Pithecantropus*, *Eoanthropus*, *Homo*.

Apropos of the resemblance between *Pithecantropus* and *Hesperopithecus* (inferred from the tooth of the latter), Professor Osborn says that *Hesperopithecus* "probably wandered to America from Asia with the South Asiatic element which has recently been discovered in our fauna by Merriam, Gidley, and others." That is as it may be; at any rate, he's older than any Asiatic member of the human family of whom we have remains; and far older than any European member of whom we have remains.

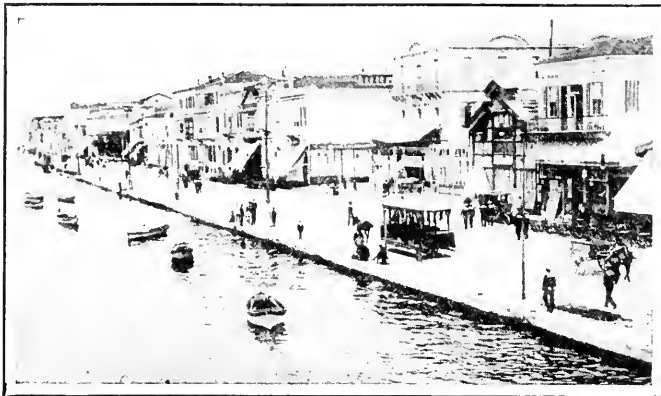
"But why this anthropological disquisition in your kind of summary?" the reader may ask. Why not, decidedly why not? The reader doubtless remembers that charming essay of Lowell's on "A Certain Condescension Among Foreigners." Well, that condescension, despite our winning the World War and the fact that we own all the gold in the world, increases; it is "swellin' wisibly." Well, if the vernacular may be permitted, it won't swell no more, "I'll say." For we have evidence that hundreds of thousands of years before the Galley Hill fellow (the first of the European *Hominidae* of whom we have record) appeared on the banks of the Thames, a hominidal chap was living out in windy Nebraska; leading a life perhaps as intellectual and

"worth-while" as that of the average voter of today. Talk of "old" Europe!

By the way, where are we going to place Sivapithecus, the Miocene ape known through fossilized remains found in the Siwalik Hills in India a few years ago; an anthropoid ape more nearly kin to Homo than any other known ape?

* * *

Alas! an article in the *New York Times* of September 17 intimates that Professor Osborn is doubtful whether *Hes-*



Paul Thompson

View of the quays—Smyrna

peropithecus is one of the *Hominida*. If there's any doubt about it, he is. Presumably Professor Osborn is a patriot.

Brief Notes

As was expected, the two amendments added by the Senate to the Bonus bill were eliminated in conference; one the reclamation amendment, the other an amendment providing for bonus payments out of payments upon the account of war-loans. On September 19 the President vetoed the bill; on the 20th, the House passed it over his veto 258 to 54. The same day the Senate sustained the veto. The vote was 44 for the bill, 28 against; 48 votes for the bill were necessary to pass it over the Presidential veto. The Bonus bill is dead.

* * *

On the 19th the Senate, by 43 to 28, passed the conference report on the Tariff bill. The President has signed the bill.

Germany

WITHIN the past two weeks another reparations crisis has emerged, shaken its horrid locks and glowered menacingly a space, and then vanished.

The German-Belgian negotiation at Berlin regarding guarantees which the German Government should furnish for payment of the six months' Treasury notes which by the recent Reparations Commission's decision Germany was required to give Belgium in place of the August-December cash reparation installments totalling 270,000,000 gold marks—was broken off; the Berlin Government not making satisfactory guarantee offers and even insisting on longer terms for the notes. Now the Reparations Commission's decision required that, other guarantees not forthcoming, the German Government deposit 100,000,000 gold marks in an Allied bank, that being the sum of the August and September installments. Therefore the Belgian Government demanded that this amount be deposited in the National Bank of Belgium by September 15. The German Government refused and sent representatives to Paris to plead with the Reparations Commission. There a surprise awaited them. The British member of the Commission informed them that, should their Government fail to make the deposit or furnish other acceptable guarantees, he would vote with the French and Belgian members in declaring Ger-

many in voluntary default. Whereupon the German Government got busy. They sent the President of the Reichsbank to London and obtained from the Commission promise of a delay of action until his return to Berlin. What happened in London is not clear, but apparently the Bank of England lent the money to cover the German notes on the guaranty of German capital on deposit in neutral countries; the money loaned to be kept on deposit in the Bank of England to be drawn against at the proper times. Whatever the particular arrangement, the Belgian Government has declared itself in receipt of satisfactory guarantees, the Reparations Commission has said "O. K.," and another reparations crisis is over.

The League Assembly

THE third Assembly of the League of Nations convened at Geneva on September 4. The Assembly has chiefly concerned itself with the Austrian problem and with several projects having in view the pacification of the world; chief of the latter being Lord Cecil's plan of regional compacts of mutual guarantee against aggression—i. e., a European compact, a South and Central American compact, etc., etc. The committees appointed to study the Austrian question have reported and have made recommendations looking to the relief of Austria which are said to be satisfactory to the Austrian Chancellor. Unfortunately the press dispatches which purport to explain the plan of relief are unintelligible. Lord Cecil's statement of his plan aroused great enthusiasm, and received support from the British, French, and Italian delegates; but the enthusiasm has somewhat subsided as the practical difficulties have discovered themselves.

* * *

Lord Cecil created a tremendous sensation in the Assembly on the 19th, by declaring that success of any scheme of general disarmament waits upon settlement of the questions of war debts and reparations. Why the tremendous sensation, one fails to see, for the thing is obvious to the meanest intelligence.

* * *

While the League Assembly talks vaguely of extending its scope, it has an opportunity to hand for immediate practical beneficence in the Near East situation; but shows little disposition to grasp it.

Perhaps it does well to "keep off" that situation (as lacking the prestige and the teeth for successful intervention or mediation, and as likely to damage by failure the prestige it has acquired); but it might do a service by honestly and completely putting on record its opinion of the manner in which the Great Allies have dealt with the Near and Middle East problems.

* * *

According to an Associated Press dispatch, the Angora Government has invited the League of Nations to protect the minorities in Thrace and to investigate the atrocities in Asia Minor. So? Another leaf out of Lenin's Book of Propaganda. The Angora Government is assuming Turkish possession of Thrace and the correctness of Turkish population statistics. And as to the atrocities, the testimony of the surviving terrorized Christians in Asia Minor would be of little value.

* * *

Hungary has been unanimously elected a member of the League of Nations and her delegation has been seated in the Assembly.

A Closed Incident

SOME time ago our Government made an informal inquiry as to whether the Soviet Government would allow an American technical Government commission to visit Russia to investigate conditions there.

On the 16th, in Berlin, Chicherin handed to the Amba-

sador of the United States to Germany the following note from the Moscow Government:

The Russian Government is interested in the highest degree in every step that can bring nearer the re-establishment of commercial relations between Russia and the United States. It is evident such commercial relations must be based on equality of rights and reciprocal benefits.

The Russian Government is, therefore, ready to begin at once a preliminary official exchange of opinions regarding the reopening of regular relations with a duly authorized American delegation. The Russian Government is in the same measure disposed to carry on such discussions in Russia, the United States or any third country.

The Russian Government would eagerly welcome any measure which, being based upon mutual interest and equality, would allow both the United States and Russia to acquire necessary information as to the business conditions of either of the two countries. The wish of the Russian Government is to create permanent solid business relations between Russia and America.

It is from this viewpoint that Russia cannot consider as a measure promoting the desired end the nomination of an American commission of inquiry for Russia, which would put Russia in a condition of inferiority. Russian public opinion would evidently consider such a nomination by one of the two Governments of a committee of inquiry for the other country as an infringement of the equality of rights of a free people. The result would be that feelings would be engendered which would be scarcely helpful to the consolidation of useful business intercourse between the two countries.

The Russian Government thinks the American Government, having gathered ample information about internal conditions in Russia with the help of officials of the Relief Administration and through many other channels, will be in a position, if it considers that the time has come for furthering new issues as to Russian trade, to propose forms of intercourse in conformity with equality of rights, and on this basis it will always find on the part of Russia the most eager desire to meet its wishes.

Presumably the incident is closed.

The Near East Situation

The Greek Evacuation

THE earlier reports of the Greek disaster in Asia Minor exaggerated that disaster. The southern wing of the Greek army made good its retreat to Smyrna and its embarkation from that port and the port of Cheshme (at the end of the peninsula west of Smyrna) with singularly slight losses in dead and taken prisoner; especially considering the extraordinary rapidity of the retreat and the difficult nature of the country traversed. The northern wing retreated to the port of Mudania on the Sea of Marmora in excellent order, giving the pursuing Turks something more than a Roland for their Oliver, and making a perfectly successful embarkation.

The Tragedy of Smyrna

The Turks entered Smyrna on the 9th. On the 14th fire broke out in the Armenian quarter. With the exception of a small part of the Turkish quarter, the entire great city was burned to the ground. The fire was preceded and accompanied by massacres of Christians. Since the world began there has been, perhaps, no tragedy more horrible. There were about 300,000 refugees in the city, mostly Greeks. It is credibly reported that a large part of these have been driven into the devastated hinterland, where they must starve. Before the fire started, famine had begun. Practically all the food stores in the town were burned. For Smyrna the problem of racial minorities has been solved. One wonders what is happening to the Christians elsewhere in Asia Minor.

A Service of Thanksgiving

One could wish to have been present at that great service of thanksgiving for Mustapha Kemal's victories held in the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople on the 9th, and attended by 25,000 Moslems, including members of the Sultan's family. Memorials of the capture of Constantinople in 1453 were much in evidence.

Effects Within Greece

Little is told in dispatches of the effects within Greece of the Asia Minor disaster. There was a rumor that Constantine would abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince, but apparently it had no foundation. There have been two cabinet shake-ups, Protopapadakes being succeeded by Nikolas Kalogeropoulos, and the latter in turn by Triantafillakos; neither, however, implying a *rapprochement* with the Venizelists. It is said that feeling against the King manifested itself so fiercely in the army that the troops evacuated from Asia Minor, except a few sent to Thrace, were disarmed before their embarkation; but perhaps the disarming should be attributed as much to the fears of Constantine's generals as to evidences of disloyalty. There are stories of mutinies among the Greek troops in Thrace, the men clamoring to be demobilized, and the Government yielding to the clamor; so that now, it is said, the Greek army consists of only 20,000 men, all in Thrace.

What Next?

Mustapha Kemal having concentrated troops outside the "demilitarized" areas, over against Chanak Kalessi and Seutari, the British notified him that invasion of those areas would be resisted by the British troops, and requested from him an assurance that he would not molest those areas pending consideration of his claims in an international conference. Kemal is reported to have replied as follows:

That he will engage not to violate the demilitarized areas, provided that Britain, France and Italy will formally promise him possession of Thrace to the Maritza, including Constantinople and Adrianople.

According to another report, Kemal demands immediate recognition of the National Compact of the Turkish Nationalists and immediate surrender to him of the territory mentioned above.

It is difficult to distinguish what is authentic from mere rumour in the dispatches, but the following will probably be found to be correct:

The French and Italians have withdrawn their troops from the Asiatic side of the Straits. They are inclined to use "moral suasion" towards The Unspeakable One and to deprecate his wrath. The British feel that to yield one jot to the threats of the Turks, who are violently "feeling their oats," would be ruinous; that, wholly apart from the immediate issues, it would fatally compromise British prestige with the Moslem subjects of the Crown. Lloyd George suddenly saw a light upon the occasion of the Montagu telegram. He then first adopted the high imperial line, which becomes a British Premier. It is the style by which empires are won and kept. And, even though Kemal should be so mad as to attack the British, less blood is likely to flow in consequence of such bold policy than would flow in the end should Turkish insolence go unchecked. What the British Government might be prepared to concede on a rehearing of the Turkish question cannot, in Lloyd George's opinion, be yielded to a Turkish ultimatum. And only four years since Turkey, crushed and demoralized, sued for an armistice!



George Matthew Adams Service

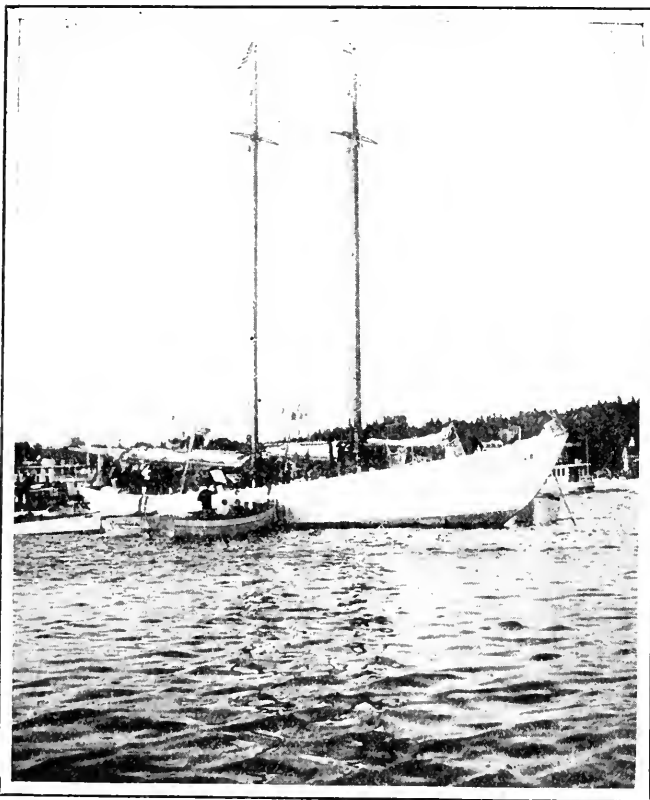
U. S.: "You have the right to strike, Sonny, from now 'til doomsday, if you like, but don't monkey with the other fellow's right to work!"

The British, French and Italians have decided that there shall be (Mustapha willing) a conference in the near future, in which the following-named nations shall be represented: Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey. It is rumored that Kemal will insist on representation of Russia and Bulgaria also.

The March Programme

It may be useful to remind the reader of the tentative programme for settlement of the Turkish question agreed on by the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Italy, in a meeting at Paris last March. The most important provisions were as follows:

1. All Asia Minor (except Smyrna, as shown below) to be returned to Turkey in full sovereignty.
2. The Turkish frontier to run from west of Rodosto to



Wide World

Donald B. MacMillan returns in the schooner "Bowdoin" from a successful exploring trip to Baffin Land. Scene in Boothbay Harbor, Maine

the Bulgarian frontier, keeping east of Adrianople. Constantinople to be returned to the Turks.

3. A "special régime" involving merely nominal Turkish sovereignty to be devised for Smyrna, and a similar régime, involving merely nominal Greek sovereignty, to be devised for Adrianople.

4. Freedom of the Straits to be secured by Allied occupation of a portion of the Gallipoli Peninsula and by demilitarization of a zone on the opposite Asiatic mainland; with, of course, an Interallied Commission of Control.

5. Both Turkish Thrace and Greek Thrace to be demilitarized.

It is possible that the Allies will wish to use the above tentative programme as a basis of negotiation with Mustapha Kemal.

Control of the Straits

France dislikes the present international control of the Straits because, though nominally the control is equally shared among several Powers, actually the control over the unfortified Straits is in the hands of the greatest naval

Power: to wit, Great Britain. The plan of settlement agreed on by the Allied Foreign Ministers in March contemplated a great Allied fortress on the Gallipoli peninsula and a demilitarized strip on the opposite Asiatic shore. Installed there, and with a commission of control actively inspecting along the Sea of Marmora and in Constantinople, the Allies could easily deal with Turkey. So menaced, Turkey would not attempt construction of emplacements for coast artillery, and in case of war Allied troops issuing from their fortress would soon be in Constantinople.

'Ercles' Vein

The *New York Times* publishes the following translation of a French translation of an article in a Turkish Nationalist journal:

By our victory we have acquired a situation which permits us to dominate the events of the world.

Events of the last three years had lined up all the big nations and all the little nations, but this array has broken against the resistance of the Turkish nation on our front. We are today masters of the world situation. We are no longer at the mercy of events. It is we who direct events. We have brought beneath our will the policy of the entire world. History tells of no people, at no period, who like the Turks are today such masters of their destinies.

"Might makes right" has always been our national motto. Present and past civilizations have recognized as an absolute rule that "conquerors have the last word." Since we are victorious, since we have won the greatest victory in history, it is we who, in spite of all the world, will say the last word. We are going to dictate peace as we like.

Pettiness

The following illustrates the petty suspicions and rivalries which prevent coöperation of the great Allies in dealing with the Near East problem. *Roma* of Rome says:

England will not accept the Greek defeat, which represents a British diplomatic defeat. England is trying to retaliate on Turkey by putting new forces into the field. She wishes to upset Eastern Europe by arousing Serbian and Rumanian avidity for territory, especially Serbian desire to acquire Saloniki.

Palestine

THE Council of the League of Nations having ratified the Palestine mandate, British mandate rule in Palestine was formally established on September 11. Sir Herbert Samuel was installed as "High Commissioner and Commander in Chief." In addition to that office, a British Order in Council provides for an Executive Council, a Legislative Council, and separate Moslem, Jewish and Christian courts; and the Order declares that a prime object of British policy in Palestine is the establishment there of a National Home for the Jewish People, as set forth in the famous Balfour Declaration. The British have their work cut out for them, as the saying goes.

Two Things

THE Provisional Parliament of the Irish Free State (or the Third Dail Eireann, the body having the two aspects) convened in Dublin on September 9th. William T. Cosgrave was elected President (of the Provisional Government of the Free State and of the Dail Eireann), and General Richard Mulcahy Minister of Defense.

President Cosgrave, stating his policy, declared for fulfillment of the London Treaty, including early enactment of a Constitution; for restoration of order by stern dealing with the "irregulars;" and for reconstruction.

* * *

Mr. Hoover, in a report to the President, says that on July 1 the 200 Americans and 80,000 Russians (under the Americans' direction), doing the work of the American Relief Administration in Russia, were conducting 15,700 kitchens and distributing stations, and feeding about 3,250,000 children and 5,300,000 adults.

New Books and Old

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

A WORLD WORTH WHILE; A RECORD OF "AULD ACQUAINTANCE," by W. A. Rogers. Harper.

Recollections by the famous cartoonist.

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS, by Le Roy Jeffers. Dodd, Mead. Mountain climbing and outdoor life; handsomely illustrated.

THE LAST HARVEST, by John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin.

Mainly about writers and books. TRAMPING ON LIFE, by Harry Kemp. Boni and Liveright.

The autobiography of a poet and vagabond.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, by Claude H. Van Tyne. Houghton Mifflin.

The first of three volumes on the founding of the American Republic.

FOR the greatest political cartoonist of America, my vote is for W. A. Rogers. His predecessor, Thomas Nast, gathered more fame, as a pioneer in the field, and for his services in fighting Tweed. But Mr. Rogers was the better draughtsman; he is surpassed by McCutcheon in a certain quaint humor, perhaps, but by nobody in downright effectiveness. All Americans owe him a debt of gratitude for his straightforward attacks on Germany, and on Bernstorff and his crew, in the cartoons in the *New York Herald*, 1914-1917. As Theodore Roosevelt said, he did not try to attack brutality without hurting the feelings of the brute, nor to denounce war in a vague fashion which applied as much to Belgium as to Germany. You were in no doubt of his opinions. This is probably my only chance to express my admiration for an artist whose political cartoons I have followed with pleasure for more than twenty-five years—although I remember him, as the illustrator of "Toby Tyler," longer than that. Reading his autobiography, "A World Worth While" (Harper), has been a great pleasure.

Harry Kemp's autobiography, "Tramping on Life" (Boni & Liveright), in which any number of real persons appear in disguise, is likely to be referred to many years hence as a document of its time; as a description of "communities," schools and "movements." The Helicon Hall of Upton Sinclair, the East Aurora of Elbert Hubbard, all the phalansteries and gatherings of "nuts," as Mr. Kemp calls them, which flourished in America from 1898 to 1914, are described with good humor and sympathy. The author is too honest to deny the fact that he took them more or less seriously at the time; his good sense allows him to regard them with amusement today. Mr. Kemp's is a curious, original, and interesting book.

There need be no hesitation in recommending Rafael Sabatini's "Captain Blood" (Houghton Mifflin) to anyone who likes a rattling good story of adventure. It is more than usually ingenious; exciting events are related by an author who knows how to treat intelligent readers with respect. A cautious and exacting historical student of my acquaintance says that the book as narrative is in no wise inferior to Dumas.

It would be better if conservative politicians should cease to call upon the figure of Abraham Lincoln, and if radical politicians—especially those who entirely reject and deny all the tenets of the Christian religion—should cease to make free with the figure of Jesus. I have usually found the novels of Upton Sinclair interesting; with much of his indignation against injustice and the spirit of the mob, I am fully in sympathy. But his novel, "They Call Me Carpenter" (Boni & Liveright) is a merely impudent pamphlet to prove that Christ and Mr. Sinclair are in exact agreement about politics and sociology, and that all of Mr. Sinclair's hatreds would be shared by Christ, should he return to earth. They talk about the self-righteousness of the orthodox Christians!

Mr. E. B. Osborn's brief essays in "Literature and Life" (Dutton) are more than usually entertaining comments upon thirty different topics, mostly from the *Morning Post*. He writes about beer, about mermaids, about folk-songs, about cowboy songs, and about ghosts. He is able to comment upon American topics without being either vague or condescending. The essay on Vachel Lindsay is an example. "I have no doubt in my head, since he stirs my ageing heart to . . . joyousness, that Mr. Lindsay is a new and a true poet."

William Haslam Mills's "The Manchester Guardian" (Holt) comes at a time when that paper is especially admired, read, and quoted in America. The book is a reprint of the history of a century of the *Guardian's* existence, first printed last year, and has a special American preface by Charles Prestwich Scott, editor of the paper since 1872.

These African books are a little difficult to read. I find myself confused when two characters, one named MYalu and the other called MYana, appear on the same page. Also it is difficult to take seriously a personage known as The Bride of the Banana. Even so, "Witch Doctors" (Houghton Mifflin), by Charles Beadle, is a better story and a more intelligible book than "Batouala," although the latter comes with all the prestige of the *Prix Goncourt*, and the adulation of the American intelligentsia, whose requirement for a book is that nobody should be able to tell what it's all about. The Africans in "Witch Doctors" are only so-so, but there is a fine rascally Ger-

man officer, and his contest with the American professor makes a good tale.

A curious, old book for children, especially for girls, was found by Miss Hunt of the Brooklyn Public Library, and has been republished in suitable style and with charming illustrations, some of them in color, so as to follow the original book. It is Mrs. Fairstar's "Memoirs of a London Doll" and the publishers are the Macmillan Company.

If you get a poor idea of advertising men and boosters from reading Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt"—by the way, his name is George F. Babbitt. Was that not the name of the able and erudite gentleman who for many years wrote a column, sometimes two, of paragraphs, nicely graduated in size so that the last one was less than a line in length, for the *Boston Herald*? He was one of the country's ablest columnists, but got little glory from it, since his work was unsigned.

I will start again. If you get a poor idea of the advertising business, correct it by reading Grant Overton's "When Winter Comes to Main Street" (Doran), which is, the author frankly admits, an advertisement, since it is all about books published by the George H. Doran Company, and since it is Mr. Overton's business to write about these books. Having noted it as an advertisement, however, I may go on to observe that it is also an attractive-looking book, its title taken from two best-sellers (published by other firms) and its contents consisting of over 300 pages of just comment upon any number of books and authors, English and American. I have been so amused by Keith Preston's ode to Common Sense, in it, and by an extract from a story by P. G. Wodehouse, that I must put the book aside to go on with this page.

Sir George White's view of the outcome of a European War in 1908 is related in Sir Henry Lucy's "The Diary of a Journalist; Later Entries" (Dutton). The Boer War was not long past, and Sir George White's "tenacious hold on a fortified camp had saved South Africa." In 1908 he thought England at the mercy of Germany, which, when the hour struck, he said, would pick a quarrel with France, be at the gates of Paris in five days, demand the French Navy as the price of peace, and with its own added be more than a match for England. "The Diary of a Journalist" is a book mainly of light-hearted reminiscence and anecdote, by the author whose "Toby, M. P., in *Punch*, is the chief source of information about Parliament for many readers, including some distinguished American politicians.

"Chasing and Racing" (Dutton) by Harding Cox (I am assured that the name is genuine) is a book of horsey reminiscences which is bound to delight all English fox-hunters. In America its vogue ought to equal that of Mrs. Asquith's lectures on the same subject.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

Soap Box and Easel

THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN. By Sophie Kerr. New York: George M. Doran Company.

THE HAPPY FOOL. By John Palmer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

MR. HUTCHINSON uses that best-selling power established by the fabulous vogue of "If Winter Comes" to unload a vigorous tract on his public or constituency. His text is biblical: "With a great sum obtained I this freedom"; and he applies it to the current theory (for it is not yet much more than a theory) of the married woman's right to her own career outside the home. He applies it with passion, but clumsily, too clumsily by far, one must think, to make any impression on the intelligent if errant minority for whom his tract is planned. He is in the position of the lecturer who works himself into a great heat and fervor proving that the earth is round. It is true that Voliva and his Zionists, among others, believe it to be square, but the earth continues to roll, and most of us continue, consciously and willingly, to roll with it. The problems of the married woman's career and "economic independence" simply do not burn the great audience which is capable of responding to Mr. Hutchinson's crudity of exposition. To bring the point home, try to imagine a movie built on the present story.

A British Rosalie grows up in the awful shadow of a British paterfamilias. She first accepts the convention of male authority, wisdom, and general marvelousness. She is then disillusioned, and leaves the lair of the paternal male, to fend for herself. Her ambition is to be a business woman, just like a man. She advances from this to the discovery that a business woman need not be just like a man. Meanwhile she unconsciously falls in love with a youth, Harry Oclevé, whom she consciously despises for his slave-like devotion to a silly cousin of hers. Suddenly Rosalie and the predestined Harry fall into each other's arms, and marry. But they marry on one of those explicit and advanced understandings which are so common nowadays—in books. Marriage is to be a perfect partnership, "a perfect equality" that should be equality of place, equality of privilege, equality of duty, equality of freedom: "Marry, each with work and a career. Marry, each living an own life as every man, away from home, shutting his front door upon that home and off to work, leads an own and separate life. Marry . . ."

Harry is not of the ancient paterfamilias mould, and accepts all this readily enough, in the preamble. They put it to the touch. They marry, are devoted out of business hours, prosper in their several walks. But they have three children, known as Huggo, Doda,

and Benji, and through them the situation is, as it were, shown up. For though the Oclevé household is, to all appearances, run with perfect smoothness and success, something is rotten there. The business mother has not stayed at home and attended to her mother-business. Therefore in due season Huggo turns out a waster and makes an impossible marriage, Doda goes to the dogs and dies after an illegal operation, and Benji kills himself or is killed in his madness for his sister's shame.

Rosalie then gives up her career and destroys all her cherished records thereof. Long before the worst has happened, devoted Harry has clearly and repeatedly laid their children's failings to their mother's preoccupation with her work. Now she acknowledges the responsibility, abjectly and hopelessly. Even before Benji's death she is saying to Harry: "This is not the children's tragedy. This is my tragedy. These were not the children's faults.



A. S. M. Hutchinson

These were my transgressions. Life is sacrifice. I never sacrificed. Sacrifice is atonement. It now is not possible for me to atone." Now all this would be affecting and might be impressive if the given facts justified it. But what is Rosalie's crime against nature and her children? The charge as brought seems to me inadequate and ridiculous. Rosalie is condemned not for neglecting her household and children, but for being interested in something else. Or rather, being interested in something else is in itself treason against home and children. And, finally, being interested in something else that represents a reasonable and useful form of activity is the unpardonable fault. If Rosalie spent most of her day being groomed, paying calls, shopping, and playing bridge, she might, we infer, be a passable mother. But because she spends her days in an office, doing important work, she is disqualified. We suspect the modern young female of affairs turning with ineffable contempt from the final spectacle of a middle-aged Rosalie atoning by playing the fireside nurse to an infant of the third

generation: "They're all right now. That other Rosalie that they brought in is looking after them. She's looking after them, that elf, that sprite, that tricky scrap, that sunshine thing. She calls Harry father and she calls Rosalie mother. She has all her meals with them. There's no nurse. It's breakfast she loves best. She's on the itch all breakfast. When breakfast's done she's off her chair and hopping. She trumpets in her tiny voice, 'Lessons! lessons! On mother's knee! On mother's knee!'" The passage represents fairly enough the story-teller's gushing, spasmodic, repetitious style, and his thoroughgoing sentimentality. These are useful qualities for a tract—given the right audience. As a serious piece of work, either narrative or interpretative, the book is negligible. From the literary point of view it is as strained and fulsome as anything by Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Frances Hodgson Burnett. I cannot comprehend why the reviewers should be straining so many points to say something pleasant about it. I am particularly puzzled that several of them find this a book which will make people think. Its idea is absolutely on the surface, like a label, and you agree or disagree with it; but there is nothing to think about.

"One Thing is Certain" is a novel to make people think. It is labeled by its titles, but we can't be sure at a glance what the label means; or even, in the end, that it is happily chosen. The blurbist seems to discover that love is the "one thing certain" in Sophie Kerr's story. The motto on the title-page reads otherwise:

"One thing is certain and the rest is lies;

The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

And the reader may feel, as this reader does, that the motto is quite inadequate. The book is impressive because it does *not* enforce a moral or illustrate a motto, because it proceeds with something like the eloquent and provocative casualness of "life" itself. Of course it does not and cannot so proceed, or it would not be a story at all. Like any other creative narrative, it selects and arranges its people and its incidents and builds them into a completed action. That the reader finds it difficult to sum up the meaning of that action is a tribute to the larger reality of the tale. Was Hamlet mad? What was the inner truth of his relation to Ophelia? If such questions could be answered summarily, to everybody's satisfaction, we should no longer find the play so great and full an embodiment of human reality.

To begin with, "One Thing is Certain" is a novel thoroughly placed and timed. It is a story of the eastern shore of Maryland, a generation ago. Its people are of a thrifty farming class. Much of the action depends upon the natural conflict between a pagan, pleasure-loving strain represented at its height by the Bladens, and a Puritanical self-righteous and virtuously self-seeking strain represented by

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Amos West and John Henry Hyde. Louellen West's mother has been married and enslaved by Amos. Louellen's choice lies between generous, reckless, hard-drinking, hard-riding Mart Bladen, and the outwardly "converted" John Henry Hyde whom her father favors. She marries Hyde because she cannot trust Bladen, and finds that she has bound herself to a lustful hypocrite who wears the livery of religion for his own purposes. Bladen is disconsolate at her loss, but it is not in his nature to break his heart, any more than it is in his nature to find a substitute for Louellen. She remains mistress of his heart, and the time comes when she gives herself to him in her despair and yearning. But for the sake of her child and West's she will not face the open fact of her love, nor does Bladen urge it upon her. A child is born of their momentary union. Amos West knows that it cannot be his child, but for years keeps silent. Bladen lives along his life, near neighbor of Louellen and his child, by one of those strange mute adjustments which so often exist in the fact of any community. The final incident, in which Mart Bladen, about to die, goes through a nominal marriage with his daughter Judith, so that she may care for him and inherit his property, is on the verge of the fantastic; but there are things as strange to be found in the newspapers, almost, week by week. What matters, what gives the book its undoubted force, is the skill with which fact and fancy alike are lifted above the trammels of random reality and given form and meaning. *What* meaning is, as I have said, a healthfully open question.

What is the idea of moral or meaning of "The Happy Fool"? Is it a study of the creative temperament, or of unequal marriage? Is it old-fashioned, with its motive of the permanence of true love? or ultra-modern, with its ruthless disclaimer of all minor decencies and duties? On one plane it may be taken as a more sanguine and deeply imaginative treatment of the theme handled in the "Strangers' Marriage," of W. L. George. Guy Reval, as a music-loving and pleasure-loving Oxford undergraduate, loves and, after a time, out of chivalry marries a pretty milkmaid. There is a distant cousin Marian, who loves Guy, and is loved by Guy's unhappy-wise brother Theodore. Everybody makes the best of the milkmaid wife socially, but she is morbidly conscious of her low degree, and will not let herself or Guy be happy. She perceives Marian's love for Guy, and is jealous of her. There are quarrels and partings and momentary separations. Then poor Sabina dies, and the way seems open for a natural and peaceful union with Marian, who, loved by good Theodore, has kept herself for careless Guy. There is a child which needs her, and she can give Guy perfect companionship and sympathy in his work. Guy is a trained but thus far inarticulate musician. During his later days with Sabina he has been working on a sym-

phonic composition. She has inspired it, though incapable of understanding it.

Guy and Marian do presently marry, but to no avail. Charming and blameless as she is, well-disposed as he is, the memory of Sabina stands always between them. Guy feels that Sabina, not Marian, is still his wife. Finally he deliberately leaves Marian to go back to the cottage where he and Sabina have been definitely if not peacefully mated. There, near the scene of his first fruitful hours of living, and near Sabina's grave, he completes his symphony and knows that it is good. Marian? She is one who has fallen hapless into the snare of the god. At the last we see Guy neither a fool nor happy, but an instrument of the creative spirit, which goes strangely about its business, using love and pain alike for its purpose. . . . Yes, this novel, like "One Thing Is Certain," is a book to make one think, and feel; like that story also, it has qualities of style, a clarity and a quietude, strongly in contrast with the explosive intensity of a hortatory effort like "This Freedom."

H. W. BOYNTON

From Puddler of Iron to Puddler of Men

THE IRON PUDDLER: MY LIFE IN THE ROLLING MILLS AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. Introduction by Joseph G. Cannon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs, Merrill Company.

SO much has been said in recent years in dispraise of the iron and steel business that it is refreshing to find one who has passed through the mill and can yet describe it as a great place of training and opportunity.

Coming to America in 1881 at the age of eight, this Welsh boy helped to support his family in every possible way—by shining shoes, driving cows, running errands, selling papers, and whatnot—until, at the age of eleven, he left school to work in a nail factory at fifty cents a day. At the age of twelve he was a puddler's helper in a rolling mill; at sixteen he was a master puddler. In 1896 he was elected city clerk of Elwood, Indiana, on the Republican ticket; four years later he became recorder of Madison County. By saving his money and backing his friends in various lines of business, he accumulated a small fortune by the time he was forty. Since 1906 he has been director general of the Loyal Order of Moose. In 1921 he was appointed Secretary of Labor by President Harding. Though something of a capitalist as well as educator, public lecturer, and politician, he still retains his membership and pays his dues in his old union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers.

One is tempted to quote at length from the romantic story of this modern Dick Whittington, with its homely philosophy, keen humor, rugged eloquence, but a few samples must suffice:

My father taught me to expect no gifts

from life, but that what I got I must win with my hands.

* * *

Nature hands out no bonanzas, no lead-pipe cinches to mankind. Nature is fierce and formidable, but fierce is man's soul to subdue her. The stubborn earth is iron, but man is iron too. We are in the grip of blind forces, but we are not blind.

Nature is never whipped. Nature will take a crack at you, if you leave an opening. She is planning to attack by methods that are new. She will weaken us by propaganda, and when we are helpless she will march over us at will. What are the propagandists that Nature is using to undermine the race that conquered her? Communists, slackers, sick men and fools.

* * *

Life in these mills is a terrible life, the reformers say. Men are ground down to scrap and are thrown out as wreckage. This may be so, but my life was spent in the mills and I failed to discover it. I lusted for labor, I worked and I liked it. And so did my fathers for generations before me. It is no job for weaklings, but neither was tree-felling, Indian fighting, road-making and the subduing of a wild continent to the hand of man.

* * *

How many reformers there are who are trying to reshape the world to their own weaknesses! I never knew a theorist who wasn't a sick man. Capitalism, as the communists call it, is an imperfect system; but it is the only system that has banished famine. Capitalism is not a swindle. If all hands labored hard and honestly, the system would enrich us all.

* * *

Capitalism found a world of wood and iron ore and made it into a world of steel. How? It puddled the pig-iron until the dross was out, and the pure metal was bessemered into steel. Now the task is to purify men as we have purified metals. Men have dross in their nature. They break under civilization's load. A steel world is hopeless if men are pig-iron. There is greed and envy and malice in all of us. But also there is the real metal of brotherhood. Our task is to puddle out the impurities so that the true iron can be strong enough to hold our civilization up forever.

When James Davis became director general of the Loyal Order of Moose it was in a bad way, with only two surviving lodges and 246 members. He suggested a scheme to prevent the scattering of children upon the death of their parents, and to provide for the widowed and aged. For fifteen years he has given himself to this work; until today the order has a membership of over 500,000, mostly working men; a plant at Mooseheart, Illinois, valued at \$5,000,000; a revenue of \$1,200,000; and cares for over 1,000 fatherless children, 115 mothers, and several old men whose working days are over.

Believing that work is the basis of wealth, welfare, and civilization, and should come first in education, as in life, Mr. Davis has created a great prevocational or trade school; not an institution, but a farm, school, and town all in one. Groups of boys and groups of girls of various ages live in cottages under the care of matrons or proctors, doing housework and chores, just as they would at home. In the course of their training they get an introduction to farming and a dozen other trades,

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J. E. LEROSSIGNOL

An Allegory of Modern Life

LEGENDS OF SMOKEOVER. By L. P. Jacks. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is a book of fantastic allegory, couched in fiction form, and (like the Pilgrim's Progress) it is equally fascinating as a mere story of individual fortunes and for the profound and stimulating suggestions of its symbolism. Dr. Jacks, in spite of his clerical and academic position, approaches his subject from the point of view of a cultured man of the world rather than that of theology or philosophy; and his imagination is suffused by a delightful and subtle satirical humor such as we rarely find in parson or professor.

It is not easy—perhaps it is impossible—to grasp the entire meaning of the parable; it is even doubtful whether Dr. Jacks himself had any clear end in view at the start, and more than likely that his aims grew clearer as he proceeded. Perhaps the "Mottoes," which play so prominent a part in the book, summarize its trend as well as anything else. First of all, we have the motto of the great betting firm of Rumbelow, Stallybrass, and Corker: "Ideal Aims, Businesslike Methods, Sportsmanlike Principles." Next comes the motto of Mr. Hooker, the irresistibly appealing millionaire *malgré lui*: "The true and final business of every man is to affirm his own personality, but always in such a way as to help others to affirm theirs." The views of Miss Wolfstone, head of a Girls' School, are nowhere crystallized in a motto, but amount practically to the need of beginning with our Neighbors rather than with Humanity; she humbly hopes that "through the little things she may learn the secrets of the big ones." Add to these the definition of the Moral Will given by Maurice Ripplemark, V.C., LL.D., Regius Professor of Virtue in the University of Oxford: "The Moral Will is the private possession of no man, but a co-partnership of reciprocally interacting personalities." And, finally, what might be taken as a motto for the book itself: "Government a department of education instead of education a department of government."

The story is concerned with the converging fortunes of these four protagon-

onists (with the benign and radiant figure of "My Lady" as a background), and it is their very different and yet mutually helpful reactions to the great world-problems that provide its charm and stimulus.

Perhaps the most fantastic figure is that of Rumbelow, the great betting man, whose firm is prepared to quote the odds on any one of the million uncertainties on which men may gamble—from horse-races to revolutions. Dr. Jacks recognizes the immense importance of the speculative or risking instinct in ordinary mortals. "There is truth in the saying that a society where a modest well-being was guaranteed for every one would be a paradise for the bookmakers." And it is a tribute to the magic power of the author that we come fully to recognize the meaning of the words "ideal aims" in the Rumbelow motto, and admit him with cordiality to the "Ideal Board of Directors for Moral Enterprise," where a gentleman of sporting instincts is just as desirable as the Business Expert, the Artist, the Moralist of the Old School, the Enthusiast for Education, and the Seer.

Mr. Hooker, Quaker and unintentional profiteer, is perhaps the real hero of the story; and the process through which he finally attains relative peace and happiness, in the face of such shattering blows as the loss of wife and sons in the war and such bewilderments as are brought about by the undesired millions thrust upon him, is traced with great subtlety. His midnight version of the transfigured mouse will probably prove irritatingly obscure to many readers, but perhaps throws some light on "conversion" as envisaged (*e. g.*) by William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," or by Professor Leuba, who writes: "when the sense of estrangement, fencing man about in a narrowly limited ego, breaks down, the individual finds himself at one with all creation." Dr. Jacks, at any rate, surely shows himself in a mystical light when he says, "in an instant it was as though all the values of the universe had inverted themselves and become concentrated in the being of the mouse." Hooker's experience in the railway accident is told with tragic power, while a lighter vein is engagingly exhibited in his supposed wager of £20,000 on "Joy Lady" and the interview with his butler over finger-marks on "The Moral Will."

Professor Ripplemark, the only philosopher "who could write the letters LL.D. and V.C. at the end of his name," and whose arrest is one of the most diverting episodes in the book; Miss Wolfstone, a most elusive woman, with traits of the Sistine Madonna, the Mona Lisa, Lady Macbeth, and Lady Hamilton; Rumbelow's wife, whom he wished always to be addressed as "My Lady"; Mr. Hotblack, the leading psychologist of the Rumbelow firm; Sir William Timbertree, the profane and vulgar surgeon who never began an operation without prayer; and Billie Smith, who wanted Mr. Hooker to bury his millions as a pirate's hoard—all play interesting parts in this phantasmagoria,

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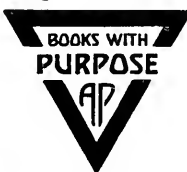
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but space forbids more than a mere mention.

At first sight, perhaps, the book may seem to be purely pessimistic or Manichæan in its outlook, but we slowly realize that there is one agency to which Dr. Jacks clings as the possible savior of a ruined world—one thing that may bring back the lost radiance of humanity. This is *Education*—in its widest and deepest sense; elsewhere Dr. Jacks has hinted that Education in this sense may be practically synonymous with Christianity. We must get away from the prevalent idea of a legal, military, or governing God. Our God must be rather an artist, lovingly moulding His material to His idea, or (even better), a *teacher*, not imposing His will but persuading us to belief through enlightenment. The emphasis laid by Dr. Jacks on the gambling instinct doubtless refers to the spontaneous and creative elements in humanity which so often frustrate the intentions of the legalistic or mechanical theory of human government. Religion, Learning, Science—all seem to have been sadly discredited by the war. Who is to blame? Is it Capital, is it Labor, is it the Press, is it the Powers that be or the Revolution that would supplant them? Is it what one of Dr. Jacks's characters calls "The Great Forgetter," the God who does nothing unless you constantly remind Him? I imagine Dr. Jacks would say it is no one of these agencies, but rather the apathetic and supine acquiescence of the average man in a preposterous world-system as contrasted with the purposeful and conscious activity of the more selfish and unscrupulous forces. Dr. Jacks would probably agree with Professor Soddy that "everything comes back to the unsolved problem of how to purify and strengthen the moral and ethical standards of the official classes, which have been so sadly perverted by their peculiar system of education, in order to make them conform more nearly to the standards of conduct and honesty entertained by the majority of ordinary respectable and benevolent people." But no one can realize more keenly than the reviewer the futility of trying to sum up this extraordinary volume in any phrase or maxim; he can but advise his readers to go to the source and judge for themselves.

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

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IT is a marvelous thing to be totally devoid of the sense of humor. For an example of an author exhibiting his complete lack of that faculty read the chapter on "Wit: its Technique and Tendencies," in Dr. Brill's "Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis" (Harcourt). Then perhaps you may be better fitted to form your own opinion of the extent to which we should take seriously the writers on psychoanalysis. In the business world, people rarely employ a broker after they have beheld him, on the street, buying gold bricks!

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The Autumn Books

BOOKS already published and books promised for this season make the publishers' lists more attractive than in any year since the war. Books are appearing once more on good paper, well printed, and often well illustrated. Three novels which have already been published, one of them some weeks ago (but not too early to be classed as an autumn book), are Mrs. Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon" (Appleton), Miss Cather's "One of Ours" (Knopf) and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" (Harcourt). These three reflect credit on American literature and refute the belief that we have no able writers of fiction. "Babbitt" is hailed everywhere as an advance upon "Main Street"; it is a better and more enjoyable book. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's great popular success, with "If Winter Comes," will interest thousands in his new book, "This Freedom" (Little, Brown).

A new book by Joseph C. Lincoln is promised in "Fair Harbor" (Appleton) and another by Jeffery Farnol called "Peregrine's Progress" (Little, Brown). Rafael Sabatini has again shown his ability in writing an amazingly good story of "straight" adventure; its title is "Captain Blood" (Houghton Mifflin), an excellent yarn of the sea and of pirate days. A new novel by Robert Hichens is called "December Love" (Doran). Sax Rohmer has a book of stories in "Tales of Chinatown" (Doubleday), and Julian Street's new novel is "Rita Coventry" (Doubleday). Stephen Vincent Benét's "Young People's Pride" (Holt) has already appeared; Heywood Broun's first novel is to be called "The Boy Grew Older" (Putnam), a title which may make some of the elders reflect that it will do no harm for some of the literary boys to grow a trifle older. "Carnac's Folly" (Lippincott) is by Sir Gilbert Parker. "The Chain" (Putnam) is announced by Charles Hanson Towne. Kathleen Norris has written "Certain People of Importance" (Doubleday). Ernest Poole's "Millions" (Macmillan) is another important American novel. J. C. Snaith is the author of "The Van Room" (Appleton). A new story by William J. Locke is to be called "The Tale of Triona" (Dodd, Mead). Compton Mackenzie's long but enjoyable novel of Anglicanism is "The Altar Steps" (Doran). "The Courtlands of Washington Square" (Bobbs, Merrill) is by Janet A. Fairbank—a story of befo' the [Civil] War. A volume of sea-stories by Lincoln Colcord is called "An Instrument of the Gods" (Macmillan). Louise Miln has made William Archer's play into a novel, "The Green Goddess" (Stokes).

Among the biographies, Harry Kemp's "Tramping on Life" (Boni & Liveright) treats of odd, vagabond phases of American life, especially in the West; while W. A. Rogers gives, in "A World Worth While" (Harper), the recollections of a veteran artist and cartoonist, who has traveled and known many of the great men of the past

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The Pomp of Power, <i>Anonymous</i>	2.54
William De Morgan and His Wife, <i>A. M. W. Stirling</i>	5.06

Travel

The Northward Course of Empire, <i>Vilhjalmur Stefansson</i>	\$1.64
Alone, <i>Norman Douglas</i>	2.54
Old England, <i>Bernard Gilbert</i>	4.19

Essays

Sidelights on American Literature, <i>Fred Lewis Pattee</i>	\$1.54
Some Things That Matter, <i>Lord Riddell</i>	1.69
John Burroughs Talks, <i>Clifton Johnson</i>	3.39

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forty years. The "Letters of James G. Huneker" (Scribner) promise a treat, judging by the samples which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. Political revelations, not likely to be much relished by members of the recent Administration, will be a remarkable feature of the "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (Doubleday). The two volumes are an admirable and lovable picture of the vigorous publicist and patriot who represented this country in England during the War, and had no sympathy at any time with the "neutrality in thought and deed" policy, and no illusions about the amiable German for an instant. The war against Germany did not have to become Mr. Wilson's war before Page recognized it as a righteous one. Augustus Thomas's book of recollections is called "The Print of My Remembrance" (Scribner) and Henry Morgenthau's story of his life, with many political and diplomatic experiences, is given in "All in a Lifetime" (Doubleday). The life of the author of "Joseph Vance" has been written by A. M. W. Stirling, as "William De Morgan and His Wife" (Holt). An American clergyman's autobiography is Dr. Rainsford's "Story of a Varied Life" (Doubleday) and that of an English editor—a good friend of America—is given in John St. Loe Strachey's "The Adventure of Living" (Putnam).

Dr. Traprock, after his cruise to the South Seas in the *Kawa*, has been cooling off on a trip to the Pole; his struggles with the bears, the ice-bergs, the aurora, the Eskimo ladies, and solidified hooch, are described in "My Northern Exposure" (Putnam). Franklin P. Adams and Dorothy Parker join in describing "The Women I'm Not Married To and the Men I'm Not Married To" (Doubleday). A number of humorous cracks at prohibition, at censorship, and at all the wicked devices of the Puritans are given, in varying degrees of wit, in "Nonsenseorship" (Putnam) by a band of writers led by Heywood Brown. Charles S. Brooks furnishes a novel diversion called "Frightful Plays" (Harcourt).

William Lyon Phelps writes "Human Nature in the Bible" (Scribner). The fourth volume of "The Outline of Science" (Putnam) is coming soon. Dr. Maurice Egan's "Confessions of a Book Lover" (Doubleday) is already out, and the first two volumes of John Buchan's four-volume work, the "History of the Great War" (Houghton Mifflin), will appear about the time this is printed. Gilbert K. Chesterton said that he would not write a book about America, but authors are not to be blamed if they do not adhere to such resolutions, when it is considered how the publishers hound, pester, and bedevil them. And the publishers are to be thanked for their habits when the result is such a witty and lively book as Mr. Chesterton's "What I Saw in America" (Dodd, Mead). Chesterton is one of the few writers who do not stale; wit and good sense flash alternately from the pages of this

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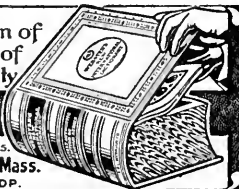
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book. A sociological study by Professor E. A. Ross is called "The Social Trend" (Century). Brander Matthews pays his respects to the young intellectuals—whom he aptly calls the "juvenile highbrows"—in "The Tocsin of Revolt" (Scribner), only he does it courteously, and with nothing of the outsticking tongue, and shower of sticks and stones, with which the juvenile highbrows accompany their expressions of opinion about art and life. The holiday book, with colored pictures by N. C. Wyeth, published every year by Scribner, will be Mr. Matthews's compilation, "Poems of American Patriotism." A book of essays, with some attractive titles, called "Americans" (Scribner), is by Stuart P. Sherman. "The Letters of Horace Howard Furness" (Houghton Mifflin) are in two volumes—excellent pictures of literary, social, and political America from 1860 almost to the present. "The Russian Turmoil" (Dutton), by General A. I. Denikin, is a history of the revolution in that country. John Burroughs's "The Last Harvest" (Houghton Mifflin) is a posthumous collection of his essays, many of them upon literary subjects.

Since a writer has rehabilitated the personal character of Queen Elizabeth, another one, Violet A. Wilson, has attacked the subject of the ladies who surrounded her, and in "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor" (Dutton) has produced an attractive volume of historical research. Claude H. Van Tyne's "The Causes of the War of Independence" (Houghton Mifflin) is the first of three volumes on the founding of the republic. Captain Monckton wrote, in his "Taming New Guinea," one of the best books of the decade about the government of a savage country. He now follows this with "Last Days in New Guinea" (Dodd, Mead). Another writer, J. Johnston Abraham, who wrote a light-hearted book about travel in Far Eastern islands, in "The Surgeon's Log," has followed this with a more serious book—an account of a doctor's grim fight with disease in war-time: "My Balkan Log" (Dutton).

"A Critical Fable" (Houghton Mifflin) is a rhymed discourse on the poets of today; it is modelled upon Lowell's satirical "Fable for Critics." Hugh Lofting, the author of the successful book for children, "The Story of Dr. Dolittle," continues the adventures of the Doctor in "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" (Stokes). Jean Carrère's "Degeneration in the Great French Masters" (Brentano's) is a study of such writers as Rousseau, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Flaubert, and Zola.

Alfred F. Loomis has written a book whose title, "The Cruise of the Hippocampus" (Century), sounds a little like a book for children. It is, however, a joyous account of a cruise from New York through the Panama Canal in a 28-foot yawl.

A characteristic book by Oliver Herford is to be his "Neither Here Nor There" (Doran). Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" (Doran) is to be illustrated

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H. BLAIR-SMITH, Treasurer.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

132nd DIVIDEND

The regular quarterly dividend of Two Dollars and twenty-five cents per share will be paid on Monday, October 16, 1922, to stockholders of record at the close of business on Wednesday, September 20, 1922.

H. BLAIR-SMITH, Treasurer.

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A quarterly dividend of 2% (\$1.00 per share) on the PREFERRED Stock of this Company will be paid October 16, 1922.

A Dividend of 2% (\$1.00 per share) on the COMMON Stock of this Company for the quarter ending September 30, 1922, will be paid October 31, 1922.

Both Dividends are payable to Stockholders of record as of September 30, 1922.

H. F. BAETZ, Treasurer.

New York, September 20, 1922.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Alleghany Avenue and 19th Street.

Philadelphia, September 6, 1922.

The Directors have declared a dividend of seventy-five cents (\$0.75) per share from the Accumulated Surplus of the Company on the new common stock without nominal or par value and the new preferred stock of \$25.00 par value, payable October 2, 1922, to stockholders of record of both of these classes of stock at the close of business on September 15, 1922, and to those who subsequently become stockholders of record of these classes of stock by conversion of old stock of \$100.00 par value into the new stock. Checks will be mailed.

WALTER G. HENDERSON, Treasurer.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 27.

The regular quarterly dividend of \$1.25 per share upon the Common Capital Stock of this Company will be paid on October 16, 1922, to shareholders of record at close of business September 30th, 1922. The transfer books will not be closed and checks will be mailed from the office of the company in time to reach stockholders on the date they are payable.

A. F. HOCKENBEAUMER,

Vice-President and Treasurer.

San Francisco, California.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.

New York, September 13, 1922.

A Dividend of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents (\$1.25) per share, on the Capital Stock of this Company has been declared payable November 1, 1922, at the office of the General Treasurer, to stockholders of record at the close of business, September 29, 1922.

MILTON S. BARGER, General Treasurer.

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by Arthur Rackham, while a new book of essays by E. V. Lucas, also from Doran, is called "Giving and Receiving." The author of "The Sheikh," E. M. Hull, has written "The Shadow of the East" (Small, Maynard), and a mystery novel, called "Captains of Souls." (Small, Maynard), is announced by Edgar Wallace. David Grew's "Beyond Rope and Fence" (Boni and Liveright) is a story of a horse. Joseph W. Beach is the author of "The Technique of Thomas Hardy" (University of Chicago Press). Meredith Nicholson's "Broken Barriers" and Scott Fitzgerald's new book of stories, "Tales of the Jazz Age," are both published by Scribner. A book, different from any of his works hitherto published, is announced by Christopher Morley, with the pleasing title, "Where the Blue Begins" (Doubleday). In October comes Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" (Doubleday), extracts from which have been appearing in the New York Times. Later in October, Rudyard Kipling's "The Irish Guards in the War" (Doubleday), in two volumes, makes its appearance. Don Marquis speaks up for the eternally downtrodden in his "The Revolt of the Oyster" (Doubleday).

Autumn novels from Macmillan's list include: "Old Crow," by Alice Brown, another mystery story by Eden Phillpotts, called "The Red Redmaynes," and May Sinclair's "Anne Severn and the Firdlings." The Atlantic Monthly Press announces "Memories of a Hostess," recollections of distinguished men, chiefly from the diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields; and Charles Rumford Walker's "Steel: the Diary of a Furnace Worker." Marcus Dickey's "The Maturity of James Whitcomb Riley," is the second volume of the life of the poet, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Three volumes of fiction, published by Harper, are Rex Beach's "Flowing Gold," Zane Grey's "Tales of Lonely Trails," and W. L. George's "Her Unwelcome Husband." Brentano's announce "Great Pirate Stories," edited by Joseph Lewis French. "Collected Poems," by John Erskine—the first collection of his poetry—and Boris L. Brasol's "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism," are both published by Duffield. Two particularly interesting items on the list of Moffat, Yard and Company, are Thomas L. Masson's "Humorists I Have Known," and Sigmund Freud's "Reflections." Thomas Seltzer announces a volume of stories by D. H. Lawrence, called "England, My England," a novel, "Fruit of the Tree," by Hamilton Fyfe, and a children's book, with colored illustrations, "The Adventures of Maya the Bee," by Waldemar Bonsels. Alfred A. Knopf's list includes: "Far Off Things," youthful recollections by Arthur Machen, Wilfrid Blunt's "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," Baron Rosen's "Forty Years of Diplomacy," a third series of H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices," and "Second Plays," by A. A. Milne.

Harvard Economic Forecasts to Include Europe

A VERY important extension of the business forecasting of the Harvard Economic Service of Harvard University was announced last week in a statement that beginning with January next a similar service in coöperation with the Harvard Service will come from a group of British economists.

The new British organization will establish a London-Cambridge (England) Economic Service which will construct an index on the same principles that underlie the existing Harvard Service. This is to be joined to a current forecast of British industrial conditions on the Harvard model. Each month the two organizations will exchange by cable, for the benefit of each other's subscribers, information concerning the movement of commodity prices, security prices, and money rates in their respective countries. Certain features of the service will also be extended to the continent of Europe, so as to make the combined service one of unprecedented scope.

In explanation of the new arrangement, Fred Y. Presley, general manager of the Harvard Service, said:

"We have two purposes in affiliating with the British committee. The first is to provide American business concerns which are interested in foreign trade with reliable current information about the movement of commodity prices and industrial activity in Great Britain and on the Continent. Such data as the British committee will provide have never before been available in this country.

"The second purpose is more important. It is to provide a further check on the accuracy of our forecasts of American business conditions. Conditions here are influenced to a large extent by those abroad, and a careful study of the foreign economic situation, made on the spot, is consequently a necessary supplement to any study of American conditions which aims to weigh adequately every factor of importance."

Like the Harvard Economic Service, the British service will be conducted by educational institutions, without financial gain. The committee consists of economists and statisticians representing the University of London, the University of Cambridge, the Federation of British Industries, and the Central Council for Economic Information.

On the executive committee are such men as Sir William H. Beveridge, director of the London School of Economics and Political Science; Prof. A. L. Bowley, also of the University of London; Prof. John Maynard Keynes, Fellow of Kings College; and H. D. Henderson.

Correspondents will be appointed shortly at Paris, Berlin, and Rome, in order to keep currently informed concerning European conditions.



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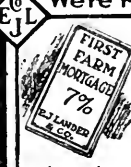
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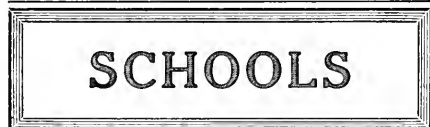
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By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

(The following questions have been prepared in the absence of Dr. Law, who has been spending his vacation on a voyage to the South Seas. He will return and resume his task early in October.—EDITORS.)

I. Editorials.

- Having read the paragraph on the late Professor Dunning, write a paragraph relating in your own words the substance of what the writer has said of Professor Dunning's personality and achievements. Then go and read "British Empire and the United States."
- (a) What great author first used the expression "sweetness and light"; in what book and passage? What great critic took up the expression and made great play with it? (b) What is the title of the great poem of Lucretius and what, briefly, is its theme? (c) What is the title of Virgil's supreme work and what, briefly, is its theme? From what very great poet did Virgil derive and what very great poet derived from him? Point out Tennyson's indebtedness to Virgil. How did he, as it were, pay off most handsomely a portion of this indebtedness? (d) "With Cicero the call to public service."—State briefly Cicero's chief services to literature and to his country. (e) Mention some of the translations of Homer; of Virgil; of Lucretius. Is there a successful verse translation of any of these poets? Read Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" in this connection; especially the experiments quoted in that essay. (f) "The Latin consciousness of law and of the State."—Explain. (g) "The cry of human passion with Euripides."—Happily expressed.—Comment. (h) "The tread of fate with Aeschylus."—Again happily expressed.—Comment.

II. Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor.

- Tell what you know of the great Edwin Booth, reputed greatest of Hamlets, and of his most famous parts. Your grandfather and grandmother can tell you much, for he was a very famous man in their time, much in the mouths of men. Not to have seen him as Hamlet or Othello was like not having seen Niagara.
- Write an essay on Lord Bryce, discussing him as a statesman, as a writer, as the man who did more than any other has done to improve Anglo-American relations, and in other aspects (he was, for example, a great traveler and keen observer. He wrote what is perhaps the best of books on South America).
- Bryce is the author of one of the two greatest works on American political institutions. Who wrote the other (and greater) work, and what is its title?
- Tell what you know of Huxley—not the youthful novelist and poet, Aldous Huxley, who is now making considerable noise in the world, but his grandfather, the great Huxley.

IV. What the World Is Doing.

- Write an ode to *Hesperopithecus harold-cooki*, or, perhaps better, an elegy.
- "Another genus of the human family swims into our ken."—An echo of what poem, by what author?
- "Swellin' wisely." A quotation from what author? What character was so unhappily affected?
- Define family, genus, species, as used in this strange disquisition.
- Define "vernacular."
- Hesperopithecus* is put together from two Greek words. What words, and what is the meaning of each, and hence of *Hesperopithecus*?

V. An Allegory of Modern Life.

- Define allegory, parable, envisaged, Manichæan.
- The "Sistine Madonna." Where is the painting? Tell what you know of the painter.
- The "Mona Lisa." Where is the painting? Tell what you know of the painter—one of the supreme geniuses, perhaps the most versatile genius of the first order that ever lived.
- Lady Hamilton. There is a famous portrait of her. Tell what you know of the painter.
- What does the writer mean by "traits of the Sistine Madonna, the Mona Lisa, Lady Macbeth, and Lady Hamilton? Produce a word-picture of a woman combining those traits.

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A. M.,
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. Wages and Justice.

- Did you begin your study of economics this term with a study of production or of consumption? Why? (b) Which of the major divisions of economics are mentioned by Mr. Franklin? Which are not? Show how the divisions he mentions enter into the discussion of his subject. (c) What is the difficulty of settling wages upon the basis of "justice"? Discuss the claim that labor disputes before the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations are "settled on the basis of any principle of abstract justice." (d) What do you think of the idea of a "living wage" as the basis of a claim for a standard of wages? (e) Underline the sentence which expresses Mr. Franklin's idea of what determines wages. Save this sentence until you have finished your study of distribution and see how you can amplify it. (f) Discuss the validity of the "make-work" principle. (g) Discuss the statement: "the interests of labor and capital are identical."

II. The New Tariff.

- Look up the discussion of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill in former numbers of *The Independent* and summarize its chief features. (b) As fully as you can account for the unpopularity of the measure. (c) What are the arguments for and against the "elastic provision"? (d) Look up the history of the Tariff Commission. How far has it been an effective agency in tariff making? (e) Review the theory and history of the protective tariffs of the United States. What differences of opinion exist as to the amount of protection in the present bill? (f) Explain the term "log-rolling" in relation to legislation and show the new application of the practice in the tariff bill. (g) What has been the relation of political parties to the tariff question in the United States? (h) Show how past tariffs have been more "local" in benefits and describe the consequent attitude of localities to different tariffs.

III. A Correction.

We wish to correct a misprint in last week's questions. We intended to refer to Frederic L. Paxson's Recent History of the United States.

IV. Impressions of Brazil.

- On a map of South America indicate the positions of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and the Amazon River. Make a collection of pictures of Rio de Janeiro and of this particular celebration. Explain the geographical similarity of Brazil and the United States. (b) Describe the acquisition of independence by Brazil and link it with the movement toward independence in the other South American countries. Show how that movement became involved in our own history.

V. Turkey and the Peace of the World, Shall the Turk Re-enter Europe? etc.

- Look up and locate on a blank map the locations of: Constantinople, Smyrna, the Straits, Thrace, the Maritza River, Adrianople, Chanak, Kalesi, Scutari, Rodosto. (b) Discuss the statement that the real cause of the World War was the struggle for control at Constantinople. (c) "The Turk is coming back largely for the same reasons that have permitted his continuance for the past century and a half." (1) Summarize the factors in that return which are discussed here. (2) Give the illustrations of similar factors during the past century and a half. (d) What are "the fundamentals of the Turkish problem"? (e) Review "the March Programme" as a guide in watching the development of events.

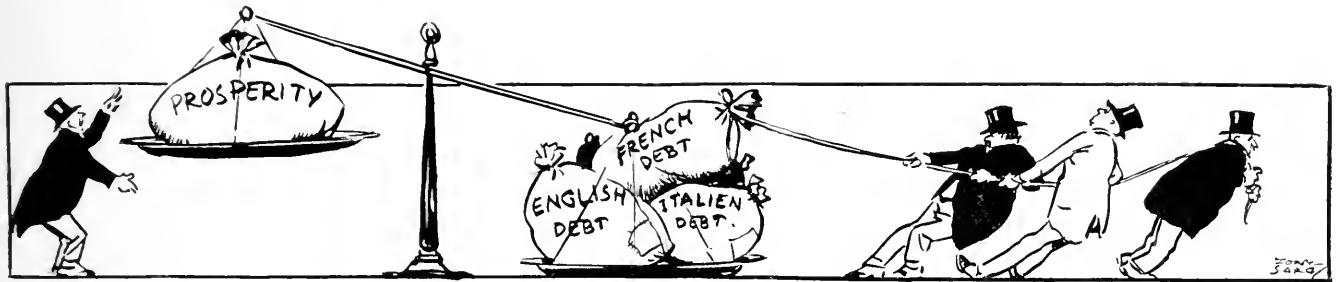
VI. Two Historians.—Ed. Par. on Professor Dunning and Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor.

- What books of Professor Dunning or of James Bryce have you read? What books did they write? Characterize each as men and as historians.
- VII. Under the topics already started in your note-book summarize briefly the latest developments in relation to Ireland, Germany, the League, Russia, the Railroads, Coal, etc.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

October 14, 1922



THE Convention of the American Bankers' Association, held last week in New York City, fully lived up to what was expected of it. The general impression got by any person who followed its proceedings carefully was one of breadth and statesmanship. Technical details had their place, as well as the necessary matter of organization, but what loomed largest, both to the bankers themselves and to the public, was America's duty in the present distressing situation of the world.

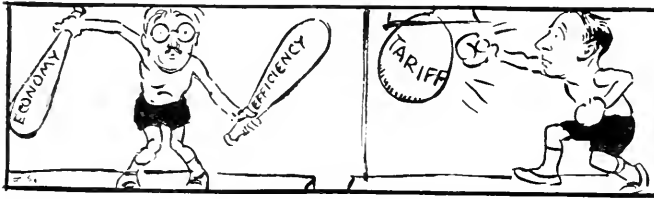
This is most gratifying. For especially in this country it is the banker to whom communities and the whole nation look for assistance in large projects, not merely financial, but also those involving broad economic consideration. Just now the condition of Europe is the question of overwhelming importance. If the world is to go on in any sort of security, the vast disturbances on the other side of the water have got to be dealt with. Politics has failed to bring relief. But the feeling grows that there is no cause for despair provided the economic facts in the situation are recognized and studied.

Here, surely, is the bankers' great opportunity. We understand, of course, how much time has been required to lead up to anything like action, owing to the comparatively small body of opinion favoring it, especially in the West. But the discussion has now been launched and great numbers of influential persons, coming from all parts of the Union, have heard the telling points made. Upon returning to their home communities, they are sure to carry on the work of education. That some sort

of international economic conference for purposes of review and recommendation is much needed was made abundantly clear by several of the speeches at the Convention, and one large group went so far as to draw up a resolution strongly recommending it. In this connection we wish again to call the reader's attention to the proposal of such a conference made in a recent issue of *The Independent* by its correspondent, John Firman Coar, whose first-hand study of German conditions has convinced him that leading figures in the American business world could render invaluable service by friendly counsel with similar representatives of France and Germany.

TWO able men are candidates for Governor of New York. Both of them showed force of character in the State conventions. Governor Miller, by virtue of sound ideas and fine record, was able to name the associates with whom he was willing to carry on. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith fought Hearst to a finish and won. The regard in which he is popularly held was demonstrated in the election two years ago, when he ran a million ahead of his ticket. Yet it must be remembered that Mr. Smith is a Tammany candidate, with all which that implies. He cannot, with the best resolution in the world, in case he is reëlected, command the freedom in the conduct of his administration which Governor Miller has shown and is prepared to show anew. It would be a tremendous pity if the latter were retired to private life and were thus prevented from carrying

out the programme of public service which he has begun. A humble word of advice to Governor Miller: let him remember that "Al" Smith is generally regarded as "quite a man" and that a blanket denunciation of his record, such as Governor Miller uttered in his opening speech of the campaign, is bad tactics.



New York's two training camps

THE nomination of Robert M. La Follette for Senator in Wisconsin by an overwhelming majority is a striking illustration of the destructive effect of the direct primary upon that fundamental of Anglo-Saxon democracy, the two-party system. Senator La Follette is not a Republican by conviction or association—indeed he is in direct and active opposition to nearly all of the policies of the party under whose banner he is nominally enrolled. His triumph was a personal one, attained by espousing and advocating a heterogeneous lot of causes and principles each of which brought him the support of a considerable group and all of which are reminiscent of a series of Hearst editorials. Together they form a suitable programme for a near-Socialist party and are the very antithesis of all the Republican Party has stood for. That in effect they would destroy ordered liberty and bring group or class tyranny is beside the present discussion. The point is that the artificial device called the direct primary, introduced with the commendable purpose of eliminating certain evils of the convention system, has brought more serious evils in its train, evils entirely unforeseen by those good people who pressed it. It is now beginning to be realized that this device gives to the self-seeking demagogue a special opportunity and advantage and tends to exclude from office men of ability and honesty.

Another aspect of La Follette's success in utilizing the Republican organization of Wisconsin for political preferment on a programme hostile to the principles of the Party is calculated to give concern to thoughtful people. Already there is on foot among labor union leaders a movement to boom La Follette for President. Labor unions have long desired political power, but experience has shown them the futility of a separate labor party. Heretofore their efforts have been for the most part nonpartisan and devoted to pressure on individuals. But the direct primary and the havoc it has played with the party system has opened unexpected opportunities to them. We may expect, therefore, to hear an increasing clamor against any modification

of this "progressive" contrivance. It is time for those who prize liberty and cherish the institutions that conserve it to be on their guard.

RENEWAL next Spring of the soft coal strike so lately ended was brought threateningly to the front at the close of last week's Cleveland conference between the United Mine Workers' officials and the bituminous operators. President Lewis of the miners announced that the policy committee would insist on continuance of the present wage scale, and in addition the six-hour day, the five-day week, and the payment of time-and-a-half (which would be \$1.87½ an hour for common labor) for hours worked on any day in excess of the proposed six hours. Coming at the end of several days of outwardly harmonious conferences, this statement was rightly taken by the operators as a sort of contingent declaration of war, and the public can hardly regard it less seriously.

THESE demands, which were put forward by the wage scale convention last year, and which the convention declared would be enforced by a strike (which occurred), show the hollowness of the miners' "demand" for a fact-finding commission which should develop through its studies a solid foundation for a new wage contract. Last week's conference, held in accordance with the peace terms of last August, was mainly intended to set up such a commission within the industry (to be composed of miners and operators). This commission was to report by January 3, next, a plan for wage negotiations, and this plan was to be put in operation by January 8, and a new contract agreed upon before March 31, 1923, when the present peace agreement expires. With President Harding's coal commission on the point of being named, the miners abandoned their own proposed body, but forestalled the results of the President's inquiry by laying down their wage terms regardless of whatever facts might later be found.



"All right, if you promise to be a perfect gentleman"

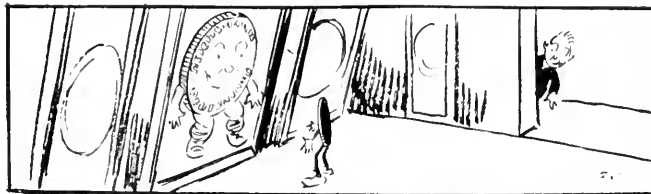
IT lies with the public to determine whether these demands of the miners shall be adequately investigated, and effectively resisted in case (as seems probable) they appear to be excessive. The present wage rate is clearly excessive for an industry at all normally conducted. The miners' defence of it is that the coal industry is not normally conducted, and that the rates they insist upon are the only visible remedy for its abnormality. It will be the task of the President's commission to

declare the facts and to recommend a plan for putting the industry on a more rational economic basis. The public will have a large part to play in grasping the realities of the problem, and insisting upon a reasonably adequate dealing with them.

THE Attorney General's interpretation of the Volstead law which rules that liquor may not be carried on American ships is entirely logical and just. It has long been held that an American ship, wherever she may be, is still American territory. Why, then, except for mercenary reasons, permit our ships to dispense or even carry liquor? The other portion of the interpretation is sure to encounter serious difficulties; for it flies squarely in the face of international law by attempting to set aside certain laws of other nations. Thus French and Spanish ships are required by law to provide crews with wine at meals. But how can they do this if they are obliged to rid themselves of all beverages containing as much as one-half of one per cent. of alcohol as soon as they come within three miles of our shores? We may be sure that foreign countries will make a test case and bring Mr. Daugherty's interpretation to the courts.

A WORLD series which is intracity is no great shakes, in spite of all the hubbub over the games between the Giants and the Yanks. When

the pennant-winners of the two leagues face each other they should represent two different cities. New York should be howling down Chicago, and vice versa, with all the frenzy which each locality, especially the Middle West, can command. There is just enough fake in professional baseball to justify a temporary exhibition of insane local pride. The fact that Mr. Barnes of Abilene, Kansas, is bought to pitch for the Giants, and thus spur New Yorkers on to argue that the East is supreme in



Coney Island the only present cure for Mr. German Mark

baseball, gives piquancy to the situation. Americans like play-acting, especially in avowing loyalty to locality, and baseball, particularly a World series participated in by two cities, gives them a rich opportunity for it. We trust that the magnates will prevent further duplication of the situation of this year and last, in which a fan has never known whether cheering a fine play might not be rewarded by a punch in the eye from his neighbor, a rooter for the enemy camp.

Europe's Pressing Need

THE question of the American attitude toward the Allied debt has reached the stage of national argument. So long as it was discussed purely on an ethical plane it did not get far in this country. This is natural, not because America has ceased to be interested in ethical motives, but because the issue had been clouded. If it could have been said without fear of contradiction that the United States ought to have entered the war two years before April, 1917, and hence that for the space of two years the Allies, unassisted, were fighting our battles for us, our obligation to them would be plain. But that line of reasoning has fallen down. Phrases like "too proud to fight" and "he kept us out of war," as well as the earlier "be neutral in your thoughts," are still potent among large groups of persons, and there is little chance of reaching a general agreement to the effect that as a matter of simple duty the United States ought to forgo collection of debts contracted at a time when this country was getting rich instead of sharing the task of repelling a common foe. If members of the American Legion could seriously urge using the interest on the British debt to us for the purposes of the bonus, it is easily seen that the question of ethics in this matter makes no universal appeal.

It is true that Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, in his

eloquent address to the American Bankers' Association, kept the ethical argument to the fore. But it lost effectiveness at his hands when he said, speaking of America: "We have gained great power. With the power goes weighty responsibility. Have we discharged it? For the period of the World War, my answer is yes, a thousandfold." If such be the case, then the ethics of the matter is without meaning, and forgiveness of the Allied debt must, aside from considerations of self-interest, be prompted solely by magnanimity.

Mr. McKenna, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, also addressed the bankers on this important question. Speaking with great frankness, as he had a right to do, since he insisted that Great Britain was able and prepared to wipe out her debt to us, both interest and sinking fund, he dealt in fundamental economic facts. His simple argument had not been framed before with anything like the effectiveness which he gave it. And, while it was based upon certain assumptions about which there might be some disagreement, it was inspired so clearly by a disinterested desire to bring about better conditions that it deserves the most careful attention.

Mr. McKenna pointed out that the measure of a nation's ability to pay a foreign debt is determined by three factors: its cash on hand, its exportable

surplus, and its foreign securities. By these tests he concluded that England, alone of the Allies, was so circumstanced that she could meet her indebtedness to us. One perfectly obvious point, which nevertheless has been slighted, received a fresh cogency through Mr. McKenna's treatment. If a country is obliged to pay most of its foreign debts by exports, there must be a demand for her goods up to the limit of her capacity to produce. Yet it is only in times of great emergency, like the World War, that countries are willing to be flooded by foreign products. Turning to Germany, Mr. McKenna expressed the belief that she could not pay the full reparations and that the one thing needed was to determine what she could pay now, require that of her, and then grant her a considerable period, say three years, in which she should not be called upon to pay anything. This would have a tendency to stabilize the mark and to bring that orderliness and security to exchanges generally without which international trade on any great scale is impossible.

What made Mr. McKenna's words so effective was the evident purpose behind them: he was not arguing the special case of his own country; quite the contrary, he kept constantly before his audience the broad view of a Europe which needed the most considerate treatment in order to be helped to its feet. There was an important inference which the audience was left to draw, namely, that with Europe in the doldrums the United States could not hope for the resumption of that prosperity to which it has been accustomed in the past. Now, we do not say that Mr. McKenna's presentation of the case is completely convincing. If, for example, Germany is trying to evade her responsibilities, then talk like this will only abet her villainy. Also, the suggestion of a three-year moratorium might induce Germans to ask for an easement of ten years, and so on. Yet, when all is said, Mr. McKenna has undoubtedly set Americans to thinking on this important question and has taken the issue out of the realm of vague surmise. He has clearly shown that Europe needs the assistance of our best thought and action.

We rejoice that the argument for a reconsideration of the Allied debt has been placed on a basis where American citizens can speculate as to its wisdom viewed purely from the economic standpoint. For now it is likely to make headway. Yet it would be a pity if the argument of self-interest were allowed completely to fill the picture. Let it be used as a means to convince those who are insensitive to the appeal of duty. It is to be hoped that when the time comes for action the country generally will see what *The Independent* has continually urged for more than a year—that anything short of great generosity in handling the war debt to the United States would be a poor return for the mighty effort which our friends carried through for us while we grew fat on their life-blood.

The Larger Issues in the Near East

Salvaging a Bad Bargain

THERE'S no use crying over spilt milk. One of the chief gains of the Great War was the opportunity to expel the Turk from Europe; to create an Armenian State; to secure the safety and well-being of all the non-Turkish minorities in Asia Minor. A programme in that sense was embodied in the Treaty of Sèvres. The attempt to execute that treaty in full, failed. The instrument employed—the Greek army—proved incapable and unworthy. Early in 1921 the French and Italians repudiated that instrument, and even by their assistance enabled the Turk to ruin it. It has been just like that since and including crusading days. Frank has never been able to coöperate with Frank, nor Frank with Greek, in the Near East. *Hinc illae lachrymae*. Hence the astonishing "come-back" of the Turk.

As we observed, there's no use crying over spilt milk. The Treaty of Sèvres has been wrecked. But it is possible to save a good deal from the wreck. The great Allies are obligated by every consideration of honor, of self-respect, and of duty to civilization, to save what they can. Fortunately the French seem at last aware that considerations of their self-interest jump with the above considerations. They seem to be nervously conscious that their perfidious [Call a spade a spade!] policy, if continued, while it might ruin British interests in the Near East, would be equally ruinous to their own. And at last (O monstrous blindness!) their eyes seem to be opened to the fact that their policy has desperately compromised the French reputation in the world, especially with Americans. Therefore, though late, though so much of the opportunity gained by the World War has been lost, something may be saved, through unwonted coöperation of the Franks.

The Allies have (thanks to French pressure) committed themselves to restoration of Turkish sovereignty in Eastern Thrace. They are doubtless morally obligated under this commitment to insure the speedy evacuation of the Greek army. But they are not obligated by the proposals of September 23 to restore unlimited sovereignty to the Turk on the European continent (leaving aside the question of how the "freedom of the Straits" is to be maintained). Incidentally, the Serbs have announced that at the proposed international conference they will insist on very strict limitation of Turkish forces in Europe. Having in view only the attitude of Yugoslavia, the Allies will do well to insist on such limitation.

If—and it is a big "if"—the Allies pull together, much, perhaps the best part, may be saved from the wreck of the Treaty of Sèvres. Though the Turk recover Eastern Thrace, the curse of the

Unspeakable One may be mitigated by limitations on his sovereignty; the guardianship of the Straits by the League may be made effective by providing the League with "teeth" for the purpose; an Armenian State sufficient for the surviving Armenians may be created (the League Assembly resolved in favor of this just before its adjournment); safety and a reasonable measure of autonomy may be secured for the other minorities in Asia Minor. Many Americans think we should participate in the conference to settle the Near East muddle; that, if we should fail to impress the Turk, we could at least hold the French and Italians up to the mark. But that is another story.

Turkey may again become a European power. But she should be made clearly to understand that she is on trial; must cease to be anachronistic, not in Europe only, but in Asia Minor also. And many Americans think that we, as leaders of civilization, should help the Turk to understand, even if it requires a persuasion stronger than that of language to induce an understanding.

The Straits and Future Conflict

IT would be unjust to condemn unqualifiedly the Allied statesmen for their makeshift agreement, yielding Constantinople and Eastern Thrace to the Turks. Account must be taken of the extremely difficult dilemma in which they found themselves. That they were themselves to blame for getting into the uncomfortable and dangerous predicament is true, but that does not lessen the acuteness of present emergency. The peoples they represent were insistent that there should be no war, and under the circumstances the one way to avert armed conflict was to yield. The British were also faced with the possible consequences in India, Mesopotamia, and Egypt of what would have speedily become a struggle with Islam.

Nevertheless there is reason to feel that the decision is not only an unfortunate one from a moral and humanitarian standpoint and one that merely postpones an inevitable conflict, but that it was also pitifully short-sighted from the standpoint of large and far-reaching political considerations. It is a truism to say that the welfare of humanity and the future of civilization demand world peace, but it is not always realized that world peace cannot be artificially enforced, no matter by what organization, but must flow from the functioning of a world policy which by its nature averts a clash of irreconcilable interests. In the past Constantinople has been a fruitful source of such conflicts, for reasons that are evident to all students of history and economics. Throughout the nineteenth century it was in the foreground of Anglo-Russian rivalry and more recently was the crucial point in the clash of British and German ambitions. As we now look at this nexus of conflicting interests, and attempt to fit its disposition into a general scheme of policy making for world peace, there

comes to the front at once the question of future Anglo-Russian relations and policy, for upon the nature of these relations depends the peace of Europe and Asia.

Throughout the nineteenth century England was obsessed with the bogey of the Russian menace to her Indian Empire, and this obsession dominated her policy toward Russia, blocking at every turn Russia's historic efforts to secure a warm-water outlet. That the obsession had no real basis did not matter.

To restore Constantinople to the Turk is to set the stage for reviving this obsession and renewing a conflict that is contrary to the interests of the peoples concerned and—in its possible promotion of a general Asiatic conflict—inimical to world civilization. There is evidence that many in England already see that the safety of the Empire demands a policy of Anglo-Russian coöperation instead of hostility and that the natural interests and aims of the two peoples can be harmonized. These men see that eventually the control of the Straits by Russia will put an end to the irritations and dangerous cross-purposes in the Middle East, and at the same time constitute no threat to England's sea power. On the other hand, to bottle up Russia's millions is to provoke a conflict in which these virile forces may be of necessity aligned with the hordes of Asia. The *ad interim* occupation and control of Constantinople by Great Britain would more naturally lead to the desired change of policy than the settlement now proposed. Under present circumstances it is, perhaps, a counsel of perfection, but it is well to bear in mind these fundamental political considerations against the time when a few years hence we shall see the curtain rung up again on a repetition of the same old Near East drama of Turkish intrigue and barbarous oppression, with two great Powers—enemies instead of friends—standing in the background biding the time of their own life-and-death struggle.

American Policy and the Straits

THE churches of America are righteously indignant over the restoration of the Turk to domination over Christians, and the protest to Secretary Hughes strikes a bellicose note that shows that the religious men and women of America are not so much affected with pacifism as some would have us believe. The Secretary's well-considered and temperate reply raises the question of what, after all, should be the American policy in the present Near East situation. While our feelings are outraged by the prospect of a renewal of the cruel oppression of minorities, it is scarcely dignified for a great and powerful nation to make a protest which it is not prepared to back up with something stronger than words. It would be a glorious thing if America could say to Great Britain: "Stand firm against the restoration of the Turk to Europe, and if this precipitates a struggle

with the hordes of Asia, we will stand by your side." America, however, is not yet ready to take any such position. Nevertheless our State Department has already in two notable declarations stated a policy that covers what is perhaps the most vital issue in the problem, the status of the Straits. The Colby-Polk note of March 24, 1920, declared:

This Government is convinced that no arrangements that is now made concerning the government and control of Constantinople and the Straits can have any element of permanency unless the vital interests of Russia in these problems are carefully provided for and protected, and unless it is understood that Russia, when it has a government recognized by the civilized world, may assert its right to be heard in regard to the decisions now made.

It is noted with pleasure that the questions of passage of warships and the régime of the Straits in war-time are still under advisement, as this Government is convinced that no final decision should or can be made without the consent of Russia.

This statement of our position is admirably supplemented and supported by the Hughes declaration of September 19, 1921, which asserts:

In the absence of a single recognized Russian Government the protection of legitimate Russian interests must devolve as a moral trusteeship upon the whole Conference.

A forcible restatement of this position at the present moment would undoubtedly carry great weight and profoundly influence the negotiations of the Powers. The participation of the present Soviet Government in the negotiations has been demanded by Moscow and requested by Kemal, but this would be most unfortunate, for not only is this non-representative and manifestly temporary régime unable to speak for the Russian people, but it would be bound to sacrifice the larger principles involved to its own political exigencies. Europe cannot afford to give them this gratuitous opportunity.

After all, the great issue at stake is not that of Turkish oppression or atrocities, appealing as that is, but the far larger issue of setting bounds to what Lothrop Stoddard calls "the rising tide of color" and of making a settlement which is calculated to avert a future devastating Anglo-Russian war. The sound and statesmanlike principle concerning the treatment of Russia, which was invoked at the Washington Conference, is the surest guide to a solution of the problem of Straits which gives promise of future peace and the maintenance of European civilization.

Railroads in Control of Their Shops

THE outstanding fact in the progressing and now nearly complete settlement of the railroad shop strike is that the railroads of the country have resumed substantially complete control of their repair shops. Technically, this was restored to them at the expiration of Federal control, on March 1, 1920; but the burden of the National Agreements continued in force by the Labor

Board, and the control exercised by the Railway Employees' Department of the Federation of Labor through the mischievous concessions made by the Railroad Administration, made this technically "private" control largely an illusion. Even with the Labor Board's modification of certain especially burdensome rules, railroad repair work was on an unsound and uneconomic basis. And this basis would have been maintained but for the rashness of the national leaders of the shop crafts in undertaking the now vanishing strike. A disaster to the pretensions of these leaders, the strike has brought certain results highly beneficial to the country at large.

Mr. Jewell's recent announcement of "settlements" with roads operating some 65,000 miles of lines of the country's total of about 234,000 miles, and employing nearly one-third of the members of the shop crafts, does not hide from those in touch with the facts the extent of the disaster which has overtaken the strike. The real situation is that roads representing about two-thirds of the country's mileage have so entrenched themselves during the strike that they do not have to deal with Mr. Jewell's shop unions at all. Many of these roads have already formed organizations of their shop employees with which they have signed agreements covering wages, rules, and the procedure for deciding grievances; and similar processes are under way on practically all of them. This holds true of seven great lines in the Western division, with a mileage of over 63,000 miles—nearly as great as Mr. Jewell's "settled" list. It is true also of all the New England roads and of many others in the Eastern division—also of some in the Southern region.

The list of roads reported by Mr. Jewell as having settled the strike is not a list of victories for the shop crafts, with the possible exception of some small roads which did not attempt to fight the strike. The few large systems which signed the "Baltimore agreement" really made little substantial concession. Most of the larger lines listed by Mr. Jewell have signed largely upon their own terms. The only real significance of this list is that the roads it includes have consented to deal with the shop unions, while practically all others have refused to do so.

For the shop craft leaders, the ominous feature of all the settlements together is that disputes between the roads and their shop men cannot be brought before the Labor Board; and the national leaders are therefore excluded from representing either the men on individual roads, or the crafts as an aggregate. This practically ends the opportunity of the shop leaders to secure the imposition of rigid, nation-wide rules upon the railroad shops. It is a tremendous victory for private control, and also in our judgment for the real interests of the public.

Some Impressions of the Albany Convention

By Ogden L. Mills

Member of Congress from the Seventeenth District, New York

I CARRIED away with me from the Republican convention which was held at Albany four distinct impressios. First, that the Republican Party in the State of New York is a united, homogeneous group—united in the best sense of the word; that is, not for the purpose of winning elections and securing public offices, but united by a very definite purpose and by common agreement as to the essential duties of our State Government in the immediate future. Secondly, that in the person of Governor Miller the Republican Party has developed a great leader, whose right to lead is unquestioned, and determined, not by fear of his power to punish, but by the general respect which his outstanding qualities of constructive, clear-headed thinking and his capacity for affirmative and courageous action justly entitle him to. Thirdly, that the day of "isms" and of quack remedies is, at least temporarily, at an end, and that men and women have come to recognize the real essentials of public service today. Finally, that there is a great value in these party gatherings—value not only to the party, but value to government, of which parties under our system are such essential parts.

The fact that the party is united would not, under ordinary circumstances, warrant comment. Yet the efforts to divide up-State Republicans from New York City Republicans—to persuade them that their interests were divergent, and to instill in the minds of the latter the thought that up-State control was necessarily careless of, if not inimical to, the best interests of the city—have been so vigorous that it is gratifying to note their lack of success and to observe that New York City men and up-Staters were able to agree on a common programme for the solution of New York City problems. The truth is, that the Miller Administration has contributed more to the working out of the three great questions which concern New York City most—rapid transit, port development, and reduced taxation—than any administration within my memory.

We did not, of course, need the Albany convention to reveal that the party had a leader in every sense of the word. Governor Miller's leadership had been established by the striking record of the past two years, during which his dominant and forceful personality had made a deep impression on the public. But the convention did emphasize the unanimity with which the party associates were willing to acknowledge his leadership and to adopt his policies. There have been Governors who have exercised complete control over their party through politics and patronage. Others have dominated by arousing the force of public opinion when the organization opposed the Executive. But I can remember no Governor in our time who has had to resort to neither one of these methods, and who has deserved and received loyal and hearty coöperation of the rank and file in his party, not only because of his outstanding personal qualities, but because of his remarkable ability to work with others, to enlist their best energies, and to present not only the best kind of programme, but the kind of programme upon which all could agree.

When I say that men and women have come to recog-

nize the real essentials of public service, what do I mean? I mean that people have come to the realization that the first duty of government today is to put its own house in order, to perform with the utmost efficiency the task which falls strictly within its jurisdiction, and to reduce public expenditures to a minimum, to the end that the overwhelming burden through local, municipal, State, and national taxes may be lightened, and that the savings of the nation may be devoted to its economic rehabilitation and to productive development, rather than squandered by governmental extravagance and waste. It was, therefore, significant that the economy issue should receive the first place in the State platform, just as it was noteworthy that, for the first time in a generation, under Governor Miller the increase in State expenditures has been brought to a halt and a downward revision begun.

The second primary obligation of public servants is to handle those questions which vitally affect the comfort, welfare, and prosperity of the people, with vision, with imagination, and with intelligence and courage. I know no better examples than such questions as the development of the barge canal and of the water-power resources of the State, the working out of a far-reaching plan for the development of the port of New York, not only as the great commercial gateway of the continent, but that the millions of the metropolitan district may satisfy their daily needs at a reasonable cost and with at least reasonable efficiency. I do not mean, of course, that so-called social and welfare problems must be neglected, and anyone who will take the trouble to read the Social Welfare plank of the platform recently adopted will realize that, far from being neglected, they have received more intelligent consideration than ever before. The Maternity Bill, the Child Welfare legislation, and the solicitude for the care of the wards of the State by the Miller Administration, all show that a business-like government does not mean a government devoid of human sympathy. But I do want to emphasize my belief that we have reached the point where we know that government cannot be used as an agency to cure all of the social and economic ills from which we suffer, but that it should concentrate and devote its energies to those fields within which it has a constant and vital duty to perform.

There is much to be said on both sides as to the merits of the direct primary system, but I venture to suggest that anyone attending one of these large party gatherings cannot fail to be impressed with the great benefit which is derived by this close meeting of men and women from every community in the State and with the opportunity afforded them, through public and private discussion, of appreciating the point of view of the several localities and of harmonizing such differences as may exist. In a State as large as New York, with a population and interests so varied and so diversified, I do not believe that these benefits can be overestimated.

What Is the Democratic Challenge?

By Frederick W. Burrows

ALTHOUGH in American political life "The Opposition" does not have the same significance as under European parliamentary systems, where ministries change with majorities, it does, on the other hand, have an importance peculiar to ourselves arising from our sharply drawn two-party system. The party in power, through the necessities of action, having indicated its policies, the minority party is left with a wide option in the selection of its line of battle. At least technically, the issues to be fought over are largely determined by the party out of power. What, then, are the positions which the Democratic Party has chosen as the basis of its effort to reverse the Congressional majority in the election of November?

And first as to leadership. In spite of the Missouri setback, where Senator Reed was renominated over the opposition of Mr. Wilson, the Party has generally acquiesced in the ex-President's leadership. There has been little indication of interest in Mr. Cox although his Wilsonian orthodoxy has been carefully preserved. In Ohio, Mr. Cox's own State, Senator Pomerene has been hailed as the next Democratic candidate for President—probably a bit of local campaign enthusiasm.

Although the Wilsonian leadership has been accepted, the Democratic Party has shown no eagerness to go to the polls on the League of Nations issue. Indeed, most of the larger issues have been held in abeyance. The tariff may be an issue in 1924; the Democrats have chosen to make it an issue this year in only a few States. Colonel Gaston, nominated by Massachusetts Democrats for the United States Senate, began his primary campaign with declarations that the tariff is the issue, but he quickly desisted. Many Democrats in Congress voted in favor of the tariff duties imposed by the new law wherever the interests of their own States were involved. Thus in Wyoming, where Mr. Mondell, floor leader of the House, is attempting to capture the Senatorial seat now occupied by Senator Kendrick, Democrat, the campaign has been waged thus far almost wholly on national issues, but the tariff is not being discussed, Senator Kendrick having voted in favor of imposts in which his State was interested. In New York, under the stimulus of the Democratic press of New York City, the tariff has been put forward as an issue by the Democratic candidate for United States Senatorship, but other candidates have appeared to sense, what is probably true, that this issue cannot be pressed outside of New York City.

As to the soldiers' bonus, no party line can be drawn. In almost all States the Democratic platforms have chosen to share with the Republican majority in Congress responsibility for that most ill-advised and, fortunately, abortive legislation. Democratic platforms generally denounce the Administration for not having espoused the soldiers' bonus cause.

The Volstead Act, in one form or another, is an issue in a number of States, but here again no party line can be drawn. In Missouri, Senator Reed, Democrat, in New Jersey Governor Edwards, Democrat, are running on a wet ticket. Governor Miller of New York is a law-enforcement man, whatever the law may be. The Anti-Saloon League has come out in opposi-

tion to the Democratic candidate. In most States candidates of both parties are doing their best to dodge the liquor question.

Radicalism is an issue in several States. Republicans have nominated men of known radical tendencies in North Dakota, Wisconsin, and Iowa. In California Senator Johnson is—Senator Johnson, and that is another story. In North Dakota it is the Non-Partisan League. The League is largely Republican, or at least controls the Republican organization. Little opposition has developed on the part of Republicans to the election of the Non-Partisan League Republican candidate for United States Senator, but Republicans are lining up in favor of the Democratic nominee for Governor in an effort to oust the League from the control of the State offices. In Iowa there are indications that Republicans in considerable numbers will vote for the Democratic opponent of the radically inclined Mr. Brookhart whom the Republicans nominated for the Senate. There has been little indication of Republicans bolting the La Follette ticket in Wisconsin, the Democratic Party not having chosen to meet the challenge implied in the La Follette nomination by the nomination of a conservative. In California the struggle is for the control of the State Republican Party organization, the Republican nominee for Governor, F. W. Richardson, having pledged himself to break the present control. He has, however, announced that he will support Senator Johnson for reelection. In view of this struggle, which is one of the hottest in the country, the Democratic party has chosen to stand back and take an opportunistic attitude, hoping to profit by every antagonism.

The Minnesota Democrats have sought to rally the women to their standard by nominating a woman, Mrs. Olesen, for United States Senator.

In Maryland and Delaware the Democratic leaders have had an open ear to the widespread criticism of the general personnel of Congress, and have nominated for the United States Senate gentlemen of high standing and intellectual leadership in their respective communities.

The Democrats of New York State are to be congratulated on the nomination of Mr. Alfred Smith for Governor. It is generally felt that Governor Miller should and will be reelected, but the nomination of Mr. Smith over Mr. Hearst's opposition is recognized as an achievement of importance. The Democratic Party of New York, however, did nothing to boast of in the nomination of Dr. Royal S. Copeland for United States Senator. The Republican challenge of Beveridge in Indiana, and of Simeon Fess in Ohio, have not been met by nominations of equal calibre.

Well, these are the high lights. Can we draw a general conclusion? None, I think, unless this: the Democratic Party still seeks to make political capital of the ideals of the Wilson Administration, but has not done anything to reassert them. It seeks to profit by what it conceives to be a general dissatisfaction with the Harding Administration, and in particular with the work of Congress. It does not present a united front or an issue that challenges attention.

Judge Hooper on the By-Laws

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, noticed the frown of worry on Court-Officer Durfey's brow and beckoned to him.

"What is it now, Durfey?" he asked; "what is troubling the massive intellect under the red-thatched dome today?"

"This new thing they're talkin' of amending onto the Constitution of the United States, your honor," said Durfey; "this Amendment Number Something-or-Other, to forbid the employment of child labor here and yon. Not that I mind it, your honor. I've no wish that my kids should lift up the shovel and the pick before they git throo learnin' the national dance of Norway in the public schools. I'll not be needin' them to fetch home their wages whilst I keep my pull with Boss Casey of my ward. No, sir!

I was only wonderin' if, by the time Amendment Number Nine Thousand Six Hundred and Seven has been piled onto the Constitution, that paladium of our rights and liberties won't, maybe, be a mite overloaded."

"Like the camel, Durfey? Like the camel that caved in under the last straw?"

"Or like the shelf in my cellar, Judge," said Durfey, "on which I laid up everything I took a notion I wanted to have handy. The first hundred thousand things I put onto it was worth savin', Judge, but the shelf was so convenient and easy to put things on that it would take me eight men's lives to find anything on it this minute, and the common title for it in my little home is now 'Papa's heap of junk.' When everything is loaded onto the Constitution—"

"What Constitution?" asked Judge Hooper.

"Is there more than one, Judge?" asked Durfey with surprise.

"That was what I was wondering, Durfey," said Judge Hooper. "Did you ever hear of the Monroe Doctrine, Durfey? I see nothing about it in the Constitution of the United States, but it is one of the few things you could get the boys to go out and fight for so soon after the big trouble we had awhile back. The Turks can take Smyrna and run every Christian lady through a sausage machine and we only yawn and say we wish they'd send us better dance music over the wireless now that we've got the new battery in working order, but if Japan took ten acres of swamp in Mexico we'd go forth and fight.

"As soon as the Constitution said every sane male

negro was a citizen with a vote, one-fourth of America forgot it and hardly a negro there has voted since, Durfey. Some of the white folks got the idea that that Amendment was but an unimportant by-law, as you might say—one of Grandpa Constitution's noisy but weak-limbed grandchildren, and they went right on running their part of the country as if the first Article of the Constitution said: 'This is a white-man's country, By-Laws to the contrary notwithstanding.' You could amend the Amendment to the Constitution until you were blue in the face, Durfey, but the jim-crow street-cars in Helena, Arkansas, would be jim-crow cars still. You could tag an Eighty-Second Amendment onto the Constitution compelling the white folks to let the dark folks ride in the street-car ahead

of the trailer, Durfey, but the only change would be that both the trailer and the car ahead would be jim-crow cars. You put up a shelf in your cellar, Durfey; do you keep your plane and your saw on it?"

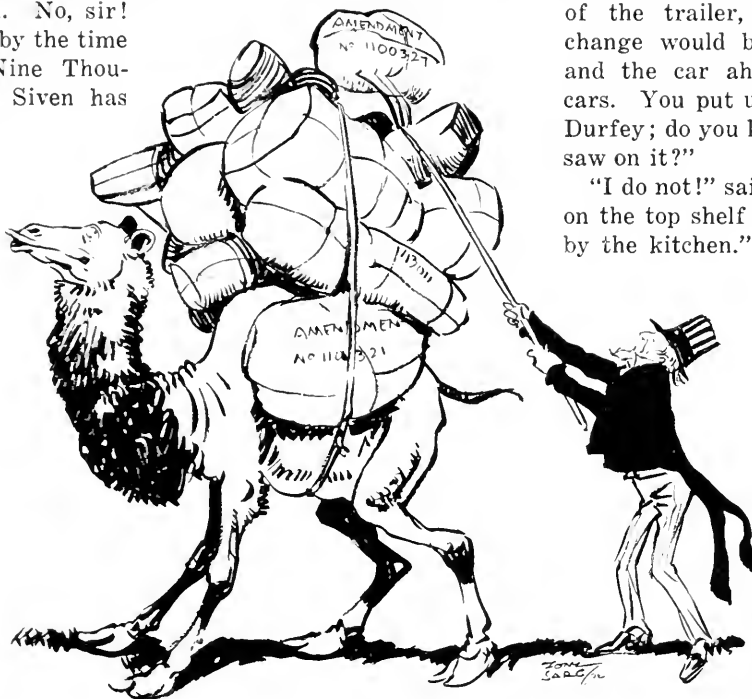
"I do not!" said Durfey. "I keep them on the top shelf in the china closet near-by the kitchen."

"I bet!" said Judge Hooper, grinning. "They're what you need every day, hey? And when you had amended the contents of the cellar shelf with too many By-Laws it was no place for the apple of your eye. The shelf was no longer the place for grandpa and his sons when it became the roosting place of all the little grand-

children. And I shouldn't wonder if that was what is happening to the Constitution, Durfey. Maybe there's something coming to pass that will make us like unto Great Britain; maybe the Great Unwritten Constitution is getting to be the real guy and the Written Document, with all its Amendments, becoming the By-Laws appended thereto. Seems like, sometimes, Durfey!

"Any time when enough States want to amend the written Constitution, Durfey, they can do it, but they can't amend the Unwritten Constitution that is bred into the base of the brain of the people. That Constitution sticks! It grows as the people grow, and it sloughs off its dead wood when the time comes, and you can't nail a branch onto it with a By-Law or pry one off with a Written Amendment.

"In the codes of all the States and cities and towns and villages of these broad and beautiful United States, Durfey, there are anywhere from ten thousand to ten million laws, but the reason you and I and decent men are fair to middling honest and straight is because of fifty or a couple of hundred words somebody spoke to



us, when we were kids. We go by our Unwritten Constitutions—you and I—Durfey, and the By-Laws don't bother us. A By-Law may tell me when to keep the lid on my garbage can, Durfey, but it is not the fundamental law that tells me how to live my life; that law is unwritten. And I should not wonder, Durfey, if—a hundred years from now—the constitutional lawyers,

when they rise in court, would be saying 'Your Honor, it is a well-known and recognized right, guaranteed by the Unwritten Constitution—' and getting away with it."

"Do you believe that, Judge?" asked Durfey seriously.

"I do! I do, indeed, Durfey," said Judge Hooper; "a good lawyer can get away with almost anything."

A Wayfarer in Japan

By Philo M. Buck, Jr.

OF all places in the world, one should discard all prejudices and preconceived notions before visiting Japan—if one really wishes to enjoy oneself. I had always thought of it as a part of the temperate zone, but the humidity in August in Tokyo was worse than in Singapore, and the blazing sun called for more than an American panama. When we looked at the map more closely we found that we were not far from the latitude of southern Georgia. Japan is not a summer resort—at least not unless you rush to the mountains. I suppose our geographies do give such meteorological data—but when traveling one must also learn not to trust one's memory.

But it is an eye-satisfying country as one steams slowly through the beautiful Inland Sea—blue as the bay of Naples, or bluer if can be, dotted with islands each with its snuggled village, and flecked with red-sailed sampans, each with its secret message to Moji or Shimogoseki or Kobe, and each a picture in itself. The Japanese artist who paints water and islands and mountain-clinging village and twisted pines, is not drawing from his pure imagination; all is as true to reality as Whistler; nor are his ultramarine blues, his flaming crimsons and scarlets, his fiery yellow other than the reminiscence of many a noonday or sunset. You can go to both mountains and seashore in this country at one and the same time. You can breathe the lighter and cooler air of four or five thousand feet, and yet at your feet will be the blue of the ocean or the Inland Sea. There is nothing quite like it in the world.

For some reason, quite inexplicable, the Western mind invariably associates the idea of primitive simplicity with that of the Orient. To bring together into one picture electric fans, electric washing-machines, kimonos, chop-sticks, and electric curling-irons requires the overcoming of several habits of years. To be sure, the men and women still carry fans, wear kimonos, and clogs—I should like to myself in hot weather—and above all on a sweltering day with high humidity I should like to raise the kimono and expose legs and thighs to any chance breeze, and the clogs are a wondrous improvement on shoes when streets are wet, as they always are here. But it does bring a feeling of unreality to see as many electric fans in Tokyo as in New York, or an electric washing-machine in a peasant's cottage.

For Japanese life is quite as complex as our own, but with a difference. In a little baker's shop, quite open to the street, Oriental in all its obviousness, they will be kneading the bread in a fashion approved in Kokomo or Harrisburg. A saffron-sailed sampan, high-pooed, taken, it would seem, from a Japanese print of

four hundred years ago, will be equipped with a most business like two-revolution gas-motor marine engine. The rickshaw man, with a costume handed down to him from an ancestor of untold ages, will with perfect old-world courtesy offer you a seat in a conveyance with ball bearings, wire wheels, and pneumatic tires. Japan has preserved the flavor of antiquity; with a stern conservatism clings to it in spite of all that Western fashion holds essential, and yet adopts and adapts to her own needs all of Western progress.

And in this lies, it would seem, the secret of much of Japanese efficiency. Western civilization and Western culture have not been adopted by them *in toto*. Japan is still Japan, though the public buildings in Tokyo, or Kobe, or Yokohama may suggest Vienna or Washington. There are still the Buddhist or Shinto temples with their devout worshipers, within a stone's throw of a railway station or a specie bank. Ancestral tablets are still set up, drums beaten in prayer, and public records made of supplications, though the auto horn and trolley add a discordant jazz, and the priest squats before an electric fan. The people still remain with their fundamental habits untouched. The economic necessities of life, the small rice-fields, the fisheries, and the large population teach unremitting industry; and the new inventions merely draw off part of this industry into new channels; while the life of the people still remains one of industrious content. It is worth note that during our whole stay in Japan we did not see a single beggar.

There are economic problems in Japan. There have been strikes and even lockouts. There is much grumbling now about high prices—I myself grumbled at paying more for the necessities of life than in New York. But there is no unemployment problem, so far as I could see. The newspapers are on a campaign to reduce prices, and their arguments translated sound much as they would in one of our papers—thrift and production. Even unskilled labor gets five or six yen a day, two and a half to three dollars. Rents are still high, especially for Europeans.

In this connection it is interesting to note the general satisfaction that is everywhere being manifested in the newspapers over army and navy reductions. The only complaint that one could read was that they did not go far enough, and that the War Department was not following to the full the wishes of the Diet. Moderate policies both in the army and in international relations seem to be prevailing. The Chita conference, the evacuation of Siberia and Shantung, seem to meet with popular approval. The anti-American feeling of a year ago seems to have largely subsided, at least in public quarters. An American can at least



Publishers' Photo Service.

Osuwa Temple, Nagasaki

now feel that he is not unwelcome in the country.

One sometimes wonders what the average Japanese thinks of Americans. Japanese children in the towns unfrequented by tourists have the pleasing habit of sticking out their tongues and making suggestive signs, while parents and onlookers smile indulgently. The grown-ups are polite enough, as Oriental politeness goes. But the movies are given over largely to American films of an amazingly lurid kind. American life as depicted by them consists wholly of cowboys or crooks, or the dupes of crooks and smart detectives. In a typical theatre one squats on matting as one watches and listens, listens, for all the while the five reels are unreeling the Interpreter is dramatically explaining the story. The spectators wildly applaud each rescue of the heroine. These Japanese movies are thrilling. But what do they think of us as thus set forth?

It is interesting as one travels from one little city to another to get brief glimpses of what the Japanese people are doing and thinking. We reached Kyoto, the ancient capital, on the eve of the Buddhist fiesta. For five days the city had been in communication with the spirits of its ancestors, summoned by votive offering and prayer. On this night the spirits were to be dismissed to their proper abode. Great bonfires in the form of Chinese symbols were lighted on two of the large surrounding mountains and for hours glowed large against the darker background. We were favored too with the mystic drum dance and curious dragon and warrior pantomimes by a strolling company of players. The dance to the rhythmic beating of attuned drums had come down from extreme Bud-

dhist antiquity and was calculated to banish all earthly thoughts and lusts. We watched it from the gallery of a modern hotel on the hillside.

Tourists in Japan once came over after a prolonged reading of Lafcadio Hearn and were disappointed because in Yokohama or Tokyo they saw buildings that spoke of Paris or London. And Lafcadio Hearn was partly wrong, for though he lived here nearly a full lifetime his eye saw only what it wanted to see. Now tourists come over and write books about Japanese politics and Japanese militarism and California. And these tourists are only partly right. There are Japanese who, as a friend said the other day, "regret that Japan came fifty years too late." But still the sabretoting Japanese is only partly true. He is still artist and has a miniature garden and dwarf trees in his side window. When over here one must accommodate himself to an abandonment of all prejudices and preconceived notions, for this is the country where there are no motor roads, and where tunnels for railroads are as fine as any in the world; where rickshaws yet carry Japanese lanterns, but fishing sampans are equipped with the latest acetylene lights; where ships are coaled by hand baskets passed by women, but nearby a battleship of nearly fifty thousand tons is being successfully completed; where women and girls wear the traditional clogs and kimonos, but whose powder and rouge would reduce to envious despair the flapperiest flapper on Fifth Avenue; where there are shops so superior that you must suffer your shoes to be covered with canvas moccasins, but where streets are unpaved and muddy, even in Tokyo. This is Nippon.

Ways to Outwit Foul Weather



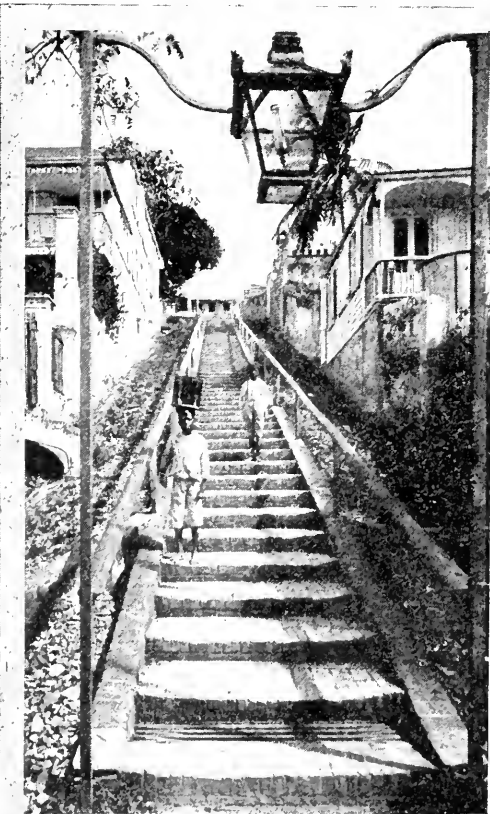
Publishers Photo Service.

A picturesque street in Nassau



Publishers Photo Service.

Could anything be more attractive and alluring than this bit of old St. Thomas?



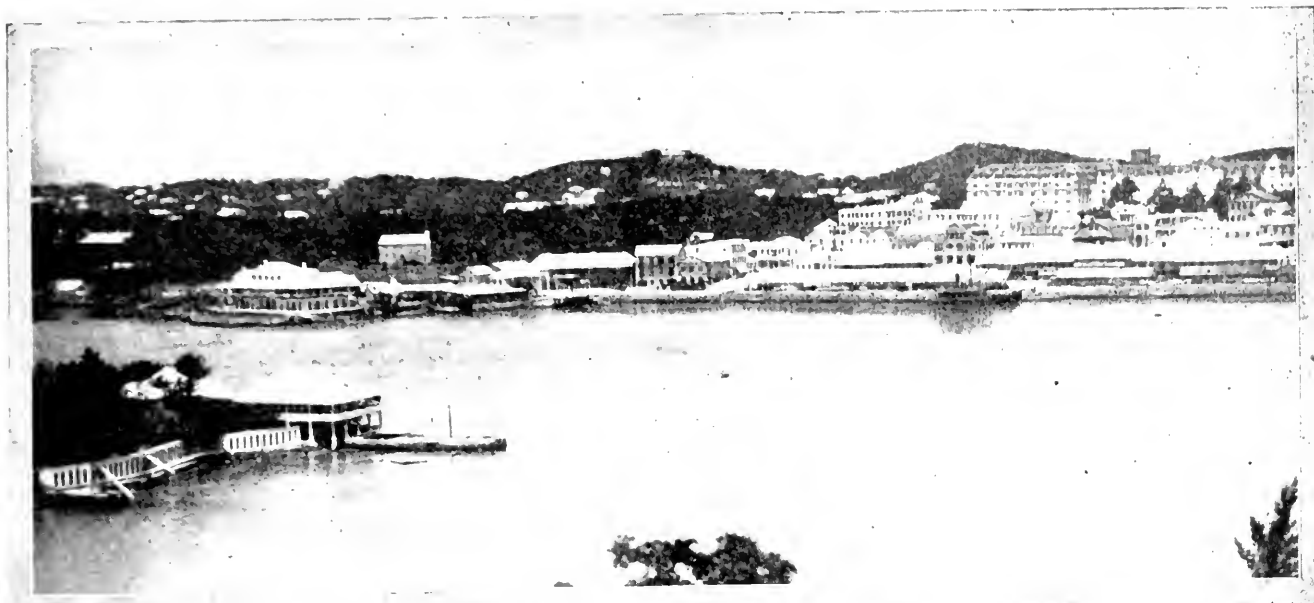
Publishers Photo Service.

This street in St. Thomas should be renamed a stairway



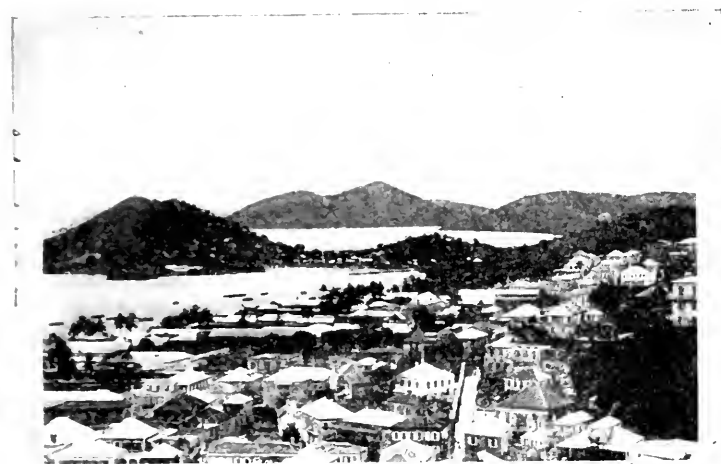
International.

Winter hunting in the Canadian woods



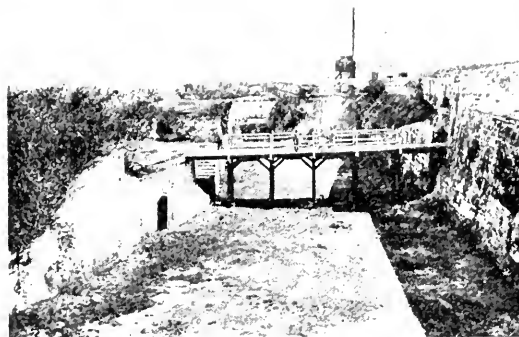
Paul Thompson

Balmy Bermuda—Hamilton viewed from the Paget shore



Publishers Photo.

Charlotte Amelia, St. Thomas, a beautiful city in our newest possession



Publishers Photo.

The old fort at Nassau, Bahama



Publishers Photo Service.

A decoy for the sportsman—Query: "Where are they to be found?"

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Strike Injunction.

ON September 23 Judge Wilkerson, of the Federal District Court of Chicago, granted the injunction bill presented to the court by the Attorney General, except in so far as it might be amended in details in consequence of a hearing to be given counsel for the defendants on the 25th. Press information as to what happened on the 25th is lacking; whence it may be assumed that, if there were amendments, they were insignificant. The bill is on the whole more drastic and comprehensive than the temporary injunction. The following important exception, however, is to be noted:

Nothing contained herein shall be construed to prohibit the use of the funds or moneys of any said Labor organizations for any lawful purpose, and nothing contained in this order shall be construed to prohibit the expression of any opinion or argument not intended to aid or encourage the doing of any of the acts heretofore enjoined, or not calculated to maintain or prolong a conspiracy to restrain interstate commerce or the transportation of the mails.

A Woman Senator.

Mrs. W. H. Felton has been appointed Senator from Georgia to succeed temporarily the late Senator Watson. Since a Senator from Georgia will be elected this month (Governor Hardwick himself is a candidate), it is improbable that Senator Felton will ever actually take her seat in the Senate chamber; but Governor Hardwick's compliment to political woman has given pleasure to a great many people.

The Sale of the Wooden Fleet.

The following item, crowded out from previous issues, is still of melancholy interest:

On September 12 the Government's fleet of 226 wooden vessels was sold by the United States Shipping Emergency Fleet Corporation for \$750,000. The cost of each vessel was about \$700,000. The equipment of the vessels was not included in the sale; it is estimated to be worth about \$135,000. The cost of their maintenance (mostly to keep them from sinking) has been about \$50,000 per month. A condition of the sale was that the vessels should not be operated as steamships.

Convention of the American Bankers' Association.

A convention of the American Bankers' Association began at the Hotel Commodore, New York, on October 3. The convention was notable for the fact that the chief subject of its discussions was the problem of the interallied war debts; especially the question whether the United States Government should cancel the obligations of its Allies upon the account of war loans. The great speech of the convention was that by the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, now chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, on the subject: "Reparations and International Debts." The convention ended on the 5th.

Bishop Cannon Speaks Out Again.

Bishop Cannon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been investigating conditions in the Near East, is about to return to the United States to urge that our Government protest against Turkish abuse of minorities in Asia Minor, and, if the protest is not effective, cause American guns to speak. He would have the United States participate in arrangements for control of the Straits and protection of the minorities in Turkey. He cabled to Secretary Hughes as follows:

You will recall that the American church bodies urged the State Department in July to take whatever steps were necessary to protect the Eastern Christians. A prompt, definite American demand, supported if necessary by the American naval units present, would probably have prevented, certainly greatly minimized, the Smyrna fire and massacres. Al-

mighty God will hold our Government responsible for its inaction while thousands were murdered and deported, and for failure to protect against the defiant, heartless, brutal Kemalist announcement that all refugees not removed by today, Saturday, would be deported, which deportation means thousands more added to the dead in the previous Turkish deportations.

Will not our Government realize its opportunity and responsibility as a great Christian nation, politically disinterested, to demand that the burnings, outrages and massacres cease, and thus effectively prevent the horrible repetition in Constantinople and Thrace of the 1915 Samsoun and the Smyrna horrors? I believe worldwide humanity would tremendously approve. Who would dare condemn a prohibition of further such horrors?

He said the following to a correspondent (*New York Times*):

It is no use for our Government to play the ostrich. It is no use for the State Department to stick its head in the sands of domestic politics and say it has no interest in this business. Millions of church people in the United States during the past century worked to better the lot of the people in Turkey, Armenians in particular. We have worked and toiled to this end, and now on behalf of the churches of the United States I want to know if we intend to allow the Turks with impunity, so far as we are concerned, to continue their massacres until all these Christians are wiped out and our good work with them.

If the Turks are allowed to go into Constantinople and Thrace as conquerors, you will probably see a repetition of the

Smyrna horrors on a larger scale. Is the United States going to help England prevent that?

I know that what I advocate might mean war, but if necessary it would be justifiable. And it would not be so much of a war. Australia has said she can send as many soldiers to Anatolia as the Turks have. It is not sensible, nor reasonable, to admit that five or six million Turks, with perhaps 100,000 effectives, can defy the whole world. If America would join with England in calling the bluff of the Turks and their friends, there would probably be no war.

It is the opinion of observers that, if when the Turks arrived at Smyrna the American naval ships in Turkish waters had pointed their guns over the city and demanded there be no fires and massacres, there would have been none. I talked with an American bluejacket, who told me that under his orders he had to stand on the streets of Smyrna and see Turks drag forth a young girl and violate her in public. He could do nothing, such were his orders. Does not that picture of a bluejacket on a Smyrna street corner represent the attitude of the American Government?

As it will be seen in America, the French action amounts



International
Governor Nathan L. Miller of Syracuse,
renominated by the Republicans for
Governor of New York



Wide World Photos.

Chanak, on the Dardanelles

to helping people who are abusing their position to massacre and oppress those whom Americans have befriended. Had it not been for French support the Turkish Nationalists would certainly not be in their arrogant attitude of today, and consequently the Christians in Turkey would not be in the same danger. It may be that the French will find that their standing in the United States will suffer by their present rôle in the Near East.

On October 2 Secretary Hughes replied to Bishop Cannon by cable as follows:

Your telegram of September 30 reached me this morning. In the present situation which has resulted from the clash of arms, the defeat of the Greek forces, the incidents of the retreat and the reprisals effected, not only have we done all that is possible for relief and in aid of the refugees, but we have exerted in an appropriate manner our influence against all acts of cruelty and oppression.

On September 8, before the burning of Smyrna, the American High Commissioner at Constantinople voiced this country's feeling in earnestly impressing upon the Turkish Nationalist authorities the importance of taking the most energetic steps to insure the population of the occupied territories against reprisal. Instructions have been sent to continue and urge these representations and to emphasize the importance of immediate peaceful settlement in the interest of humanity.

I have stated this Government's unequivocal approval of the allied proposals to insure effectively the protection of the Christian minorities and the freedom of the Straits. American officials have intervened to secure the prolongation of the time limit for the evacuation of the refugees from Smyrna, and thousands have been evacuated as a result of American initiative.

You will also recall that in June last we agreed to join in an inquiry which we hoped would place responsibility and prevent the recurrence of atrocities.

Keenly alive to every humanitarian interest involved, this Government has not failed in any way to make the sentiment of the American people understood and to take every appropriate action. It is hardly necessary to add that we have taken proper measures for the protection of American interests.

As you are probably aware, the executive has no authority to go beyond this, and there has been no action by Congress which would justify this Government in an attempt by armed forces to pacify the Near East or to engage in acts of war in order to accomplish the results you desire with respect to the inhabitants of that territory and to determine the problems which have vexed Europe for generations.

CHARLES E. HUGHES,

Secretary of State.

Athletics.

The World's Series of games to settle the baseball championship began on October 4; for the second year in succession the New York Giants of the National League and the New York Yankees of the American League being the contenders. The Giants won the first game, 3 to 2. The second game ended in a ten-inning tie (3-3), owing to darkness.

At Lexington, Kentucky, on October 4, Peter Manning lowered the world's one-mile record (his own of 1:57) for trotters to 1:56 $\frac{1}{4}$.

* * *

At Westbury, Long Island, on October 4, the "Big Four" Meadow Brook polo team (James C. Cooley, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., J. Watson Webb, Devereux Milburn) defeated the Argentine team (John B. Miles, J. D. Nelson, David B. Miles, Lewis L. Lacey). It was a grand game.

Notes.

Congress adjourned on September 22, almost its last act being the appropriation of \$200,000 for relief of victims of the Smyrna tragedy. The President on the same date signed the Coal Commission bill and the Coal Distribution and Price Control bill.

* * *

The tests of our new bombing Martin airplanes, built in competition with British and French planes, are being followed with interest.

* * *

The Special Grand Jury on the Herrin massacre has brought in a total of 214 indictments.

British Empire Notes

Ireland.

The Provisional Parliament of the Free State is debating the draft of the Constitution. It has by proclamation offered amnesty to all irregulars who voluntarily surrender by October 15.

It is to be noted that since intervention by British troops at Belleek on the Donegal border early in June and the establishment thereafter of a neutral zone, there has been practically no trouble on the borderlands of Ulster and the Free State.

Reduction of the British External Debt.

In his speech before the convention of the American Bankers' Association the other day, Mr. Lamont pointed out that since 1919 England has paid off £275,000,000 of her external debt; the equivalent of one and one-third America's entire national debt before the war.

Aversion to War.

No wonder that the British middle classes and British Labor are willing to make sacrifices of British pride in order to avert war in the Near East—for economic reasons. The income tax is 5 shillings in the pound (it was 6), and the registered unemployed number 1,250,000. Yet it is thought Lloyd George convinced the Labor leaders, in an interview he had with them, that his firm (it then seemed firmer than later it proved) attitude towards Mus-

tapha Kemal was right—likely to be cheaper both in blood and shillings than a submissive policy.

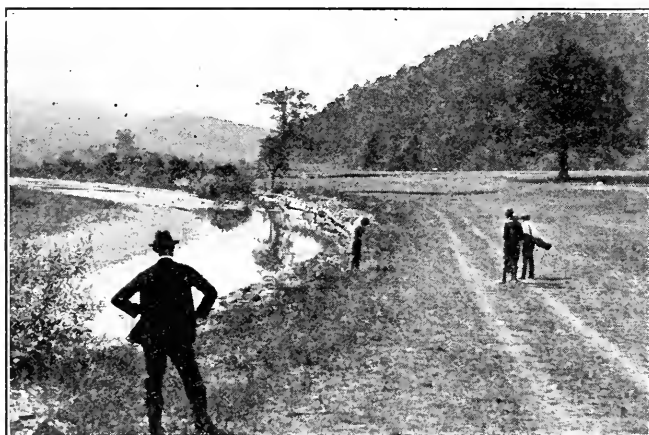
The League of Nations

THE third League Assembly ended its labors on September 30, the Council continuing in session a few days longer to complete business relating to Austria.

The instrument embodying the League's plan for the salvation of Austria has been completed and signed. A Commissioner of the League of Nations will supervise the application of reforms. Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia have guaranteed the loan, the most important feature of the plan.

* * *

The number of non-permanent members of the League Council has been increased from four to six, the number of permanent members remaining at four. But since unanim-



Edwin Levick.

Miss Glenna Collett (aged 19) of Providence, R.I., winning the National Women's Golf Championship at White Sulphur Springs, Va.

ity is required in important decisions, the smaller Powers cannot tyrannize over the big ones. The non-permanent members for the ensuing twelve months are Brazil, Spain, Uruguay, Belgium, Sweden, and China.

* * *

A strenuous effort was made to persuade the Assembly to intervene in the Near East imbroglio. It failed, but a rather vague resolution seems to empower the Council to use its good offices when a ripe opportunity offers. This resolution may probably be construed as authorizing the Council to accept on behalf of the League the guardianship of the Straits should it be formally offered pursuant to one of the proposals in the Allied note of September 23 to Mustapha Kemal.

The Assembly resolved that a peace treaty with Turkey should provide for a national home for the Armenians.

* * *

There has been much talk of the League Council taking over the functions of the Reparations Commission. Only talk, but more and more heard.

Turkey, etc.

A Delicate Situation.

LOYD GEORGE was not able to make good his assertion that he would concede nothing to Mustapha Kemal in advance of an international conference. The pressure from France and Italy and from powerful and numerous elements in Britain (including, apparently, the greater part of the British press) was too strong. The British Government on September 23 joined with the French and Italian Governments in the following proposals to Mustapha Kemal, which reached that hero by wireless and cable on the 24th:

A promise that peace terms shall include Turkish sovereignty over Eastern Thrace up to the Maritza, including Adrianople and Constantinople.

The guardianship of the Straits and assurance of their freedom to be transferred to the League of Nations; certain Straits zones to be demilitarized.

The great Allies to approve, should Turkey apply for admission to the League of Nations.

The above on condition that Mustapha Kemal pledge participation in a conference in the near future to include representatives of Britain, France, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia (and Japan?); and that he pledge himself to abstain from all acts of military aggression pending the results of the conference.

Should Mustapha Kemal assent to the above proposals, a meeting of Turkish, Greek, and Allied officers to take place at Mudania at the earliest practicable date, to arrange a military convention.

Notwithstanding Mustapha Kemal's receipt of these proposals on the 24th, on the 25th Turkish cavalry entered the Chanak "neutralized" zone, and detachments continued to pass into that zone until the British position at Chanak Kalesi was closely invested; but, as the British airmen reported, invested only by cavalry—no infantry, no artillery, very few machine guns—nothing really dangerous against British infantry trebly intrenched and British artillery of all calibres ashore and afloat. Was Mustapha Kemal bluffing, perhaps noisily diverting attention from a more important concentration Ismid-way? These cavalymen behaved in a most irritating manner—apparently trying to provoke the British into firing on them. To General Harington's protests Kemal replied that he "had not been informed of any neutral zone having been established between the Governments concerned and the Government of the National Assembly";—impudent and mendacious, for only a year ago Kemal's commander at Ismid and a representative of Harington together marked out the limits of the Chanak and Ismid "neutralized" zones. And not less impudently in another note Kemal demanded that the British, "like the French and Italians," withdraw their troops from the Asiatic side of the Straits; should they do so, he would "slightly withdraw his forces from the neutral zones." In face of such impudence and provocation General Harington and his subordinates maintained an imperturbable front, prepared to fire if fired upon, but declining to fire the first shot; Harington repeatedly urging Kemal to meet him. The tension was extreme. There was very good reason for thinking that Kemal did not sincerely desire peace, and for inferring that he expected active French, if not also Italian, assistance in a war with Britain.

But on the 29th M. Franklin-Bouillon, the same who negotiated with Kemal the French-Angoran treaty in connection with the French evacuation of Cilicia, arrived in Smyrna, and since that time, and presumably in consequence of the Frenchman's representations, Kemal has held a more conciliatory tone. He agreed to the proposed Mudania conference, an all-important first step towards peace. It is probable that Franklin-Bouillon disabused Kemal's mind of certain misconceptions, especially the monstrous one that France would fight with the Turks against the British; and that he persuaded Kemal that he would consult his true interest by accepting the Allied proposals of September 23, and the more so as these proposals might reasonably be construed as morally committing the Allies to get the Greeks out of Thrace.

Turkish, Greek, and Allied officers met at Mudania on the 3rd. At this writing (the night of the 5th) there is conflict in the latest reports of that conference. One report declares that a convention has been signed by all the representatives, providing for evacuation of Thrace by the Greeks and of the neutralized Straits zones by the Turks, Allied troops to superintend the Greek withdrawal and to garrison Eastern Thrace until after a definitive peace treaty has been signed at a great international conference. Another report avers that the Greek representatives refuse

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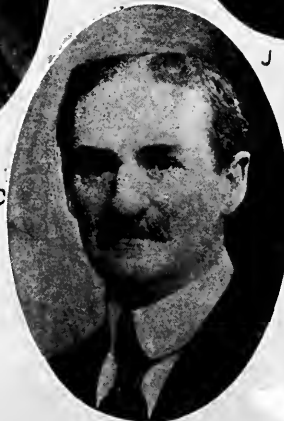
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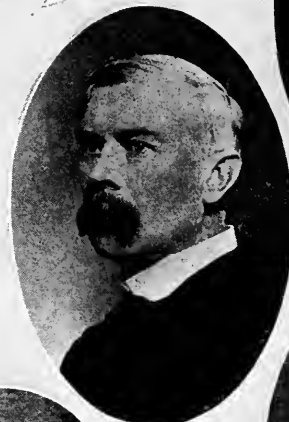
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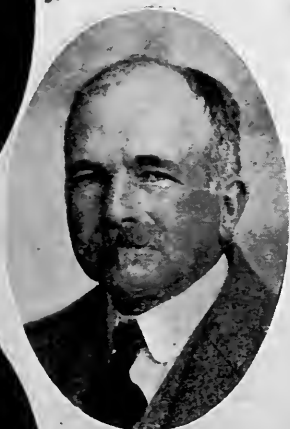
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to sign away Eastern Thrace. For a fresh embarrassment was created by

The Greek Revolution.

On September 27, in face of a revolt which started among the 80,000 Greek soldiers on the Island of Mytilene and which spread with almost incredible rapidity throughout the Greek army and navy, King Constantine of Greece abdicated in favor of Crown Prince George. A Revolutionary Committee of twelve officers with an Executive Committee of three, including Colonel Gonatas, the father of the revolution, took charge of the Government, chose a Cabinet, and announced elections for a new National Assembly in November, the old Assembly passing at once into limbo. The Revolutionary Committee declared for a policy of *rapprochement* with the Entente and for a finish fight to keep Eastern Thrace; aims inharmonious. They called out two army classes, invited volunteers, and appealed to the country to support their resolution to hold Eastern Thrace. They may have lighted a fire they cannot put out. It is not certain what instructions they gave the Greek representatives at Mudania. But let us suppose the latter were instructed to sign agreement to evacuate Thrace and that they have so signed. That may not, however, be the end of the matter. For if, as some reports indicate, the Greek revolution is a truly national affair, if the Greek people are filled with a passionate resolution to hold Eastern Thrace comparable to Nationalist sentiment in Turkey, and if the Greek army in Eastern Thrace is resolved, despite discreet counsels in Athens and despite Allied persuasions, to hold on to Eastern Thrace, you have there, as Lloyd George would say, a pretty kettle of fish. Exact information would be most acceptable as to the size of the Greek army in Thrace, as to its morale and disposition, as to the possible limit of its effective recruitment, and as to its equipment and sources of supply, especially with respect to artillery and ammunition in the several kinds. Suppose the Greek people passionately, profoundly resolved to keep Eastern Thrace, and the Greek army *ditto*; what's to be done about it? Will the Allies use force on the Greeks? Or will they allow the Turks to send troops to deal with them? In the latter case, what would the Serbs do? It is said that the Serbs have an understanding with the Greeks; that they will not consent to the appearance of a large Turkish force in Europe. The Turks, unassisted, would have heavy going against the Serbs, who have 200,000 soldiers afoot and can mobilize 600,000. This sort of speculation is by no means wild. There's no end to the possibilities, should the Greeks really "buck."

The Proposed International Conference.

On the other hand, suppose that the Greek revolution is no such thorough-paced thing as above imagined, that the Greek army is evacuated from Eastern Thrace without any untoward development. Then presumably the Turks will withdraw from the Ismid and Chanak zones and an international conference will follow to draw up a definitive treaty of peace. For Ismet Pasha announced at Mudania on behalf of the Angoran Government the acceptance by the latter, "in principle," of the Allied proposals of September 23. Though this was not the full acceptance called for in the proposals as a condition precedent of the Mudania conference, the Allied representatives contented themselves with it; and the Angora Government cannot, without prejudicing the entire negotiation, propose important conditions out of keeping with the tenor of the Allied proposals. It is probable, however, that, should the Angora Government ask for participation of Russia and Bulgaria in discussions of future arrangements for the Straits, the Allies will acquiesce.

That international peace conference promises to be rather more interesting than any conference in previous history. It is by no means certain that it will not break up in a general row. For there are certain countries in the Bal-

kans which are sure to protest with exceeding vigor against the reappearance of Turkey as a military power in Europe. Britain will back the protest, if Lloyd George's utterances have any worth. And France? Well, if France opposes it and backs the Turks to the limit, that system of alliances the French have built up, of which the Little Entente is so essential a part, may suffer a shrewd jolt. And if the Muscovite is admitted to the conference, there's no telling what intrigues he may be up to. Altogether, it promises to be a merry party.

The Smyrna Refugees.

The Turkish authorities have permitted the evacuation of Christian refugees from Smyrna except males between the ages of fifteen and fifty; the latter being herded into the interior. They also at last consented that Greek ships (flying some other flag than Greek) join in the work of evacuation. It is hoped that with fifteen Greek ships, several ships chartered by the composite American relief organization, the four American destroyers, British warships, and presumably other Allied ships, it will be possible by October 8 (the time limit set by the Turkish authorities for evacuation) to evacuate almost all the refugees (except the males of military age), though at last report refugees were still pouring in from the interior. Under American direction a well-organized ferry service between Smyrna and the island of Mytilene has been in operation. It is estimated that the total of refugees evacuated will reach 400,000. According to Mr. Jaquith, managing director for the Near East Relief, food is needed for 260,000, 140,000 having been cared for; the 260,000 being scattered through the Greek isles and in Athens, Saloniki, Rodosto, and other places. The island of Mytilene has the largest number and the most emergent cases. These poor wretches are said to be crazed with hunger.

[A report just arrived states that the Mudania conference was suspended on the afternoon of October 5, owing to a disagreement. The press does not pretend to furnish anything more valuable than conjecture as to the cause. It is thought that the conference will be resumed after the Allied and Greek representatives have communicated with their respective Governments.]

Notes.

Twelve of our destroyers have left for the Levant to reinforce Admiral Bristol's present strength of eight destroyers. The object of sending them is "to protect American interests and furnish supplies."

* * *

Venizelos was invited by the Revolutionary Committee of Greece to represent Greece at the proposed international conference to settle the Turkish problems, and to become Greek Ambassador-at-Large to the capitals of Europe. He is said to have notified the Revolu-



Darling.

What are you going to do when a fellow that was called out on first insists on stealing home?



International.

George, King of Greece, succeeding his father Constantine, who abdicated

tionary Committee that he will not act as Ambassador-at-Large unless the Greek Government assures him that it proposes to give up Eastern Thrace. However, he wants the Allies to occupy Eastern Thrace long enough to give the Christian population a chance to withdraw. He wants to enlist the support of the United States Government in this connection.

* * *

Former King Constantine of Greece and his former Queen Sophia sailed for Sicily on the 30th on a vessel furnished by the Revolutionary Committee. "The departure was without ceremony."

* * *

Prior to the Allies' decision to return Eastern Thrace to Turkish sovereignty, the Bulgarian Government addressed a note to the great Powers, urging that the best solution of the Thracian question would be *autonomy for the whole of Thrace*. A still better idea, some think, is an autonomous state to include all Thrace and Macedonia, and to be under the direction of the League of Nations; the League to be guaranteed by the Powers whatever military force might be needed. These suggestions, of course, are now of only academic interest.

A Nasty Rumor

IT is said in some quarters that the French think seriously of evacuating the northern part of Syria, which (so this alleged information goes) is now practically in the hands of bandits; in which case it would doubtless revert to Turkey. It is further alleged in this connection that the Turkish National Pact lays down a southern boundary which slices off a strip of Syria (held by the French) and a strip of Mesopotamia containing the Mosul oil fields, held by the British. [No such thing appears in

the text of the National Pact made public, but there might be an unpublished clause to that effect.] Rumor now takes wing and declares that the French are negotiating a deal with the Turks, whereby France, evacuating northern Syria, would receive a concession of all rights of exploitation in the Mosul oil fields. One does not wish to credit this rumor, one must not credit it; yet in the Near East anything in the way of huggermugger intrigue is possible.

End of the Negotiations at Chang Chun

THE negotiations between representatives of Japan and of Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic, at Chang Chun in Manchuria, have been broken off. Joffe, the Muscovite representative, declared that any agreement arrived at must be made between Japan, on the one part, and Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic jointly, on the other. The negotiations thereupon halted. Apparently Joffe had his way; the negotiation was resumed. Next Joffe declared that he would not sign any agreement before evacuation of all Japanese troops from Russian soil, including Sakhalin; and Chita will make no agreement except conjointly with Moscow. *Ergo*—an end; the Japanese, while actually proceeding with the evacuation of all other Siberian soil which has been in Japanese occupation, refusing to evacuate northern Sakhalin until compensation has been made for the Nikolaievsk affair—and not one farthing will either Moscow or Chita pay for that.

The Japanese have evacuated the Siberian mainland opposite Sakhalin and it is reported that by the end of October the Japanese evacuation of Siberia will be complete except for northern Sakhalin.

Several Things

IN his speech to the convention of the American Bankers' Association the other day, Mr. Lamont made the following statements:

That last year France reduced the trade balance against her from an adverse figure of 23,000,000,000 francs to 2,000,000,000 francs.

That since the war the French people have invested 100,000,000,000 francs in their own Government securities.

* * *

The leper colony on Culion Island, the Philippines, is the largest in the world—5,100 lepers. Leprosy is no longer considered incurable. Chaulmaugra oil has been in effective use a great many years for leprosy, but recently certain improvements in the manner of its application have very greatly increased its effectiveness.

* * *

According to a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, from 1912, when General Lyautey undertook the administration of Morocco, to 1920, the trade of Morocco increased from 178 million francs value to 1,057 million francs; imports from 10 millions to 813 millions, exports from 67 millions to 244 millions. When one considers the work accomplished in the narrow span of ten years: the pacification and conciliation, the making of ports, railways, and highways, the irrigation of vast tracts, the building of new towns (without destruction of the old), the development of education on an ingenious plan, much else—one must concede to Lyautey the title of one of the greatest colonial administrators of all time.

* * *

The population of Poland in September, 1921 (exclusive of the portion of Upper Silesia assigned to Poland and of the Vilna district), was 25,406,103. The largest city of Poland is Warsaw—931,000; the next largest Lodz—452,000.

* * *

The fourth congress of the Third Internationale is to be held in Petrograd in November.

Will Producers Stage a Revolt?

By Charles Moreau Harger

HERE is an excerpt from a letter written a few days ago by a fairly well-to-do farmer of Kansas. He has lived on a farm all his life and has generally prospered, yet he wrote asking for the terms on which he might cash in his life insurance policy in order that he might secure some ready money. He added:

I have actually had to make a farm hand of myself in order to cut expenses. We are certainly meeting with most unsatisfactory business methods from our banks. What has gotten wrong with them to try to make every farmer pay up all his debts at once? It is creating a most disastrous feeling among our young generation. I know four young persons of our neighborhood who have already given up farming and gone elsewhere to get positions. Conditions were never so discouraging—many have given up their entire wheat crop to help out and what they will do during the winter I cannot figure. Farming cannot be carried on under such conditions, I am certain.

We have heard much of the financial situation in the farm country and this is merely one expression of how many producers feel at this time. Some of the disquietude is doubtless due to the low price of wheat, compared with a year ago and earlier. When the crop was ready for market a rail strike hampered transportation to a degree that made it impossible to move grain as rapidly as it was offered. After two months of marking time, the strike was partly settled, but, though wheat prices bulged, cars were not ready. On this income the producer had depended for funds with which to liquidate, in part at least, his indebtedness. Banks, merchants, mortgagees, all were waiting and, naturally, sought to secure their payments.

The producer has been accommodated by heavy loans of various kinds. The War Finance Corporation has taken over something like \$400,000,000 of them for a maximum period of three years and is taking more. Some banks have suspended because they could not collect loans as fast as deposits were withdrawn. Others have charged off loans liberally and, while in far from normal condition, will be able to withstand the strain.

The farmer seems, however, to visit his censure on these creditors, who naturally seek reimbursement as rapidly as it can be obtained. Will he translate this feeling into terms of politics and endeavor to stage a revolt at the polls, not merely against the party in power locally and nationally, but in the effort to set up policies framed especially for his own interests? This question is just now troubling the managers of campaigns and they are by no means certain just what is to be its answer. They recall that the People's Party movement over the Middle West in the nineties was preceded by similar unrest. Populism began mildly and meekly with the Farmers' Alliance, a protest against financial ills, then swung into a full-blown political organization which elected Governors, Congressmen, and Senators at its will.

No organization exactly paralleling the Farmers' Alliance now exists; in its place are farmers' unions, granges, wheat-growers' associations, farm bureaus, theoretically divorced from politics except as they stand for certain laws that are in the farmer's interest and in general centre in the farm-bloc movement. It is not unlikely that we shall see in the State legislatures next winter farm-blocs operating on a plan similar to that in

Congress. Just what they will seek to obtain is indefinite. State-owned elevators are advocated in the wheat belt, regardless of the disastrous experience of North Dakota; coöperative banks are less popular than two years ago when deposits were increasing instead of falling off; better marketing systems and rural credit plans have their advocates; lower taxes and abolition of tax-free securities appeal generally. The farm programme is not crystallized into concrete demands; and it may be that many more or less weird schemes will be proposed. However, that is entirely aside from the present political outlook and the part the farmer will play in the coming elections.

Strenuous efforts have been made to unite the farmers in political action. Conferences have been held and propaganda distributed through every possible channel. But the efforts have resulted in no cohesive action. The farmer-labor movement was getting some start when along came the strike. The producer, aggravated by the interference with transportation, refused to join forces with the labor unions. The Non-Partisan League was making headway when the fiasco in North Dakota discredited it in other States where organization was being undertaken. A. C. Townley, former head and organizer of the League, stated the other day that conditions have made it impossible for the League to attain prominence—there are too many classes of persons against it. He believes that the farmer can, however, be mobilized under some other banner. In Nebraska there is a "Progressive" party growing out of tax-problems, and, while not holding a premier place, thanks to clashes of rival ambitions, it has with the aid of the League managed to exert some influence as a balance of power in deciding the nominations of the old parties. Indeed, in the later manifestations and efforts to combine forces Nebraska has led the Western States, where agrarian movements must of necessity have their origin. Kansas, the sponsor for the Populists, has thus far concerned itself with advocacy of laws and methods and remained without a definite farm-party movement—several conventions called for that purpose having failed to arouse enthusiasm.

The psychology of a rural community seldom makes for rapid action. The producer sees many things awry; he thinks of them as he follows the plow or drives the herd, but when it comes to action he is suspicious of self-appointed leaders. Hence movements in his own behalf take time. It is only when some seeming crisis arises that the farmsteads are swept by a political whirlwind. Probably such movements were more easily started before daily papers, telephones, and motor-car communication equipped farmers to discuss these subjects from all angles. The war gave the farmer a world outlook; he had for years been familiar with local conditions, but had taken little account of influences overseas. Today he visualizes larger things. The first hint of war clouds in the Near East, for instance, immediately affected his willingness to market wheat—he deduced from his reading that a war meant larger demand for America's surplus grain. The cold fact is that the American farmer has

progressed greatly in the past four years so far as concerns familiarity with governmental and financial problems. He has taken a broader view and is in a position to discuss clearly matters in which he formerly took small interest, or on which he held but fragmentary opinions. This does not necessarily mean, however, that he has entirely patterned his system of agriculture to best advantage—one-crop farming is far too common and diversified methods of production are far too little developed. His vision is of a future in which his income can be clearly foreseen at the time he plants his seed—an ideal condition that has never been realized in the history of agriculture. Of course, he does not put it so directly as that; he demands a profit from his output and such a system of marketing as will enable him to secure it.

To accomplish this he counts on some reformation of marketing systems, some legislation that will lessen the middleman's profit, some reduction of fixed overhead charges such as taxes, and to some extent the interest rates charged by banks and loaning agencies. Just how these desires are to be realized he is not certain, but he does feel that in some way he is not receiving a fair chance with other business enterprises. Possibly a year or two may lessen this feeling of inequality, and as the nation climbs steadily back to a normal adjustment of affairs there will be greater satisfaction. Just now the lack of ready cash, the pressure of debts, the need of every dollar in several directions is the dominant irritant. Naturally there is a reaction and an effort to voice the protest.

Experienced politicians have canvassed this condition seriously for many months and are yet uncertain just what it portends. Such factors as the tariff, the

bonus bill, and local tax rates, make the situation sufficiently complicated to warrant many interpretations. Indications are, however, that the present campaign and the election will see no organized revolt on the part of the producer. He may refrain from voting with "a plague o' both their houses" or he may leave one party for the other, but that any considerable sweep of rural ballots will upset the outlook in political headquarters seems unlikely—except where local conditions affect isolated candidates.

The rural vote is ready for leadership in united action. Potentially it can change the political complexion of Congress from the farm states, elect legislatures and executives—provided it is acting under leadership. Should the present attitude of the farm country persist for another two years, should the producer continue to feel himself aggrieved and should he find a concrete issue, we shall probably see an altogether different situation in 1924. That there can be a farmer-labor party appears altogether unlikely; the interests of the two elements are separate—the farmer wants to sell high and buy low, the laborer wants high wages for manufacturing or transporting commodities and wants to buy the farmer's products cheaply. The farmer if he is to act politically must act alone. He may find the agricultural bloc the nucleus for his movement should he decide so to organize. But it will require time, and a real issue that appeals to his pocket-book without endangering what investment he already possesses. The present campaign presents few indications of possible united action on the part of the farmers. If, however, the rural depression continues, the next election may witness some very striking developments which will upset many political calculations.

Political Leaders

By Fabian Franklin

"THERE are popular expressions," says G. K. Chesterton in the opening chapter of his brilliant study of Charles Dickens, "which every one uses and no one can explain; which the wise man will accept and reverence, as he reverences desire or darkness or any elemental thing. The prigs of the debating club will demand that he should define his terms. And being a wise man he will flatly refuse." It is the term "great man" that Mr. Chesterton has in mind, and he goes on to say:

In everyday talk, or in any of our journals, we may find the loose but important phrase, "Why have we no great men today? Why have we no great men like Thackeray, or Carlyle, or Dickens?" Do not let us dismiss this expression because it appears loose or arbitrary. "Great" does mean something, and the test of its actuality is to be found by noting how instinctively and decisively we do apply it to some men and not to others; above all, how we apply it to four or five men in the Victorian era, four or five men of whom Dickens was not the least.

The term "leader" is by no means so loose or so arbitrary as the term "great man;" yet the task of devising a satisfactory definition of it would be not at all an easy one. Of course I am speaking of really great leaders, of men who are not merely in the position of formally recognized leadership, but who exercise the kind of influence on their generation which gives to the term "leader" an impressive significance. Understand-

ing the term in that broad sense, it will be found, I believe, by any one who essays the task, that the qualities or achievements which mark a public man as unmistakably a leader are almost as elusive, or at all events almost as varied and even contradictory, as are those which distinguish the "great man"; and he will be almost tempted to fall back on Chesterton's simple test—our instinctive and decisive recognition of leadership when we see it embodied in a given individual.

At the present time in our own country—and to a very great, though not an equal, extent in the chief countries of Europe—there is general lament over the almost complete absence of great leaders, whether in or out of office. With Roosevelt dead and Wilson on the shelf, there is not to be seen, anywhere in either party or outside of the two parties, the figure of a powerful leader in our public life. This is not to say that there is a total absence of great abilities in the country, or even of great and recognized abilities. In the Cabinet itself, we have at least two figures of the first importance each in his way; Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover are personalities certainly of leadership size—to paraphrase the current expression referring to aspirants for the Presidency. Mr. Hughes has more than made good the high expectations that were entertained of him when he was selected for his present

post; and if this cannot perhaps as yet be said of Mr. Hoover, his previous record of unique and momentous achievement fully suffices to warrant his rank as a big man. But, after all, leadership is leadership; and the distinctive marks of leadership are not to be seen in active form in any of the men foremost in public station at this time. What the next two years may bring forth is another question; Mr. Hughes or Governor Miller, for instance, may come forward into genuine national leadership. And among the younger men in public life, and those who at this critical time are turning their attention to public affairs, there is more than one of whom hopes of leadership may justly be entertained.

It would be an interesting exercise, for some one more skilled in such discussion than I can pretend to be, to take up, in turn, the names of all the conspicuous leaders of the past fifty years, say, and seriously to analyze the nature of the qualities or achievements to which they owe their possession of that title. Take such a case as that of Thomas B. Reed, who made the Speakership of the House for a considerable period the storm centre of our politics. It would be rather difficult to say in what specific action—except for his triumphant boldness in establishing the Speaker's supremacy in the House—he was different from half a dozen other notable Republicans of his time. Yet there was no mistaking the fact that he was a leader, nor can there be much doubt that, had he been nominated and elected to the Presidency instead of McKinley, he would have become one of the big outstanding figures of our history. In his case, it was the large personality which (apart from his brilliant wit) marked his eminence; so that when, at a critical period in the nation's affairs, he suddenly retired from politics, everybody felt that a big void had been created in our public life.

On the other hand, in the case of Grover Cleveland, we had, in addition to a powerful personality and rugged integrity of character, an inflexible devotion to fundamental convictions. Cleveland's intellect was not extraordinary, except in point of clearness; the honesty of his nature in questions of public morality was matched by the honesty of his mind in dealing with any question that he discussed. But in his case the leadership in specific matters was even more manifest than that somewhat intangible leadership which goes with the recognition of personality and character. To name but one out of several almost equally remarkable instances, his stand in preserving the soundness of our currency was an instance of leadership such as it would be difficult to match in the history of representative government; with his own party thoroughly unsound, and the opposite party half unsound—by the way, Senator Lodge, the "scholar in politics," was one of the worst of the Republicans—he held the fort year after year until finally the sentiment of the country rallied to the standard which he had so staunchly preserved from destruction. Cleveland was a great leader, beyond all peradventure; and his name is still an inspiration to those who cherish the best ideals of American government.

These are but random remarks; I say a word about one or another notable name as it occurs to me; and somehow that of Gladstone presents itself naturally at this juncture. Not because he was like Cleveland, to be sure, but because he was unlike him; and of course I

do not mean to imply that the career of Cleveland looms anything like as big in history as that of Gladstone. But the point is, that while it is extremely easy to say what Cleveland's leadership consisted in—for it is as plain as a pikestaff and as simple as the alphabet—it is very difficult to say just what Gladstone's leadership consisted in. But the fact of Gladstone's leadership is incomparably more manifest and indisputable than that of a man like Cleveland. Half the British people, through something like two generations, idolized Gladstone and were ready to follow wherever he led; of which if any proof were necessary, nothing could be more impressive than what happened when the dramatic break occurred in that long-standing and profound loyalty. When Gladstone's Irish Home Rule policy caused the great split in the Liberal party, the secession of the Liberal Unionists, the grief of his followers, above all of his devoted friend John Bright, was such as belongs rather to the realm of high tragedy than that of political affairs. If we want to know what leadership can mean, and the difference between it and that pale semblance of leadership which we all recognize as *not* being the real thing, one can do no better than ponder the story of the Liberal Unionist secession from Mr. Gladstone's Liberal party.

If one were to ask whether Mr. Gladstone, when in his old age he determined on this great step, was in that very act playing the part of a great leader, one would find abundant material for discussion. Had it not been for the opposition of the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone's plan would have been put through many years ago—many years before the Great War; and what that might have meant to the tranquillity of Ireland, of the British Empire, and of the world, it is somewhat awful now to contemplate. Of course a statesman is under bonds to consider not only what is right or desirable, and what *may* be accomplished, but what is *likely* to be accomplished; yet even from that standpoint it would be rash in the extreme to assert that Mr. Gladstone was wrong. The thing he sought, as it turned out, was not attainable; but it by no means follows that he had not reasonable grounds for believing that it *was* attainable. Moreover, his whole career furnishes an extremely strong presumption that he did have good reasons for so believing.

The great charge made against Gladstone by that half of England which hated and despised him as ardently as the other half adored him was that he was insincere, ready to change his opinions whenever he found it to his advantage to do so. He was profoundly effective in presenting the reasons for his position, however different it might be from that which at a previous time he had maintained; but this, so far from being impressive to his enemies, gave occasion for the taunt that Mr. Gladstone had a wonderful talent for improvising life-long convictions. But the fact is that there was no resemblance between Mr. Gladstone's changes of position and those which characterize the ordinary opportunist politician—those, for example, which Mr. Lloyd George has exhibited with such baffling frequency during these last few years. Mr. Gladstone began his political career as the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and ended it as the great leader of British Liberalism; but the course by which he passed from the one position to the other in his three-score years of public life was like the massive and ma-

jestic movement of a glacier, not the capricious bounding of a mountain brook. He may not always have been right, but there is no reason to doubt that he was always sincere. He may not have led his people in the sense of marking out new goals before others discerned them; but he did lead them in the sense of giving strength and direction to their movements when the rightness of the goal had become clear to his mind. To him can be applied, as to hardly another of the great

line of England's political leaders, the characterization in Tennyson's superb dedication "To the Queen":

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet,

By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

New York City in Fact and Fable

By Chester T. Crowell

IN speaking of the various subdivisions of our great and glorious nation certain bromidic remarks are always in place. Time and usage have sanctified them. For instance, all Virginians are supposed to be chivalric Southern gentlemen—all Texans are supposed to be cowboys or to know a great deal about cattle, etc., etc. As a matter of fact, the chances are at least three to one that a Texan knows cotton and not cattle, while the Virginian may possibly be "pore white trash." As for any nation or part of a nation producing only pirates or poets, sailors or tenors, one has but to think a moment to realize the stupidity of such traditions.

New York City is a cold-blooded, dollar-chasing, wicked, rushing maelstrom of humanity. Everyone agrees to the fable. Never having heard anything to the contrary, I assumed it was true. And now at the close of two years in New York City I have the material for a few remarks.

One of the first things I did on arriving in New York City was to mount a Fifth Avenue 'bus. The conductor informed me in a very courteous manner what the fare was and how to insert the dime in that funny little register he carries. Some fifteen minutes later it occurred to the conductor that I was a stranger, and he climbed back to the top of the 'bus to ask me where I was going, to which I replied that it made no difference to me. He then gave me a transfer and detailed directions about taking the next 'bus to go as far north as the line ran. There seemed to me nothing very brutally discourteous about his behavior. Somewhere along about 180th Street, I left the 'bus and entered the subway, returning to the White Light section. As I recall it now, I got lost both in Grand Central and Times Square stations. I used to specialize on getting lost in Times Square. It was one of my favorite indoor sports. I could enter the subway station at Times Square, turn around three times and, on a bet, I couldn't exit by the stairway I had just descended. To this day I never have the remotest idea where I am going to come out when I leave the subway station at Times Square. As I said, I got lost. I hadn't discovered the green and black lines. I just stood there looking lost. About three out of every five persons who came along stopped to give me directions. Not for me alone, but for everyone. They still do. You can see it happen any afternoon as the crowds go rushing through. You will see some young fellow take hold of someone else's arm and start him in the right direction; you will see index fingers pointed up at the green or the black lines, and you know that the person behind that finger is explain-

ing to some stranger how to find his way by following the line.

There is a tradition out in "the provinces" that New York City crowds will run over anyone who is slow. It isn't true. New York City crowds do not move any faster than crowds in Los Angeles or Dallas or Jacksonville or Indianapolis. They like to think they do, but the fact is that crowds in American cities are remarkably alike. Their dominant characteristic is their good nature and patience. Scores of times I have seen a woman accompanied by small children coming out of the subway during the rush hours and I have seen men pick up the children and carry them up the steps. It is a sort of tradition of this big, heartless city of cannibals that whoever is nearest a child on the subway steps will carry the child up. They push and jam and elbow their way through every day, but rarely does anyone get hurt. If you are the sort of person who walks rapidly, judged by Kansas City standards, you may expect to be annoyed by the slowness of New York crowds, just as you were at home.

I was discussing, recently, my impressions of the busy throng in New York with a woman from the Middle West. We were at the Hippodrome. She was warmly defending the traditional bromide that New York City is populated principally by cannibals, while I was maintaining that people are a great deal alike all over this country. We walked to the water-cooler and I was reaching in my pocket for the necessary pennies to get paper cups. I had none. The man ahead of me observed this. He dropped two pennies into the slot and presented us with cups. As we stood there drinking our water I observed that quite a number of the persons who came to drink had no pennies and that invariably someone else provided the extra penny so that no one failed to get a drink. I waited patiently for my friend to observe this. After we had walked away I called her attention to it, and she confessed that she had not noticed it at all. Her only observation was that having to stand in line to approach the drinking water was annoying. So it is, indeed. But when one considers for a moment that the people in line will almost certainly never see one another again, that they are from different parts of the country, or even from different nations, that none of the ordinary neighborly interest of a small community exists, it is inspiring to see how ready and pleased they are to do little acts of kindness, such as providing one another with pennies.

People from small towns know perfectly well that certain acts of courtesy and politeness are a business

asset. In fact, they are indispensable. If the community is small enough, in the course of time you are certain to know what people think about even the ice-man and newsboy, as well as the pastors and prominent citizens. This information will be thrust upon you. And so there are certain persons in these smaller places who perform various neighborly acts for the same reason that a department store buys advertising space in the newspapers. But in New York City it is not so. Very few persons know you. There is not the remotest business reason for courtesy during the greater part of the twenty-four hours of each day. You can be just as boorish as your inclination suggests. There is only about one chance in six million that any person whose presence would humiliate you will observe your boorishness. Taking all this into consideration, it seems to me a tremendous tribute to human nature that there is so much of courtesy in a place like New York City.

I recall with great pleasure what I consider the most typical example I know of New York City courtesy. Two girls, possibly sixteen or seventeen years old, were standing close to the ticket window in the Wall Street subway station. They had lost their money; they were frightened and at the same time amused—and they were searching their gloves and vanity boxes and coat pockets for the second time. A tall man of prosperous appearance, with rather a cold face and icy blue eyes, overheard their conversation. He did not even glance at them. He purchased three tickets, pushed the girls through the gate ahead of him and dropped the necessary tickets into the box. That was all there was to it. My guess is that he didn't want them to thank him because it would have embarrassed him a trifle. New York City is that way. If a thing has to be done somebody will do it. I don't think the man felt the least bit gallant. If he had said anything it would probably have been, "Blundering young fools! Big enough to have better sense. New York's no place to lose their tickets."

New York is painfully sensitive on the subject of posing. New York will go to war but shudders at the thought of being lionized as a hero. New York will give millions to feed the hungry, and take care of the sick and shelter the orphan, but nearly collapses at the thought of being praised for Christian charity. New York is a beggar's paradise. I think the reason is that so many of us came here scared half out of our wits and we have never got entirely over it—the thought of anyone hungry and lost and out of a job or perhaps sick in New York seems much more terrible than the same fate anywhere else. There is a tradition out in "the provinces" that interest in the neighbors doesn't exist anywhere else. They think people starve to death across the hall from plenty in New York. It is my experience in New York apartment houses that one never knows very much about the people across the hall, but if anyone is in trouble the inherent gregarious instinct of the human race asserts itself at once. People do help each other in New York simply because they are neighbors, but they do not feel called upon to associate with each other simply on the ground they happen to be neighbors.

There is a certain table d'hôte restaurant where I dine frequently and am expected to join a certain group at a certain table. To see us sitting there at dinner a stranger would think we had been intimate friends for

many years. The fact is that I know very little about any of those persons except that they are obviously educated, have traveled, talk well, and we are always delighted to see one another. In New York you are supposed to have sense enough to judge people and repose faith in your judgment. If you cannot do that you are a flathead. And I might add that if you cannot trust your own judgment of people you are in for some awful awakenings, no matter where you reside. At such tables as this, intimate friendships often develop. But one does not ask personal questions until one knows that the other person will be pleased to answer. If you do not belong in that restaurant the fact will be apparent at once and you will be frozen out by the sort of courtesy that has icicles on it.

But somewhere among the six millions of New York your crowd is waiting for you. Somewhere there is a group that would check you up immediately if you made a mistake in the geography of your home country, no matter whether it is in Idaho or in Labrador. No matter how stupid you may be there is a crowd somewhere in New York that carries just as many cubic inches of ivory to the cranium as you do. And no matter how great a specialist or artist you may be, your crowd is waiting to hear you, a jury of your peers. But if you wander into the wrong pew someone is going to turn the calm and fishy eye upon you. If you are a sensitive soul you may begin at once to yearn for the friendly greetings of the man who drives the mail hack back home. But find your crowd and you can win a position in one week that you might spend years failing to establish elsewhere. You can borrow money, get a recommendation, or a chance to show your wares almost at once. But don't try to bluff. For instance, if you have never been to China don't try to make anyone in New York think you have. The chances are that the man across the table from you used to live there. If you know a lot about steam-engines say so, but for your own sake don't bluff. It will probably develop that you are talking to the man who invented steam. Just to show you how much chance there is to impose upon New York with a little dramatizing of yourself, I might remark that within three blocks of my office are the American branches of the banks of nearly all the nations of the earth; and scattered in among them are the offices of nearly all the steamship lines touching American ports. There is somebody from almost everywhere right around the corner from me.

If you wander in from the Yukon there is certain to be someone who knows your story is true because he has been there. He will be delighted to talk it over with you—and pay the dinner check if you lack funds. That's New York.

It amuses me to observe how readily New Yorkers admit that their city is a wicked, wicked place with many pitfalls for women. Not long ago I heard a New Yorker aged fifty telling a woman aged twenty-four that in this terrible place men often drive up to the curb in their automobiles and follow pretty girls, inviting them to take a ride.

"Don't you get in," he advised in solemn tones.

"I never will," the young woman replied, with a twinkle in her eye. "Mamma warned me against that danger back in Sioux City one morning while she was tying my new red hair ribbons. It's old stuff there."

New Books and Old

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER

H. PAGE, by Burton J. Hendrick. Two vols. Doubleday.

THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Brander Matthews. Scribner.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS, by Christopher Morley. Doubleday.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS, by Alexander Woolcott. Century.

FRIGHTFUL PLAYS, by Charles S. Brooks. Harcourt.

YANKEE NOTIONS, by George S. Bryan. Yale University Press.

THERE is little chance that any book on public affairs more important and more interesting than "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (Doubleday, Page) will be published this year, or for many a month to come. Mr. Burton Hendrick has done his work admirably—as a modest compiler and biographer he writes the opening chapters upon Page's early life, fills in the spaces between the letters after the diplomatic period begins, and lets his subject tell his own story.

The charm of this story is that it is downright and forthright; the most vigorous and racy expressions upon men and policies that could have come from any American, with the single exception of the ex-President whose death followed that of Page by only a week or two. The book is wholesome to read today. To all who have had their convictions about England shaken by Irish, German, or other forms of special pleading; to all who have acquiesced in the notion that our Government had any real policy other than drifting, between August, 1914, and April, 1917; to all who look with favor upon the fatuities of the pacifists: this book is a stimulant and a bracer.

The man that Page was, flowered in the three or four years of his ambassadorship. His countrymen will do well to honor him, for his was the directness and vigor beloved of Washington, the keen common sense and humor which we associate with Lincoln. He did not become "really an Englishman," as President Wilson petulantly exclaimed; he remained a shrewd and witty observer of the English, but he knew how to esteem the courage, self-sacrifice, and dogged determination to win the battle for the right, which he saw all around him in England from 1914 onwards. He saw the absurdity of ceremony, and also the value of it; like Franklin, he could stand before kings without losing either his dignity or his good manners. He served his country well and made the folk love him in the land where he served.

There are some caustic pictures in these letters. We see Colonel House pussy-footing to and fro, consoling himself and Mr. Wilson with the thought that "the more terrible the war becomes the greater credit it will be that you saw the trend of events long before," etc.—the true Wilsonian, who looked upon the whole war as something designed by the Creator to illuminate the grandeur of soul of the President. And there are some vigorous remarks upon Mr. Bryan—blandly hoping for peace—any kind of peace—and assisting German-Americans to get their dubious and worse than dubious correspondence through to the Fatherland. We can imagine what this book would have been if it had been possible to publish all of Page's letters. One passage must be mentioned. It concerns his homesickness for America, and his longing for American fruit and vegetables. He wrote in 1918 to one of his sons, at a time when his health was failing: "Darned if I don't have to confront Cabbage every day. I haven't yet surrendered, and I never shall unless the Germans get us. Cabbage and Germans belong together; God made 'em both the same stinking day."

As these letters, or most of them, have been published in *The World's Work*, it is widely known that Page, lifelong friend and admirer as he was of Mr. Wilson, a Democrat, and an appointee of the President, came to differ sharply with his chief on the neutrality policy, and on the policy of heckling England and going soft with Germany. And it is to Mr. Wilson's credit that he kept Page in office. His final and crushing condemnation was penned in April, 1917, and ends: "He has not breathed a spirit into the people; he has encouraged them to supineness. He is *not* a leader, but rather a stubborn phrasemaker." But more damning than this, in my opinion, is Page's description of Washington politics as he saw them in the summer of 1916. He lunched with the egregious Cabinet; cheap chaff, and no talk of the war; no questioning of either Ambassador Sharp from France or of Page from London. "Sharp and I might have come from Bungtown and Jonesville and not from France and England." A lady, a member of the President's household, tells another lady that she had expressed to Mr. Sharp her admiration of the French, and then asks in fright: "Was that a violation of neutrality?" The whole Government circle was sickening in a fetid atmosphere of "neutrality." "I can see it in no other way but this," writes Page; "the President suppressed free thought and free speech when he insisted upon personal neutrality. . . . On this easy cushion of non-responsibility the great masses fell back at their intellectual and moral ease—softened, isolated, lulled. That wasn't leadership in a democracy."

James Huneker followed strange gods all his life, experimented with all that was new, or pretended to be new,

in art, literature, and music. In the end he wrote: "I'm dead sick of the decadents, dead sick of the entire crew of 'modernity' yowlers. The good I shall always stick up for, but my early idols—how many of them?—have fallen into the void, and will vanish in the embraces of the mother of dead dogs." And later: "All these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. . . . There is a norm and these young chaps may fume and sputter, but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk."

Without going so far afield among the modernity yowlers, or wandering around so many Robin Hood's barns, Brander Matthews achieves the same wisdom, with half the trouble. In "The Tocsin of Revolt" (Scribner) he writes: "Sooner or later the young men of promise will furl the red flag. They will refuse fellowship with the fakers. They will tire of facile eccentricity and of lazy freakishness, of unprofitable sensationalism and of undisciplined individualism. They will again seek the aid of tradition, and they will toil to master the secrets of technique. They will recognize the validity of Theodore Roosevelt's shrewd saying: 'Second rate work is always second rate—even if it is badly done.'"

His publishers are justified in saying that Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins" (Doubleday) is different from his other writings. True it is that the authorship might be guessed, even if the story had been published by the Methodist Book Concern, and under the pseudonym of Solon Duryea. There is Mr. Morley's curious attachment for the department store—a place which he seems to regard with reverence—and his fondness for describing a breakfast (of "porridge, scrambled eggs, grilled kidneys and bacon, coffee, toast, and marmalade") which almost makes men who lament the brave days when they were twenty-one and slender, wish that he wouldn't do it quite so much. But aside from these features, and aside from his general philosophy of life, from which no author ever escapes, his book is a departure—successful and novel. The characters are all dogs, or men disguised as dogs, as the characters in "The Wind in the Willows" are other animals. At first, the reason for this machinery may seem hardly clear, but it becomes apparent as the allegory progresses. And, I think, it wholly justifies itself. In workmanship the author has never done better; there are passages of pure beauty; prose so exquisitely fashioned that I cannot think of any one who could improve upon them. The satire is excellent, and when it turns into pure fun, as in the scene in the chapel, these pages make you hurry to read them aloud to some one else.

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Of Dr. Franklin's little book on "The Cost of Living," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., in 1915, Dr. E. R. A. Seligman, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University, and one of the foremost of American economists, said:

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Book Reviews

The Backward Trail

THE COVERED WAGON. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD. By Irving Bacheller. Chicago: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

ANDIVIUS HEDULIO. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

IN "The Covered Wagon," Mr. Hough has built a more than passable romance of the Oregon trail. He has made use of familiar situations and properties, and more than once he has gone pretty far in expedients which the stern voice of criticism condemns as claptrap. But critical sternness is wasted upon work of this kind, which in the nature of it calls for concessions and assumptions. Romance is for the coming-on mood. The fair Molly Wingate of this tale adores her Will Banion—and takes the first rascal's word against him. Unless she does both, there is no love-story to be told. Unless we pretend that it is natural for her to do both, we had better leave her case alone. Romantic figures also, to be accepted or rejected with a gulp, are Bill Jackson the scout and Jim Bridger the trader (and the latter's two squaws, Blast Yore Wife and Dang Yore Eyes). The more stable figure of Kit Carson appears now and then upon the shifting scene.

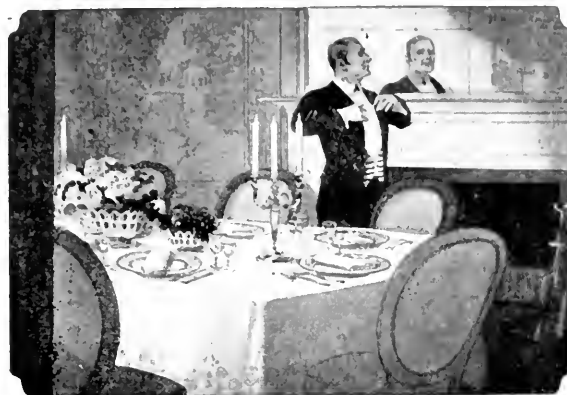
Mr. Hough's main object isn't the love-story or the comic relief, but the romance of the trail itself. Earnestly if a little heavy-handedly he traces the laborious journey of the pioneers: "Midsummer in the desert. The road now, but for the shifting of the sands, would have been marked by the bodies of dead cattle, in death scarcely more bone and parchment than for days they had been while alive. The horned toad, the cactus, the rattlesnake long since had replaced the prairie dogs of the grassy floor of the eastern plains. A scourge of great black crickets appeared, crackling loathsomely under the wheels. Sagebrush and sand took the place of trees and grass as they left the river valley. . . ." The book compares favorably with earlier attempts to embody the pioneer adventure in fiction. But it is not a masterpiece. The materials of which it is compounded never cease to be materials to the eye, nor is the machinery ever successfully hidden behind the fabric. In short, as with so much other fiction of the kind, its merit depends not so much upon the narrative as a whole, as upon the detailed descriptions of scene, type, and episode which is the sound fruit of the author's imaginative researches.

As his studies in the past go on, Mr. Bacheller is increasingly successful in fusing his romantic and historical materials. The ancient recipe is employed in his latest story, "In the Days of Poor Richard," but so adeptly that we readily give ourselves, for the moment, to its illusion. And indeed the element

of "heart interest" or boy-and-girl romance, is much above the conventional level: "Much of the color of the love-tale of Jack and Margaret," says the Foreword, "is derived from old letters, diaries, and newspaper clippings in the possession of a well-known American family." Jack Irons is son of a prosperous farmer in Tryon County, New York. The time is 1768, and the Hurons are on the war-path. Jack and an old scout, Solomon Binkus, rescue the wife and daughter of a British colonel, who have been captured by the Indians. The daughter is Margaret, a dainty London product, who at once falls half in love with the hardy lad of the frontier. The rough places in their path of true love are many, and visible from the first. The boy is an ardent American, the Revolution is at hand, and Margaret's parents are of necessity on the other side. Colonel Hare is a generous and kindly man, but he is an officer of the King. The romantic story has to do with the tribulations of the young lovers in war-time, and, of course, with their eventual coming together.

The old scout, Solomon Binkus, is something more than a purveyor of comic relief—a near kinsman of Natty Bumppo of immortal memory, and a backwoods philosopher of no small attainment in his own right. "Cat's blood and gunpowder!" swears Solomon, for our amusement; but he is the friend of Franklin and the trusted envoy of Washington; as well as a sort of chin-whiskered Cupid in the Jack and Margaret affair. That affair is skilfully interwoven or blended with the larger story of the revolutionary adventure. Great figures of the time step upon this scene, Washington and King George, Arnold and Andre, John Adams and Franklin. The central figure is not Washington but Franklin; an easier figure to detach from myth and to project upon the screen. Indeed, with Franklin, the process is not so much to explain as to revivify. The Father of his Country we do not wish to realize too humanly: better the cloudy glamour of the godlike than any sharp-outlined summary of "the real Washington." But Poor Richard was and is loved for his reality. Mr. Bacheller serves us here by pulling together and intensifying our genial impressions of the great provincial who was also a great man of the world.

"Andivius Hedulio" is Mr. White's third full-length historical romance. I was among the earliest and most enthusiastic greeters of the Paraguayan tale, "El Supremo," welcome among books of its general kind not only because of the freshness of its material and setting, but because of an unmistakable gusto in the telling. It was extremely long, packed with detail, often verbose and sometimes fairly garrulous. But it was the "real stuff," a story we liked because the storyteller himself first liked it so much. It was based on an amazing "saturation" in the historic facts, the racial atmosphere and customs, of certain next-door neighbors of ours whom we



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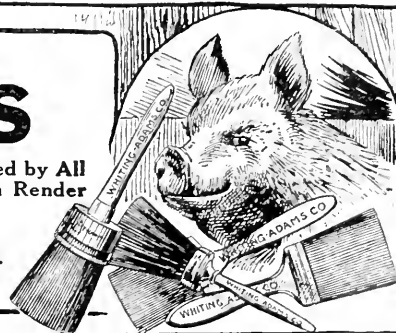
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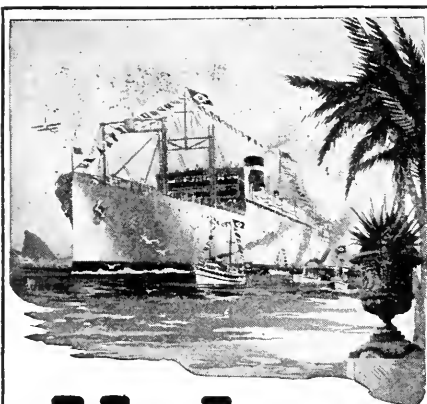
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now, under his guidance, perceived for the first time. His scene was a living scene to him, his people were of our own humankind, his action moved freely of itself despite the bulk of the impedimenta with which the author's ingenuity seemed to burden it down.

His second novel, "The Unwilling Vestal," was a different kind of performance. I for one wanted and expected to enjoy it thoroughly, but after a few chapters became a little restive, and finished the story merely because it was by the author of "El Supremo," and I meant to see it through. There was no doubt here, either, about the preliminary saturation of the writer in his details of his scene and period. Its pages sparkle and teem with intimate data about everyday life in Rome under the Cæsars. But historical comedy is an even riskier thing than historical romance. When Mr. White makes his Cæsar talk like a tired business man and his vestal talk like a flapper, we have an uneasy suspicion that these are simply a flapper and a t.b.m. in costume, and that all the Roman business is decorative. It is too clever and jaunty, it lacks the poise and dignity of high comedy, as of high romance. . . . All this, the reader may say, is equally chargeable against certain historical recreations of G.B.S.; to which we cheerfully assent.

"Andivius Hedulio" stands upon firmer ground. It is romance, not comedy, and chiefly deals with a male world in which the author is at home. It is very long, almost as long as "El Supremo." This in itself is nothing against it. Nobody has ever proved, from the day of Scheherazade to the day of William De Morgan, that you can have too much of a good thing in the way of story-telling. But I own that, readable as a whole, "Andivius Hedulio" would be the more readable to my eye for a good deal of condensing and some cutting. At times the narrative is nearly smothered in data; and at times nearly drowned in a stream of sheer garrulous repetition. But the fatal moment never comes.

Andivius Hedulio is a Roman of equestrian rank, young, handsome, rich, and in high imperial favor. The action begins in the fourth year of Commodus. Commodus is the big historical figure in the tale. Hedulio, who tells the story, devotes a great part of his narrative, first and last, to the celebration of the emperor's marvelous powers as an athlete—charioteer, slayer of beasts, or gladiator, as the mood takes him. And in connection with this, of course, we are instructed in a vast deal of lore concerning the private life and public festivals of Rome in the second century. Hedulio is owner of a great estate in the Sabine country. A feud divides the country-side, but our young Roman has kept clear of partisanship. The opening chapters show him in his glory as a great landowner and a gracious host. To crown his happy prospect, he is the favored wooer of the richest and most beautiful of young Roman widows. Then comes a tiny slip of fortune which be-

gins the avalanche. He falls under suspicion of the imperial spies, as a potential traitor. Suspicion is enough to doom him. The edict goes forth. Flight and concealment are the only possible means of salvation. In company with Agathemer, his favorite slave and foster-brother, Hedulio becomes a fugitive and an outcast—a galley-slave, an attendant in the Coliseum, the supposedly Oriental secretary of a rich Roman. These changes of disguise and shifts of fortune bring him in contact with all classes and conditions of the Roman world, and give occasion for the detailed description of a vast number of scenes and aspects of Roman life. The author's personal gusto is felt in these descriptions—which sum up a little, I am inclined to feel, at the expense of the action proper. However, there is a clear and unbroken, if at times obscured, thread of action running through these many and richly-laden pages. The book is to be read as a veritable story of "adventure in the days of the Empire." It is unique among stories of antiquity in the Christian era, in that it does not end in a conversion or a martyrdom. Christian figures appear in their places, but Hedulio himself remains a cheerful pagan; and the last sentence of the narrative reads: "Of course, in my city mansion, as also at Villa Andivia, I have had constructed and consecrated a handsome private chapel to Mercury." On the whole, though here as in "The Unwilling Vestal," the rendering of ancient speech into modern vernacular is a perilous enterprise, the edge of absurdity is successfully skirted. It is refreshing to read a story of the past in which the author has not felt it necessary to pull a long jaw, as in the presence of the dead. If he chortles overmuch now and then, it is an amiable peccadillo for which we do not think the worse of an admirable entertainer.

H. W. BOYNTON

Bostonia and Bohemia

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

VARIATIONS. By James Gibbons. Hunker. New York: Scribners.

"WHEN we get back," William James wrote to an old friend in 1900, "we must see each other daily, and may the days of both of us be right long in the State of Massachusetts! Bless her!" It was an amiable confirmation of Holmes's comment forty years earlier: "Boston State-house is the Hub of the Solar System. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

In the place called Boston today there are very few genuine Bostonians. Most of those who consider themselves such are like Aldrich, but not as candid as he was when he confessed that he wasn't really Boston—only Boston-plated. The real Frogpondian must trace back—like Emerson's Concord roster—Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Merriam, Flint—unchallenged to the seventeenth century. That is why

William James was almost presumptuous in speaking so fervently of Beacon Hill and its dependencies; and why Henry Adams could be considered hardly more than an adopted son before he became a prodigal. ("My deah! Before John Adams, who ever heard of the family? And as for his social position! Well, really—"). There are, however, some few scions of the Mayflower who really belong to the place, and whose actions truly smack of the soil.

One is baffled to say just what is the root difference between Boston and Philadelphia. The clever bromides about the surviving traditions and all that are interchangeable. Yet, somehow, the Boston tradition seems to have been mainly centripetal, while Philadelphia seems to have tossed off more coruscations to the outer world. At any rate, against the many Bostonians of stable single-mindedness Philadelphia offered as many examples of facile versatility. This is what John Adams himself recognized when he wrote back from the Continental Congress to Mistress Abigail (whose mother was a Quincy!): "I met Mr. Francis Hopkinson. . . . He is one of your pretty little, curious, ingenious men. . . . I wish I had leisure and tranquillity of mind to amuse myself with those elegant and ingenious arts of painting, sculpture, statuary, architecture and music. But I have not." And it is this same contrast that nearly a hundred and fifty years later is suggested by the posthumous volumes of Thomas Wentworth Higginson and James Gibbons Huneker.

Mr. Higginson was born in Boston in 1823, played with little James Lowell, went to Harvard, preached himself out of orthodoxy, joined the anti-slavery forces, backed John Brown, headed a negro regiment in the Civil War, and had a hand in the early numbers of the *Atlantic*. He wrote books on American history and literature, on "Common Sense About Women," on "Old Cambridge" and "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries" and "Carlyle's Laugh," and did lives of Whittier and Longfellow and Margaret Fuller. He knew Arnold and the Brownings and Fitzgerald and Sainte-Beuve and Stepniak. He read dispassionately. He edited the poems of Emily Dickinson and ignored Whitman. He lived broadly a life of affairs, but he was a local man, in the best sense a hearty provincial, a fit representative of Bostonia.

Mr. Huneker was born in Philadelphia in 1860, his grandfather an Irish poet, his father a musician. He passed by way of a military and a law school to ten years as student and teacher of piano. He enjoyed much residence and frequent travel abroad, though for his last thirty years until his death in 1921 he was a New York journalist, writing on music, the drama, and painting. One of his favorite phrases became the title of *The Seven Arts Magazine*. He wrote on Chopin and Liszt, on the modern European dramatists in "Iconoclasts" and the painters in "Promenades of an Impressionist"; on New



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York in "The New Cosmopolis"; on whatever he chose to in "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" and "Unicorns" and "Bedouins"; and on himself in "Steeplejack" (two volumes). He knew George Moore and Joseph Conrad and Antonin Dvorak and Bernard Shaw and Caruso. He read omnivorously, and everything he wrote was a palimpsest on which the traces of his reading were apparent. He delighted in Flaubert and Verlaine, and had recovered bravely from Whittier. He was a cosmopolitan of the sidewalks, and to the end of his life a boyishly naughty Bohemian.

Mr. Higginson in his declining years published "Part of a Man's Life," and Mr. Huneker gave out his autobiography just before his sudden death. Now appear Higginson's "Letters and Journals" culled from all along his life, and Huneker's last journalistic articles—"Variants." We could easily dispense with the autobiographies.

It would hardly be fair to judge Colonel Higginson by what he issued at eighty-two. In addition to local reminiscences (the gist of which is in earlier volumes), he wrote on children's sayings, on butterflies in poetry (the real winged things, not ephemeral poets), on little read books (praising a man who had read Gibbon four times), and on the close of the Victorian epoch. Only one chapter out of the fourteen seems to have been written because he really wanted to say something: "The Cowardice of Culture," which decries the cheap pessimism of the perennial calamity-wailer. In the rest of the book he figures as the venerable talker whose distinction obliges his listeners to conceal incipient yawns.

Mr. Huneker's much heralded "Steeplejack" is no better in its way, and it would be less than charitable to judge him by it. Thirty years in the opera house, the theatre, the concert hall, and the art galleries, with thirty years of intimate conversation and professional interviewing and cormorant reading and eating and drinking, might have marshalled for us a rather splendid pageant of the arts. Instead, we are taken into the side streets, and get little except a vague impression from out of the beery, shrill-voiced confusion—Dvorak with his nineteenth cocktail, de Pachmann fiercely demanding his cognac, Agnani drunk, and big nights when the celebrants were brought home in the cold, gray dawn, under the pilotage of benevolent cabbies. We are dining with a gourmand rather than with an epicure.

The two posthumous volume are more substantial. From Colonel Higginson's Journals we get a view of a stalwart optimist in the midst of a substantial community. At twenty-five he was challenging the leaders of his denomination in open convention. "I told them that the one thing that interested us (younger men) in them was the capacity we saw in them of being better than they were." Soon he was on cordial terms with Professor Crosby. "He has a taste for heretics, and comes to see me constantly." At thirty-eight, according to his own account, he was a tol-

erantly amused pariah in Cambridge. He was an eclectic liberal, very conscious of the difference between himself and the miscellaneous "come-outers" who cheered for everything new on general principles. At forty-three he alluded to an Englishwoman as "very radical" because she wished women to vote and be physicians, and a year or two later he described Albert Dicey and James Bryce in the same terms. Another young man to whom he gives more space was later to share diplomatic honors with Mr. Bryce. Here is a description of a military picnic which was "got up" for a young Mr. Hay, President Lincoln's private secretary, "a nice young fellow, who unfortunately looks about seventeen, and is oppressed with the necessity of behaving like seventy. . . . About four came the band, the officers, the young ladies, General Saxton without his livelier half, Mr. Hay laboring not to appear newmown."

Higginson's humor was always pleasantly unforced, as when he wrote of Philadelphia that he had been to the opera and then home with "the Petersons, who have \$100,000 a year from *Peterson's Magazine*, and horrify the ancient Philadelphia families by the good taste with which they spend their money."

Mr. Higginson's breeding was far more distinguished than his culture—or "cultivation," as he preferred to call it. In ethics as in etiquette he had the sort of impeccability that seems rather to be born of natural balance than of self-control. Of beauty he was as abstinent as Thoreau was of his material things. He liked literary men, but had no passion for books; as for the other arts, if his pages were to be the sole evidence of them, the evidence would be nil. He revealed at times a happy gift of phrase, but no style or even stylisms. He was a thoroughly Saturday Clubbish manner of man, good-humored, cheerful, self-contained, capable of a good fight though anything but pugnacious, and withal a conscious and reasoned optimist.

Mr. Huneker's "Variants," the publishers' prefatory note explains, is composed of essays written after "Bedouins," and "lacking the advantage of his personal selection and supervision." It might have been well to add that it is also composed in part of striking passages already printed in "Steeplejack"—notably four picturesque ones on Dvorak, de Pachmann, Georg Brandes, and Theodore Roosevelt. In the first-third of the book, in a baker's dozen of essaylets, Mr. Huneker makes various excursions into the fields of literature, etching, painting, and sociology. There are two papers on George Moore, two on Flaubert, two on etchings and prints, and one each on Pater, Baudelaire, and Cézanne. And then music and musicians for the remaining two-thirds—Huneker at home and in the mood for anything from Cosima Wagner to Oscar Hammerstein, from Bach to Offenbach.

It is a jolly youngster at play. The man who wrote these pages was an abounding individual who loved persons

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and personalities, and was a personality himself. He cared more for conditions than for theories; principles were of little interest to him, but the applications of principles were all-engrossing. He loved talk for its own sake, and was much given to monologue. Like that great but unrecognized modern genius, Robinson's Captain Craig, Huneker would not have been Huneker without his verbosity. His type, in fact, is never succinct. They are extravagant of time, of gesture, of words. Out of the abundance of their hearts their mouths speak all sorts of irresponsible, whimsical, and sometimes exalted extravagance.

Instead of mentioning a type, he bombards you with twenty names. Here is the third sentence in the book: "Buddha, Jesus and Moses; Arius and Aristophanes, Mohammed and Napoleon, Paul and Augustine, Luther and Calvin, Voltaire and Rousseau, Darwin and Newman, Liszt and Wagner, Kant and Schopenhauer—here are a few names of men. . . ." There's no denying it! In "Pennell Talks About Etching," the subject of one sentence is composed of twenty-six names of art critics. He once wrote of himself, anent G. B. S., "George probably thought of me as a pie-eyed youth who was all roses and raptures." Such an estimate would have had a large element of truth even when Mr. Huneker's youth had come to three-score years.

Yet this incorrigible sophomore, who in his valedictory wrote of "spiritual tapeworms," "the lascivious caterwaulings of the contemporary poets, unvarnished dampfools," "going to the theater with impunity and another fellow's girl," and so on, and so on, and so on,—this same man could write with nicest discrimination of the prose rhythms of Pater and Flaubert, and, when he chose, showed that he could do what he was talking about. For example: "The gallery is rather narrow, but long and lofty; the light is diffused and gentle. A tiny staircase leads to mysterious retreats where, Piranesi-like, may be described other galleries, though not peopled by prisoners of the fantastic Italian etcher. A familiar voice welcomes the visitor who, weary of the monotonous mobs on the avenue, finds here a haven where, surrounded by the ingratiating arts of black-and-white—mezzotint, etching, lithograph, and line-engraving—he may soothe his soul and rest his bones."

One cannot quite imagine Mr. Higginson and Mr. Huneker in the same company. The Bostonian would doubtless, after escaping with a sigh of relief, have referred to the Bohemian as "very radical." It is just as well not to speculate on what the Bohemian, escaping with murmured expletives, would have called the Bostonian. No room has yet been built that would have held them both comfortably. Yet the country was big enough for both of them, and needs both their kinds, and is the better for both of their active, communicative lives.

PERCY H. BOYNTON

TRAVEL AND RESORTS

THE Independent invites inquiries from its readers pertaining to travel for pleasure, health or business; the best hotels, large and small; the best routes to reach them, and the cost; trips by land and sea, European tours, etc. This department is under the supervision of an expert who has personally made many of the trips she recommends, and is able to speak from intimate knowledge of transportation lines, hotels, resorts, etc. Reservations will be made for you and tickets purchased if you desire.

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Dividend Notice of the American Light & Traction Co.

The Board of Directors of the above Company at a meeting held October 3, 1922, declared a CASH dividend of 1½ Per Cent. on the Preferred Stock, and CASH dividend of 1 Per Cent. on the Common Stock, and a dividend at the rate of one share of Common Stock on every One Hundred (100) shares of Common Stock outstanding, all payable November 1st, 1922.

The Transfer Books will close at 3 o'clock P. M. on October 13th, 1922, and will reopen at 10 o'clock A. M. on October 27th, 1922.

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The regular quarterly dividend of Two Dollars and twenty-five cents per share will be paid on Monday, October 16, 1922, to stockholders of record at the close of business on Wednesday, September 20, 1922.

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Socialism Still a Live Issue

SOCIALISM AND THE AVERAGE MAN. By William Howard Doughty, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BECAUSE of the disastrous failure of socialism in Russia and the factional strife which has weakened the cause in other countries, especially since the promulgation by the Third International of the notorious Twenty-one Points, many people have lost interest in socialism, regarding it as a dead issue from which they have nothing to hope or to fear. But Professor Doughty, with more insight into this notable international movement, believes that it will soon rise again, stronger than ever, and more menacing to the stability of civilization—unless the "average man" gives thought to the subject and realizes the danger.

Just who the "average man" is, the author does not clearly state, except to intimate that he belongs to the "vast majority," who are neither socialists nor conservatives, and, presumably, are potential converts to either side. Average men, it seems, are of two main classes: those who are instinctively opposed to socialism, but do not know why; and those who instinctively sympathize with its ideals, but do not realize how visionary, impracticable, and dangerous they are. The author does not appeal to established conservatives, as he does not wish to call the righteous to repentance; nor to confirmed socialists, as he has little hope of turning them from the error of their ways. So the book is a non-technical and very readable presentation of the case against socialism, which the "average man" and the "vast majority" might profitably read, if they could spare a little of the time now given to less important matters. But, as in the days of Noah, or Cassandra, the voice of the prophet of evil is as lightly regarded as the sparrow on the housetop.

As with individuals, so with society, enemies are far more active than friends. It is far easier to attack than to defend, and for this reason socialism, which is always on the offensive, has a great tactical advantage against conservatives. They must, therefore, in self-defense carry the war into Africa.

Unquestionably, Professor Doughty is quite right in saying that most socialists have been intemperate, if not unfair, in their denunciation of the present social order, and that they have carried on a two-fold and two-faced propaganda, designed to secure the support of intellectual people, on the one hand, and the lowest elements of society, on the other. To the one class, they present socialism as a scientific theory of social evolution, with the revolutionary features concealed as by a mask; to the other, they preach direct action, violence, and bloodshed, as though they thought they could arouse class hatred and all the baser passions of the mob and yet hope to repress, control, and direct them in the day of revolution.

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Brief Book Notes

THERE is, in Dr. Rainsford's "The Story of a Varied Life" (Doubleday, \$5), a picture of Phillips Brooks sitting at a missionary meeting in his own church, listening to three missionary bishops, one after another. He had warned Rainsford: "They are giving us three missionary bishops. One is too much. Three will kill it dead." The bishops talked much and said little. Phillips Brooks writhed. When the tumult had ceased, Brooks rose, walked out of the church, and with Dr. Rainsford crossed Copley Square to the rectory. They went into the study, Brooks sank into his armchair, reached into his cigar box, found it empty, kicked it into the fire, and exclaimed, "Damn it all! these missionary bishops will make a man lose his soul!"

"Getting Your Name in Print" (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.25), by H. S. McCauley, is a brief manual about newspaper publicity, about what constitutes news, and what does not, about reporters and how to treat them, about the best ways of keeping in and of keeping out of the public prints. The author firmly believes that the press is omnipotent and that to struggle against or even faintly resist it is as useless as for a caterpillar to try to combat a tidal wave. Probably he is right, but he is fearfully depressing.

A curious traveller—using "curious" in its proper sense—an observer who passes the obvious by, such is Norman Douglas, whose "Alone" (McBride, \$3) is a record of travel in Italy. At least, it purports to be that, and the reader who yearns for descriptions of Italian towns will find some in the book. But "Alone" is better than that; it is the notebook of an odd mind, an alert and witty writer, whose novel, "South Wind," is one of the strangest books of fiction of the past five years. Mr. Douglas has written other books about Italy—"Old Calabria," for example.

An extensive history of the Russian revolution, mainly from the military viewpoint, is General Denikin's "The Russian Turmoil" (Dutton, \$8). The author reviews the events of the Great War prior to the revolution and carries his history down to his own campaign against the Bolsheviks.

Writing of the "Reds of literature" in "The Last Harvest" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2), John Burroughs says of the lawless poets: "These men claim to get their charter from Whitman. I do not think Whitman would be enough interested in them to feel contempt toward them."

In his autobiography, "All in a Lifetime" (Doubleday, \$4), Henry Morgenthau devotes a chapter or two to his early days in this country, his schooling and legal and business experiences. The chapters on national politics, his ambassadorship in Turkey, his relations with President Wilson,

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and his advocacy of the League of Nations, are all important in their way, but for an interesting and novel study of a certain type of politician, the pages devoted to ex-Governor Sulzer are easily the best in the book.

A recital of the last events in the life of Abraham Lincoln is given in John W. Starr, Jr.'s "Lincoln's Last Day" (Stokes, \$1.50). The author has drawn upon two score of books to relate every act and word of Lincoln on the day of his death, up to the moment of his departure for the theater.

Mr. G. B. Burgin's "More Memoirs and Some Travels" (Dutton, \$5) is mainly about authors and writing, about all the aspects of the literary life, about editors and their victims the authors, about authors and their victims the editors, about rejected manuscripts, and about certain definite authors—friends of the writer of the book, like Jerome K. Jerome and Rudyard Kipling. A pleasant, humorous, informal book.

"Six Years in Bolivia" (Dutton, \$7), by A. V. L. Guise, is a straightforward and extensive account of the adventures of a mining engineer. A passage on the execution of a bandit, and one upon the birds of the country, are examples of the author's good, though uncolored, narrative.

Lionel Portman came back from his South American travels, as recorded in "Three Asses in Bolivia" (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), a convinced and patriotic Briton. "Loathsome as we are in many respects, and easily as other nations may beat us in some, I defy the world to produce anything like our combination of character and capacity." This is not the conventional and airy cosmopolitanism of the typical traveler, but it is better. It is honest. Compared with the many books in which American and English writers throw off their antecedents and become devotees of the Latin countries over night, we may trust Mr. Portman's descriptions of Bolivia all the more because he makes no pretense that he desires ever more to renounce England and dwell in mañana land.

Captain Monckton's second book, "Last Days in New Guinea" (Dodd, Mead), hardly rivals his first in interest, but it is a thoroughly readable book for all that. As New Guinea is the only country under the British flag where witchcraft is a crime punishable by law, the administration of justice has its quaint aspects. An accused sorcerer is brought before the magistrate charged with causing a virgin in a distant tribe to give birth to still-born twins, merely by distant incantation, or else it is alleged that he altered the course and color of the moon, to the injury of the crops. But will he plead "not guilty"? Not he; he insists that he is guilty. "I should not be much of a sorcerer if I could not do a little thing like that!"



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(The following questions have been prepared in the absence of Dr. Law, who has been spending his vacation on a voyage to the South Seas. He will return and resume his task late in October.—EDITORS.)

I. A Wayfarer in Japan.

1. Write a brief sketch of the life, personality, and writings of Lafcadio Hearn.
2. The writer says of Lafcadio Hearn: "Though he lived [in Japan] nearly a full lifetime, his eye saw only what it wanted to see." This is a perfectly just observation. Justify it from Hearn's writings. [Hint: Hearn's well-known and charming "Japan: An Interpretation," is by no means a safe guide.]

II. Bostonia and Bohemia.

1. Look up Thomas Bailey Aldrich—life and writings—and then write a little "appreciation" of his personality and literary productions.
2. "The real Fropondian."—Explain.
3. "Somehow the Boston tradition seems to have been mainly centripetal, while Philadelphia seems to have tossed off more coruscations to the outer world." Examine the above observation critically. Is it true? Write down the names of sundry notable Bostonians and Philadelphians. Visualize each to your "inward optics" (Sir Thomas Browne's expression). Arrange your portraits for comparison. Then decide whether the writer has said something profoundly true; or true only in a manner of speaking, as it were, belike, really impossible to determine whether true or false; or not true at all, in your opinion.
4. "Bromides."—State the origin and precise meaning of this term.
5. "Margaret Fuller."—Look her up and write a very brief sketch of her personality, life and achievements.
6. Same for Edward Fitzgerald, whose translation of the Rubaiyat was by no means his only great achievement. His "Euphranor" is one of the most beautiful prose writings of the last century.
7. Same for Flaubert. He has been called the supreme master of the *mot propre*. Mention some English prose writers who might appropriately be called masters of the *mot propre*.
8. Same for Walter Pater.
9. Define *centripetal*, *coruscation*, *posthumous*, *impressionist*, *unicorn*, *Bedouin*, *palimpsest*, *ephemeral*, *incipient*, *gourmand*, *epicure*, *pariah*, *baker's dozen*, *succinct*.
10. "Smack of the soil."—Explain the expression and name those New Englanders, dead and living, whose writings do most truly smack of the soil of New England.
11. "Praising a man who had read Gibbon four times." The reviewer does not mean all of Gibbon's writings, but a particular work by Gibbon. What work?
12. "Mr. Hay." The reference is to John Hay, afterwards Secretary of State. What did he write that deserves to live?
13. "Of beauty he was as abstinent as Thoreau was of his material things."—Explain.
14. "A thoroughly Saturday Clubbish man."—Explain.
15. State one or two important facts about each of the following: Buddha, Arius, Aristophanes, Augustine, Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau, Darwin, Newman, Kant, Schopenhauer.
16. "Anent of."—Give the meaning and origin of the expression.
17. The mention of Margaret Fuller calls up the vision of the "Brook Farm Community"—a charming experiment of sorts in communal life. Margaret Fuller was a member of that community, and so was Hawthorne. Hawthorne wrote a "romance" about the community and made Margaret Fuller the tragic heroine thereof. Look up what Henry James has to say of the matter in his life of Hawthorne in *The English Men of Letters* series.

III. What the World Is Doing—The League of Nations; Turkey.

1. Write an essay telling of the contribution of Austria to art and science, and what a loss to the world would be involved in the ruin of Vienna.
2. Recently a great musical festival was held at Salzburg, Austria, in honor of Mozart, greatest of Austrian geniuses. Write an essay on his tragic life and beautiful art.
3. Write a historical sketch of Byzantium and Constantinople.

I. The Larger Issues in the Near East, What the World Is Doing.

1. Review the main facts in the revival of Turkish power under Mustapha Kemal and show the present situation.
2. Discuss the question of Greek atrocities, emphasizing their results upon Greek interests.
3. What was the history of the Eastern (Greek) Empire and show the Greek ambitions in that direction.
4. Explain the acts which the editor would consider to be a failure by the Allies in their duty to civilization. What does he think "may be saved from the wreck of the Treaty of Sèvres"?
5. Explain why the "makeshift agreement" is "pitifully short-sighted from the standpoint of large and far-reaching political considerations."
6. Prove the statement: "In the past Constantinople has been a fruitful source of such conflicts."
7. Why does "the peace of Europe and Asia" depend upon "future Anglo-Russian relations and policy"? Review the Anglo-Russian "relations and policy" connected with Turkey in the past.
8. Review the relations of the United States to Turkish questions since the outbreak of the World War. Emphasize the statements of policy that have already been made by the United States.

II. Europe's Pressing Need.

1. Show why the question of the Allied debt is coming to the front in America.
2. What features of Mr. McKenna's speech are emphasized here?
3. Review the question of inter-allied debts and argue the proper policy for America to take in regard to them.

III. Some Impressions of the Albany Convention.

1. This article affords an unusual opportunity to show the ability of pupils to analyze and put their analysis in a brief formal outline, easily checked. Use it as a test.
2. In your State is there a tendency for parties to reflect rural and city differences? Did the Democratic State convention in New York show similar conditions?
3. What elements of leadership does Governor Miller show? Compare these with the qualities of leadership shown by Ex-Governor Smith. Compare them with the qualities of the leaders in your State.
4. What difference of opinion exists in regard to Governor Miller's attitude on welfare measures?
5. Do you agree with the writer's "belief that we have reached the point where we know that government cannot be used as an agency to cure all of the social and economic ills from which we suffer, etc."? How is this thesis involved in the questions of your State? Does it apply to the nation?
6. How important do you think is his point of the advantage of the convention system in comparison with other considerations in the direct primary vs. convention controversy?

IV. Will Producers Stage a Revolt?

1. Sketch the "People's Party movement over the Middle West in the nineties." Show the relation of Populism to the South. Show how its program affected our later history.
2. Explain what is meant by the farmer-labor movement and discuss its success.
3. Discuss how fully you believe it is true that "the war gave the farmer a world outlook."
4. Summarize the author's treatment of farm problems, remedies, and the farmer's influence in politics.

V. The League of Nations.

1. Looking up the accomplishments of the session just closed make an estimate of the importance of its work.

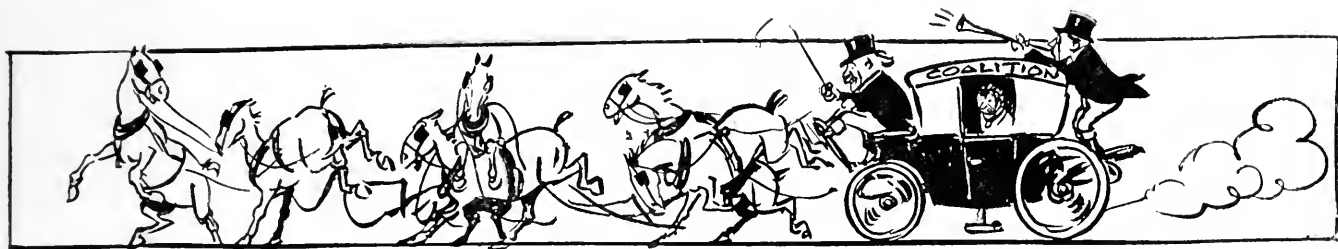
VI. A Wayfarer in Japan. End of the Negotiations at Chang Chun.

1. Show the contrasts in present-day Japan.
2. What are the most important statements about the economic and political situations?

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

October 28, 1922



“H AVE you looked through the papers?”
“Yes, I’ve read three murder trials.”

New York dailies are doing a thriving business these days. Such an interest in crime and the irregularities of sex have they excited in their readers that one can hardly wait from hour to hour, as the editions pour forth, to learn the newest developments. The respectable papers are going it as hard as the others. Sex has become the absorbing topic of the day, and the news purveyors feel bound to furnish the facts and feelings. Ministries rise and fall, empires are overturned, interesting governmental experiments are up for discussion, and yet the papers will not let us forget that these are trifles as compared with the new ruling passion. “All the news that’s fit to print”—that slogan of great respectability—leaves one nonplussed as to what news is *not* fit to print. It is curious to observe from time to time on the editorial pages of papers expressions of the most decent sentiments as to sex and the customs of the age, and then in the news columns of the same papers floods of scandal. We bring no charge against such papers except that of unenlightened management. Newspapers have become more and more standardized, and with this has come the realization that it is possible to make money by being a sheep and following the lead of—morally speaking—a goat. That the most sensational papers in the country should set the fashion for other newspapers in the matter of sex display is a strange commentary on the respectability of the age. Is it true that respectable readers demand from respectable papers all the sordid details of sordid crime?

G OVERNOR MILLER turned aside from his political duties the other day to address the educators attending the convention of the University of the State of New York. One of his remarks, though guarded, was highly significant. He said:

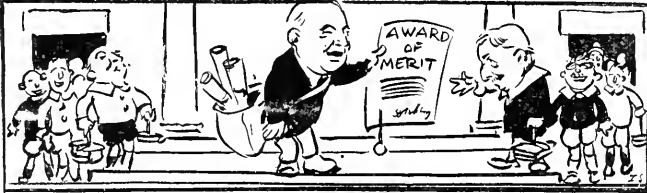
It may be that some state-wide solution may be found. Of course, the most extreme remedy that I can think of, and the one which at the moment seems to me should be the last resort, would be for the State itself to provide all of the moneys needed to support the public schools everywhere throughout the State, without resort to local taxation for any part.

What Governor Miller had particularly in mind was, of course, the schools in New York City, whose management at present is scandalous. Governor Miller himself pointed out the main objection to this plan, the loss in local interest. Yet it may be said that educational conditions in the metropolis are, or could by proper campaign be made to appear, of the utmost importance to the State, not to mention the country, at large. Governor Miller’s suggestion is one to ponder. He himself is not prepared to furnish a definite plan for the reorganization, but the fact that he has thrown out a suggestion shows that he has been thinking of the problem. It is characteristic of his courage that he should have referred to the matter during his campaign for reelection, when his opponents are looking for arguments to make against him. It is quite possible that the Governor’s sincerity and directness will more than make up, in the minds of voters who can not have failed to observe the distressing conditions in the New York City schools for his suggestion that local control of education may have to be curtailed. People like a fighter who has interesting ideas.

MR. BEVERIDGE, in his campaign for election to the Senate, has been making some bold statements. We quote from the Indianapolis *News* of October 12:

After saying that the "spineless policy" of Woodrow Wilson permitted the United States to get into war with Germany, Mr. Beveridge asserted that Democrats and Republicans alike conceive that if Theodore Roosevelt had been President of the United States during the World War his foreign policy would have been so firm that the United States would not have been led into the conflict.

Whatever may be said for the first part of this statement, the second part is utterly perverse. We



For the good(?) little boys of Congress

can well believe that Mr. Roosevelt, after reading the advertisement with reference to the *Lusitania*, would have smelled a rat and by some device or other would have prevented the sinking of that great ship. He himself said that if he had been President he would have put a member of the State Department aboard and would have notified Germany in advance of his action. There is little question but that this action would have prevented the terrible calamity. But there remains Mr. Beveridge's assertion that the United States with Roosevelt in the saddle would not have been drawn into the war. This to us seems quite inconceivable, unless, indeed, the attitude of the United States had been made so plain at the very outset of the conflict that Germany would have hesitated to enter it. Certainly Roosevelt was shrewd enough to see that the great European conflagration could not but involve our own vital interests.

THE point is highly important because Mr. Beveridge, along with many others, has been arguing against the cancellation of the Allied debt on the ground that the United States lived up to its full duty in the war. The debt contracted was an honest debt and should be paid in the usual way. Mr. Beveridge tries to reinforce his argument by the statement that certain large banking houses which made loans to the Allies are arguing for cancellation because this would help to strengthen their position as creditors. In our judgment the situation of private bankers has nothing to do with the case. The fact remains that the United States was woefully tardy in entering the war, which, after all, was a war to preserve civilization, and in the event came out of the struggle with comparatively little loss of blood and treasure. If the war was our war in only a little less degree than Europe's, then it stands to reason that we won it very cheaply. Why should the Allies have had to bear the brunt of it not only in lives, but in money. The least amend we can make is to share the financial

burden. Mr. Hoover has said that the Allies can pay their debt, given time. Perhaps they can, but is it fair that they should be asked to do so, considering what we owe them for their splendid defense while we were laggards?

THE suggestion of President Butler, of Columbia, that a new alignment of political parties is now in order, has, naturally enough, met with all sorts of objections. Politicians dread any disturbance of present conditions, fearing how they themselves may come off in the change. Yet there is not a little to be said for it. Since the World War there has been a great confusion of ideas in this country. American democracy has been in jeopardy because its fundamental principles have not found wholehearted advocacy by the consensus of either of the two great parties. In both parties there are radical groups who are harping on revolutionary experiment, and for the sake of harmony it has been necessary to compromise and to make allowances. This is not intellectually honest. What is most needed is a review of democratic principles and a staunch adherence to them. Those who cannot subscribe to them belong apart. The two parties would be well rid of them; they are free to form a new party. The age is one teeming with ideas. The mechanism of party organization is not so much required to keep the country in good order as intellectual congeniality. How can you, who believe, for instance, in law and order and in the principle that every American has the right to work, go hand in glove with a party associate who condones intimidation by labor unions and, if need be, direct action? There have been altogether too many strange bed-fellows in both parties.

NOTHING is more strongly indicative of the state of nerves from which France is suffering than recent articles in the Parisian press hinting at a *rapprochement* with the Soviets and a re-



League of Women Voters. "Have you left off beating your wife?"

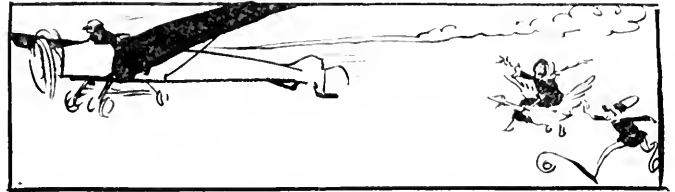
vival of the old Franco-Russian alliance. No one ought to know better than the French Foreign Office the futility of dealing with the Soviet Government, yet the Rapallo Treaty, which was a bluff, and the Urquhart concession, which was negotiated by Krasin but rejected by Moscow, were sufficient to make the French suspect that they were being frozen out of the game. So they throw out this semi-official hint, the chief effect of which is to irritate English opinion and alienate sympathy. In their present state petulant jibes at Great Britain are quite the fashion, which is very unfor-

fortunate, for their tendency is to weaken the entente, which is France's greatest need. Of course, there is not the remotest idea of a new Franco-Russian alliance. France has no capital to invest in the rehabilitation of Russian industry and the prospect of recovering anything on old Russian obligations held in France depends on the future enterprise of England and America in Russia. Future political alignments will be closely connected with these economic developments and France will be well advised not to compromise her future by silly dealings with the present Government at Moscow undertaken in a spirit of pique or suspicion.

NOW it is the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the joyous Baptist who preaches to big congregations every Sunday at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, who is charged with "unbelief" and "heresy." The indicting "overture" was adopted the other day by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. Dr. Fosdick need not be perturbed. The fatuity of heresy-hunting should be obvious, for there has never been a heresy trial yet that has not strengthened the heretical cause and spread the alleged error. If the naïve purpose of the prosecutors were in fact to safeguard the truth as they see it, they would go about their business in a different fashion. The "sword of the spirit" might be taken out of its glass case among the exhibits and wielded a bit. Unhappily, the real purpose is not naïve but is highly sophisticated. It is not

pure religion but pure politics; or, mere "jockeying for position." It is sport for the ungodly, but it has never yet helped the Church.

FAITH cannot be dead when the American Revolver Association displays such a touching confidence in the power of more laws to keep pis-



"Where the wildest tales are true"

tols out of the hands of criminals and potential killers. The ordinary man would say off-hand that the effective way to prevent illegal shootings with pistols was by prompt and resolute punishment of the offenders. But the revolver gentlemen—and strangely enough also a committee of the American Bar Association—now propose to attack the evil by selling revolvers to all "reputable" citizens, while forbidding dealers to sell to criminals. The scheme seems to us an amazing example of human fatuousness. In New York the Sullivan law has for years held a penalty of fifty dollars fine over every man possessing a pistol without a police permit. The law has been farcically ineffective. And now its futility is to be remedied (?) merely by forbidding dealers to sell pistols to criminals?

The Coalition Breaks

ON Thursday, October 19, Premier Lloyd George tendered his resignation in deference to the overwhelming vote of the Unionist Members of Parliament gathered at the Carlton Club, in which they decided to withdraw from the Coalition. Thus is interrupted—if not ended—perhaps the most extraordinary career in the history of British parliamentary government. For seventeen years the brilliant little Welshman has been continuously in office, beginning as Chancellor of the Exchequer and finishing as Prime Minister. During the Great War and the troubled time which has followed it, he has been the outstanding figure, not only in England, but in Europe as well. Strong, bold, and marvelously resourceful, he has run the gamut of policy from radical to conservative and ever succeeded, laughing at those who charged him with inconsistency and spectacularly turning the tables on those who attacked him on numerous dramatic occasions. He has to his supreme credit the successful conduct of England's greatest war and what is likely to prove the solution of the age-long Irish problem. He inaugurated much legislation that constituted a profound departure from English tradition—whether for good or evil only the future can decide. He made bitter enemies and

loyal friends; in the higher circles of public life he did not enjoy complete trust and confidence; as for the masses, he had an uncanny instinct for divining their changing temper and playing upon it.

Was Lloyd George a truly great man? Is he to be ranked with Pitt and Gladstone? Or was he merely a clever, unscrupulous, resourceful man thrust into a great situation where opportunism, aided by his undeniable gifts, achieved victory in a great war and dominated the settlements which followed? This the future historian must answer; we are too near and know too little of the inside facts to pass judgment. And, besides, who can say that Mr. Lloyd George may not ride back into power on the crest of the wave after the coming general election and force his critics, friendly or hostile, to revise their present judgments?

At all events, interest for the moment centres less upon the remarkable and enigmatic figure who has just stepped down from his exalted and powerful position, than upon the gravely confused and complicated situation created by his resignation both in England and in all Europe.

The Coalition has passed—that is, as a Coalition. Summoned into being to meet a grave emergency, it was continued after that emergency had been met.

Its continued existence contravened the traditional system of English party government and was due largely to the absence of an outstanding leader to contest the unique position of Lloyd George. Even when there appeared the prospect of a majority against him, Englishmen were wont to exclaim: "Who is there to take his place?" The Labor element withdrew, the Conservatives grew stronger in the Coalition. By it Lloyd George ruled and it followed him through his tortuous changes of policy. It seemed almost to have evolved from a Coalition into a party itself.

But already signs of weakness began to appear. Lloyd George had been an outstanding Liberal, but more and more Liberals turned against him, especially on questions of foreign policy. The Conservatives, growing stronger, apprehensive of radical Labor developments and ever distrustful of the Welshman, felt the yoke of unequal partnership becoming irksome. To many, Liberals and Conservatives alike, it seemed that Lloyd George's improvisations of foreign policy were bringing England into dangerous dilemmas from which extrication would be most difficult. The Near East embroglio marked the climax. The Premier's Manchester speech was one of the most brilliant efforts of his career; it was a bold defense of his policy which had apparently succeeded at Constantinople and a scathing attack upon his opponents at home and abroad. But it did not satisfy. The skeptical wanted to know why he had got into the uncomfortable predicament, over the escape from which he showed such pride; friends of the Entente were aghast at the sharp charges he hurled at France and the Turks. For once his dexterity and oratorical powers were not equal to the emergency.

The domestic outlook in England is confused. Mr. Bonar Law has been asked to form a cabinet, but this, in the nature of things, can be but a temporary expedient and it is of little value to speculate on its possible policy. Mr. Bonar Law's state of health would not permit him to pursue a vigorous course even if he had behind him a real majority, and everything must wait upon the outcome of the general election. Here may be expected some real excitement. Mr. Lloyd George on the defensive at the head of a disintegrating Coalition is one thing; as the leader of the opposition against a party which has no outstanding figure to rally around, he is quite another. As a Liberal who can undoubtedly attract many Labor votes he has a great advantage. It remains to be seen whether the Unionists, now the largest party but still a minority, can gather sufficient strength, even if they win, to form an effective Government. To many there looms the alarming prospect of a Labor Government, but this seems a rather remote possibility. Numerically the labor-unionists, if united, might perhaps have sufficient votes to carry the election, but there is little chance of unity, and their leaders, conscious of their own weakness and

divided counsels, are not eager to assume the burden of responsibility.

In another respect Lloyd George has a great advantage. However much he may have shifted and turned in the past, any Government now taking over power must follow pretty closely his recent policies, policies for which, indeed, his former associates, now his opponents, share with him the responsibility. It will, therefore, be difficult to put forward any well-defined issues, and the Unionists are left in the weak position of standing essentially on their opponent's platform.

Mr. Lloyd George has wasted no time in starting his new campaign, and if his speech at Leeds on the 21st is to be taken as a criterion, it is his plan to make the issue a personal one and stake everything on his powers of demagogic appeal. His beginning is characteristic and will not serve to raise him in the estimation of decent folk, for he brazenly charged the Conservatives with having overthrown the Coalition for purely selfish reasons—because they were not getting enough out of it. The falsity of this charge is manifest to anyone who knows at all the patriotic spirit that animates the gentleman in English politics. His plea, likewise, for coalition instead of party government shows to what lengths he is willing to go in pursuit of his personal ambition. On the whole it seems likely that the Conservatives will win sufficient seats to enable them to form a fairly effective Government.

If this should prove to be the case the effect in Europe would in all probability be decidedly beneficial. Such a Government would have a unity which the Coalition sadly lacked, and one could look for a certain consistency and continuity in foreign policy which would be reassuring after the uncertainties of the past few years. Undoubtedly its first effect would be to strengthen the badly strained entente with France, not so much by any striking change of policy as by restoring confidence in the good faith of the British in arriving at an understanding on the reparations question.

The effect on Germany would likewise be salutary. Lloyd George's "khaki" campaign appeal of 1918 was no less disgusting to decent English opinion than his recent policy of letting Germany off too easily. There is reason to believe that a Conservative Government would stand for a reasonable and moderate course in the reparations matter and would be able to convince France of its soundness. The assurance of a definite and consistent policy, even a severe one, would put an end to debilitating uncertainty and give the Germans a basis on which to build.

As to the Near East and Russia the probable policy of such a Government is somewhat problematic. As to the Turks, it would be likely to endeavor to salvage what is possible from the situation, at the same time making amends for Lloyd George's violent words. Lord Reading would undoubtedly

be recalled from India and a firmer and more realistic policy toward the government of India adopted. As to Russia, while it is true that Mr. Bonar Law was for a time in favor of Soviet recognition, this is not likely to be encouraged. Lord Curzon and Lord Derby would see to that. At all events there would be no further truckling with Moscow at the behest of certain private interests. The danger is that Conservative traditions may tend to revive the old nineteenth century attitude of antagonism and suspicion toward Russia, and thereby work against a spirit of coöperation and good will. The test will come in the settlement of the status of the Straits. In conclusion, it may be said that getting back to normal party government in England cannot fail to have a stabilizing effect and not the least important of its results will be to bring forward in public life the younger men of promise whom the Coalition tended to keep in the background.

Coöperation in Industry

THERE is a good omen in the changed relations of railroad labor and its employers. Whatever other results have come from last summer's strike of the shopmen, one consequence is strikingly clear—the substitution for herding and driving by national labor leaders of something approaching an attitude of coöperation and an attempt at understanding between the railroad workers and the executives.

This marks the end, we may hope, of that cycle of ultra-militant labor relations for which the country is largely indebted to the Railroad Administration's interpretation of war-time necessities. It was a wave of labor militarism that was bound to break or be itself broken. And fortunately for the railroad workers, as well as for all the rest of us, the wave itself broke in the shopmen's strike. Railroad labor leaders have learned from this an important lesson, lately set forth in the notable public statement by W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Trainmen. The attempt to manage railroad labor relations on a nationwide scale was "full of dynamite," as Mr. Lee expressed it, for all concerned. Common prudence, aroused by the critical situation of the past summer, has compelled its abandonment.

It is only on the basis of coöperation and mutual understanding, we believe, that workers and employers can adjust their relations in any continuously peaceful fashion that will adequately serve the needs of both. The practical possibilities in coöperation have been vividly illustrated in specific examples of forms of coöperation that may be lumped under the general term "employee representation." This has shown notable successes in many private industrial plants. A really amazing example of it is presented on the Philadelphia

traction lines—the so-called "Mitten plan." The idea is now spreading among the railroads, and nothing but good, as we see it, can come from the fullest sincere development of it.

The moving force in this type of relation is the appeal it makes to the fair-mindedness that is the instinct of most men. On one of the large railroad systems there is an employee representation scheme under which a large number of "grievances" have been finally settled by a board made up of equal numbers of employees and representatives of the company. The plan requires a two-thirds vote to dispose of any issue. But the actual record shows that nearly every case has been settled by a *unanimous* vote. Men on each side who went in as partisans, expecting always to vote for their own side, have become judges concerned only with the preponderance of justice and reasonableness in each instance. There is nothing new, and nothing properly surprising in this demonstration of the fair-mindedness of the average man. It has been proved over and over again.

In this reasonable quality of the average workman when he feels that he has the facts before him, and that his honest judgment on them will be matched by equally sincere judgment from the employer's side, lies the best promise for the economic education of the working man. Almost nowhere in the United States, outside of employee representation systems honestly shared in by the management, do the workers have a fair chance to see and judge the actual conditions on which their work and wages depend. For almost every man, the greater part of his world is comprised in his job. And his own job is the right place for the economic education of the worker to begin. The militant trade union member seldom tries to see his job from his employer's point of view of it. The radical does not want to. But the average worker is willing to see facts, and to judge them honestly as far as his capacity goes, if he feels that he is really getting the essential facts, and that his employer will be as honest and fair as he tries to be.

The initiative in establishing such coöperative relations naturally lies with the employer. No employer, it would seem, has a right to criticize the attitude of his employees so long as they are compelled by his policy to shape their opinions and action without a knowledge of the main facts and conditions of the business. If the employer's policy leaves their opinions at the mercy of the dogmas of trade union leaders and radical agitators, he assuredly thus contributes substantially to shaping the results which so often disturb him. It is a curious and interesting fact in industrial relations that employers and workers either get nearer and nearer to a friendly understanding, or farther and farther away from it. The relation, in point of good will, is seldom stationary. And good will pays as well inside the plant as it does outside among the customers. It pays to organize and insure it.

The Season of Books

THE Battle of the Books goes merrily on. Already the longest battle on record, it may be expected to survive all our efforts to do away with wars. We may some day consent to settle disputes over boundaries without resorting to blows. But when it comes to deciding what the "real thing" is in literature, we desire no pacifists to compose our differences. Begun as a fight over the Ancients and the Moderns, whether Homer and Vergil were greater than the writers of two centuries back, the battle has latterly gone through many phases: Is the novel a more effective instrument than the play? Is rhymed, metrical verse so shackled as to be impotent? Is the gutter more "real" than the drawing room? "Erik Dorn" than "The Newcomes"? Can romance go hand in hand with reality, or must the real be produced by a literal chronicle?

The discussion in this last phase is revived by the appearance this autumn of two novels, both by writers who in the past have had best-sellers to their credit—one by the author of "The Broad Highway," the other by the author of "Main Street." Jeffery Farnol returns, in "Peregrine's Progress," to the rollicking days of the early nineteenth century. Sinclair Lewis sticks to the Middle West. While Mr. Farnol seeks, first of all, to provide his readers with entertainment, he, too, attempts to create characters which shall seem real. His new book is not up to his first great success in that fashion. Indeed, it quite frankly looks for popularity under the aegis of that other work, even reintroducing some of the earlier characters. Nor does the author hesitate to pad out with a few stock characters of still earlier tradition. For all that, the major personages of the story live and are individual; and the reader appears to acquire familiarity not only with a considerable portion of English life in those early days, but with certain perennial traits of English character.

Now, it may seem the height of folly to attempt any comparison of two such different books as "Peregrine's Progress" and "Babbitt," for one typifies the great outdoors and the other the little indoors. They are chosen for that very reason: the one as a free, informal chronicle of a vagabond's life among a great variety of conditions and personages; the other as the precise record of an individual whom all must recognize as representative of a large class. The question is, Which book—neither of them is a great book—is the truer revelation of the personages set forth?

To answer that question is to renew the old discussion of what is realism; to consider whether realism may deal in the "probable impossibilities" which Aristotle asserted represented the best sort of imitation of nature; to wonder whether Shakespeare's characters are not, after all, quite as realistic as Ibsen's. The question is important because

Mr. Lewis has undertaken to picture with fidelity types of that great Middle West which constitutes, politically and socially, an influence not to be ignored and which is as yet none too well known to the country at large. He has adopted the method of unembroidered chronicle which gives the impression of authority as it goes along and which gets results in the end. Romain Rolland used it to good effect in "Jean-Christophe," but in that case the hero was so teeming with ideas on all manner of topics that the mere threshing out of those ideas and the achieving of a definite outlook on life were ample to make the character emerge as a rich, interesting personality. In these circumstances an elaborate plot would have been out of place.

Mr. Lewis had not this initial advantage. Babbitt is a man of very limited interests and possibilities, and to give simply a bare chronicle of his reactions to his small range of life is to produce a rather dull book. Even though the reader may recognize much truth in the portraiture and agree that this is the Middle West beyond any question, he has no desire to re-read the story and his impressions of it will not be lasting.

Now it is just possible that our rising young novelists would do well to aim at entertainment and plot, even if not on so large a scale as the plan of Jeffery Farnol, and to allow their characters to emerge incidentally from the story. In our judgment Booth Tarkington, who has long been writing about the Middle West, has been wiser in so doing. His *stories* are interesting and his characters none the less real on that account. We said that readers would recognize the Middle West in "Babbitt." This is true, but not the whole spirit even of the locality which furnishes the setting. Even in Shakespeare's darkest tragedies, he contrives to let in the free out-of-doors and a good deal of casual incident. Ibsen does not; his dramas, however effective, have by comparison a sultry atmosphere. And Mr. Lewis's novels suffer in the same way. His material is too carefully edited for his special purpose of creating a desired effect to give the impression of bigness or of the whole truth.

Babbitt, in the series of circumstances in which he is placed by the author, is consistent and superficially real; but we are bound to believe that in his actual prototype in life are latent possibilities which are not sensed by the writer and which a story with a larger and freer framework would have served to bring out. Go and read "Peregrine's Progress," Mr. Lewis. There you will find some rare adventure and in the midst of it an exhibition of large, generous impulses on the part of persons much more narrowly circumstanced than Babbitt.

It is because we appreciate Mr. Lewis's possibilities that we desire for him a big development. It is also because we understand the great influence of the Middle West and what it means to the rest of the country that we could wish for its high priest clear interpretative powers.

Congress and the Budget

By John T. Pratt

Chairman of the National Budget Committee

WITH the opening of the political campaign season the attention of the public is being directed to the accomplishments of President Harding's Administration under the Budget and Accounting Act which was passed in June, 1921, and the provisions of which have been operative since that time in the conduct of the Nation's business affairs. In an

address delivered at a testimonial dinner given to him by the New York City Committee of the National Budget Committee on October 13, Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, who was the first Director of the Bureau of the Budget under the new law, gave impetus to the discussion of this phase of Government finance by presenting an inside view of the difficulties which the Admin-

istrations, and unless there is coöperation between the President and Congress, unless Congress in making appropriations recognizes the President's efforts to effect economies and writes its support into the appropriation bills, the President's Budget will become merely a recommendation. Should Congress choose to ignore it the President would have no remedy. Before the present law was enacted President Taft submitted a budget in practically the same form as that now authorized, and Congress promptly tossed it into the wastebasket.

Doubtless the application of Executive pressure in the interest of economy upon those who direct the Governmental business organization may well be styled revolutionary, since no previous President has so asserted his authority and, indeed, under the former system was not expected to. The revolution began, however, when the people of this country realized that their public business was not being conducted as their private enterprises were. It took form when Congress, by a practically unanimous vote, recognized the public sentiment in favor of more business-like methods in the conduct of the Government and prescribed the forms under which those methods were to be instituted. It was brought about when President Harding signed the Budget Act, called Charles G. Dawes as the first Director of the Bureau of the Budget, and then backed him to the limit in every measure which that resourceful soldier and business man took to establish business principles in the administration of the executive departments. It succeeded when Congress acknowledged itself bound by the plain implications of its own Act and subjected itself to a procedure which was in conformity with the new duties and responsibilities which it had imposed upon the President.

I doubt if the people of this country realize the significance of those changes in Congressional procedure instituted by Congress itself, and not without a struggle, through which single appropriations committees in both Senate and House were provided for and adherence was given, in the House of Representatives at least, to a rule that in making appropriations the totals of departmental estimates as submitted by the President should not be exceeded. Congress, as I have said, has not abrogated its control over appropriations, but it has defined new forms under which that control shall be exercised and it has tied these forms into the provisions of the Budget Act in such a way as to make for more effective coöperation between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government with respect to the economical expenditure of the people's money. Such coöperation in the formulation of National policy and in the transaction of public business is one of the ends which the advocates of budgetary reform have had in mind.

There are reasons for believing that Congressional devotion to the budget idea will be tested in the next Congress. The President has authorized Brigadier General Herbert M. Lord, the present Budget Bureau Director, to direct the various department heads to re-



John T. Pratt

istration had to meet in the inauguration of a budgetary system. The feature of his exposition was the emphasis laid by him upon the zeal and courage of the President in bringing the authority of his office to bear upon subordinate officials who were opposed to the institution of methods designed to effect a more efficient and economical administration of their several executive departments and bureaus.

In his enthusiasm for the indisputably effective pressure exerted by President Harding in administering the Budget Act, General Dawes appeared to minimize the importance of the Act itself and ignored entirely the contributions which Congress has made during the last year toward the perfection of the budgetary system as a whole. In the view of those who have been advocating budgetary reform it was a most fortunate thing that President Harding assumed the attitude he did, but it would be equally unfortunate if in the heat of a political campaign the people of the country should be permitted to lose sight of the fact that without the coöperation of Congress the activities of the President in the interest of efficiency and economy would have been, and in the future will be, confined within comparatively narrow limits. The Budget Act makes the President responsible for the estimates of what the administrative departments will require for the execution of the laws already on the statute books, and provides him with a Bureau of the Budget through which he can obtain the information necessary for making these estimates, but Congress retains, and under the Constitution cannot abrogate, the right to make appro-

vise their estimated expenditures for 1924 to accord with the estimated revenues, the object being to avoid the prospective deficit. But because of the opposition of the department heads to such reductions in their estimates they have been permitted to send to the President supplemental estimates which total about \$600,000,000 above the estimated revenues. If the President should transmit these estimates in excess of prospective revenue he would be required under the Budget Act to make recommendations to Congress for new taxes, loans, or other appropriate action to meet the estimated deficiency, but he has declared that he will not send to Congress estimates exceeding the probable receipts of the Government. Also, under the Budget Act, no officer or employee of any department or establishment may submit to Congress any estimate or request for an appropriation, unless at the request of either House of Congress.

"Unless at the request of either House of Congress." There, it seems to me, lies the danger to the integrity of the budget system. Congress, having the final word with respect to appropriations, may conceivably render the President's budget recommendations nugatory

simply by calling in departmental heads and bureau chiefs and taking their word rather than that of the President and his Bureau of the Budget as to the appropriations necessary. To do so, however, would involve the abrogation of the rule respected by the last Congress that departmental appropriations should not exceed the total of the Budget estimates.

In these circumstances a contest appears to be inevitable. With whom will the decision lie? It seems to me not with the President, not with his department heads, not even with Congress, but wholly with the people of the country. The President has declared himself. We know what the natural attitude of the departmental chiefs will be. No one can say what Congress will do because Congress has not been elected yet. At this moment then, and up to election day, the decision rests with the people. In so far as they pledge their candidates to an effective control over expenditures through the budgetary system, in so far as they insist with their votes upon a policy of economy, so far will they help to hold the achievements of the last year toward a more business-like administration of their National affairs.

Hoover versus McKenna

By Fabian Franklin

HARDLY had the echoes of Mr. McKenna's speech in New York died away when Mr. Hoover delivered an address in Toledo of diametrically opposite tenor. The late Chancellor of the British Exchequer discoursed upon German reparations as well as upon the Allied debt to the United States; the American Secretary of Commerce discussed the Allied debt and said nothing about German reparations. But so far as the strictly economic aspect of the question is concerned, the considerations involved are the same. Mr. McKenna undertook to prove that it would for many years be impossible for Germany to do anything substantial toward meeting reparation requirements, and that a like impossibility applies to the Continental Allies in relation to their debt to the United States. Mr. Hoover—without explicitly mentioning Mr. McKenna—undertook to show that the reasons usually assigned for this conclusion are inadequate, and that what Mr. McKenna declares impossible is not only possible, but attainable without unreasonable sacrifice to the debtor nations or serious economic disturbance to the creditor nations; this last-named consideration having been urged by Mr. McKenna as a fatal objection, over and above the question of impossibility.

If these opposing utterances were to be made the starting-point of a searching examination and report by a group of American economists of the highest standing, the benefit, in the shape of public enlightenment, would be incalculable. In default of such authoritative pronouncement one must fall back upon one's own unaided judgment, and strike a balance as best one can.

To enter into a comprehensive appraisal of the two arguments would be far beyond the possibilities of this little article. The most that I can hope to do is briefly to draw attention to some salient features. And in the first place it is but just to say that in so far as it may

have been Mr. Hoover's object to destroy the sense of finality which Mr. McKenna's argument impressed upon many minds, he was successful in his purpose. He did not quite do justice to Mr. McKenna's argument, but he brought into a clear light considerations of the first importance which the British disputant had either overlooked or belittled. In discussions of this character, the question of emphasis, of perspective, is all-important. Thus Mr. McKenna did not overlook the part which a "triangular" exchange of commodities is capable of playing in the settlement of international obligations, but he disposed of it far too easily; Mr. Hoover goes into it much more thoroughly, and shows how extensive are the possibilities of European export to tropical and other undeveloped countries, from which in turn we may greatly enlarge our imports without disturbance of American industries. Similarly, Mr. McKenna does not overlook the distinction between immediate and more remote conditions; but whereas he refers to this in gingerly fashion, and on the whole leaves the impression that what is true of the present is almost equally true of the future, Mr. Hoover insists upon the incalculable possibilities of development, once the affairs of the world are put into good working order. Other points made by Mr. Hoover are less sound. Nevertheless to read his speech is to become convinced that Mr. McKenna overstated his case; that what looks like demonstration of impossibility becomes, when examined, merely proof of difficulty; and that the question of what the debtor nations *can* do—and can be permitted to do without harm to their creditors—is not a closed, but an open question.

There is not the slightest prospect of this question being set at rest in the near future; but in the meanwhile the attitude of Governments and peoples regarding the proper policy to pursue is of the most crucial

importance. Thus far the record is one that it is melancholy to contemplate. So far as Germany is concerned, the errors have been simply appalling. To begin with, the people of Great Britain and of France were led to believe, after the armistice, that Germany would be compelled to pay an indemnity of such absurd magnitude that even the excitement of that time furnishes no palliation for the guilt of any responsible statesman who encouraged such expectation. Then in the treaty the amount of the reparations, while not pitched at so fantastic a height, was made to rest upon a principle that flies in the face of human nature: Germany was virtually told that the harder she worked, the more successful she was in restoring her economic health, the more she would have to pay to her victorious enemies. That she would, in any case, have done her utmost to escape the burden of her guilt is true enough; but if a definite obligation had been fixed, instead of an obligation that grew bigger the harder she tried to meet it, there would have been some chance of building up in Germany a sound sentiment on the subject.

And England, having begun with Lloyd George's "khaki campaign" of 1918 for an indemnity running into the hundreds of billions, has now gone to the opposite extreme; nor is there much better reason for the present English position than for that of the "khaki" days. Then she talked as though *nothing* was impossible for Germany; now she talks as though *everything* was impossible. Mr. McKenna speaks, indeed, of a suspension for a few years; but he hardly so much as suggests any *guarantee* that at the end of the few years anything shall be done. He fully sanctions the idea that the reparation requirements have been the cause of the fall of the mark; an idea that some of the ablest and most honest of the Germans are now treating with merited contempt. Moreover, in proposing that reparation obligations shall wait until the mark is "stabilized," he encourages whatever disposition there may be in Germany to look upon a disordered currency as a defense against reparation demands. It is not yet too late to come back to solid ground and Allied unity, in the matter of reparations; and such talk as

Mr. McKenna's about impossibilities is one of the chief things that stand in the way.

From the strictly and narrowly economic standpoint, the same considerations apply to the question of the Allied debt to the United States as to that of German reparations. But it is little less than a calamity that Mr. Hoover should have failed to take a broader view. I shall not attempt here to rehearse the reasons which should make us eager to relieve our sorely-tried comrades of part of the terrible burden which is their legacy from the war which was fought to preserve all that we and they hold most dear—reasons which have been repeatedly set forth in the columns of this journal. But it is deplorable to see a man like Hoover strengthening the present disposition of the country to shut its eyes to everything but the letter of its bond. To remit the debt, or so to ease its payment as to make it but a slight burden, would be but to recognize those equities of the case which some of the staunchest and

most keen-sighted of Americans have asserted with the utmost earnestness; and, unlike remission of the German reparations, it would produce a thrill of joy in the beneficiaries without violating the requirements of justice.

Moreover, say what you will, America is not going to play the part of a relentless creditor insisting upon prompt payment by hard-pressed comrades-in-arms; whatever we get out of the debts will, in any case, be got very slowly—little or nothing in the next few years. But what the world needs is an *immediate* access of courage, good will, confidence, hope; and by setting in motion such a change of feeling America would gain, in actual dollars and cents, more than she would lose through the concession. These things cannot be proved or disproved by statistics; they must be judged of by human insight rather than by formal reasoning. But for my own part I am firmly convinced that the course prescribed by self-interest is the same as that which is marked out by a sense of equity and by that magnanimity which should inspire the wealthiest of nations in its conduct toward less fortunate partakers in the common struggle for deliverance from a common danger.

The Editors Take a Hint

A copy of the INDEPENDENT INTER-WEEKLY FOR SCHOOLS fell into the hands of one of New York's leading citizens, a man of large affairs and a former president of the Chamber of Commerce. He read it from cover to cover and then inquired how he could obtain it regularly.

This innovation in journalism is one in which the editors take great pride. It had been specially designed to meet the needs of teachers and students in the schools and colleges and they had not realized how useful and interesting it might be to the general reader. Hence this explanation.

Up-to-date schools now demand that the teaching of such subjects as history, civics, economics, and English, be vitalized by correlating them with current events and current literature. No existing periodical seemed exactly to fill the bill. The problem was not to write down to the schools and yet to furnish them regularly with ideas suited specifically to their purposes. THE INDEPENDENT provided once a fortnight the broad magazine of general discussion which they desired. But it needed in some way to be supplemented.

Then came a happy thought. Why not publish in the intervening weeks between the regular issues of THE INDEPENDENT a journal to meet the particular needs of teachers and students? THE INDEPENDENT INTER-WEEKLY was the result. A score of prominent educators and writers waxed enthusiastic over the idea and joined the staff as Associate Editors. Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia, became Editor-in-chief. Among the Associate Editors are such names as Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago, Henry Suzzallo, President of the University of Washington, J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen University, author of "The Outline of Science," Henry van Dyke, Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind," and Francis W. Hirst, the distinguished English economist. Thousands of students now use the INTER-WEEKLY as part of their regular school equipment, teacher and pupil alike delighting in its well-balanced and interesting story of "What the World is Doing," its notes on important books, music, art, and drama, and its special articles on a variety of interesting subjects. Particularly, to be noted is "A Primer of Political Economy," by Dr. Fahian Franklin, whose writings on economics are well known for their clarity, simplicity, and literary charm, which will appear serially. The Editors knew that this was just what teachers and students wanted, but they did not at first realize how valuable and interesting it would prove to other people who desire to acquire the fundamentals of economics and keep abreast of economic thought, but have not the time to delve in the ponderous and forbidding volumes devoted to the subject.

So the Editors took the hint and now offer the INDEPENDENT INTER-WEEKLY to INDEPENDENT subscribers at a special rate of one dollar for the school year.

Reviving Russia

By Jerome Landfield

WHAT is happening in Russia? The newspapers these last months have been singularly silent regarding this important section of the world with its hundred and forty million people. From time to time visitors to Moscow write their observations, narrating some colorful personal experiences or recounting stereotyped interviews with Soviet dignitaries, and Mr. Walter Duranty as usual sends out over his signature the material for which the Soviet Government desires publicity. But of the actual life of Russia, of the developments taking place there, we read amazingly little. The impression, therefore, persists of a vast and hopeless chaos, of dire want and misery, in the midst of which sits firmly entrenched a powerful if sinister régime.

A year ago this picture would not have been far from the truth, but it is not the truth now, for momentous changes have been taking place, especially in the past six months. The reason why they have been so little noted, the explanation of the silence of the press, lies in the fact that these changes have been gradual and steady and lacking in dramatic or sensational interest. What has been happening is that the forces of life have been asserting themselves against a rigid, unnatural system and have been winning out step by step.

When the revolution occurred Russia was in a demoralized state, mentally and physically, a natural consequence of the war and the manner in which it was waged. Lassitude, war-fatigue, hopelessness were everywhere. It was this that not only made easy the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, but also enabled them to exercise a rule more autocratic than anything heretofore known, a rule that aimed to order and regulate every last detail of individual life. For three years this state of affairs persisted. The bourgeois elements, from whom leadership might have been expected, were either exterminated or so thoroughly cowed as to play no part. The peasants, on the other hand, were for the time being gulled into acquiescence by the Bolshevik programme of land expropriation.

Then began a change. The Russian has an extraordinary power of endurance. He can "come back" after trials which would leave most peoples prostrate. The struggle for existence began to take on more and more the form of quiet but deep-seated opposition to the Soviet régime. The Central Government, unable to run industries, was driven to requisition food from the peasants; so the peasants planted less ground. The Government found that to requisition food in anything like the amount needed, it would be necessary to police the whole country with Red soldiers, a manifest impossibility. Perforce they yielded to the peasants—who are individualists and upholders of the idea of private property—and, under the guise of a new economic policy, permitted private trade and tried to collect taxes in kind.

Meanwhile the peasants, with a natural instinct for self-government, gradually edged out of their local communities all communist officials. They retained the forms of the Soviet and did not offer open opposition to the Central authorities, but the effect was the same. Step by step, the Government was obliged to retreat before the pressure of this rising tide of life and to yield

to a capitalism that included the overwhelming mass of the productive forces of Russia.

But it was not only to the peasants that the Communist dictators were forced to yield. Unable to run the larger industries which they had seized, they were obliged to sit by and see a vigorous individualism and capitalism develop in petty industry and trade. They had to look on impotently as a new bourgeoisie grew up, not only around them, but in their own ranks.

A typical example of the way in which the forces of life in Russia are making breaches in the Soviet fortress and in turn manifesting striking Russian characteristics, is the case of the railroads. The breakdown of transportation under Bolshevik management is well known. Recent observers, however, have noted a great improvement. There is not much equipment and not any large amount of freight to transport, but a recent visitor, himself a trained engineer, told me that not only were the trains running on time, but the stations were clean and on the run from Moscow to Minsk he noted that no grass grew between the rails. What was the reason for the remarkable improvement? Simply that the body of railway employes, from superintendents and engineers down to trackmen, had quietly elbowed Soviet officials out. There was no violent revolution; there had always existed a great solidarity among the railway workers and a pride in their profession, as it were, and now, under the impetus of the new life springing up and the urge to do, they had taken over the institution of transportation very much as an *imperium in imperio*. The Soviet authorities would not for a moment admit that this is so. Theoretically they still control; practically they are out of it.

Another striking example of the enforced retreat of the Soviet authority and the advance of capitalism is the case of the oil properties of Russia, whose richness has aroused the cupidity of many rivals. There is no doubt that the Soviet Government pinned its hopes of getting recognition and credits at the Genoa Conference largely on dangling this bait before the oil interests of Europe. But two interesting things happened, neither of which seems to have received much notice. In Russia workers in various lines of industry protested that if foreigners were to be given industrial plants, Russian industrialists should have the same privilege—in other words, why sell out to the alien? At the same time a significant meeting took place in Paris. There were represented 85 per cent. of the privately owned or leased oil properties of Russia; and Russian, English, French, Dutch, Belgian, and American interests participated. The outcome of the conference was an agreement to stand together. They would not buy any property in derogation of the ownership rights of each other. They would deal with the Soviet Government only through an authorized committee representing all. This not only put an end to the hope of the Soviets to sell the stolen property, but forced them to advise all prospective concessionaires that in the future they must first come to terms with the old owners. Naturally Genoa and The Hague ended in a fiasco.

In Russia itself the psychological change of the past six months is not less striking than the physical. While

in the rest of Europe—with the possible exception of Czechoslovakia—there is an air of fatigue and despondency, in Russia you find a buoyant hopefulness. The Russian says: "Poor Europe is finished. The future belongs to us. We are young and vigorous and our resources are unlimited. The Soviet Government? It is only a passing phase and is now on the decline. See what we have been through! Nothing can stop us." It is significant that refugees in Germany are returning to Russia by the thousands, finding conditions of life there more endurable.

What next in Russia? Ah, to answer that would be to indulge in prophecy, a very unsafe thing to do. Still we may be sure that there will be no cessation of the remarkable, if undramatic, developments that have been taking place in the past half-year. They will tend to accelerate rather than slow down. The struggle is between advancing, vigorous life and a retreating, weakening government. In many ways the situation is not unlike that in France in 1795. On the one hand the excuse for the Terror has passed; on the other there has arisen within the ruling party a large group of profiteers and grafters, whose main interest is to find some way or effect some compromise that will enable them to hold onto and enjoy their newly acquired property. Here you have Robespierre versus Barras. At present the fanatics and radicals—those whose lives are forfeit if the structure falls—are in control. But the theory by which they stand is dead. The forces of real

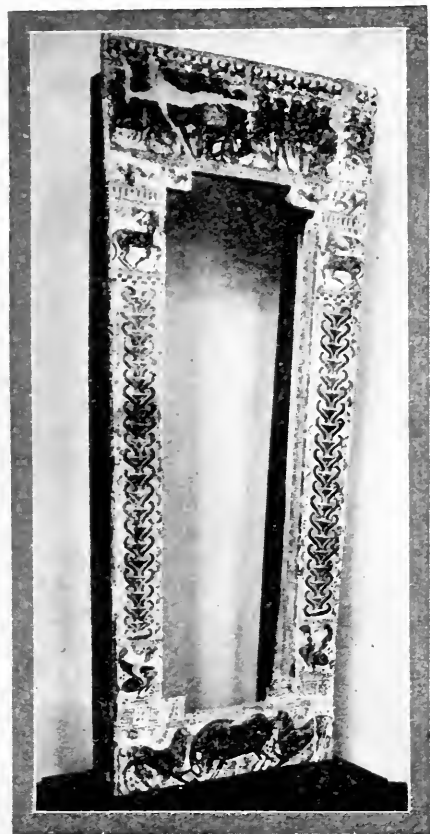
life have been too much for them. No longer dare they send thousands to execution for disagreeing with them. Their resources are exhausted, they are incapable of starting production, and they are unable to cash in on the property they have expropriated. In short, the signs point to another Thermidor and the Russians themselves believe it will not long be delayed.

Until a real change occurs and the present rulers are thrown out it is futile to talk of recognition, of trade, of concessions. There is no production in the larger industries and none is possible. But it must be borne in mind that below these Soviet leaders is a large State organization filled with non-communists, recruited from the bourgeois of other days, who stand ready to co-operate with business enterprise the moment the change comes. So imminent does this change appear, that Russian business men in Russia are already intent on securing foreign capital with which to restart their industries.

Such, I believe, is a fair picture of reviving Russia. Hopefulness and optimism have taken the place of despondency. Everywhere new life is springing up. The dead hand of the Communist régime is relaxing its grip. Individualism and the principle of private property have come back stronger than ever. The stage is set for a further change, a change that will speedily open Russia to foreign enterprise, and in this, if they are not caught napping, Americans will play a large and beneficent part.

An Antique Klazomenian Sarcophagus

ARCHAEOLOGISTS have not been idle in these years following the Great War. Recently they have renewed excavations at Klazomenai, an ancient town at the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna. Here they have recovered a large number of exceptionally beautiful and interesting terra-cotta sarcophagi with painted decoration, dating from the sixth century, B. C., an unusually fine example of which has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On this is painted in the manner of the earlier



Ionian pottery and the later seventh-century, B. C., Rhodian vase decoration, a battle scene of warriors in combat, chariots, animals, etc., with long borders at the sides in guilloche pattern having figures of sirens below and of centaurs at the top of both borders. Of this pictorial decoration, Gisela M. A. Richter, Associate Curator of Classical Art at the Museum, says: "As an evidently typical composition of the time, full of life and action, it can help us to visualize the Ionian paintings we read of in literature—such as 'Darius watching his army cross the Bosphorus' by Mandrokles of Samos, or 'The Battle of the Greek Ships' by Kalliphon of Samos—ambitious subjects for primitive artists and probably treated in similar fashion to the picture on our sarcophagus."

A Welsh Beach

By Teresa Horley

THE sunlit waves broke tumbling
Upon the golden sand,
And a free wind drove against them,
Blowing from off the land,
And so God wove a glory
Too great to understand.

Out on the azure water
Drifted the blown white spray,
And the world was whiteness and blueness
And the light of an April day.
And so God wove a memory
Too dear to fade away.

Judge Hooper on the Melting Pot

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, pushed his spectacles up onto his forehead and looked down upon Court Officer Durfey and Janitor Spankovitz, for they had come to him to be enlightened.

"Well, gentlemen," he asked, "what is it?"

"I can't make Jacob here believe it is not contrary to the Constitution of the United States, the way they're only letting so few foreigners come in these days," explained Durfey.

"Sure!" exclaimed Spankovitz. "Ain't it in the Constitution or something that all men are born free to come in, and have an equal right to get rich and all, judge? And listen, judge! How could every wop and all make a first-class pursuit of happiness, like is guaranteed by the Monroe Doctrine or something, if he can't come in and go out like he has a mind to? When you got a melting-pot?"

"Now, hold on, Jake; hold on!" said Judge Hooper. "Once in a while there seems to be just a little misapprehension in regard to that melting-pot business. Now and then it strikes me that some people have the idea that what the Pilgrim Fathers came here for was to set up in the alloy business. A man almost gets the notion, Jake, that the first thing George Washington did after he was elected President was to write home to Martha to send on the old soup kettle so that the Secretary of Spelter and Amalgam could start right in and work twenty-four hours a day at the Department of Melting-down and Pouring-out."

"Maybe so, Jake, but up to now I don't recall seeing the iron soup kettle graven on the great seal of the nation or blazoned on the coat of arms. We are a great nation, Jake—one in thought, one in mind, and only about three hundred and sixty-seven in language, not counting the minor dialects—but it may be just possible that some of the old-timers want to take a few days off before they have to be stewed down over a brisk fire again."

"You see, Jake, this melting-pot is not a sausage machine into which you poke a Chegggo-Jugian, or some other far-born immigrant, and pull him out at the nozzle a full-trained American. When you come right down to it, Jake, this country is not the kind of foundry that has in stock three hundred gross of moulds, each and every one built to be poured full of liquid humanity and to turn out—when the liquid cools—standardized Americans that need only a little buffing on the edges to be put to work as Congressmen. The 'melting-pot,' Jake, is not a big kettle into which raw foreign humans are chuted from the steerage to be

heated to the melting point and then poured into American molds.

"No, Jake. That's not a melting pot, that idea you have in your mind; that's a foundry. A melting-pot is a heated utensil into which everything in sight is dumped and melted and stirred together and poured out as something different from any of its constituent parts.

"And, maybe, Jake, some of us really have been boiled down so often we think we are entitled to breathe a few weeks before we are melted down again. You don't want to forget, Jake, that every time a fresh shipload of emigrants comes down the gangplank you and I and all of us have to climb into that melting-pot and be boiled down into a newly amalgamated soup and poured out as re-boiled and re-alloyed Americans.

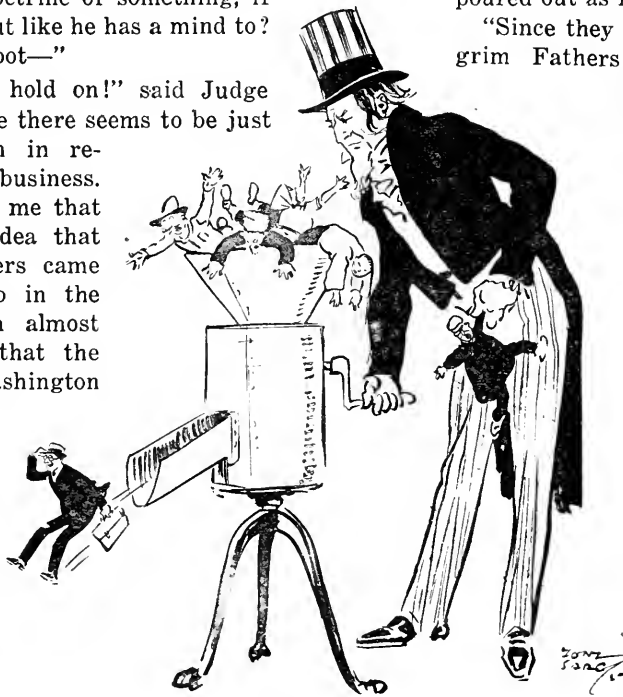
"Since they landed here in 1620, Jake, the Pilgrim Fathers have boiled down and poured anew—excepting the first few months only—just about fifty-two times a year for three hundred years. Every time a new cargo of Puritans arrived it was 'Hop into the pot, pop; some new folks have come to town!' And the whole lot of us have been meekly hopping into the pot ever since, Jake, whenever the bell rang and a fresh lot of strangers arrived in Columbia's Happy Land, and not caring a hang what the new mixture would be.

"But standing around the edge of the melting-pot, waiting to jump in and be melted down with the fresh shipment every Monday morning, gets to be monotonous, Jake, after you have been melted down and remolded fifteen thousand weeks in succession. Some fool American is just apt to say about then, 'For heaven's sake! I was melted down last week, and the week before, and every week before that for two hundred and eighty years, and I was alloyed into a new kind of American last week, and changed from the kind I was alloyed into the week before that. Say! be decent and give me a rest, won't you, please, before you chuck me into that hot pot again with another lot of raw material?'"

"We've been patient melting-stock, Jake, for quite some thousands of weeks, and we have climbed into the pot whenever the word was said, but lately some folks have had a notion that maybe we ought to be allowed to cool off after one melting before we are dumped in for the next one—anyway allowed to harden enough so we won't be as limp as a hot tallow candle."

"And that ought to take near a year, Judge," said Durfey.

"Fully that, Durfey," said Judge Hooper, with a smile, "fully that!"



What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Latest Development in Prohibition.

ON October 6 the President by letter directed the Secretary of the Treasury to formulate regulations to give effect to the recent ruling by the Attorney General which holds the possession or transportation of liquor not only by American but also by foreign ships in American waters, to be contrary to a decision of the Supreme Court. Foreign vessels may not enter American ports with liquor on board as cargo, stores, or even in a sealed bar.

Foreign steamship companies are taking steps to test the legality of the ruling in its application to them. That the ruling, if sustained, will have far-reaching effects, commercially and otherwise, is obvious.

Convention of the American Legion.

The fourth annual convention of the American Legion opened at New Orleans on the 16th.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, had previously addressed a letter "to all Legionaries," suggesting an alliance of the Legion and the Federation. In his speech to the convention on the 17th, Mr. Gompers elaborated this idea, but somewhat vaguely. He proposed that "a joint body be established between the Legion posts and the Federation of trades and local trades central bodies in each community." It does not appear that the convention took any action on Mr. Gompers's suggestion.

Of 1,000 voting delegates at the convention only one dissented from a resolution which declared the hope that an "adjusted compensation" bill would be passed at once.

The convention, by vote of 601 to 375, passed a resolution demanding the removal of Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer from the post of Chief Coordinator of the Federal Hospitalization Board on the ground that "he has shown himself by speech and actions temperamentally unfit for the position which he holds."

End of the C-2.

The army dirigible C-2 was destroyed on October 17, as she was being taken out of her hangar at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas. A squall of wind striking her as she was being maneuvered out, her commander ordered her put back. But the fabric of the bag tore loose from the handling guys and the bag swung against the doorway and was punctured. In rushed the air, and the inflammable mixture of air with hydrogen was ignited by a spark from the gasoline engine; then an explosion and the C-2 quickly consumed by fire. By the greatest good luck, though seven of those aboard were injured, none was fatally so; only broken bones from jumping.

Though the commander of the ship attributes the accident to the faulty fabric of the bag, that of course is not the essential cause. The essential causes were the same as those of the disaster to the *Roma*; namely, use of hydrogen

gas and a gasoline motor. Helium gas (non-inflammable) and Diesel motors using crude oil, are "indicated"; were indicated long ago. Congress was asked for an adequate appropriation for procurement and storage of helium gas, and refused it. Congress may well do a little thinking.

Admiral Sims Retires.

On October 14 Admiral Sims retired from active service. A great sailor; to whom, more than to any other, belongs the credit for the present efficiency of the navy, because of the revolution in gunnery he succeeded in "putting over" in face of pedantry and stupid conservatism. His unconventional methods in that connection almost ruined his career in the navy; might have done so but for the great Roosevelt, who recognized in him a kindred genius and saw him through.

Our Government Receives a Rebuff.

On June 26 the United States Government addressed a note to the British Government proposing a treaty between the two Governments whereunder the British Government would agree to certain undertakings and concessions looking to the suppression of smuggling of liquor from British possessions (particularly the Bermuda and Bahama Islands) into the United States. Particularly it was proposed (in view of the fact that many American vessels have transferred to the British flag in order to engage in liquor smuggling) that the British authorities refuse British registry to any American vessel unless the latter produce a certificate showing that the vessel has been tendered to the United States Shipping Board, such tender before transfer of an American vessel to a foreign register being required by the laws of this country. But most particularly it was proposed that the treaty "contain reciprocal provisions authorizing the authorities of each Government to exercise a right of search

of vessels of the other beyond the three-mile limit of territorial waters to the extent of twelve miles from the shore."

On October 13 the British Government replied, courteously but firmly declining to enter into the kind of treaty proposed. Instructions would be given (had been given, indeed) to the British port authorities to exercise special vigilance in the enforcement of British laws with a view to prevention of irregularities in connection with clearances, of improper transfers of registry, and of other breaches and improprieties. It is intimated, though not flatly stated, that the British laws in this connection are adequate.

As to the most important proposal of the American Government, the British note should be quoted:

His Majesty's Government have consistently opposed any extension of the limit of territorial waters such as that now suggested. They feel that the outbreak of smuggling which has led to the proposal cannot be regarded as a permanent condition, but as one which will, no doubt, be suppressed by the United States authorities within the not distant future.

While, therefore, they are desirous of assisting the United States Government to the best of their ability in the suppression of the traffic and in the prevention of the abuse of



Wide World Photos.

Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, the army aviator whose wonderful feats are described in the text

the British flag by those engaged in it, they do not feel that they can properly acquiesce, in order to meet a temporary emergency, in the abandonment of a principle to which they attach great importance.

A New President for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, for twenty-one years Director of the Bureau of Standards at Washington, has been elected president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has accepted.

Secretary Hoover comments as follows:

The loss of Dr. Stratton as head of the Bureau of Standards is a real national loss. He has built up that service from a bureau devoted to scientific determination of weights and measurements to a great physical laboratory coöperating with American industry and commerce in the solution of many problems of enormous value in industry which the commercial laboratories of the country, from lack of equipment and personnel, have been unable to undertake.

While the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is to be congratulated on securing Dr. Stratton, one cannot overlook the fact, that the desperately poor pay which our Government gives to great experts makes it impossible for us to retain men capable of performing the great responsibilities which are placed upon them.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an educational institution, finds no difficulty in paying a man of Dr. Stratton's calibre three times the salary the Government is able to pay him.

Dr. Stratton has repeatedly refused large offers before, but the inability of the scientific men in the Government to properly support themselves and their families under the living conditions in Washington, and to make any provision for old age, makes it impossible for any responsible department head to secure such men for public service at Government salaries.

Electron Tubes.

Transmission of wireless telegraph messages across the Atlantic by use of electron tubes instead of alternators (in

The pother we make about politics and whatnot seems petty enough when we hear of what such men as Langmuir and Steinmetz are doing. Mr. Edison visited Schenectady the other day after twenty-five years' absence. The "Old Wizard" was actually a little bewildered; though many of the things he saw were logically developed from his own early work.

Brief Notes.

On October 16 the British Government turned over to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York \$50,000,000 towards payment of the interest due on our war-loan to Britain of \$4,277,000,000.

* * *

Secretary Hoover, a member of the Allied Debt Commission, spoke at Toledo on the 16th, on the war-loans. The speech is an important contribution to the discussion of that great subject, though it cannot be said that it is as lucid or persuasive as Mr. McKenna's speech on the subject to the Bankers' Convention. It has not created a favorable impression in France.

* * *

The Fact-Finding Coal Commission has begun its work. The following-named are members: John Hays Hammond; Thomas R. Marshall; Judge Samuel Anschuler, a United States Circuit Judge; Clark Howell, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*; George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey; Dr. Edward T. Devine, a social and economic investigator and writer; Charles P. Neill, one-time Commissioner of Labor.

* * *

On October 14 Lieutenant R. L. Maughan in an army-Curtiss pursuit plane, won the Pulitzer trophy air race, traveling the 160-mile course at Mount Clemens, Michigan, at an average speed (breaking several world's records) of 206 miles an hour. He was unconscious at times during the flight.

On the 16th, Lieutenant Maughan, in the same plane, sped over the one-kilometer course at the rate of 248.5 miles per hour; the highest speed at which a human being ever traveled.

* * *

The New York Giants won the World's Series with disappointing ease.

* * *

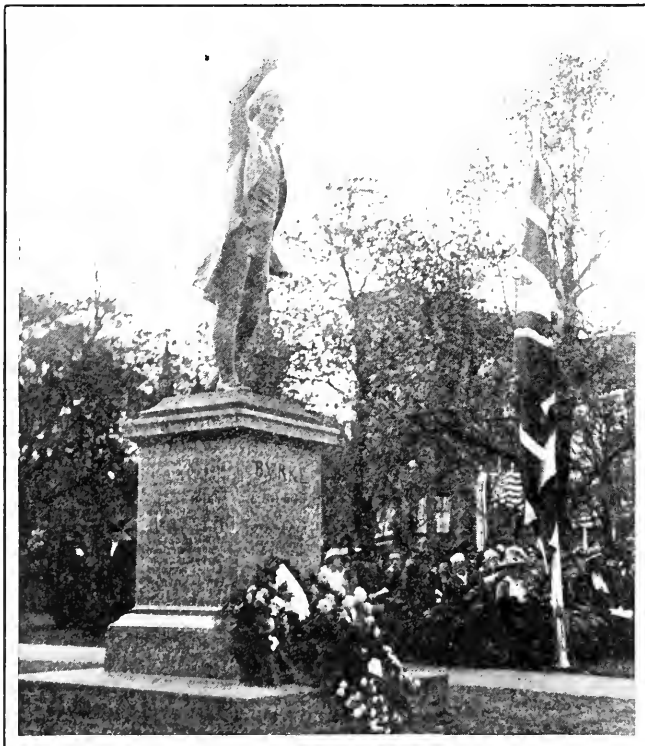
By defeating the gallant Argentinians in two successive games, the Meadow Brook "Big Four" showed themselves, beyond reasonable doubt, the greatest polo team in the world.

* * *

The first race in the annual contest between Canadian and American fishing schooners is scheduled to be sailed off Gloucester on October 21. The *Bluenose*, last year's winner, again represents Canada; the *Henry Ford* represents the United States. That magnificent sea-dog, Captain Angus Walters, will again be at the helm of the *Bluenose*; Captain Clayton Morrissey will sail the *Henry Ford*.

Lloyd George Resigns

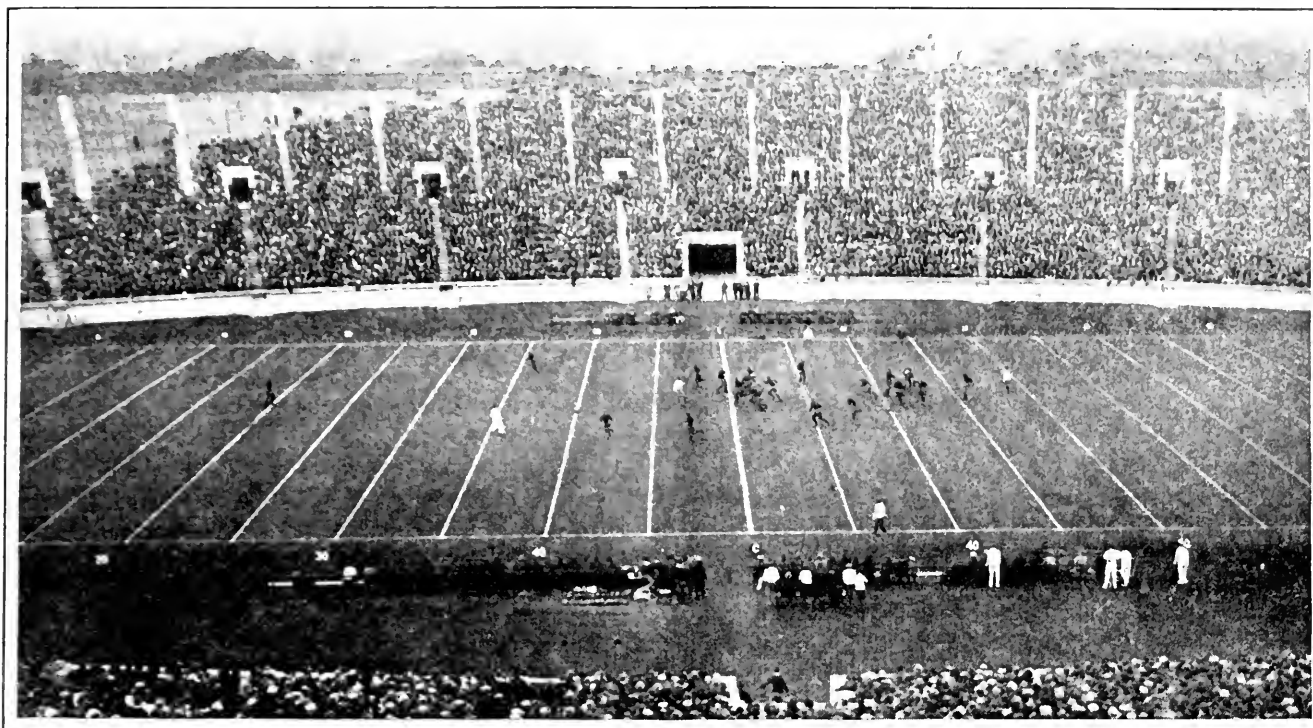
JUST as this summary is about to go to press comes the news of Lloyd George's resignation. At a meeting of Unionist (Conservative) members of Parliament convened at the Carlton Club (a famous stronghold of Conservatism) by Austen Chamberlain, Unionist leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain's efforts to persuade the Unionist members to vote continuance of the Coalition, under the leadership of Lloyd George, until after the coming election (when, if a change in the composition of the Government might seem "indicated," that matter could be discussed), egregiously failed. Instead, by a vote of 186 to 87, it was resolved that "the Conservative Party, while willing to coöperate with the Coalition Liberals, fight the election as an independent party with its own leader and its own



International.

The Edmund Burke statue recently unveiled at Washington, gift of Sir Charles Wakefield, one-time Lord Mayor of London

a recent test) suggests the possibility of wireless transmission of power, as from Niagara to New York, by means of electron tubes. Transatlantic telephony by means of the tubes is a certainty. The possibilities opened out by this ingenious invention seem limitless.



Wide World Photos.

Iowa State University beating Yale 6-0 in the Yale Bowl

programme." In other words, the majority of those assembled repudiated Lloyd George, who was, so to speak, the Coalition.

Lloyd George, of course, and the rest of the Cabinet promptly resigned. He advised the King to send for Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, whose speech at the Unionist caucus had dealt the *coup de grâce* to the Coalition. Mr. Law, sent for by the King, agreed to make the attempt to form a Conservative Government, though his acceptance of the Premiership is conditioned upon his election to leadership of the Conservative Party at a meeting of all Conservatives of both Houses to be held within the next few days—a merely technical condition, however, as without doubt he will be elected leader. Mr. Law has excellent material from which to draw a cabinet, but it does not include Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Balfour, Sir L. Worthington Evans and Lord Lee of Fareham, who, though Conservatives, accompany Lloyd George into the wilderness, as the saying is.

The world, of course, is eagerly watching to see what Lloyd George will do. He is pretty certain to oblige with some very interesting strategy and tactics. It is a matter of doubt and of great importance, whether Mr. Law, if he succeeds in forming a Government, will dissolve Parliament and go to the country at once, or will wait until the Irish Constitution has been ratified and other needful legislation concerning Ireland has been passed. It is thought that Mr. Law's foreign policy will not importantly differ from Lloyd George's. His recent letter to the London *Times* indicated approval of Lloyd George's handling of the Near East crisis. 'Tis said that in Paris they fear a less complaisant attitude toward France than that of Lloyd George.

Mr. Law is sixty-four years old. He opposed Lloyd George's Irish policy, being rather of Sir Henry Wilson's mind regarding Ireland, and he has opposed Lloyd George's Russian policy. But, whatever may have been or may be his Irish views, he will not, one must think, repudiate or even indirectly prejudice the commitments of the London Agreement. [Mr. Law has announced that, if he succeeds in forming a Government, he will ask for dissolution of Parliament, but he states that there will be ample time, notwithstanding, for Irish legislation.]

France

Tardieu Still on Poincaré's Trail.

TARDIEU, in the *Echo National*, ridiculing Poincaré's claim of victory over England in the Near East, says that France can make no end of friends by behaving to other nations as she has towards the Turks. The following is quoted from the New York *Times* (Mr. James's translation):

Let's give back to Trotsky Bessarabia, Poland, Lithuania and Finland, let's wipe out the Russian debt, and we will find in Moscow hearts that beat as warmly for us as those at Angora. For Germany, let's give back to the Reich, the Congo, the Cameroon, Togoland, Danzig, Posen, Schleswig, Upper Silesia, Alsace and Lorraine, let's speak no more about reparations, and the Germans will be our friends.

And for our Allies, let's tell England that we accept the Bradbury project, and we shall win from Lloyd George a benevolent smile and he will no longer compare M. Poincaré to a dragon who carries his tail between his legs. For the United States, we will immediately pay the \$3,000,000,000 we owe and discharge all our soldiers. That will have a wonderful effect.

Our Premier is in his turn sliding down the greased chute which he used to recommend for his predecessors and his speed of the past month indicates he will beat all records.

Eating Their Words?

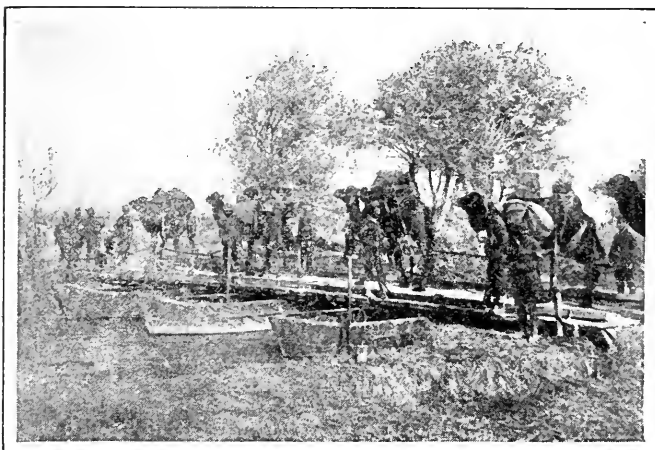
A *rapprochement* between Moscow and Paris is confidently expected by some observers, on the basis of common opposition to the British Near East policy. Of course the intense hatred and jealousy felt by them toward the British Government might induce the French Government and the semi-official *Temps* to eat their words of the last two years concerning Moscow (paprika would be honey in comparison); but the evidence so far produced does not justify us in crediting the reports which declare so singular a *rapprochement* to be imminent.

The Italian Situation

THE Italian Fascisti have been rambunctious of late. Mussolini has been talking in a very violent and insolent key. But it is probable that his intentions are less violent than his speech. He demands dissolution of the Chamber and general elections; and (apparently prior to the Chamber's dissolution) changes in the electoral law.

Certainly the Italian electoral law is a very unhappy one, and the situation in Italy should be immensely improved by election of a new Chamber under a sensible electoral law.

So far Mussolini is right. But Mussolini's notions of a satisfactory electoral law do not commend themselves to common sense; and his appeal to brute force won't do. But, as stated above, Mussolini's intentions are probably



International.

The Greek retreat—a camel train

less violent than his speech. He is said to be in parley with Giolitti and Orlando, looking to joint action. The conversation of the old fox Giolitti and the admirable Orlando should be wholesome for Mussolini. The mere flattery of association with two such swells will work upon him if he is, like the rest of mankind, a little of the snob. Giolitti, who has profited so much by the present electoral system, must know that it has to go; and therefore he may probably be counted on to counsel wisely, as he has the wit to do.

The Famine Situation in Russia

WALTER DURANTY writes as follows for the *New York Times*:

Five million persons will face death by starvation from December until the next harvest, and 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 more from March. That is the aftermath of last year's crop failure, and in certain areas this year's failure also.

These figures, collected from different sources by Americans, other foreigners and Russians, certainly are not exaggerated. If anything they underestimate the gravity of the situation. One gathers from foreign newspapers that there has been a controversy abroad on the present conditions in the Volga Valley and the South Ukraine, the amount of relief that will be required and measures the Soviet Government is taking to furnish it. Statements technically correct but misleading as to the harvest "surplus" this year have been issued by Soviet officials and others. The facts are as follows:

There has actually been in Russia and the Ukraine together a total surplus over the needs of the population for families, cattle and seeding of some 250,000,000 poods. But this surplus is in no wise available for famine relief, as it is in the hands of individual peasants, who, after paying taxes, naturally dispose of it to buy implements, clothing, etc., so immensely needed. Estimates vary as to the total amount of the food tax, but it is beyond question that after the requirements of railroad and other workers, the army, schools, etc., have been met, the Government will not have more than 65,000,000 poods for any kind of relief. Of this 44,000,000 are ear-marked for seeding—14,000,000 already are distributed for Autumn sowing, and 30,000,000 are reserved for Spring. The 21,000,000 left—surely not more and perhaps less—will be available as food relief for 5,000,000 and later 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 persons who can't live on less than a pood per head per month. This figure will involve some sacrificing of part of their rations by workers and soldiers as imposed on them last year. That they again will accept it is hardly to be doubted, but considering the average worker in Russian cities already is down 30 per cent. below the requisite caloric standard it is a real sacrifice.

It may be asked what about the church treasures requisitioned early in the year for the express purpose of famine

relief. It is almost impossible to get the precise total, but it is beyond doubt that not more than \$4,000,000 was realized, probably a good deal less. This was swallowed up by State advances to cover previous purchases by the Government abroad. There remain the crown jewels, but it is impossible to sell them at present, although there is hope in some quarters here that a loan of some kind with a part at least of the jewels deposited abroad as security may ultimately be arranged.

Meanwhile all accounts from the affected areas present the situation as fully as bad as last year, though, of course, on a much smaller scale. Causes vary from local droughts and locusts to the shortage of cattle, weakness of the population, and in outlying districts to tardy arrival of seed.

The above should be received with a certain caution.

Turkey, etc.

The Mudania Conference.

IT is an old story now, and doubtless familiar to every one, of how the conference at Mudania of Turkish, Allied, and Greek military officers (plus that strange civilian, Henri Franklin-Bouillon of France), was suspended on October 5, was resumed on the 7th, and resulted on the 10th in the signature by the Turkish, British, French, and Italian representatives, of the Mudania military convention. The Allied delegates had agreed to Greek military evacuation of Eastern Thrace under Allied supervision, but Ismet Pasha insisted in addition on occupation of Eastern Thrace by Kemalist troops immediately after that evacuation. General Harington (supported by the French and Italian military representatives) insisted, of course, that the question of Turkish military occupation should be left to determination by the peace conference. Then that singular person, Franklin-Bouillon, "butted in" and announced that he had instructions from his Government to support Ismet Pasha's demand. All of the Allied military representatives were indignant at the civilian's intrusion and betook themselves to Constantinople in a British destroyer to consult their High Commissioners and for easier and quicker communication with their Governments.

On General Harington's report of the matter, Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, sped to Paris. Had Poincaré really given such instructions to Franklin-Bouillon? If so, he had repudiated the understandings on which the Allied proposals of September 23 to Mustapha Kemal were based. If so, chorused the British press, the Entente was dead. Whatever instructions Poincaré may have given to Franklin-Bouillon, he must either repudiate Franklin-Bouillon's action, or repudiate the Entente. He chose the former. The Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, and Italy, assembled at Paris, drew up new telegraphic instructions to their representatives at the Straits, which formed the basis of an ultimatum by the latter to Ismet Pasha. General Harington presented the ultimatum with a neat little speech, in which he declared that the terms offered were the limit of British concession and had the unqualified approval of the French and Italian Governments. Ismet referred the terms to the Angora Government, which ordered him to accept. The terms were embodied in the Mudania Convention, which, as stated above, was signed on the 10th.

The Mudania Convention.

The following digest of the Mudania Convention is reprinted from *The Independent Interweekly* of October 21:

I. Greek military evacuation of Eastern Thrace to be carried out within "about" fifteen days.

II. Greek civil authorities, including gendarmerie, to be withdrawn as soon as possible.

III. As the Greek civil authorities withdraw, the civil powers to be turned over to the Allied authorities and by the latter at once transferred to the Turkish authorities.

IV. The above operations to be concluded within thirty days from completion of the evacuation of the Greek army.

V. The Turkish civil authorities to be accompanied by such gendarmerie as may be necessary for maintenance of

law, order and security; the total number of gendarmerie in Eastern Thrace and in the Ismid mutessarifiat not to exceed 8,000.

VI. Evacuation of Greek troops and transfer of civil administration to be supervised and directed by Allied missions.

VII. In addition to the missions, Allied detachments to occupy Eastern Thrace.

VIII. The Allied missions and detachments to be withdrawn from Eastern Thrace within thirty days from completion of the evacuation of the Greek army. If the Turkish gendarmerie function well, the Allied withdrawal may be made before the expiration of the thirty-day period.

IX. New neutral Chanak and Ismid zones to be marked by mixed commissions, consisting of one officer of each of the Allied armies, and one of the Turkish Nationalist army; the Chanak line to run fifteen kilometers from the coast of the Dardanelles, and the Ismid line forty kilometers from the coast of the Bosphorus. All Angoran troops to be withdrawn from the zones thus delimited.

X. Allied occupation to continue as at present in Constantinople and its immediate hinterland (carefully defined in the agreement) and in the Gallipoli peninsula, pending decisions of the peace conference.

XI. The Angora Government undertakes to respect the zones above mentioned and not to transport troops into or raise an army in Eastern Thrace, pending the decisions of the peace conference. The Allies undertake not to increase the numbers of their troops and not to construct further fortifications in the neutral zones during the same period.

The Greek representatives declining to sign the convention on the ground that they lacked the necessary full powers, Ismet declared himself satisfied with Allied assurance of Greek compliance; it is understood that the Greek Government has since formally accepted the convention.

It should be remarked that the convention seems to leave quite open the question of limitations on Turkish military strength in Eastern Thrace after the peace—sure to be one of the most bitterly debated questions at the peace conference. It is not absolutely certain that the debate thereon will not end in a "ruction."

Greek Evacuation of Eastern Thrace.

The Mudania Convention went into effect midnight October 14-15. It is understood that the Greek military evacuation of Eastern Thrace is proceeding in rapid and orderly fashion under the supervision of Allied missions and detachments; that threats by the Greek commander in the vein of d'Annunzio were only "prave words."

The roads from Eastern Thrace westward into Western Thrace, northward to Bulgaria, southward to the Aegean ports, are thronged with Christian civilians (mostly Greeks) eager to escape from Eastern Thrace before withdrawal of the Allied detachments therefrom (near the end of November). Already there is great suffering among these wretches; there is bound to be a great deal more, and much mortality from hunger, exhaustion, and disease. According to the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, there are (or were before the exodus began) 300,000 Christians in Eastern Thrace and 450,000 in Constantinople. Certainly as many of these as can will leave before the Allies leave. This is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary episodes in human annals.

The Angora Government's Reply to the Allied Proposals.

On October 5 the Allied Governments received the reply of the Angora Government to the Allied proposals of September 23 (digested in *The Independent* of October 14).

The Angora Government accepts the proposal of a peace conference, suggesting October 20 as the date of meeting and Smyrna as the place. It ignores the suggestion that the guardianship of the Straits be entrusted to the League of Nations. "We will in due course make known our views regarding our admission into the League of Nations." It "definitely proposes" that Russia, the Ukraine, and Georgia, be invited to the peace conference; but fails to mention Bulgaria in that connection. This may be because Bulgaria has failed to show that enthusiasm for the return of Turkey to Europe which was expected.

The Peace Conference.

It would certainly seem to be to the interest of the Allies quite as much as to that of Turkey to hasten the opening of the conference. It is reported that Britain and France have agreed on November 13 as the date. The Allies would not hear to Smyrna as the place of meeting, and Angora would not hear to Scutari, suggested by the Allies. According to latest report, it is almost certain that Lausanne will be the place. Mustapha Kemal would like to attend, but says he cannot do so if the conference is held outside of Turkey.

There is still talk of two conferences instead of one—the first (to open about November 1) to deal with all matters except the status of the Straits—Russia, the Ukraine, and Georgia not to be invited; the second, for fixing the status of the Straits (date of meeting to be determined at the first conference), to be held under the auspices of the League of Nations, and the United States, Soviet Russia, the Ukraine, Georgia and Bulgaria to be invited to participate.

The Smyrna Refugees.

A report of October 7 declared the evacuation of Smyrna refugees to be complete. The total number evacuated, said the report, was 220,000, and of these 180,000 were evacuated under the auspices of the American Disaster Relief Committee, with protection of the American and British naval forces.

But a later report stated that Greek refugees were still pouring into the Aegean ports and that (though the time



Paul Thompson.

The Canadian schooner Bluenose, defender of the International Fishermen's trophy

limit had expired) the Turkish authorities were permitting their evacuation (with exception, of course, of the males between fifteen and fifty).

* * *

A report of October 14 states that the Turks have withdrawn from the neutral zones fixed by the Mudania Convention.

"Rag Heads"—A Picture of America's East Indians

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

WE heard about her first in Los Angeles. We had been told wild tales about East Indian women disguised as men, working in the Californian rice fields and vineyards beside their husbands. But we, who had lived in India, did not believe them. Indian women are a home-keeping lot. They do not till the fields; and but few of them travel.

I wished they did.

It had been years since I left India; but my *Urdu* was still usable, and my love for my almost mother land as warm as it was when I hugged and kissed my old *ayah's* kind brown face and listened entranced to her tales of genii and fairies. So, although I felt there was but little chance of finding her, I asked every East Indian we met whether he, or any of them, had brought their *ghar* (household) along.

The best place, we discovered, to find our turbaned friends—dubbed "Rag Heads" by Californians—was about the railway stations. They were continually on the wing, coming from the melon and cotton fields in the Imperial Valley, en route to the fig orchards and vineyards of Fresno, or the rice fields near Sacramento.

Our method of approach was always the same. After the preliminary "salaams" and explanations were over, my husband would engage several of the men in conversation while I got what information I could from some of the left overs.

"And when did you leave the Punjab?"

The vast majority of the men were *Sikhs* whose home is in the Punjab.

"Indeed—so long ago!" (The answer was usually ten or a dozen years).



Traveling in Kapurthala, a Sikh State

"Are you homesick?"

"Not any longer, memsahib. One adjusts oneself."

"Are you going back to the Punjab?"

A shrug, a smile, then, "I make more money here."

"Of a truth!"

With a catch of the breath came my next question.

"Have you your wife and children with you?"

"My wife died after I came to this country. . . . I am as you see me. . . ."

A murmur of pity, and then imploringly:

"Can you tell me of one—just one Punjabi woman whom I may meet and talk to . . . the mother of children?"

"I have heard," hesitatingly, "that there is one near Fresno. . . . Perhaps there positive information may be had."

And so, after many days, we found her.

We had been driving so long, losing our way and finding it again among the myriad vineyards, that darkness had fallen before our kind host, picking his way as best he might among the starlit paths, drew up triumphantly before a shack. A shack surrounded by a fence in the midst of a spreading vineyard.

We should have been in a bad way without the stars that brightened the August night. For lights there were none, not even in the rattle-trap buggy that held up a drooping horse before the forbidding fence.

But no—there was a light after all! A lantern hanging on a nail driven into the side wall of the shack. By its pale gleam we fancied that we could distinguish figures moving . . . certainly we heard voices . . . voices with familiar intonations!

"*Koi hai?*" we called.

There followed silence.

"*Koi hai?*" we called again. And for answer, from out of the darkness there emerged an enormous Sikh, six-foot-four and broad in proportion, staring uncertainly at the suppliant figures at his gate.

"Sahib and memsahib from Punjab? Come in—" he was a courteous host albeit a bit suspicious.

Explanations of our presence were first in order.

Yes, we had lived in India many years. No, we were not British spies. The sahib was making a survey for the Episcopal Church. He wished to find out how many East Indians there were on the Pacific coast; whether they were happy; and what, if anything, was being done for them; whether they needed a friend.

But although I was interested in the answers, I was conscious of a figure passing to and fro in the background waiting on a table barren of cloth, but rich in children, seeing that plates were filled and mouths wiped.

"Surely," I addressed Bakshish Singh, "I see your wife."

"She busies herself as usual with the children," he motioned toward the barely distinguishable table.

Clearly it was up to me to make the first advances; so I wasted no further time in running down my quarry.

As my hand closed over the slim brown one extended to me, I should not have been surprised if a wild elephant had trumpeted from the shadowy fig trees in the far corner of the vineyard, or a tiger leaped upon the discouraged horse at the front gate; for the full, gathered skirt and the white *chadder* that draped the calm oval face did not deviate by a hair's breadth from the time-immemorial North India woman's costume; and the pig-tailed little girl who ran up to stare at me might, with her loose-above, tight-at-the-ankle trousers, have stepped from the heart of a Punjab village

right into the cool starlight of the California night. But there was a difference. No earrings weighed down the delicate brown ears. The ears I remembered had been framed by as many of them as they could hold. No nose-ring defaced the slender nostril. Anklets and bracelets were gone. And instead of the respectful salaam that would once have been my greeting, there was the not so beautiful, complacent, Western handshake; and the voice with its careful foreign accent primly articulating, "How do you do?"

With dismay I realized that she simply did not wish to hear me talk *Urdu*. She desired, firmly, to show off her own halting English instead. Even the children toiled over it instead of lilting carelessly in their own musical tongue. The second youngest—there were six, she told me—running up at the sound of a wail from a distant cot, admonished his mother with a superb "Ma! Baby, he cry!"

It was too much.

"*Arre beta*," I reverted to the first language I had spoken. "Does your mother ever sing you the song of

recumbent husband's benefit as mine, "I was born in this country, and my mother and sisters before me. They live here now. Do you think I would leave them to go off with a strange man to a country where a man can have many wives and beat them all day long if he wants to? No! America is a good country for women."

"That's the way she always talk," complained her husband, stretching himself. But I fancied I detected an underlying chuckle of admiration in his tone. "Tell her, memsahib, what sort of country India is. . ."

This was a large order, so I turned instead to the quiet mother of Bakshish Singh's children.

"Do you think America a good country for women?" I asked.

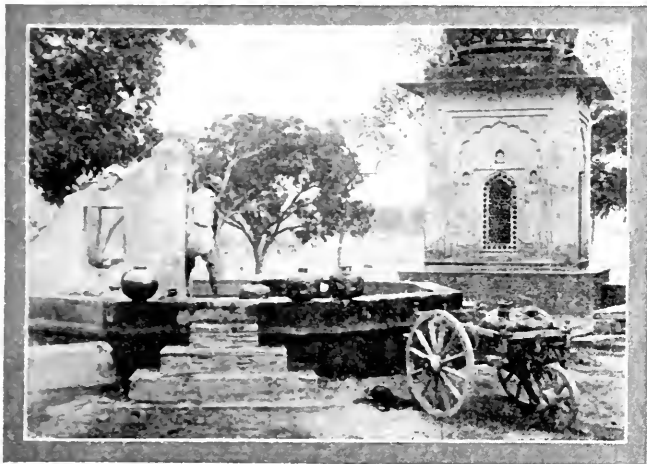
"I like it," she answered gravely. "It is not so hot as Punjab; and children do not die so much of fever as in my old village."

Then we discovered that I had been in her village.

We were still chatting about it when I heard Bakshish Singh's voice informing my husband:

"Of a truth these hundred and sixty vine-bearing acres are mine, and shall be my children's after me. I have been here twenty years. Twelve years ago I returned to my old village and took a wife from among my own people. My children go to school with other children. My neighbors call upon me . . ." my throat contracted at the bravado in his voice. "My son, Badawa Singh, is—what you call it—'smart'? He study all time—read—someday. . ."

A learned man, he informed my husband, a college student, who had been there not long ago "collecting," had



A famous Well at Ajrat



Plowing with Bullocks in the Punjab

the dove and the wild plums—or the sleepy songs . . . like this . . ." and I droned the ancient lullabies.

"There . . . do you hear her?" came a voice from the ground so completely out of the lantern rays that it might have been bodyless. "Does it sound so terrible from her lips?"

"Never did I expect to hear a white lady talk so," was the answer as a squat little figure with a huge baby at her hip emerged in the dim light. "That is my husband, lady." As she pointed in the direction of the voice, I discovered that, by staring into the darkness, I could barely distinguish a reclining figure, comfortably smoking an ancient *hookah*. "He is Bakshish Singh's brother, and he has sometimes wished to take me back to show me his own country."

"And she won't go!" broke in Bakshish Singh's brother with amused exasperation. "She say 'If I go to your country, *perhaps they eat me!*'"

"Then you are—?" I turned again to the little woman with the fat baby.

"Mexican," she explained. "And I tell my husband his country too far away. Who know what they do so far off?"

"You might find it interesting," I suggested. "And are not your husband's people your people?"

"Listen, lady," she was speaking as much for the

told them that at Gandhi-Gi's behest all caste was done away with in India. Now all men ate together and loved one another like brothers. There were no more rich and no more poor. The Brahmins ate with the *churas* (outcasts); and the Moslems and Hindus walked arm in arm.

"If one can but get rid of the English, India will be Paradise," was his naïve comment. "One does not begrudge the money one gives if Heaven be but around the corner."

Alas, poor Bakshish Singh!

As I look back I know that the thing that engaged me most about Bakshish Singh's wife was her complacency. She was contentedly comparing her children with what they might have been, rather than what it might be possible for them to become.

A Page of Recent Verse

Edited by Helen Louise Cohen

"An abstract idea must be left with a kind of passion, it must mean something emotionally significant, it must be as immediate and important to the poet as a personal relationship before he can make poetry of it."—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

ONE of the fruits of Witter Bynner's Oriental journeyings is, no doubt, the following poem in which memories of his Chinese days color his new treatment of a theme of familiar and universal appeal:

"A Good-Bye from the Ship," by Witter Bynner

[*The Nation*]

Meetings are only partings, friend.
We might have known
That in the end
Every one goes his way alone. . . .
We shared blue mornings on the sea,
White mountain-moons.
You played for me
On your bamboo-flute the Chinese tunes
That went with wine-cups and the song
Chrysanthemum sang,
Ten stanzas long,
When she laughed with us in Chinkiang.
Pure were the poems you explained
On Canton walls
The day it rained;
And always now the twilight falls
More quietly because you said:
"This is the hour
When griefs are shed
As light as petals from a flower."
These things and other things are mine
To bless you for.
We send a sign
Of goodwill, between ship and shore. . . .
Meetings like ours have always shone
Beyond their end—
But we might have known,
Meetings are only partings, friend.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who died last month, was a poet as well as a political philosopher and a man of action. During his recent imprisonment he wrote sonnets on the blank leaves of his prayer book. The poem that follows is printed in "My Diaries."

God knows, 'twas not with a fore-reasoned plan
I left the easeful dwellings of my peace
And sought this conflict with ungodly Man
And ceaseless still through years that do not cease
Have warred with Powers and Principalities.
My natural soul, ere yet these strifes began,
Was as a sister, diligent to please
And loving all, and most the human clan.
God knows it. And He knows how the world's tears
Touched me. And He is witness of my wrath,
How it was kindled against murderers
Who slew for gold, and how upon their path
I met them. Since which day the World in arms
Strikes at my life with angers and alarms.

Logan Pearsall Smith, known chiefly as the author of "Trivia," published in 1909 a little paper-covered volume called "Songs and Sonnets," in which occurs this humorous warning:

To a Friend

By some large and holy charm
In thy inkpot, safe from harm,
Lie compressed in magic space
Ocean floods of Commonplace.

Ah, preserve the holy spell,
Keep that inkpot covered well!

Christopher Morley chooses the sonnet printed below for quotation and says:

Pearsall Smith's sonnets seem to us to have an agreeable quality of transparence; they are meditatively *triste*, as most of the good sonnets are; at first acquaintance they seem docile and well drilled rather than tremendous. But then we are no great hand at deciding on sonnets at first go-off; one has to live with them a while to find out what their wearing qualities are and whether they have the trick—which is the one final test of fine poetry—of sifting insensibly into the mind and memory.

The Journey

Led by their golden sun, our little shoal
Of moons and planets through the heaven flees,
Through the vast heaven, like a swarm of bees
That seek afar their hiving-place and goal.
From earth, as from the Ark, I sent my soul
To seek what haven, what fair Hesperides
Might be our bourn beyond those unknown seas,
Beyond the Milky Way, beyond the Pole.

No hope, no olive branch, my soul brought back;
I saw the ghastly terror in her face.
"Aimless," she cried, "runs on the awful track:
To no far goal the suns and planets race,
But on forever through the cavern black
Of vast, of unimaginable space."

Robert Graves is rarely given to complexity of thought or subject matter. This stanza of his, though it makes great demands on our attention, has a kind of intellectual splendor about it.

"The Return," by Robert Graves

[*The Saturday Review*]

Death, kindly eager to pretend
Himself my servant in the land of spears,
Humble allegiance at the end
Broke where the homeward track your castle nears,
Let his white steed before my red steed press,
And rapt you from me into quietness.

"The Traveler's Tale," like "The Return," has a kind of expressiveness new to English poetry. The pattern of Rhys's rhythm, his cadences, are regular if unfamiliar.

"The Traveler's Tale, by Ernest Rhys

[*The Nation and The Athenaeum*]

I have had purple and gold in my time;
I have been crowned, and I have worn fine linen;
I have known love more than in man and woman.
I have been great, and I have been a beggar;
And if I wrap my memories about me
Like a tattered cloak, they hide the morning
Looking out upon the immortal meadows.

I have been young, and seen the bright-haired maiden
Write on the wall the legend "Ai Apollo!"
I have been old, and known the purple shadow,
And seen the grey-beak'd on the ivory shoulder.
Look on this form, this old man, time-forgotten,
Whose heart is like a speck of death within him.
He goes in gold and purple to his city
To live with the Immortals.

A Great Adventure in Hospitality

By Guy Emerson

Vice-President, National Bank of Commerce in New York

IT was perhaps hardly to be expected that the greatest business gathering ever held in the United States should be an assemblage not of merchants or manufacturers, but of bankers. The official attendance of the Convention of the American Bankers' Association held in New York during the first week of October, 1922, mustered an official registration of 11,533, and a very large additional attendance of both local and out-of-town people who were not registered.

The explanation of the great size of this meeting lies in the widespread interest all over the country in the city of New York and the fact that an invitation from New York to any group implies a certain interest and distinction. In the character of the speakers, and in the quality of the entertainment provided, New York can be expected to equal anything that can be produced in any city of the world.

Another inducement to the bankers of America to come to New York this year lay in the outstanding problems of domestic and foreign finance, which involved phases of uncertainty and invited discussion. The formal speeches touched upon subjects which are uppermost in the minds of bankers. And, even more important than the formal sessions, was the opportunity afforded for small conferences among bankers from widely separated sections of the United States, and the consequent progress towards a national meeting of minds on many financial and economic questions.

The speeches of the Right Honorable Reginald McKenna, President McAdams, of the A. B. A., Mr. T. W. Lamont, Governor Allen of Kansas, Mr. J. S. Alexander, and others made a substantial contribution to clear thinking on vital subjects of the day. Mr. McKenna and Mr. Lamont both devoted their discussions to international finance, and the remarks of Mr. McKenna in particular did as much as any pronouncement during recent months to focus the attention of the bankers and business men upon the simple essentials which must underlie any programme for meeting the problem of foreign debts.

All the meetings and conferences of the Association were well attended and it may be said with some confidence that no meetings ever held in this country brought together in a single room a more influential and significant assemblage.

From another aspect the Bankers' Convention was significant. The bankers of the city determined many months in advance not only that this meeting, which comes to New York only once in twenty years, should be efficiently handled, but also that it should convey to our visitors the true spirit of the city of New York

in general, and of the financial community in particular.

There has been more than a little criticism of New York in some quarters because of its alleged coldness and lack of real hospitality. Those of us who have lived in New York and seen its true heart know that there is no lack of hospitality here. We know that the unfavorable impression which has sometimes been created has been due to the fact that the city is large and busy and at all times absorbed with a variety of duties and interests. Here, however, was presented an opportunity to focus on one particular week and to manifest during that week the sincere and spontaneous spirit of cordiality toward friends from all over the country which is one of the notable characteristics of the New Yorker.

No effort was spared to produce this result. Our friends were met at their trains, were looked after at the registration desks of their hotel, and received personal calls at their rooms, immediately on arrival, conveying a word of welcome and making sure that all arrangements for their personal comfort were satisfactorily taken care of.

Although 5,000 people came to town who had not registered for hotel rooms in advance, every one was taken care of without a single serious complaint. This in itself is an achievement of which the hotels of New York have every reason to be proud when it is considered that New York is always crowded in the autumn, and that this year, entirely aside from the Convention, thousands of guests were in town to see the World's Series baseball games.

Two thousand five hundred women were entertained in private homes on one day. Each afternoon more than 2,000 visitors were taken from the Commodore through the crowded downtown district, and

through the uptown sections on various afternoons, under escort of motor-cycle police, without a single stop between the time they left the hotel and returned again an hour later. Thousands were entertained at the theatres, at a smoker, and at a fashion show. Some 7,000 people came together at the ball at the Commodore, and nearly 7,000 were taken to West Point to witness a parade of the cadets arranged especially in their honor.

All this was carried through by a business organization numbering nearly a thousand people who were supplied from the trained and tried personnel of the banks and investment houses of New York—a group which could not have been hired for a business purpose except at a prohibitive price. This organization was able to plan and carry through the great Convention at an expenditure relatively less than that of other cities in the past because all waste was eliminated and all plans carefully made in advance.



The synonym of financial power, Wall street, with Trinity Church in the background

One of the interesting incidents of the week was a luncheon at the New York Stock Exchange, where some 1,600 out-of-town bankers were given an excellent repast and an opportunity to see the Exchange in actual operation. Many of the visitors to the Exchange knew nothing of it except the unflattering remarks which they had been accustomed to hear in political speeches and in journalistic attacks year after year.

As our guests returned to their homes, hundreds of them took the trouble to sit down and write letters expressing their appreciation of their entertainment and their better knowledge of the city. Many of them referred to the Book of New York, which was prepared as a souvenir of the occasion, showing in pictorial form the beauties of the city and its historical development during the past century. It is evident that in many instances this book gave them their first vivid idea of what New York really is—in sharp contrast to their former impression of a great over-night growth of steel and concrete, serving as an unlovely background for large-scale financial operations.

Some day a study of the place of the convention in modern American life will be written. In the day of great distances and crowded populations it is necessary that constant efforts for coördination should be made. Otherwise, our various sections will grow away from one another and our problem of nationalization become increasingly difficult. This tendency toward disunity is brilliantly treated by Professor Frederick J. Turner

of Harvard in an article in the current *Yale Review*. The problem has long since become too great for any form of government to handle, and, irrespective of the many faults in our present system, it is certainly obvious that much of the coördination of American public sentiment is due to the annual meetings of bodies of men from various parts of the country who come together with some mutual interest and return to their homes with a better understanding of one another and a stronger mutual sympathy.

It is this principle which underlies the real significance to New York of the record gathering of 1922. The bankers of the country are assuredly closer together as a result of this meeting and it is certain that in many villages and towns throughout the country there are today men and women who have felt the sincere hand-clasp of hospitality in New York, and who regard our city in a far more personal and intimate way than ever before. They realize that only in the aggregate is New York lacking in cordiality—for all great cities are cold and forbidding to the stranger. To focus the attention of New York for a time upon a single group, in true small-town spirit, is a feat of organization which is a great joy to accomplish, but which cannot be done every day. As the New York *Tribune* put it: "It was the happy thought of our New York bankers to pretend that New York was a small American town and to welcome and entertain their guests with all the home-town stuff."

History Repeats Itself

By a Former Locomotive Engineer

THE Railway Shopmen's Strike, with its attendant evils, should not only furnish every fair-minded, patriotic citizen with food for thought, but should spur to action those who wish to protect the individual, community, and nation against a recurrence of this or a much greater calamity.

The recent action of men in engine and train service who abandoned their posts of duty in the Southwest, causing great hardship and suffering to innocent, helpless people, demonstrates the need of something more effective than the present contractual relations between the unions and their employers, no matter how favorable these contracts are, for under certain conditions the irresponsible minority become a "law unto themselves," ignore contracts, defy constituted authorities, and coerce, intimidate, or bulldoze the better element into active or passive agreement with them.

By turning back a few pages of history we find abundant evidence to support these conclusions.

In the later eighties occurred the great Burlington strike of locomotive engineers against what was then known as classification or graduated pay in engine service. The engineers, led by their late Grand Chief, P. M. Arthur, fully expected to win this strike, without the aid of any other labor organization, in record time. After the struggle had extended into days and weeks, however, the engineers began to realize their inability to force the Burlington to their terms, and thus sought outside aid. They persuaded engineers on other lines to refuse to handle any car owned by the Burlington. This plan, if carried out on all lines, would have been a very effective weapon, as Burlington cars were gener-

ally distributed on trunk lines in the United States. The managements of many lines were notified that to do business with the Burlington would involve their roads in a strike of engineers. For an alleged violation of this notice the engineers on the Santa Fé System were ordered to strike, and actually did strike. The engineers' chairman in charge of the strike on the western end of the line between Williams, Arizona, and Mojave, California, where passengers have so recently been subject to great hardship and privation, advised the striking engineers and the company's officers that all passenger trains which had left terminals prior to the strike must be kept moving and delivered to destinations; that old persons, women, and children were not to be delayed or stranded on the desert; that all cattle en route must be switched to cattle pens, unloaded, and fed and watered, regardless of ownership of cars or destination of shipment; and that an engine must go over the line each day to fill all water barrels at section houses.

The grand officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the better element of the men, and the railway company's officers, fully approved of this plan, while a very troublesome minority denounced it and threatened their chairman with impeachment and expulsion.

In 1894 came the great Pullman, or A. R. U. Strike, in which many railway employees became involved through their membership in the American Railway Union. The real battleground, or test of strength, was not in Chicago, as generally supposed, but in the sparsely settled Southwestern country, where the

A. R. U. leaders thought the enemies' lines could be most easily broken and a signal victory gained.

At Raton, New Mexico, on June 26, 1894, the first Pullman car was cut off from a regular passenger train. Engine, yard, and train-crews all refused to recouple the car to the train, and, following the first dismissal of an employee on this account, all train, engine, and yard-crews, also all shopmen and even clerks in the office, struck and passed the word around that it would not be healthy for any one who attempted to move a wheel until word was received that Mr. Debs's every demand in the Pullman car-shop quarrel had been fully met. In a day or two the yard was blocked with overland passenger trains, with the food supply running low and sanitary conditions becoming serious, and with strikers threatening violence to any who attempted relief measures; the situation was indeed critical. One particular incident in this affair stands out more prominently than others and affords abundant proof of how absolutely unreasonable and inhuman men are *collectively*, most of whom *individually* may be of a high type of citizenship, humane, kind, and generous.

In one of the Overland trains bound from Los Angeles to Chicago, was a most distracted family. The wife's remains were in the baggage car, she having died in California; the husband lay sick in a Pullman car, and, owing to the high altitude (almost 7,000 feet), he was suffering from hemorrhages; his mother, due to the infirmities of age, family afflictions, high altitude, and the hardships of travel, was in a state of collapse; and in the name of humanity this train should have been promptly moved to a lower altitude. Several of the leading train and engine men were requested to take the baggage car and Pullman only to the next division point, which was some 2,000 feet lower, but their answer was an emphatic No. One of the railway company's division officers, who at that time was mayor of the town, also a special deputy U. S. marshal, and

deputy sheriff of the county, in conjunction with a few loyal officers, some business men, and passengers from marooned trains, asked for a public conference with all strikers in the Town Hall or Opera House. They came out to a man, and, when they were requested in the name of humanity to name a crew to move this dying man with his aged sick mother and his wife's remains to a lower altitude, mocked and reviled and said, "No, never do we turn a wheel until Mr. Debs gives the word."

The mayor, who was experienced in train and engine service, thereupon asked that he and certain loyal officers of the company should be permitted to perform this humane act. At this proposal they hissed, jeered, and booed, with many open and direct insults, and referred to what they had in store for their scab mayor, scab officers, scab U. S. marshal, sheriff, citizens, etc.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that it was largely on information sent from this little mountain town in New Mexico that President Cleveland ordered U. S. troops to move in Illinois to quell riots in Chicago and vicinity, over the advice and protest of Governor Altgeld of that State.

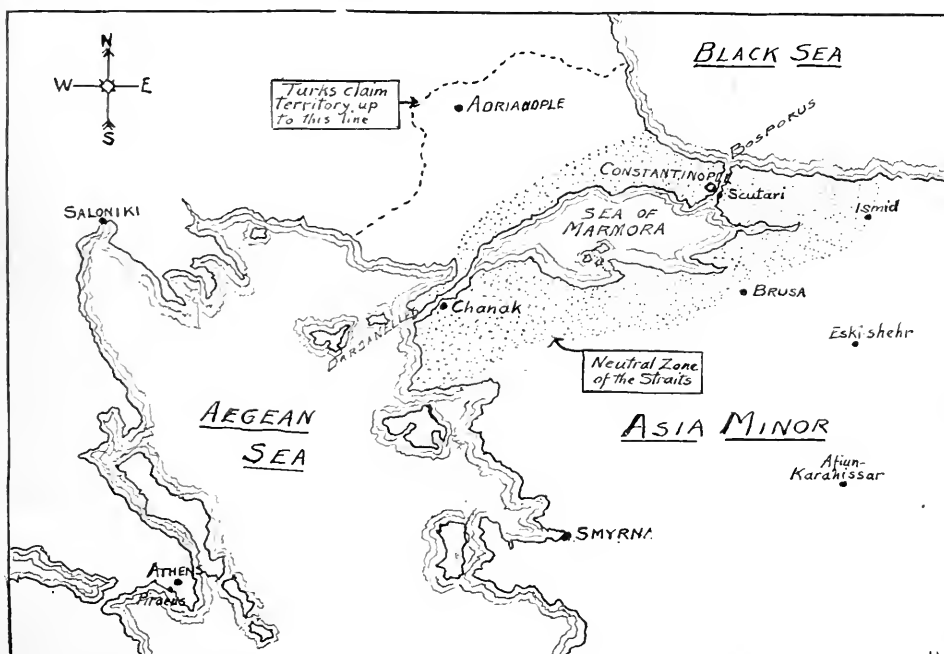
The right of men to strike of their own volition as an act of defense should not be denied, but whether on strike or not they should not be allowed to interfere with those who are willing to work, for the right to work and earn a living is just as sacred as the right to quit, and in transportation and other kindred industries, on which the life and prosperity of the nation rests, there should be some tribunal or authoritative body with power to hear all complaints, render awards, and enforce the same with adequate penalties.

In justice to the grand officers of the old line Engine and Trainmen's Brotherhoods, it should be stated that they not only disapproved of the action of the members of their union in each case, but advised them and their employers that if they did not return to work, Brotherhood men would be sent to take their places.

The Scene of the Near East Embroglio

THE forthcoming conference which, it is expected will open at Lausanne on November 13, will deal with

questions whose importance for the future peace of the world can hardly be overestimated. The map here presented shows the geographical issues involved and will be interesting to refer to in connection with reports and rumors concerning the conference. The dotted line shows the boundary of Eastern Thrace which the Turks claim and the possession of which will restore them to Europe.



From the map it is easy to see the tremendous importance of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, known as the Straits. The dotted area represents the region marked out as neutral territory from which the Turks are excluded until such time as a treaty is signed.

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE, by Augustus Thomas. Scribner. Autobiography of the famous playwright.

THE CRITICAL GAME, by John Macy. Boni and Liveright.

Essays upon books and writers, and upon criticism.

MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS; a Chronicle of Friendships drawn chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Atlantic Monthly Press.

LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER, collected and edited by Josephine Huneker. Scribner.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS, by George Ade. Doubleday.

Witty essays upon current themes.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL, by Joseph Hergesheimer. Knopf.

A novel; the scene is Cuba.

OVERSET, by Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday.

Prose from *The Conning Tower*.

THERE is a passionate but admirable outcry on the subject of Home-Cooking in George Ade's "Single Blessedness" (Doubleday), a book of amusing reflections, not in slang. Why, he asks, and we all ask it, too, cannot hotels and clubs master the simple technique which seems to be nature's gift to every housewife? "Why is it that when you put a white cap on a man and pay him \$18,000 a year he can think of nothing but sauces? He has a million recipes with French labels, but when he serves an order of strawberry short-cake, he simply advertises his shame."

Since that former knight, Rabindranath Tagore, departed from America with forty thousand American dollars clinking pleasantly in his pocket, but with the remark upon his lips that Americans were very materialistic; and since, on his second visit, he went to a football game and then remarked acidly that Americans were noisy and restless; and since I have seen one or two photographs of him which had not been carefully retouched to make him look like one of the Apostles—since all these events I have had certain base suspicions about Mr. Tagore. So it is a pleasure to find an acute and well instructed man like John Macy saying in his "The Critical Game" (Boni and Liveright) that in at least two of his books—in the English—"there is not one great line . . . moreover there is much that is false and weak. . . . Not only are Tagore's lines not great, but some of his lines are foolish. . . . Tagore is a faker in the English sense of the word. I do not know what he is in Hindoo."

"The Critical Game" is a book of pungent, interesting, critical essays, occasionally interspersed, when Mr.

Macy touches upon politics, with some bits of poisonous nonsense. I do not refer to his liberalism and radicalism, but to his words in favor of anarchy and the despotism which anarchy breeds—such words as "to free India from the British murderer and thief." This is not the thought of a mature man, but of a half-baked Greenwich villager. If Mr. Macy's literary judgments were on a par with this he would praise Gertrude Stein as greater than Poe.

This is from Edwin Francis Edgett's "Slings and Arrows" (Brimmer), a collection of epigrams, "not verse, either free or shackled" but masquerades in the form of verse, to hit the eye of the reader:

THE EUPHEMISTS

With mincing words,
They make the good
Old English language into
A Miss Nancyish tongue.
If somebody dies
He "passes away,"
They walk on "limbs,"
They "expectorate,"
They "masticate" their food,
And when
They go to bed,
Where it is a pity
They cannot stay forever,
They "retire."

And this is one, in similar vein, about the author of "Slings and Arrows":

E. F. E.

Hail, O Editor!
As you sit in your book-lined
Office, and concoct five or six
Pages every week for the *Transcript*!
Up that dark stairway
I have walked a few times,
But oftener the postman
Has fetched my copy
And you were merciful to it.
Where is a literary editor
So tolerant and generous,
So sane and level-headed
As Mr. Edgett of the *Transcript*?
You will all have to ask
Somebody else, for frankly
I do not know his match.

"There are those," writes Franklin Adams, in "Overset" (Doubleday), "to whom it is impossible to tell news. They knew it all the time. And there are those who always have the Inside Stuff. In the second class is a wearisome acquaintance, who, on being told that Betelgeuse was 27,000,000 times as large as the sun, said, 'I heard different.'"

"Shouts and Murmurs" (Century), by Alexander Woollcott, is named for an old actor who had "played at Drury Lane," where, it seemed, his only part had been the production of off-stage noises—*Shouts and Murmurs*. I have often wondered who they are who are employed to stand back of the scenes and say "Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r!" when the Bastille is being attacked, or the striking miners are approaching the millionaire owner's "residence."

These are essays about the playhouse. The one on "Capsule Criti-

cism" relates the story of the one bold dramatic critic in America—Mr. Whittaker, of the Chicago *Tribune*—who, when all his brethren wondered why Mr. Barrymore had produced and acted in "Clair de Lune," a play written by his beautiful wife, Michael Strange, solved the question by the title of his review of the performance. It was "For the Love of Mike." Eugene Field wrote of an actor named Clarke, who played "King Lear" in Denver: "Mr. Clarke played the King all evening, as though under constant fear that some one else was about to play the Ace." In the spring of 1917 Heywood Brown described a performance of Wedekind's "Frühlingserwachen" under the caption, "The Spring Offensive." Beerbohm Tree came from California to New York, at the last moment, to join the rehearsals of "Henry VIII." When he looked at the collection of damsels that had been dragged into the theater as ladies in waiting to the Queen, he showed signs of pained and prolonged dissatisfaction. Finally "he said what we have all wanted to say of the extra women in nearly every throneroom and ballroom and schoolroom scene since the theater began. 'Ladies,' said Tree, peering at them plaintively through his monocle, 'just a little more virginity, if you don't mind.'"

From "Yankee Notions" (Yale University Press), by George S. Bryan, a pleasing book of poems about a New England town:

EXPERT OPINION

Old Walt—my reference, let me say,
Is to no poet good or grey,
But to the farmhand who each night
Brought us our milk—Old Walt, the light
Of his dim lantern holding high,
Each night would scan with anxious eye
Our porch thermometer, then stare
East, west, north, south, or anywhere;
Seeming, as somehow such folk can,
Too strangely wise for mortal man.
"Well, Walter, think it's going to rain?"
Each night we'd ask, and ask in vain.
For Walt once more would scrutinize
Thermometer and vaulted skies,
Then answer as he turned to go,
"By Jiminy-Chris'mas, I dunno!" . . .
He seemed to take a quenchless pride
In acting as a weather guide.

"Purposeless porpoises" played about the ship, and a young toucan came aboard. The ship was the Hippocampus, a twenty-eight foot yawl, in which four men sailed from New York to Panama, as related in Alfred F. Loomis' "The Cruise of the Hippocampus" (Century). The publishers have made the book resemble a book for boys a little too much; it is really for sailors and landmen, without regard to age. And the author has made one of the most enjoyable, light-hearted stories of an actual cruise which has been written in a long time. You know that a man must be all right who insists on calling his ship "Hippocampus."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

Among the "Youngest"

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRIDE. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

GARGOYLES. By Ben Hecht. New York: Boni and Liveright.

DOWN THE RIVER. By Roscoe W. Brink. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

STUBBLE. By George Looms. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THIS, we hear, is the day of youth: a youth no longer humble or inarticulate, but ably rising to state where maturity gets off, and comfortably sure that itself has got on. One might suppose, from the hymns of our inspired sucklings and the enraptured chanting of their publishers, that immaturity is the only virtue worth having or expressing; and that there is something both pathetic and infamous in a wisdom based on experience and knowledge of what the world was, did, thought, and wrote yesterday—or, say, day before yesterday. One might even take this to be a new idea! But, as one of our very young men, returning from abroad, has just confessed, all this youthful revolt of ours is an old song in the ears of Europe. The battle against puritanism and genteelness, like the battle for naturalism, were fought, won, and forgotten there half a century ago. The battle of immaturity against maturity belongs to no date or clime; and it is bound to be forever a drawn battle, because in the moment of victory youth always finds itself facing about under the banner of eld to defend the universe against the furious onslaught of that younger youth which is always surging up from the rear. . . .

Young Mr. Benét of "Young People's Pride" sees, with a saving minority of his writing contemporaries, the humor of the juvenile cult. His opening chapter describes a bachelor "party" which is "an omelet of youngests"—the youngest Harvard playwright, the youngest San Francisco cartoonist, the youngest rare-book collector, and so on. Amusing and clever lads they are, with the latest college slang and the latest "arty and crafty" patter on their lips. Young Mr. Benét, at twenty-four, must be very nearly the youngest novelist going, though this is his second performance. It is a better story, as a story, than "The Beginning of Wisdom," less pretentious and less clogged with detail; less immature. Its plot is slight enough, hardly more than the development of a situation. Oliver Crowe is a nice boy a few years out of Yale and a shorter time out of the Air Service. For eight months he has been engaged to a nice Nancy, and for six months has been copy-writer in a New York advertising firm. He has published a little volume of verses of the well-received kind, and has written a novel which is trying to find a sponsor. Nancy and he are very much in love, and Oliver works and pinches and

hopes for their early marriage. Nancy is to wait for him Victoriously. But Nancy is sufficiently un-Victorian to have a career of her own in the offing, and opportunity seeks her out while Oliver still plods. The amount of it is that he is jealous of her stepping above him on the ladder of success, and his "pride" throws her over, while hers keeps her from pleading with him in the name of magnanimity and common sense. Therefore there is an estrangement, during which both suffer as much as is good for them, and after which they are happily and permanently united in matrimony. Into the intermediate action comes Ted, Oliver's chum, and his nice Eleanor, and the mature vamp who nearly parts them, and the middle-aged rich he-hypocrite who represents the ignoble fact of not-youth. . . . So far as youth itself is concerned, this is a clean-felt, healthy tale, once we accept the (romantic) premise of the lovers' estrangement.

The author of "Gargoyles" is a few years older than Mr. Benét, and his sources are very different. "Benét" is not precisely the type of an "Anglo-Saxon" name, but both of its present wearers in our literary world maintain their modernism within those traditions of feeling and conduct which distinguish, for better or worse, the "Anglo-Saxon" point of view and habit. The author of "Erik Dorn" and "Gargoyles" is as alien to that point of view and habit as (Anglo-Saxonically speaking) is his name. He belongs, indeed, to that company of writers in America who, whether born here (as Ben Hecht was) or not, find hope for America only in the denial of her past and present. Anglo-Saxon indeed! All the world knows what a mess we are in racial make-up. Most of our faults, to be sure, are of British origin; but our future lies in the realization of a Gallo-Slavo-Teutonic destiny. Ben Hecht was born in New York, went through a high school in Racine, Wisconsin, and was a newspaper man at seventeen. Ten years later he is a lauded novelist and commentator on American life. He has the reporter's cynical inside information about that life, and the half-alien's contemptuous misunderstanding of its spirit. Like so many of his contemporaries and compatriots, he has an unerring eye for half the truth about us—the unseemly half. "Gargoyles" is a book of delight for fellow-citizens who relish the morbid pathology of our social and political estates. All of us are rotten in our hearts, and most of us in our private conduct. There is, in men and women, a pathetic instinct or impulse which seeks happy love, honest friendship, a generous faith in something higher than ourselves. Nothing doing! Some people believe there is hope in the rule of the majority or the rise of the proletariat. Nothing in it! . . . Though worse may be suspected of me from the foregoing, my grudge against the book and most other books of this school is that it is a poor novel. We never get away from the author's mood and opinions,

to lose ourselves in the reality of his people, and of the action in which they are embodied.

The publisher of "Down the River" calls it a novel in free verse. It begins like this: "Perhaps you don't think these things I'm writing about really happened to me; but I tell you they did, every last one of them." Only it is printed like this:

Perhaps you don't think these things.

I'm writing about.

Really
Happened

To me;

But I tell you they did, every last one of them. . . .

Whether this is free verse or chopped prose the reader may determine for himself. It is clear, though, that this way of printing words fills up the pages like everything; and when we note that, even printing them this way, our novel only runs to 171 pages, we must feel that we are getting a pretty short novel for a dollar and ninety cents. But. . . . After this unpromising preamble, I hasten to own that the test does, as a whole, give an effect of verse or at least an effect like poetry; and that the narrative, or succession of phases and episodes, does as a whole give that effect of detailed and completed action which deserves, by our somewhat vague usage, the title of "novel." Here is the life-story of a country woman who marries and goes to the city (*the city*), and there learns what it is in her to learn of the mystery and passion of human life. Her tale might be called an elaborated Spoon River episode. In its telling is something quite similar to the blend of naturalism and mystical idealism which gave the Spoon River idylls their baffling and distinctive flavor. Sometimes the passages which are most genuinely poetic in feeling stick closely to the homeliness of the rustic vernacular; but oftener, and especially in the later part of the poem (or novel), they are cast in a form of expression quite remote from any possible utterance of any untutored Belle who comes "down the river" from a Blue Mountain with her earthy Len. The story unfolds through a close-knit series of lyrical-descriptive confidences on the part of the woman. In her become articulate the dreams and disillusion, the pain and courage and undying faith of a woman of the people. In the end the City with its people becomes for her the embodiment of the divine; and the end of her days, loosed from the more exacting bonds of wifehood and motherhood, are comforted by a mystical love for all fellow-mortals. There is much beauty and emotion in this book, whether or not one feels that its form is as admirable as one would like it to be.

"Stubble" is another sane and healthy utterance by a young newcomer among American novelists. No, my radical reader, I don't mean that it is either stodgy or sentimental. There is plenty of the lesser realism in it, the realism of fact, but it is never exploited at the expense of the greater real-

ism which believes and inspires. Reduced to simplest terms, it is the tale of two persons who were destined for each other, but are not to find it out till they have made certain experiments towards happiness in other company. Or, you may say, it expounds the fact that happiness and usefulness are as often as not to be found by sticking to one's own place and people, instead of flinging oneself into the politan or cosmopolitan stew. But its merit lies not in its conscious expression of an idea or enforcement of a moral so much as in its uncommon excellences of style and characterization. There is no display of cleverness in either. The style achieves a quiet adequacy. It does not make us think of a newspaper column, or an after-dinner speaker, or a man in a study being literary. And the persons, without being extraordinary in type, are extraordinary in their individuality, their effortless projection. I feel tempted to do a remarkable thing—to quote almost without mental reservation the "blurb" from a jacket: "It is an honest, direct, and simple observation of the life that goes on about us, and in the excellence of the writing and the subtlety of its feeling it is one of the most finished and noteworthy pieces of writing yet to come from the 'younger generation.'"

H. W. BOYNTON

Canada's Greatest Statesmen

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD. By his literary executor, Sir Joseph Pope. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER. By Oscar Douglas Skelton. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

IT can hardly be said that the names of Canada's statesmen have risen much above the Canadian horizon, but this is at least true of two of them, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who between them controlled the destinies of the Dominion for nearly thirty-five years, and to whose far-sighted and sane statesmanship Canada is chiefly indebted for her rise from insignificance to an assured place among the nations. One welcomes, therefore, with more than usual satisfaction, the appropriately simultaneous appearance of two authoritative contributions to the lives of these really great Canadians.

Sir Joseph Pope's volume is supplementary to his "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald," published something over a quarter of a century ago, and includes a selection from Macdonald's voluminous correspondence with his contemporaries. The selection is on the whole remarkably well-balanced, and unusually happy in the light it throws on the personality of Macdonald as man and statesman. Macdonald shared with Laurier the wise view that the fewer letters a public man writes the better, and he went a step farther. "Never write a letter if you can help it," he said, "and never destroy one."

That despite this attitude he left behind him a voluminous correspondence is partly due to the qualifying phrase, and partly because a man who had been in public life for forty-seven years must willy-nilly have written many letters.

Among Macdonald's correspondents, so far as they are represented in this collection, were all the more important of his contemporaries in Canadian public life, such as Charles Tupper, Edward Blake, George Brown, Alexander Galt, George Etienne Cartier, Richard Cartwright, D'Arcy McGee and Joseph Howe; all the Governors-General from Monck to Stanley (Derby); and such well-known Canadians as George Stephen (afterward Lord Mount-Stephen), Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), Cardinal Taschereau, and Sir William Van Horne. There are a number of letters to and from Goldwin Smith, and others to British statesmen such as Carnarvon, Northcote, Hicks-Beach, Salisbury, and Knutsford. Most of these deal with public affairs, but throughout the correspondence one gets many glimpses of the man himself, that dominant yet charming personality that won the enthusiastic support of more than one generation of Canadians—a race by no means given to hero-worship. The catholicity of Macdonald's taste in acquaintances is proved by the fact that we have here letters to persons as far apart as Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfoot tribe and the Princess Louise, who it will be remembered spent several years in Canada as the wife of the then Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne.

Though poles apart in their attitude to many public questions, Macdonald and Goldwin Smith were for many years warm personal friends. The latter writes Macdonald in 1878: "You and I differ widely in our general views. You regard Canada as a part of the British Empire, I as a community of the New World; and any connection or appearance of connection with me, I know well, could only damage and embarrass you." This was in reply to a letter in which Macdonald had strongly urged him to become a candidate for the legislature. Goldwin Smith was then at Cornell, and took a keen and sympathetic interest in the great experiment in democracy. Of the American politicians of 1878 he says, "some are very bad, but others are about the best in the world; and though roguery and demagogism abound, good sense and virtue are strong among the mass of the people." He was convinced that Canada could not do better than join the Republic, and lost no opportunity of saying so to the Canadians, in season and out of season, achieving thereby an extraordinary degree of unpopularity. Sir John, on the other hand, while in favor of commercial reciprocity, saw Canada's future rather as a member of the British Commonwealth, self-governing, working out her own destiny in her own way. He saw no conflict between the ideals of British citizenship and Canadian autonomy. As long ago as 1859, when the Duke of New-

castle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, ventured to lecture the Canadian Government, in which Macdonald was Attorney General, on the evils of their lately adopted policy of incidental protection, the Canadian ministry at once made it clear that they could not allow any feeling of deference which they owed to the Imperial authorities in any manner to impair the right of the people of Canada to decide for themselves as to the mode and extent to which taxation should be imposed. On the other hand, in his last address to the Canadian people, in the general election of 1891, he sent out the ringing challenge to those who, under the guise of commercial union with the United States, were, he believed, working toward political union—"a British subject I was born, a British subject I will die."

In the correspondence between Macdonald and the various Governors-General one discovers that these Imperial officers learned not only to respect the statesman, but to feel a warm affection for the man. This is noticeable in Dufferin's letter of October 19, 1873, in connection with the Pacific scandal. It is also brought out in different ways in letters from the different Governors after they left Canada. Lansdowne's letters from India, where he had been sent as Viceroy, are not only very intimate but full of delightful bits of description. In one he tells Macdonald how he created a scandal at Jeypore by walking across the courtyard of the Maharaja's palace, instead of suffering himself "to be carried in the solid silver four poster with red velvet cushions, in which Dufferin had diplomatically allowed himself to be served up." The muslins of Rajputana are of such marvelous fineness, he says, that a lady once wore no less than seven super-imposed dresses, and was nevertheless turned back by the Maharaja's chamberlain on the ground that she was not decently covered. But this is not Macdonald.

Among the letters is one to the late Martin Griffin, who in 1882 was editor of the *Toronto Mail*. Macdonald held very strong views as to the importance of preserving the dignity of the Canadian bench and the Canadian Senate, and making appointments solely on the score of fitness. (Both Judges and Senators in Canada are appointed, not elected.) He had no particular difficulty in resisting pressure on behalf of unsuitable candidates, but he also wished to build up a public sentiment that would in time make such appointments impossible. He therefore sent Griffin the outlines of an editorial article which he was to publish, severely criticising Macdonald's own followers, and pointing out that such appointments were not made for the sake of the individual or the party, and that the Government should resist pressure, personal or political, in favor of any individual.

Macdonald and Laurier had many qualities in common. To begin with, as many Englishmen had been struck with the physical resemblance between Macdonald and Disraeli, so in later years

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Canadians who had known Macdonald found in Laurier many points of likeness. Both had the same long nose, though Laurier's was the more shapely. Macdonald's nose was a godsend to the Canadian cartoonist Bengough, and in the eighties no number of *Grip* seemed complete without it. Both, particularly in their latter years, wore their hair in a picturesque white mop at the back of their heads. "Follow my white plume!" Laurier cried to his followers in Quebec in the election of 1908, and they did almost to a man. Both were of slight build, but while Macdonald in his latter years showed a good deal of the statesman's stoop, Laurier maintained to the last the alert and erect carriage of his youth.

One finds, too, in Macdonald and Laurier to a large extent the same qualities of leadership, the same broad vision, the same distaste for departmental routine and the petty details of administration, the same grasp of the essentials of big questions, the same interest in constitutional problems, the same wide patriotism and determination to build up in Canada a strong and self-reliant and self-respecting people, the same remarkable memory for names and faces, and the same extraordinary personal magnetism. Sir John Willison, in his "Reminiscences," mentions a Liberal member who was notorious for the violent language in which he often attacked Macdonald in Parliament. When asked if he had any active dislike for the Conservative leader, he confessed that he was so attracted by the man's personality that he dare not trust himself in his company. And, so far as Sir Wilfrid is concerned, it is perhaps sufficient to remember that in 1896, with the whole power of his Church exerted against him, in a province where that Church had been accustomed to find its word law to the great majority of the people, Laurier swept Quebec off its feet. The French-Canadians, faced with the problem of refusing an obedience to the Church which was not only life-long but traditional, or refusing the appeal of their popular hero, followed Laurier.

Perhaps in some respects the devotion of thousands of English-speaking Canadians to a French-Canadian leader was even more remarkable. In trying to make a Parisian audience understand why French-Canadians felt nothing but loyalty, could feel nothing but loyalty, to the British Crown, under which they enjoyed absolute liberty for their religion, their language, their institutions, Sir Wilfrid offered his own case as an example of the equality of opportunity enjoyed by his fellow-countrymen. "In this country (Canada)," he said, "where the majority is of English descent and of the Protestant religion, the last general elections have brought into power a man of French descent and Catholic religion, who has always strongly affirmed his race and his religion." Sir Wilfrid, with becoming modesty, and perhaps a little too much credit to his English-speaking countrymen, ignored the fact that a good deal more than

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equality of opportunity was needed to make a French-Canadian premier acceptable to the English-speaking majority.

So far as Quebec is concerned, many stories are told illustrating the limitless confidence of French-Canadians in the power of Laurier. His name was a thing to conjure with throughout the province. When the news reached Quebec of the death of Queen Victoria an old *habitant* is reported to have asked the village *curé* whom Laurier would make king. Even better is the naïve prayer of a little Nova Scotian, "Now, O God, take care of yourself, for if we lose you we shall only have Laurier left to take care of us, and he is not doing as well as papa expected he would do."

Every statesman has his human side, and there is a certain satisfaction for most of us in the knowledge that even the greatest of our leaders have much the same frailties as ourselves. Macdonald was no exception. In his earlier days he sometimes found relief from political worries in that delectable beverage that is distilled in his native land, and innumerable stories still survive in Canada centering about this common weakness of the days that were not dry. On one occasion Sir John is said to have made a speech in Kingston under conditions that did not conduce to clarity of expression. A well-intentioned reporter made a verbatim report, but, startled with the result, took it the next morning to Sir John before sending it to his paper. Sir John read it gravely, threw it into the waste paper basket, and dismissed the stunned reporter, with the mild austerity of a grieving father, and a twinkle in his eye, "Young man, if you ever again undertake to report the speech of a public man be sure that you keep sober."

Another story goes back to the early sixties. Sir Edmund Head, a rather consequential person, who was then Governor, sent his aide-de-camp, Lord Bury, to Macdonald, who had been lost to sight for the better part of the week. Bury found the statesman in bed, reading a novel, and with a decanter of sherry on the table beside him. "Mr. Macdonald," said Bury, "the Governor-General told me to say to you that if you don't sober up and get back to business he will not be answerable for the consequences." Macdonald turned swiftly to the aide-de-camp. "Are you here in your official capacity, or as a private individual?" "What difference does that make?" asked Bury. "Just this," snapped the Attorney-General, "if you are here in your official capacity you can go back to Sir Edmund Head, give him my compliments, and tell him to go to hell, if you are simply a private individual, you can go yourself." And Macdonald turned back to his novel.

On one occasion he reproached his old friend Principal Grant, of Queen's University, with taking the opposite side in some local Canadian question. "But," said Grant, "you know I always support you when you are right." "Ah,

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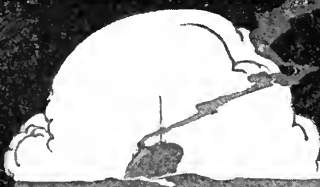
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yes," replied Sir John, "but, my dear fellow, what I want is men who will support me when I am wrong."

It would be altogether incorrect to say that Laurier had no sense of humor, but certainly it was not developed to the same degree as in Macdonald. The latter could always see the humorous side of life, even when the joke was against himself. Laurier had too keen a sense of his own personal dignity and the dignity of his office to treat such a situation quite philosophically.

Both, however, were in a very real sense gentlemen of the old school, imbued with that unconscious, unstudied courtesy that seems to be so very much a thing of the past. If a reviewer may be permitted to draw on his own experience, two very slight incidents come to mind that perhaps illustrate this quality. Many years ago, when a small child, I remember going to church one Sunday morning with my mother. As we reached the church door, Sir John drove up in his carriage. Although he did not know my mother, he hurried forward and held the door open until she went in. Old and feeble, and pre-occupied with the cares of state, he might readily have been excused such little courtesies, but that would not have been Sir John's way.

Many years later I had occasion to send copies of a pamphlet dealing with some constitutional question to Sir Wilfrid and to another Canadian statesman. From the latter I received a curt acknowledgment through his secretary. From Sir Wilfrid, then Prime Minister and at an extremely busy period, I had a long and most interesting letter in his own handwriting, discussing some of the points in the pamphlet from the point of view of his own experience.

Both Macdonald and Laurier were omnivorous readers, and, even in the very full years of their Premierships, always found time to read some of the best books that appeared both in England and the United States, as well as in Canada, and also to keep in touch with current literature and events through the reviews and newspapers. Both gifted with remarkable memories, they found it possible to store away and bring out as occasion demanded many apt phrases and incidents from books both ancient and modern. Professor Skelton says that, when leaving for a journey, Laurier would slip into his bag a volume of Horace or Catullus or an oration of Cicero, and, what is less usual, would read it. He had also developed another habit, that used to be a source of wonder and amusement to his fellow members in the House of Commons. He was very conscientious in sitting through long and tedious debates, but did not feel it necessary to give bores his undivided attention. He would therefore frequently send to the Parliamentary Library for an unabridged dictionary, through which he would wander for hours, apparently with very real enjoyment.

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One cannot, perhaps, more fittingly conclude this review of Professor Skelton's admirably conceived and executed life of Laurier, and Sir Joseph Pope's selection of the correspondence of Macdonald, than by quoting the following passage from Laurier's speech in the House of Commons on the death of Macdonald—an eloquent and warm-hearted tribute to the statesman who was dead from his great political opponent, a tribute that illuminates the character of both:

I think it can be asserted that for the supreme art of governing men Sir John Macdonald was gifted as few men in any land or in any age were gifted—gifted with the most high of all qualities—qualities which would have shone in any theatre, and which would have shone all the more conspicuously the larger the theatre. The fact that he could congregate together elements the most heterogeneous and blend them in one compact party, and to the end of his life keep them steadily under his hand, is perhaps altogether unprecedented. The fact that during all these years he maintained unimpaired, not only the confidence but the devotion—the ardent devotion—the affection of his party, is evidence that, besides these higher qualities of statesmanship to which we were the daily witnesses, he was also endowed with this inner, subtle, indefinable characteristic of the soul that wins and keeps the hearts of men.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

Brief Book Notes

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS' "Memories of a Hostess" (Atlantic Monthly, \$4), edited from her journals by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, is a substantial book of recollections of the 1860's and 1870's, of Dr. Holmes, of Concord and Cambridge, of American and English authors and actors. An entertaining and agreeable record; lively and pleasing.

An excellent book for a gift at Christmas: Herbert G. Ponting's "In Lotus Land: Japan" (Dutton, \$6). The illustrations are reproductions of photographs, exceptionally clear, and are varied by eight pictures in color. Mr. Ponting will be remembered as the author of "The Great White South," that remarkable book about the Scott expedition to the South Pole. This is clear and effective writing, inasmuch as there is no straining for effect.

So much emphasis is naturally laid upon his diplomatic experiences in "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (Doubleday) that it is easy to forget that the first of these two volumes contains, among others, a most interesting chapter about the future ambassador's journalistic and other adventures in letters. His work with the *Forum* and *The World's Work*, his editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*, are described in this chapter.

The "Four Famous Mysteries" (London: Nisbet & Co.) by Sir John Hall include the puzzles of the vanished English envoy, Mr. Bathurst; the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey; the

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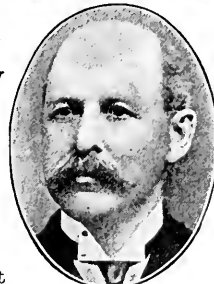
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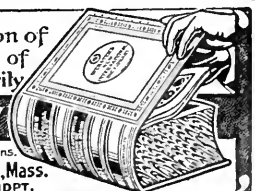
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identity of the spy who brought to the English cabinet the news of the Treaty of Tilsit; and the murder of Paul Louis Courier. The author is rather heavy in his discussion of Mr. Bathurst's strange disappearance, but treats the murder of Godfrey more appropriately. I fear Sir John Hall panders a little too much to the serious historian to catch the charm which surrounds an historical mystery.

"His Talk with Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) is a letter written by James M. Stradling, a sergeant in the army, who was received by Lincoln and conversed with him at the White House in 1863. It is an interesting bit of hitherto unpublished reminiscence. Lord Charnwood furnished the introduction, and the little book is excellently printed in a limited edition.

The slapstick tires, the bladder is flourished with waning energy in Henry L. Mencken's "Prejudices; Third Series" (Knopf, \$2.50). It is amusing, often vigorous for a page or two, but the custom of hitting every head in sight can not be kept up year after year. Mr. Mencken is over forty; he cannot fight off the natural kindness which creeps over the most determined scuffer at that age, no matter how many cups of hot blood he quaffs or how often he refreshes himself with wormwood and gall.

More sketches of London, of London by night—the lights o' London—are in Thomas Burke's "The London Spy; a Book of Town Travels" (Doran, \$2).

Richard Le Gallienne's "Ballade to a Departing God" begins with this stanza:

God of the Wine List, roseate lord,
And is it really then good-by?
Of Prohibitionists abhorred,
Must thou in sorry sooth then die,
(O fatal morning of July!)
Nor aught hold back the threatened hour
That shrinks thy purple clusters dry?
Say not good-by—but *au revoir!*

From "A Jongleur Strayed" (Doubleday, \$2.50).

An amusing miscellany about animals, with many illustrations, is "Puppy Dogs' Tales" (Macmillan, \$2), edited by Frances Kent. It will delight children with its variety of short sketches and stories, photographs and drawings about dogs and cats, ducks and geese, rabbits, and other attractive creatures.

About a dozen short plays, some of them very short indeed, are included in the volume by Floyd Dell, called "King Arthur's Socks" (Knopf, \$2.50). They were performed at the Liberal Club, or by the Provincetown Players.

An entertaining book upon a subject of endless fascination is "The Boys' Book of Whalers," by A. Hyatt Verrill—a good account of whales and their hunters, and of whaling considered commercially, and as adventure.

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Amortization of the premium paid for a bond, as well as computing the yield of a bond bought at a discount, is a somewhat complex process, because a number of factors are involved. These are:

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- (b) the nominal interest rate, named in the bond,
- (c) the number of interest payments in a year,
- (d) the number of years to maturity.

All these factors have been taken into consideration in the preparation of amortization and "basis" tables, which are constructed to show the net yield on the sum invested, or the "basis," and the proper rate of amortization. Banks which sell bonds and all bond houses, possess such tables, usually in book form, so that they are able immediately to tell their customers the yield on any proposed investment. If, for example, a \$1,000 five per cent. bond with semi-annual interest payments, and due to mature in six years, were offered at \$1,052.88, the table would show that the net yield from such an investment would be just four per cent.

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H. deW. FULLER, Editor.
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How to Study This Number

THE INDEPENDENT LESSON PLANS

English, Literature and Composition

History, Civics and Economics

By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

(The following questions have been prepared in the absence of Dr. Law, who has been spending his vacation on a voyage to the South Seas. He will return and resume his task early in November.—Editors.)

I. Hoover versus McKenna.

1. A close study of this article is recommended (in connection with a careful reading of the speeches of Mr. McKenna and Mr. Hoover, to be found in recent newspaper files). The article is remarkable for lucidity of style (of all literary qualities the highest), for keen analysis, for cogency of reasoning, and for persuasiveness. At the end it rises to a notable height of generous eloquence. Decide for yourself whether or no the above praise is extravagant, and write a brief essay presenting your views on the matter discussed.
2. Criticize the style of Mr. McKenna's speech. Is it lucid?
3. The same for Mr. Hoover's speech.

II. Recent Verse.

1. Of what poets may it most truly be said that they have felt abstract ideas with passion, that abstract ideas appear in their verse suffused with emotion? [Hint: Shelley.]
2. Write an essay on Wilfred Scawen Blunt; his personality, career and writings. You will find both pleasure and profit in reading "The Love Sonnets of Proteus" and his recently-published autobiography. It is obvious from this poem that Blunt takes himself with that seriousness which makes notable poetry and "difficult" characters. Do you really think that Blunt may properly be termed a "philosopher"? "Man of action," yes; the *leit-motif* of whose career was indignation at "man's inhumanity to man."
3. What do you really think of "The Return," by Robert Graves? Do you think "intellectual splendor" hits the mark? Would not "lucid splendor" be nearer the fact, if "splendor" it is; the splendid spectacle of an eager soul struggling in vain with metaphors?
4. In "The Traveler's Tale," by Ernest Rhys, do you think that the idea in the last three lines of the first stanza has been fully alchemized into metaphor? Mr. Rhys's name denotes him a Welshman. Is there not something of Cymric vagueness about this poem? Do you or do you not find the cadences pleasing? Do you or do you not find the total impression of the poem charming?
5. What do you think of Mr. Morley's remark that "most of the good sonnets are meditatively *triste*"? Profoundly true or only clever and perhaps half true? However, this certainly is true: That most sonnets, whether *triste* or not, are cause of *tristesses* to the reader. There are few really good sonnets except those of the universally recognized great sonneteers. It is a difficult form.
6. What of Mr. Morley's remark that "one has to live with" a sonnet for a while to make sure whether or no it is the real thing? Now, is that true? Take any of the great sonnets—for example, Keats's "Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold," or Shakespeare's "When in the chronicle of wasted time," or Wordsworth's "Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes"—do you not recognize any one of these instantly at first reading for what it is; namely, a great sonnet? And is not the same true of almost any fine sonnet?
7. Do you think that in "The Journey" Mr. Smith is happy in his figures—his metaphors and similes? "Led by their golden sun, our little shoal of moons and planets through the heavens flees."—"Golden sun" suggests splendor, a suggestion at once displaced by the petty conception of the moons and planets as a finny tribe fleeing through the ocean of Heaven. Next the solar "shoal" is compared to a swarm of bees—perhaps the unhappiest simile in literature. There's a difference between comparing great things with small, and small with great. This is what Mr. Smith's Muse makes of the fact of the movement of the solar system through infinite space at an incredible speed towards the region of the planet Hercules. To adopt the tone of the old Edinburgh reviewers: No, really, really, Mr. Smith, this won't do.

But, commencing with the fifth line, this sonnet has dignity, imagination, beauty.

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A. M.,
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. The Coalition Breaks, Lloyd George Resigns.

1. What is meant by a coalition government in England? Explain how it came about. What are its advantages and disadvantages? To what extent has England had coalition governments before?
2. Explain what you mean by a change of Government in England. Look up the steps by which that change is brought about and show how the present events illustrate those steps. Does a change of Government necessarily mean a general election?
3. For an authoritative study of the English Government consult Lowell's "The Government of England." Describe the relations of the English Prime Minister to the King; to his Cabinet; to Parliament. Compare his position with that of the President of the United States.
4. Explain the steps in the formation of a Cabinet in England and compare the process with the formation of the President's Cabinet in the United States.
5. Compare the idea of the position of the Prime Minister today with the ideas held in the time of Lord North at the outbreak of the American Revolution.
6. Make a summary of the outstanding features of Lloyd George's career and add to it as you discover additional material.
7. Begin summaries of the effect of the change upon England's foreign relations, upon the development of parties and party policy, upon colonial policy, etc., and complete them as results develop.

II. Congress and the Budget.

1. What provisions of the Budget Act are stressed here?
2. Show how Congress modified its procedure in connection with the Budget Act.
3. Explain how coöperation between Congress and the President is emphasized.
4. What, in Mr. Pratt's opinion, is the danger in the next Congress? How does he think the danger should be met?

III. Reviving Russia.

1. What explanations of the power of the Bolsheviks are here given?
2. Give illustrations of "a rule more autocratic than anything heretofore known."
3. Show how each of the changes described came about.
4. What grounds are there for thinking of the Russian peasant as having "a natural instinct for self-government"? How far had local self-government progressed in Russia before the Revolution?
5. Prove that "In many ways the situation is not unlike that in France in 1795."
6. Explain what is meant by: "Here you have Robespierre versus Barras"; "the signs point to another Thermidor."
7. Describe the new spirit in Russia.

IV. Hoover versus McKenna.

1. If possible, get copies of the speeches of Mr. McKenna and Mr. Hoover and see where they differ. See how each treats "triangular" trade and "immediate and more remote conditions" referred to by Mr. Franklin.
2. What "errors have been simply appalling"?
3. How has England's position been one of extremes?
4. What is Mr. Franklin's fundamental position upon the debt question?
5. In what ways does he agree or disagree with Mr. McKenna or with Mr. Hoover?

V. A Great Adventure in Hospitality.

1. Why and how is there a "tendency toward disunity" in America?
2. How do such meetings as the Bankers' Convention help counteract that tendency? What other counteracting forces are there?

VI. Canada's Greatest Statesmen.

1. Describe the views upon questions involving Americans which are mentioned here.
2. Make a summary of America's relations with Canada.
3. Show what conditions in America are related to Goldwin Smith's estimate of American politicians in 1878.

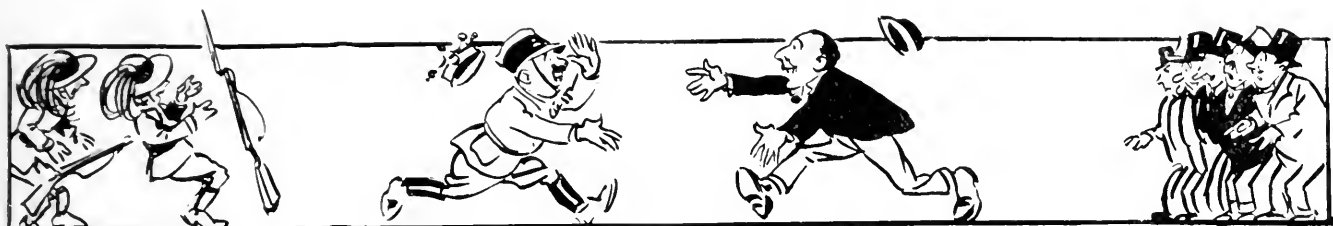
VII. Turkey.

1. If you did not begin the study of this in the Inter-Weekly, see the questions of October 21.
2. Sketch the effect of the return of Turkish power upon human life in Asia Minor and Thrace.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

November 11, 1922



THIS issue of *The Independent* unfortunately goes to press precisely on the day of the November elections, too early to comment on the results. There will be things aplenty to talk about in the next issue, not the least the outcome of the New York gubernatorial election. This, in our judgment, overshadows all others in importance. It is a contest squarely between enlightened, honest government and Tammany rule, for all that "Al" Smith is a capable executive. Governor Miller's record is so remarkably good that except for certain peculiar issues there could hardly be any doubt of his reelection. If he loses by a large margin, we may be sure that "home rule"—hands off New York City, for which Smith stands—and his advocacy of a strict enforcement of the Volstead law will have had much to do with it.

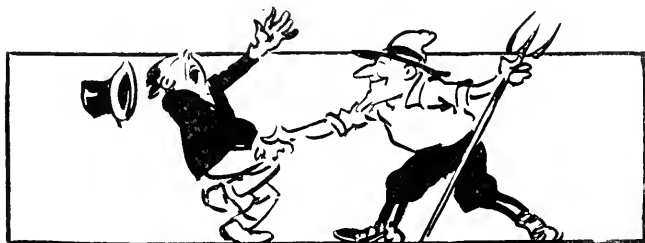
IT is a sorry experience which in retrospect does not take on glamor. Strong friends of the League of Nations, by a detailed account of all its activities, have shown how effective this organization has been, even though Europe has meanwhile been in chaos and even at war. And now comes Secretary Hughes to tell us of the glorious achievements of the Republican Party. He has spoken with authority concerning the Administration's foreign policy, and without exaggeration. Here is solid achievement. Inheriting policies which were greatly confused, except for the attitude toward Russia, it set about quietly straightening out our relations with other countries, until now we are in a fair way to work peaceably and helpfully with them all. By the Washington Conference it marked out broad lines leading to common understandings

and coöperation which may go far indeed. The Administration has, too, a proud record of economy. President Harding not only appointed the best man available to be guardian of the budget, but backed him up consistently in his demands. The President also won the praise of the right-minded by vetoing the pernicious bonus bill.

THESE, it is true, are no small achievements. But let it be remembered that the Harding Administration came into being at a time when much was expected of it. The atmosphere was still charged with the resounding phrases of those who looked to see this country become the mentor of the world. That idea had to be brushed aside no doubt—for only the self-righteous could believe that we had the wisdom to perform that function—but was it necessary to annihilate it with such a thud? Was it necessary to begin at once revising the tariff, when unsettled conditions the world over made fixing of schedules seem the merest guesswork? Was it proper so soon to elevate the barrier over which foreign countries had to leap in order to restore their credit with us? Is the Administration altogether proud of its work on internal taxes, even admitting that the farm *bloc* was a pestiferous fraternity? Is President Harding quite satisfied that he did the right thing in discrediting the Railroad Labor Board?

AS we see it, the mistakes of the Administration are venial, resulting not so much from wrong-headedness—they are certainly not sins of the spirit—as from a lack of foresight, perhaps a lack of tact. It was of the highest importance to con-

vince the rest of the world that, after the big experience of the war, we had no intention of settling down to niggling affairs. Our own fences had no doubt to be mended, but not in such a way as to give the impression to the rest of the world that we were shutting it out—this refers especially to the tariff. And, above all, it was necessary that there should be evidence of strong, high-minded leadership on the part of one who appreciated the meaning of our powerful position in the world and who would override all attempts on the part of Congress to concentrate on small politics. This was much to expect of any President, but an executive must be



In the Grip of Wall Street

measured in relation to the conditions surrounding him.

President Harding has, in any case, impressed the country and the world with his utter sincerity. He has solid common sense, and if it is not at all times the sublimated sort of common sense which amounts to wisdom, no one will fear that under his direction the country will stray after false gods.

IF the part is less than the whole—and even in these tumultuous times that is a maxim which is hardly disputed—Representative Ogden L. Mills's reply to a heckler in New York must be pronounced very effective. "Isn't it true," shouted the heckler, "that the Republican Party is dominated by Wall Street?" To which Mr. Mills replied that "it's all we New York Representatives can do to hold our own against the league which the rest of the country has formed against us." Wall Street is part of New York, but very much less than the whole; and the whole plays the part not of the big boss but of the under dog. A little remembrance of the story of the farmer *bloc* in the recent session of Congress is sufficient to give all the point necessary to Mr. Mills's rejoinder.

MR. GOMPERS allying the Federation of Labor with local posts of the American Legion, presents an interesting example of the poverty of constructive ideas that is not uncharacteristic of American trade union leaders. His immediate purpose is evidently to secure what he hopes will be political pressure on Congress for the plans that organized labor wants to see put into statutes. At the New Orleans convention a committee of the Legion reported in favor of a ship subsidy. Why should not the Legion also support "the living

wage," the child labor amendment to the Constitution, *et cetera*? The farmers whom lately Mr. Gompers saw as the natural ally of the trade unionist, seem to have proved lukewarm at best. Votes—and even better, a political noise—are needed for his plans. If the farmer vote is coy, try for the Legion vote. And will the trade unionist support a bonus programme that means increasing the trades unionists' share of the national debt by \$40 or more? We wonder.

G OVERNOR ALLEN, of Kansas, lacks imagination. If he were an Italian having experience with Fascisti, he would understand that the Ku Klux Klan are the saviors of their country. They know when the nation is threatened with disaster, even if the law does not. Governor Allen may be wanting in subtlety—the charge usually brought against Americans. Perhaps it is for that reason that his fellow countrymen are applauding his stern order to the white-robed fraternity: behave or get out. Americans may not have subtlety, but they think they understand the fundamentals of their civilization. There may be times in primitive communities when Vigilantes come in handy, but our settled democracy has no place for those who would take the law into their own hands.

SO generous an act as that of Mrs. Beatrice Boeke, daughter of the late Sir George Cadbury, millionaire cocoa manufacturer, cannot fail to evoke admiration. She has made over to the Men and Women's Council of Bourneville the entire income for her lifetime from the stock which she



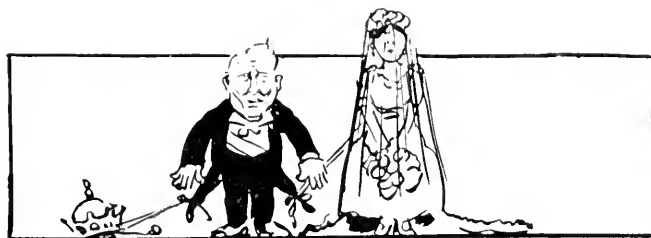
Clean-up Week in Kansas

inherited, to be used for humanitarian purposes. But while the act itself is laudable, it is to be regretted that she has seen fit, in the accompanying letter, to refer to her revenue from the stock in the past as "the unearned income which your united work has enabled me to enjoy." The idea that the income derived from the investment of capital and from the exercise of managing ability is "unearned" is wholly fallacious. Whether the results obtained through those means might better be got by other methods is a question that may properly be discussed; but certainly the investment of capital and the management of enterprise are productive agencies which "earn" their results just as truly as does the manual labor which they equip and direct. But at least this lady's word and act

have some kind of rational basis—which is more than can be said of Henry Ford's childish talk about the abolition of interest. Ford wants to abolish interest through some sophomoric scheme for changing the money system; and he evidently thinks that interest is really paid for the use of money, and not for the use of the things—bricks and mortar and steel and machinery—that money buys.

WILLIAM of Doorn, one-time Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc., says that he is the happiest man in the world. And well he might be. After four crowded years of roaring excitement, after draining to the dregs the joys of power, he retires to lead the life of a country gentleman, with store of books and choice of friends, and (O miracle and bounty of fortune!) new Love to lend a nameless grace and perfume to his Autumnal days. What could be thought to add a consummating touch to an existence so nearly ideal? One thing only, the joy of successful (*i. e.*, lucrative, the two being synonymous in the view of all men of sense!) authorship.

And not only is our good William happy (Oh! so happy) in the present, not only must he be happy in retrospect (when to the sessions of sweet silent thought he summons up remembrance of things past), but he must look forward with a certain complacency to the time when Atropos



"When a feller needs a friend"

shall have dealt with him. For he knows that a goodly company await him—Sulla, Nero, Alaric, Genseric, Jenghiz Khan, Timur the lame, Wallenstein, many another—ready to do him reverence and acclaim him Chief of the Scourges of God.

Yes, indeed, sweet William must be the happiest of men.

"No Permanent Alliance"

COULD the Harding Administration, if it had desired to make the attempt, have got two-thirds of the Senate to consent to America's entering the League of Nations? The question is important because, if it could be answered with a convincing No, the chances would be greatly improved of Secretary Hughes receiving wholehearted support of the principles of foreign policy which he outlined in his speech at Boston.

We ourselves have recently put the question to various devotees of the League, and without exception the feeling has been that the odds were overwhelmingly against the success of any such attempt. If these strike the reader as strong opinions, there is one bit of testimony which seems to us conclusive. For is it not plain that if the pro-League sentiment had been growing throughout the country, or even had remained what it once was, the Democrats would have played it up in their recent campaign, and would have made it a definite issue? Yet aside from James M. Cox, who has been using it in a desperate endeavor to retain his leadership, they have been very chary of stressing this matter. Nor is it a sufficient retort to say that, whatever the sentiment now, President Harding, if he had chosen, could have kept it very much alive. A sentiment which is deep-rooted is not dependent upon one man for its nourishment. And, besides, during the past year there has been an abundance of carefully prepared pro-League propaganda, especially that put out in each and every State

by the Woodrow Wilson Democracy foundation.

In our judgment the Harding Administration acted wisely in refusing to revive the question of American coöperation with Europe along the well-known lines. Bucking the irreconcilables of both parties would, for various reasons, but particularly because of the growing influence of their leader, Borah, have been harder in 1922 than it was in 1920. Then, too, a new set of conditions had come into being after the retirement of President Wilson. To appreciate these one must consider the situation of the Senate two years ago. The President had given promises which many of those either opposed, or lukewarm, to the idea of the League, felt should in some form be fulfilled, especially since Europe, in desperate straits, was hanging on our answer. Hence enough Republicans rallied to the support of the modified treaty to ensure its being signed if the Democrats had been willing to accept it.

That is one thing. It is quite another thing to infer from this that the Republicans would subsequently have voted for a like modified treaty in case President Harding had chosen to submit it. Much had happened since the deadlock in the Senate. The original, fervent sentiment for wholesale coöperation with Europe had been cooled and disillusioned by the politics of the situation, and Europe itself had become somewhat resigned. As the situation is today, we are convinced that only if a most extraordinary world crisis should arise

could the Senate be won over to the League, and then only by the most drastic leadership. It is not merely conservatives who are opposed to it. A flaming progressive like Senator Beveridge let it be known by recent utterances how firmly he is entrenched as an America-first man.

All this is set forth not for the purpose of academic discussion, but because the United States will get nowhere in its foreign policy until the old deadlock is broken. If it is clear, as we believe it now is, that for the present at least there is no chance of getting this country into the League of Nations, every reason dictates that Secretary Hughes's present programme should receive whole-souled support. He himself is content to confine his efforts to what is workable. This is the function of a statesman. He has intimated that America will soon be a full-fledged member of the international world court, which will have jurisdiction over all justiciable disputes between nations. This is a big step forward, and, if the spectre of the League had not intervened, Democrats and Republicans alike would look upon such an organization as a magnificent agency in the interest of world peace. Leave the League out of account and the Washington Conference, with its definite agenda and solid achievements, would bulk large in the accomplishments of history. A year ago the danger of a conflict between this country and Japan seemed very real. Since the Washington Conference all thought of it has evaporated.

But in certain quarters there is no satisfaction with the progress which is being made because everything appears picayune when measured by the possibilities of the all-powerful League. Here is a mental "complex" which somehow must be removed. Perhaps the best way to remove it is to think of some of the benefits which this country may confer by being outside the League. America, often laughed at and misunderstood, has nevertheless been accounted by the world at large as a force making for righteousness. Because of our detachment and because of the absence of selfish motives we could be relied upon to work in behalf of fair play. The nations of the earth have entertained a certain feeling of mysticism toward us, as toward a great undisciplined but yet good-natured and benevolent giant. It is a feeling worth cultivating, and, quite possibly, it can be best maintained if we still play the part of free lance, instead of submitting to the routine of such an organization as the League of Nations.

Secretary Hughes has said that the Harding Administration contemplates "no permanent alliance" with any foreign Power—a statement which reflects America's traditional policy. But he is not for isolation in any reasonable meaning of the word. What he conceives our duty to be may be set down as follows: We wish the League of Nations Godspeed and will help on its good work in every way possible. Our particular genius as a

country can most effectively be expressed not by joining an organization that most of the time will be occupied with affairs for which we have no trained instinct—long-standing quarrels of European states. Our best help can be given by entering into conferences where broad questions of principle are to be discussed and by being ever ready to talk things over, which to him is the most effective preventive of warfare. Mr. Hughes evidently distrusts the view that a gigantic machinery of organization is a cure-all. Whatever Europe may accomplish by it, America can best coöperate with the rest of the world by measures specially designed for crises as they arise, or as they threaten. The United States will be alert and helpful and welcomes every effort making for permanent peace. Is there any reason to think this attitude trivial or indifferent?

Normalcy in British Politics

AMERICAN observers in England writing for our press dwell upon the uncertainties of the present political situation and hesitate to offer predictions as to the outcome of the Parliamentary elections about to take place. They note the weakness of the Labor Party as shown in the recent municipal elections and they take account of the fact that that hitherto unknown quantity in British politics—the woman vote—in the same elections showed a decided inclination toward conservatism. On the other hand, the centre of the picture is filled by the ex-Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, whose magnetic personality and infinite resource make him a factor difficult to appraise. There is no doubt that he himself is the leading issue in the campaign and the question most frequently asked in America is, How soon will he come back to power?

In another column, Mr. P. W. Wilson discusses the career of Lloyd George and weighs the pros and cons of the criticism leveled at him. On the whole he reaches a conclusion decidedly favorable to the ex-Premier. This estimate is valuable because it expresses what is undoubtedly the judgment of a very large number of people in Great Britain. But it must be remembered that there are also hosts of people who take a different view—how many the elections will help to determine. In order to gauge the present political currents it is desirable to take some account of the opposite side.

Few men in modern times can be compared to David Lloyd George in his extraordinary ability to fascinate and charm the individuals with whom he comes in contact or in his power to sway his audiences. This is not due alone to his nimble wit and irrepressible humor, nor is it to be attributed to great intellectual power. There is in the little Welshman much of the evangelist and a fervor of belief in whatever thesis he is maintaining at the moment that carries the conviction of sincerity.

And he is sincere. But on the morrow he may be equally sincere in maintaining something quite opposed and display uncanny dexterity in explaining away the inconsistency in the shift. Too many shifts and changes, however, in balancing on the tight rope of politics and in extricating himself from the difficulties into which his improvisations of policy have led him, have caused him to lose something of that infectious revivalist zeal. Lacking this, his pleas fail to convince and his shifts are interpreted as the opportunism of a scheming politician.

For some time doubts of Lloyd George's political morality have been growing in England. The extent of his press support and of his political funds gave rise to increasing suspicion. Recently the scandal of what is termed the sale of honors and peerages has shocked the English people and it is openly charged that this was the source of the large sums used in building up the Lloyd George legend. This has tended to confirm in the minds of a large section of the public the belief that he is less ingenuous and more selfishly ambitious than his frank manner and democratic bearing would seem to show.

Indications are not wanting that Lloyd George is at times subject to panic. This was notably the case at the time of the threatened strike of the Triple Alliance and of the Red invasion of Poland. People are beginning to say that his so-called welfare measures and his dealings with Labor were inspired by fear rather than by enlightened Liberalism. It is also felt that the uncertainties of his foreign policy—intuitive decisions frequently made without consultation with his colleagues—constituted a very serious national danger.

These are factors that tend to neutralize the effect of his popular appeal and his hold on the imagination of the crowd. But there is another factor in the situation that is perhaps much stronger. That factor is the fear of a dictatorship. The Coalition was accepted by the English people as an emergency measure to meet a crisis, like the suspension of Constitutional rights in time of war. It is now realized that a Coalition Government is of necessity a dictatorship. Where a cabinet is selected from rival parties, the Premier as moderator holds the balance of power. Lloyd George was not of the Coalition—he was the Coalition. No amount of personal popularity could overcome the Englishman's resentment at the idea of such a dictatorship, once the emergency had passed. It was this feeling more than anything else that was responsible for the fall of the Coalition, and not the machinations of politicians as Lloyd George would have us believe. It is this that leads us to believe that his plea to head a middle-of-the-road group in Parliament to hold the balance of power between the parties of the Right and the Left will not receive the response he hopes for.

The fact is that there seems to be taking place

in England a swing of opinion not unlike that in America in 1920 which carried Mr. Harding into the presidency by an unprecedented majority. There is the same demand for "normalcy"—Mr. Bonar Law calls it "tranquillity"—for economy, for less government, for an end to socialistic experiment. How strong this trend is, is indicated by the haste with which a number of the cleverest politicians hastened to throw in their lot with Bonar Law after the unexpected vote of the Unionists at the Carlton Club to withdraw from the Coalition. An amusing instance of this is the separation of two such cronies as Lord Birkenhead (F. E. Smith) and Lord Beaverbrook (Max Aitken) into opposing camps. Both are astute politicians not likely to let a trifle like personal loyalty stand in the way of preferment. The latter shifted his sails at once to catch the new breeze; the former, alas, had committed himself too far to do likewise.

If our surmise is correct, the swing of the pendulum ought to give the Conservatives a substantial majority in the coming elections. We shall then see in all probability a rather humdrum Government but one which responds to the present mood. It will accomplish much in the way of economy and tranquillity but it will not arouse enthusiasm. In the fullness of time Lloyd George may succeed in welding together under his leadership the scattered elements of the Liberals and come back on another tide. If so we hope that Austin Chamberlain will receive the reward of his admirable personal loyalty.

Italy's "Week of Marvels"

SURELY the past week will be celebrated throughout history as Italy's *Settimana Maravigliosa*, her Marvellous Week.

Mussolini, the Fascista leader, demands that control of the Government be surrendered to the Fascisti; else the latter will seize it *vi et armis*. Fascista detachments move on Rome and encamp outside the city. Premier Facta lets the King decide; places before him for signature a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout Italy. The King refuses to sign; instead, sends for Mussolini to form a new Government. Mussolini agrees, after consulting d'Annunzio (make what you will of that). He of course assigns the chief portfolios to Fascisti, himself taking Foreign Affairs and the Interior. Mussolini has arrived. The Fascisti control the Government.

The new Ministers are sworn in. They pledge fidelity to King and Constitution. Fortunately, though there has been no revolution (Mussolini uses the word), everything has been correct and "within the Constitution"; so says Mussolini, not with tongue in cheek (for he lacks humor), but with the dangerous sophistry of a Saviour of the State or Dictator—which you will. Such sophistry,

if persisted in, is likely to ruin one or the other—Mussolini or the State. The King, doubtless overwrought, is suddenly overcome with emotion and embraces Mussolini. Together they shall save the State. All's well.

Then the Roman Triumph, new style. One hundred thousand Fascisti march through Rome unarmed (the armed detachments remaining outside the Sacred City). They decorate the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and salute the King standing there on the balcony of the Quirinal. The march ends at the railroad station, where trains are waiting. An order demobilizing the armed Fascisti takes effect that night. What need longer of armed Fascisti? For the army is heart and soul (especially the officers) with the Fascisti, and General Diaz himself is the new Minister of War. All's well.

Next morning at 8 A. M. the Ministry are at their offices, for it is work from now on for members of Government. Now from morn to dewy eve you can hear Mussolini booming (he always "booms") his orders for this or that needed change. All's well; thrice well.

But is it? We shall not consider here whether on the whole the Fascisti are justified of their works. We shall assume, as many millions of Italians evidently do (including many of Italy's best), that the extra-legal (to put it softly) activity of the Fascisti has been justified even up to the present point of revolution, of practical seizure of the Government. We shall confine ourselves to a little speculation as to what lies ahead.

Whither away, Mussolini, Black-Shirted One?

It is reported that the Fascisti have in view as their prime object for the immediate future, the persuading of the Italian Camera, immediately on its reconvening (within a few days), to alter the electoral law. They propose an amendment whereby the party having the largest number of candidates elected to the Chamber shall receive three-fifths of the seats, the remainder of the seats to be divided among the other parties proportionately to their success at the polls. Mussolini intends, it is said, in case the amendment is passed, to dissolve the Chamber and to hold general elections at once under the amended law. He makes no doubt of the Fascisti winning a "plurality" of the seats, which would, as indicated above, be changed to a three-fifths majority, so insuring the carrying through of the Fascismo programme. To a non-Italian the arrangement proposed seems a roundabout way to oligarchy, if not to something even less grateful to American or British taste. But presumably what Mussolini is after is a combination of popularity and effectiveness in the Chamber and consequently in the Government; not possible under the present electoral system. And presumably the changes in the law would provide effective checks on an arrangement which, whatever its merits, holds so obvious a threat of tyranny. At any rate, the

Italians have their own way of doing things; the proposal should not be condemned before its precise character and additaments are known. Well, let us suppose the change in the electoral law (with proper checks) to be entirely desirable. What would happen, asks itself importunately, if in new elections the Fascisti failed to gain a plurality of seats? What, O Black-Shirted One? You may have deserved well of the State, but one who has arrived by extra-legal methods is necessarily suspect.

So much for that. Let us suppose the Fascisti to poll the necessary votes at new elections under the new law. Then they will be in position to put through their programme.

But what is that programme? Is there a definite programme, like the National Pact of Angora? Apparently not.

Of course, as to domestic policy, it goes without saying that the Radicals will be kept down. There shall be liberty of the individual. "Liberty," says Mussolini, "is not only a right but a duty." There shall also be "discipline, economy, and sacrifice." If these latter can be properly coördinated with liberty as a right, the result should be happy. Then, of course, there is the budget, which must be balanced.

We like your domestic policy, Black-Shirt, what we know of it. But we confess ourselves nervous about your foreign policy. We await with apprehension the unfolding of that.

We fear from your past utterances that you will not be content to let the Fiume Question and the Dalmatian Question sleep. In that connection we don't like your intimacy with d'Annunzio. And haven't you said things "calculated" to alarm Switzerland for her Italian cantons? And haven't you been wont to speak of the Mediterranean as by rights an Italian lake? Not to mention much more of nationalistic and chauvinistic in your past speech. But Jack-in-Office, we reflect, is apt to be quite a different fellow from Jack-out-of-Office. Being in office, you now say that your policy is one of "dignity and expansion within the limits of our possibilities, and of equilibrium." Delphic, to be sure, but the tone is better. And again: You are for "the greatest possible accord with Jugoslavia." That, at any rate, is not threatening. Define us, please, that "possible."

Yet, when all's said, when we have extracted from philosophy (and casuistry?) all the comfort and reassurance they will supply, there remains the damning consideration that you have arrived where you are by extra-legal means, and we cannot satisfy ourselves that from now on you will proceed (in accordance with your oath) really "within the Constitution."

But, whatever happens, it cannot be forgotten that surely once you saved the State and that you gave Italy her *Settimana Maravigliosa*, one of the most extraordinary episodes in human annals.

The Case for Lloyd George

By P. W. Wilson

AFTER seventeen years of office, David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain for six of those years, has been dismissed for the time being into the shades of opposition. Wherever he goes in his own land the crowds hail him as their George Washington—the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; while to his convinced detractors he is an unscrupulous opportunist who manipulates the press to serve his own ambitious ends—this with a complete indifference to what Galsworthy would call loyalties of a gentleman. To estimate what Lloyd George has achieved is thus a task requiring super-human impartiality; and there are many, including his successor, Bonar Law, who think that he was the man for a supreme emergency but that the emergency, and with it the need for such a man, has passed. That is an argument which is likely to appeal to those millions of voters who, in any electorate, want a change. It is the argument which disposed of Chatham, with whom Lloyd George has been compared.

It is bare justice to say of David Lloyd George that he remains today, as much as ever, a man of the people.

He has been intimate with admirals, monarchs, field marshals, and marquises, but he returns to his native soil, like Cincinnatus to his plough, untitled, with his children also untitled, and utterly indifferent to clubs and drawing-rooms. His cathedral for worship is still the dissenting chapel and his game is still mere golf. It is the Tories, therefore, who have cast him out. They may have hoped at times that he would be for their party a second Disraeli, but in the soul of Disraeli, even when he was a Liberal, there lay that which the glitter of a coronet would mesmerize. Lloyd George has rather resembled Joseph Chamberlain, another wandering Liberal, who worked with the Tories but was never of them, and had for his reward, therefore, no office higher than the Secretaryship of the Colonies, which he left to die, a broken man.

It was only as a dire necessity of war, like espionage or poison gas, that David Lloyd George—the detested of duchesses—was ever accepted by the Conservatives.

Ruthless towards society, he has been equally ruthless towards politicians. It is the caucuses everywhere that hate and fear him. Among the Independent Liberals, the chief organizer is Viscount Gladstone, with whom, therefore, Lloyd George most fiercely clashes. Among the Conservatives, the whip is Sir George Younger, and he is the man mainly responsible for upsetting the former Prime Minister. For this collision a parallel may be found, perhaps, in the career of Theodore Roosevelt. Some see in Lloyd George merely the impulses of ambition. His own plea is that he acts only in the public interest. He appears to be, at the moment, a man without a party—the leader of a group

and nothing more. But in the country he enjoys a prestige that carries his name much further than this.

And, obviously, he has a case. At the Board of Trade he reorganized the laws of merchant shipping and began that long series of mediations between Capital and Labor which many times saved the nation's coal, transport, and even the monarchy itself. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he laid the burdens of peace and war fairly and squarely on the shoulders best able to bear them, namely, the rich; thus forestalling the discontents which render Socialism so formidable. His inquiries into housing and agriculture changed the face of the countryside and created a situation which has meant the end of feudalism. His national insurance of the sick, the injured, and the unemployed, however imperfect in detail, brought to light an immense volume of neglected yet remediable disease. On behalf of Asquith, it is denied that Lloyd George organized the shells. But it must be conceded that he inspired the morale which secures victory. That his methods were costly, is obvious. But in the end, he "got there."

It is held that in the autumn of 1918 he ought not to

have appealed to the country to elect him for a further term as Prime Minister. Especially mischievous, so it is argued, was his plea that the Kaiser should be hanged and that Germany should pay for the war. Such language was calculated to arouse the nationalism of France and Italy to an intense fever and so to frustrate the moderating counsels of President Wilson. In these criticisms there is force. Instead of hanging for his sins, the Kaiser has opulently syndicated his defiance of the Allied cause and is leading a second Empress to the matrimonial altar. And, in actual fact, Germany has not paid. But it must be remembered that, prior to the said election, Lloyd George had invited Asquith more than once to join his Administration, and that his approaches had been rejected.

The European policy of Lloyd George since the Armistice may be described, perhaps, as making the best of a bad job. Left to himself, there is not the slightest doubt as to what course he would have pursued. At any cost in money—that is in cancellation of debts or reparations—he would have secured unity in Europe; and in that unity he would have included Russia. He was faced, however, by France and by those British patriots who with Northcliffe held that France was right. The struggle between London and Paris ultimately wore down the patience of both nations. Clemenceau and Briand disappeared. And now Lloyd George has gone. For many things which he did to please France, he has been criticized as if they were things done on his own initiative. It is the fate which usually overwhelms Ministers when the world is in chaos.

That Lloyd George was himself opposed to any and



International.

David Lloyd George

every hostile intervention in Russia is plain from the Bullitt disclosures of what happened at Paris. Yet, here again, he yielded and Winston Churchill sacrificed uselessly many lives and many millions of money. Mesopotamia was also an expensive luxury and the oil there, whether it be shared with the United States or not, is a highly problematical asset. Hence the outburst of alarm when, last month, it was announced that the Empire was to be thrown into the breach against Mustapha Kemal Pasha and the fanatical forces of resurgent Islam. To some extent the trouble was due to sheer ill-luck. The British admitted the Greeks to Smyrna—that is true—but this action was taken under Venizelos, when there was no idea of King Constantine regaining the throne and then plunging his country into an adventure involving the whole of Asia Minor. That the French and Italians supported the Turks is history. It would be out of place here to comment upon that policy. The flames that enveloped Smyrna, the flight of tens of thousands of terror-stricken civilians from that doomed city and from Thrace, and the frank declaration of Kemal that he can only hold himself responsible for the lives and property of Moslems, indicate from what fate Constantinople was saved by Lloyd George's final impetuous indiscretion. It cost 150,000,000 dollars. It appeared to involve much graver risks. And Britain—or some of Britain—was swept by the kind of protests against "entanglements" which were so powerful a factor in the victory of President Harding. The fall of Lloyd George was dictated by those who held that sometimes it is best even for Britain as "the policeman," to let ill alone.

That Lloyd George has shattered Liberalism as a party is true. That he has betrayed Liberalism as a faith is, however, by no means so evident. By his influence the franchise has become universal, the House of Lords has been weakened, the Church in Wales has been disestablished, and the essentials of free trade

have been maintained. The Budget has been balanced and immense sums of indebtedness repaid. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Stanley Baldwin, admits that no further remission of taxes is possible. This is not a bad record. And, whatever view be taken of the treatment of Ireland under the Coalition, the fact remains that Ireland has been granted a complete autonomy. The Independent Liberals, like the die-hards, complain that Lloyd George suddenly exchanged the sword for the olive branch. Judged by his words, which could not have been more plainly spoken, he offered Ireland throughout either one or the other. The terms which Sinn Fein have accepted were the terms which, at any time, Sinn Fein might have had. And it was De Valera—then as now—who played the irreconcilable. Similarly in India, nothing achieved under Asquith approaches the foresighted development of representative institutions which former Secretary Montagu completed under Lloyd George.

The position today is that Liberalism, as hitherto understood, has fulfilled its positive mission. A new outlook has to be faced. Organized labor aims at the requisition of property and the termination of private enterprise. The Conservative Party resists these proposals or tendencies. So does the Liberal Party. David Lloyd George holds that these two historic parties should be combined against Labor; not in an irreconcilable or reactionary attitude, but as a restraining influence. He believes that the issues now to be handled are economic. He has no use for theoretic or verbal controversies. That Balfour, Birkenhead, Chamberlain, Horne, and many other responsible statesmen agree with him is obvious. Equally obvious is the intellectual weakness—not to say decrepitude—of Bonar Law's truly astonishing team of minor statesmen. The best defence to be made for Lloyd George and his Government may well prove to be the quality of the alternative.

Fascismo

By Gino Speranza

THE *Popolo d'Italia*, Benito Mussolini's personal organ, carried for a long time on the editorial page this alleged Napoleonic dictum: "Revolution is an idea which has found enough bayonets to support it." In applying that dictum the Italian Fascista leader very wisely waited until the central idea of his "revolution" had so overwhelming a number of "bayonets" behind it that it made the use of force unnecessary. In this respect, therefore, the "revolution" was not only practically bloodless but its leaders may claim, with much reason, that it was essentially a referendum by the people. This will become more apparent if we study the movement in its causes and through its genesis rather than if we dwell on its dramatic and picturesque climax.

We should premise that in Italy the middle classes and the peasantry constitute a majority of the population. Yet this quantitative (and also qualitative) majority has only a minority representation in the Italian Parliament as this is at the moment constituted. This contrast between an actual majority in the

electorate and its insufficient and inadequate parliamentary representation is an evil which is becoming more and more evident in states even more politically developed than Italy. It is one explanation of the growing discontent with, if not contempt for, parliamentary government throughout the Continent.

In the case of Italy, however, other important causes have contributed to the misrepresentative character of its national legislative assembly, chief among these being the decadence of the "governing class" which to this day has controlled in that country the mechanisms of parliamentary life if not Parliament itself. This governing class is composed of the not too worthy successors of that small band of great men who brought about the union of the Italian states; good enough persons, honest and well-meaning, but too old in ideas, too selfish in aspirations, and too limited in political vision. Against them as the retainers of all power first rose the Italian Socialist Party, which, for a time, enlisted the sympathies and support of the democratic youth of Italy. Had that party remained Italian—had

it followed the humanism of a Bissolati—Italian democracy (possibly under the name of socialism) would be the ruling political power in Italy today. But the Italian Socialist Party fell under the sinister spell of an exotic Marxism and of a Bolshevism wholly foreign and even repugnant to Italian political thought; thus influenced, it at first, under the guise of pacifism, contributed to the disaster of Caporetto, and, later, under pressure from its extremists, it planned and attempted the dictatorship of a minority. In and out of Parliament it conducted a campaign against the state, centering its fight against the middle class, which it considered impotent and cowardly despite its numerical majority; it also attacked the army as a creature of the bourgeoisie, its partisans even assaulting inoffensive officers and tearing off the military decorations worn by soldiers mutilated in the war. Essentially industrial and urban in its constituency and organization, it made little headway with the peasants of southern and insular Italy who, as Catholics, preferred, if there must be a change, the less indefensible agrarian "Christian socialism" of the *Popolare* or Catholic Left to the Bolshevism of the industrial and anti-religious Socialist Party.

Like every revolutionary movement in modern Italian history—from the expedition of the Bandiera brothers in the forties to Garibaldi's challenge to Bourbon oppression—the revolt of the middle class was, at its inception, the *geste* of a handful of young men. Calling themselves Fascisti, they began their labors by undertaking, in the face of an apathetic Government, the defense of the Italian army, that most democratic of middle-class institutions in Europe, which had been the butt of physical and political attacks by the subversive element in the country. Misunderstood and laughed at by the foreign press, at times exposing themselves to just criticism by inconsiderate and ill-judged acts, the Fascisti nevertheless grew in power and prestige. This was because they stood and fought for what was far greater than some of them realized but which the nation at large intuitively felt and sympathized with. Those young men who with the enthusiasm of college boys (as many of them were) traveled about the country like knights errant tearing down the red flag from socialist-controlled municipal buildings and hoisting the national colors in its place were the forerunners of a great popular uprising; they may be called the first and romantic expression of an aroused public conscience. Behind that handful—at first expectant and uncourageous—stood the Italian middle class in its qualitative and quantitative solidity and common sense: the men who had fought and won the war, the rising generation in the schools and colleges, the majority of the professional and professorial classes, the "brains" and the leaders of the army and navy and of the civil bureaucracy, the business men and the shopkeepers, the countless small proprietors and modest land owners—a vast throng of good, average men.

But the Fascista movement gained in volume and prestige also by the very weakness and incapacity of the Government. Cabinet after Cabinet came and passed away without the courage to face the situation in its full reality. Every Ministry recognized the essentially conservative character of Fascismo to the extent, at least, of not attempting ruthlessly to suppress it in blood; but no Ministry had the character and cour-

age to recognize openly before Parliament the indisputably patriotic and wholesome objects of such a movement and to legalize it by making those objects the Government's supreme and effective concern. Each Cabinet, instead, sought a precarious and inglorious existence by observing the *forms* of constitutional government while actually abdicating all power, first to the subversive and frankly anti-national element, and then, under the swift and impressive growth of Fascismo, to an unorganized popular majority striving for order, discipline, and the right to labor, by "illegal" methods. Had Fascismo crystallized into a political party, it could have been easily and effectively dealt with—and disposed of—by even a second-rate Cabinet; but either through the sagacity of its leaders or, more probably, by the very breadth and simplicity of its unwritten platform—"To save Italy"—Fascismo remained essentially a popular movement with no real organization such as even the weakest political party must possess.

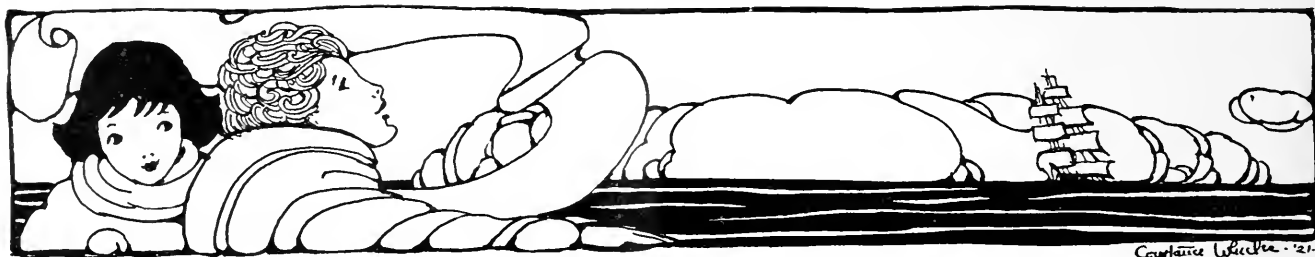
In passing judgment upon the methods resorted to by the Fascisti, let us bear in mind that parliamentary life and constitutional government in the Anglo-Saxon sense had broken down in Italy (where it was always an exotic importation) long before Fascismo gave it its last blow; worse than that, Parliament had become the political mechanism for frequently paralyzing the life of the nation and it was even used as an instrument of oppression. When the authority of the state ceases to function and citizens are left unprotected, there will come forth in every civilized community some men who will band together to enforce law and order super-gov-



A Fascista parade in Milan

ernmentally and without any formal legal mandate from their constituents. In our history we have called such men, at various times and on divers occasions, "Minutemen" or Vigilantes, special deputy sheriffs or Committees of Safety. The Latin calls such men by the possibly more picturesque appellatives of "Legionaries," Fascisti, "Garibaldian Red Shirts," or Mussolinian "*Camicie Nere*."

It is commonplace to say that the success of the Fascismo establishes a dangerous precedent. But we must not measure the movement too exclusively by the old yardstick of political theories. New forces are operating in Europe which cannot be gauged by the old formulas. Fascismo is one of these and, in character of a quasi organized revolt of the middle classes, it is active all over Europe and, on the whole, with wholesome results.

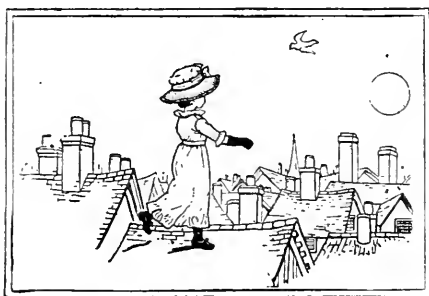


Books of Innocence for Children

By Montrose J. Moses

ONE evening at sunset I was on top of a swaying bus on Fifth avenue. Crowds were hurrying in black torrents to their homes. We were caught in a jam of motor-cars and taxis, and there was a certain quiet which comes now and then even in the roar of the noises. A child's voice sang out from the seat behind me: "I want to see a moo-cow!" The grown-ups laughed in their own particular amusement; a facetious gentleman, next to the mother, said: "Fifth Avenue's not a likely place for cows!"

But the essential need of the moment, welling in the child's heart, and occupying the child's mind, could not be satisfied. The mother promised a visit to Central Park, but while Central Park may boast of a lion and possibly a llama, there is no such thing as a cow in all its vast stretches of city blocks. Soon the child forgot her momentary longing; I heard her count off the dogs she saw as we progressed up the Avenue; she hummed a little song, and her tiny feet dug healthily into my back. To me it seemed that at that moment a cow was much more essential to the little bit of child nature near me than all the wealth of that stately Avenue and so I take the thought as a symbol.



There are moments in the early life of a child when incongruity is reality, merely because there are no confusing details to throw doubt on the possibility or probability of experience. When a child cries for the moon, the psychologist explains it by saying that the sensation of light gets the better of the sense of space. The philosopher adapts Browning's line and says, "A child's reach should exceed its grasp." But the poet of childhood most likely gives the moon to the child merely because he wants it.

I often wonder, in the jingle "Hey diddle diddle," whether the children do not laugh, not over the impossible act of the cow jumping over the moon, but merely because the little dog laughed to see such sport. In other words, there's more sympathy for the dog's act than the cow's deed—which, to the child, is not unlikely.

So this, to me, is one of the glories of "Mother Goose"—that it satisfies the physical innocence of the juvenile mind. You may appeal to it by rhythm—that is why

jingles and poetry are the early literary joys of the nursery; you may appeal to it through courtesy, because the mere act of bowing thanks—one of the early acts of graciousness—knows no distinction of caste, but places all human and living kind on the same plane—hence the fundamental beauty of Jane Taylor's "Thank you, pretty cow, that made Pleasant milk to soak my bread." We grown people pay the milkman, but the child thanks the cow. An innocent act of life.

I recall the Kate Greenaway picture illustrating the jingle, "One foot up, the other foot down, That's the way to London town." Such an act takes no cognizance of railroad administrations, of the expense of getting there; but it does impress upon the child that, to get anywhere, muscular action of a certain kind is necessary, and London Town may be the other side of the nursery or the other side of the world for all he cares. The innocent act is the fact, and no other detail matters. Imagination lies between the two feet. And so I recommend Ann and Jane Taylor's handling in their quaint poetry of the seeable, bare, simple things of nature, as in "The Robin," with such lines as

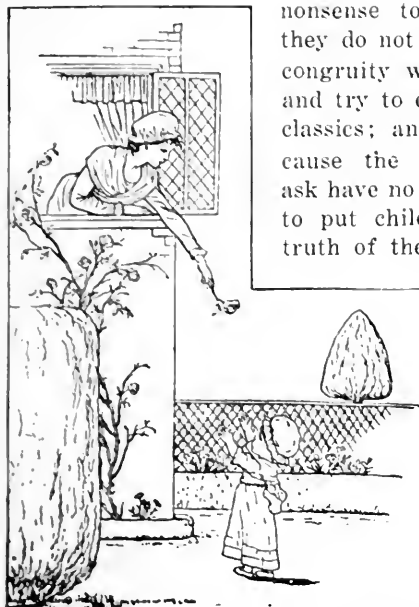
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty song,
And chirrup and twitter there all the day long,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

All the essentials of a higher poetry are here, even some of the mystery which grown folks call philosophy; and I know that the same innocence must be felt to appreciate the lines in Shelley's "Skylark" that must be had to picture these juvenile stanzas.

I turn to William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," which every child should know, and I find the usual questioning—without which children are not children—the intimate challenging of the universe, which brooks no theological dogma, but which merely states the quandaries of simple wonder growing out of mere sense impressions. Turn, for instance, to the poem entitled "The Lamb"—

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee!

The literary critic says, "Here is simple lyric beauty." The psychologist says, "Here are stimuli impressions gained through the eyes, the ears, and the sense of touch." But here to me is religious ecstasy based on physical well-being, ready to be moulded into lines of permanent character. So, in one breath, I recommend



nonsense to children because they do not see the foolish incongruity we grown folks see and try to edit out of nursery classics; and moral songs because the questions children ask have no motives other than to put children closer to the truth of the world they begin to breathe in and touch from the first day of their lives.

Because of this, I make a plea for the present-day mother and teacher to reconsider some of the so-called "goody-goody" literature of the

past, and draw from it, not the theology of Puritanism, but the innocence which only comes through reverence for created things, and piety which appreciates the act before asking for an explanation of the fact. Reverence and piety might well be restored as virtues in the nursery literature of today. For there is pleasure to be had in the reading of Dr. Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," which no modern verse can supplant, because, as Mathew Arnold says in "The Future"—to change the question to a statement of criticism—there is no girl today who

Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well;
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure.

Children need this surety, and whether you approve of hell-fire or not, it is one of the chief excellences of Dr. Watts, as it was of the "New England Primer," that righteousness was righteousness, and evil was evil, and the child had a physical conception of each before ever he was able to grasp the abstract meaning of either.

But what makes Stevenson so closely akin to these writers of Books of Innocence, yet so much better, is his recognition that sometimes childhood, through an excess of physical well-being—not through any conscious act of sin—is human and has human frailty. For instance, here is a bit from that perennial "Child's Garden of Verses," entitled "Whole Duty of Children"—which is part Blake and part the Taylor sisters and Dr. Watts, but which in its last line is essentially Stevenson:

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to.
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

As an illustration of what I mean by this plea for innocence in certain books for children, I recommend "A Child's Book of Old Verses" (Duffield) and the Scribner edition of Stevenson's verses, both richly colored by Jessie Willcox Smith. Once you sense the fundamental simplicity of the imagery in them, you will be able to forgive the staidness of Maria Edgeworth's moral tales. It may be that these are too old-fashioned for the modern educated girl and boy, but I take them

as text-books of childhood's essential traits—which mothers would do well to consider, but which so many of them seem to neglect. So much better to have staid manners than no manners at all!

I have often seen mothers pore over books about the baby's health, but when it comes to the physical expression of that health in the literature the children read, mothers are woefully ignorant. A librarian told me not long ago, speaking of the humor of children, that parents rarely asked for a funny book for their children, merely because they did not really understand why children laughed; they only knew how to look for trouble when children cried.

The innocence of childhood is bound up in this very subject of the laughter of children; they laugh, first because they are physically well; then they laugh because repetition of experience is pleasant; and the only cruelty in the laughter of children is what the adult puts there by adult satire or physical cartoon. And, in their initial years, they laugh because they have no definite moral problem to limit the fresh spontaneity of their growing selves. That is why there is such a wealth of truth in Blake's song:

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy, I call thee!
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

Fall Afternoons

By Harry Lee

ON cool fall afternoons I see
The old house as it used to be,
Dim with the dark pines walled about
That kept the pleasant sunlight out,
Whose shaggy branches brushed my high
Small window when the winds went by.
I thought the whispering pines were sad
Because I was an orphan lad.

Grandmother in her clinging clothes
About the house a grey ghost goes,
And through the stillness, in a blur
Of fear and faith, I follow her.
I scurry after, up the flight
Of creaking stairs, by candle-light.
And tiptoe down the haunted gloom
Of what she calls "The Children's Room,"
Where, in an ancient cedar chest,
In lavender her treasures rest.

I crouch beside her on the floor,
The while she cons each keepsake o'er,
And tells me things *they* did and said,
Those wise, small people who are dead.
A long time, in the cool fall weather,
We laugh and dream and cry together,
And then she says (about her brow
The pale light shines) "We'll leave them now!"
Seeming as greatly comforted
As if she'd tucked them all in bed.

Lyman Abbott

By Franklin H. Giddings

IT was a prophet and not a priest whose voice was stilled, a citizen of the world and not a survivor from a by-gone time whose labors ended, when the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott died, on October 22. Throughout his four score years and seven he had looked forward and not backward. For fifty years he had been an intellectual force and a vital influence in public affairs. Lawyer and preacher, author and editor, his activity had been tireless. His personality was gracious, but he did not offer mint, anise, or cummin, or move in the round of ritual. His thought and his deed struck fire on the weightier matters of the law.

He came of the New England race and a distinguished family. Roxbury, Mass., was his birthplace. His father, Jacob Abbott, was a Congregational minister and a prolific writer, the creator of Rollo. John S. C. Abbott, also a Congregational minister, who wrote a life of Napoleon which fascinated, if it did not convince, was his uncle. Two other sons of Jacob Abbott, Benjamin Vaughan and Austin, were successful lawyers, and one more, Edward Abbott, was editor of the *Literary World*. Of Lyman Abbott's own six children that survive him, four sons and two daughters, one is president and one secretary of the Outlook Publishing Company, one is a professor at Smith College, and one a physician. Scoffers at heredity may explain this family by environment and opportunity if they can.

It was because Lyman Abbott's older brothers had been graduated from the University of the City of New York that he came here for his college work, and was graduated when but eighteen years old. Then he studied law and went into partnership with his brothers; but the ministry called him, and he soon took up theology with his uncle John. The time devoted to law had not been thrown away, however. There is abundant evidence in his writings, and in his attitudes and activities as a publicist, of a knowledge and poise hall-marked by the law. Ordained a Congregational minister, he went to Terre Haute, Ind., where, through the years of the Civil War from 1860 to 1866, he preached; then he came back to New York. In a swift succession of opportunities, he was secretary of the American Union Commission, engaged in work for the emancipated slaves, was pastor of the New England Congregational Church, editor of the *Literary Record* in *Harper's Magazine*, editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, associate editor, with Henry Ward Beecher, of the *Christian Union*, and successor to Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, from 1890 to 1899, when he took the editorship of *The*

Outlook, which he held until his death. It was in this position of power and responsibility that he became a national figure.

In each of three great human crises, two of affairs and one of thought, he took his place by right of courage and ability in the vanguard of fighters for civilization and enlightenment. But while in the Civil War he was one among thousands, in the battle for intellectual liberty in the Christian Church and in the line-up of straight-thinking men who clearly saw the duty of America to throw her resources and herself into the war against German aggression, he stood among the few "ground finders."

The charge of heresy left him unruffled. His nature was too sweet for anger. He could "suffer fools gladly" if thereby he could help them to see that the human mind, discovering and applying truth, is the Divine Mind at work in the world, and that the brotherhood of man is a bigger thing than the phrases of a creed or the literalist interpretation of Sacred Books. Probably nobody else was as astonished as he was that the whole world quoted his remark that "He who denies the Brotherhood of Man is as much an infidel as he who denies the Fatherhood of God." What was there novel about that? Was it not as old as Christ? The doctrine of evolution and the contributions of archæology, history, and critical scholarship to our knowledge of the Old and New Testaments, he accepted as a matter of course. And even if he had not been able to do so, his sound common sense and his liberality of spirit would have made him denounce as preposterous and immoral the attempts of ignorant bigotry to prevent the teaching and discussion of these matters.

Dr. Abbott's identification of himself with a Christian and common-sense liberalism was bound up with the first of two great personal enthusiasms, namely, his affection and admiration for Henry Ward Beecher. His vigorous championing of political progressivism, of courageous public policies, and of an Americanism which has duty as well as opportunity written in it, was bound up with his later affection and admiration for Theodore Roosevelt.

There was in his character nothing of impatience, as there was nothing of fear. He venerated the past, its men and its works, while he projected the future. He did not censure, for he understood. His Christianity was *caritas*, but he did not expect individuals or mankind to be redeemed from either sin or poverty by sentimentalism. His politics were progressive, but he did not kick against the pricks of economic fact and law. Men such as he do not leave the world when they rest from their earthly labors.



Paul Thompson.

Lyman Abbott

"The Living Wage" and the Railroads

By Fabian Franklin

IN the country at large there exists a vast amount of difference between the wages received by persons in different fields of work, and by persons performing different parts in the same field of work. Multitudes of unskilled laborers manage to get on, some way or other, upon wages vastly less than the wages paid to highly skilled workmen, and very much less than even the average wages paid to ordinary skilled workmen. The families of these poorly paid laborers also manage to make ends meet. They contrive to make a little money go far, much farther than those do who are not driven by necessity; and their standard of living is lower than that of the better-paid workmen—lower than that which we like to think of as the American standard, and which we all hope will be attained in not too remote a future by those who are below it. The fact is that this process has been steadily going on for many decades; the standard of today for the unskilled laborer, so far as physical comfort is concerned, and so far as hours of labor are concerned, is, in general, a very great advance over that of former times.

But, while this is the case, the conditions of living among the least well-paid workers are perhaps just as far behind those which prevail among the better-paid as they were in the past. If the Government were called upon to institute a reign of "social justice," one of the first questions that it would have to consider is the question of whether this inequality ought to be removed, and, if so, what means should be adopted for removing it. Now, without entering into the merits of the particular question disposed of in the recent decision of the Railroad Labor Board—the decision refusing to grant the increase of wages demanded by the maintenance-of-way men—it may be said that the central point of that decision was a refusal to undertake to establish wages based upon a general principle of "social justice" such as does not obtain in the country at large. The law requires the Board to establish "just and reasonable" wages; and for the ascertainment of such wages it requires the Board to take into account both the rate of wages current for similar work outside the railroads and the cost of living. The view rejected by the Board is the view that, since it is required to take into account the cost of living, it is bound to establish a "living wage," and that by a "living wage" it ought to understand a wage sufficient to maintain an average family upon a standard of living satisfactory to sociological authorities.

The Board did not expressly lay down this abstract reason for its decision. But it justified its refusal to grant the minimum wage for common labor which was advocated by those who rested their case upon the sociological "living wage" idea, upon the ground that to do so would be utterly ruinous to the roads if corresponding advances were made in the pay of higher grades of workmen. In other words, the Board did not feel that it was called upon to institute, upon the railroads, a state of things wholly out of key with the state of things existing in the country at large; and in this position it ought to be sustained by the common-sense judgment of the American people. Whether or not there ought to be a complete change in our economic

system is a broad and deep question; it is the great question of Socialism versus Individualism. But here is a question, not of changing the foundations of the economic system under which we all live, but of applying to a particular set of working people—those employed by the railroads—a principle radically different from that which applies to working people in general. Obviously, to do so would be to create a favored group, maintained upon a scale of living far higher than that enjoyed by like workmen outside the group, through an artificial arrangement the expense of which would have to be borne by the country at large. Such favoritism is unsound from the point of view of the fair-minded socialist and the fair-minded individualist alike; and, like all favoritism, is a breeder of corruption.

It may, however, be justly asked what meaning is to be attached to the requirement of the law that the cost of living should be taken into consideration as well as the rate of wages current for similar work outside the railroads. The answer is not difficult. In the competitive field—the field not subject, as are the railroads, to Government regulation—a rise (or, in like manner, a fall) in the cost of living may precede by a considerable time the corresponding rise (or fall) in wages. When a readjustment of this nature is clearly indicated by the facts, it is the proper function of a body like the Railroad Labor Board to effect it smoothly and promptly and thus avoid the conflict, disturbance, and hardship which might otherwise ensue. And there is another case in which it would be proper for the Board to take action having reference to the cost of living. If the wage paid by the railroads to any particular set of laborers be so low as to be cruelly inadequate, it should be raised by the Board even if the raise does not happen to be justified by a comparison with what is paid by private employers for what seems to be similar labor. As in so many other questions of human affairs, the rule which practical wisdom lays down as a general guide has to give way in extreme cases.

According to an Associated Press dispatch, the only comment that Warren S. Stone, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was willing to make upon the Railroad Labor Board's attack on the theory of "the living wage" was that "a living wage is something that every person must have in order to live"; if that definition were accepted, the Railroad Labor Board, and practically every person in the country, would agree that such a wage *at least* must be maintained by the Board. But "what every person must have in order to live" is an amount so small, if one interprets the words literally, that the very lowest wages now prevailing in America are far above it—a fact which, if we did not otherwise know it, would be proved by the experience of practically all countries other than our own. If, on the other hand, the words are interpreted liberally, they become so elastic as to get entirely away from that part of the requirement of the law which directs the Board, in its fixing of a "just and reasonable" rate of wages, to consider the rates obtaining outside the railroads. The combination of the two considerations involves some complexity, some uncertainty, to be sure, but no more complexity and no more uncertainty than

naturally belongs to the practical settlement of a concrete practical question. The suggested amendment of the law so as to make "the living wage" a mandatory direction—if by "the living wage" is meant that wage which we all think desirable, but which does not correspond to the state of things existing in the country at

large—would transform the Railroad Labor Board from a practical agency of reasonable adjustment between employers and employed into an instrument either of radical social change or of crass favoritism. To neither of these objects should the operation of an administrative agency of Government be directed.

The Ferment in India

By Philo M. Buck, Jr.

Exchange Professor at Baroda College

IN 1914, when Turkey entered the war as an ally of Germany, the Indian Moslems were a unit in the support of the British Government. Aga Khan, their leader, was most ardent in his enthusiastic urging of all Indian Mohammedans to resent actively the policies of the Turkish party, which he argued was destroying the true spirit of Islam. Thousands of Indian Moslems enlisted in the British armies and served faithfully and enthusiastically in the campaigns in Mesopotamia and Palestine against their co-religionists. But now, in 1922, eight years later and only four years after the war, we find all India rejoicing over the victories of Mustapha Kemal, and incidentally threatening Great Britain should that Power find itself in conflict with the Turk. What has come over India in these four years, and especially over Mohammedan India, which up to a few years ago was counted upon as the most loyal of India's millions to the British *raj*?

When the magnitude of the Kemalist victory was first noted in the despatches the whole of the Indian press was loud in its congratulations to the victors. The first accounts of Turkish atrocities were emphatically denied, days before sober journalists were able to cable the more accurate news. Ghazi Mustapha Kemal—of the meaning of this title *Ghazi* more later—was celebrated as one more of the glorious company of Islamic conquerors. A new star had risen for India, and millions went forth to pay homage. Meetings were held September 18 and 19 from Cape Comorin to Muree, and from Karachi to Calcutta; resolutions were adopted, and vigorous denunciations made of all efforts to prevent the Turk from reaping the full harvest of his victories. The question is even now being discussed seriously of enlisting Indians in an Angora Legion to aid the Turk against the Power which seems about to limit his atrocities. If one merely read the newspapers one could easily form the opinion that India again is ablaze. What has happened to Mohammedan India?

All of this might be read in connection with the predictions freely made last year before Mr. Gandhi was arrested, that his arrest would be followed by wholesale violence and even anarchy. It was even asserted and believed that he could not be taken. The wildest stories were current among the masses, that his arrest had been attempted on repeated occasions, but that no jail was proof against his superhuman powers; that he had bodily walked away from his captors; that he had been stood up by the police and military and shot at with cannon, but that no cannon ball or shell could do him the slightest injury. It had been no little shock to his authority over the masses when he was quietly

marched off to jail and put under lock and key without the direct intervention of the elements. And India, which before his arrest had been seething with rumors and unrest, began to breathe easily again.

But Gandhi's name is yet much in the Indian press and always with it is joined the term Mahatma, Saint. The agitator or the liberal, the insurgent or the moderate, still holds him in reverence. And his doctrine of *Ahimsa*, non-injury, that is, the not giving of pain to any living creature, the old Jain and Hindu cult which has been twisted into the new doctrine of non-coöperation, is still heard, in places.

But, if one may gather evidence during a very few weeks' sojourn in upper India through more or less intimate talks with people in the streets and villages, Gandhi's influence may be described as on the wane. There are very few Gandhi caps now seen even in Allahabad, which was once almost the centre of the movement. Of the Punjab I shall speak later. I was at Allahabad on the date of the eclipse. As usual, on such a day the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna rivers was thronged with myriads of devout Hindus who were bathing in the sacred waters. The banks, the water, the roads, were crowded with the familiar multitudes. There was the array of Sannyasis, holy men, *fakirs*, naked and streaked with saffron and ashes, urging their toll on the passersby. There were those doing hard penance for sins committed, a shrouded woman here proclaiming to the world that she had been guilty of the sacrilege of killing a cow, the sacred animal, whose tail she wore as a sign of her shame; a holy man there with hand held upright until it shrivelled that he might win a certain merit. It was on such occasions that the Gandhi orators were wont most busily to ply their argument to eager and shouting crowds. But on this occasion, though I walked the whole crowd through, I saw only one Gandhi orator, and his crowd was limited to but some fifty people. His speech was the same as of old—*swaraj* and the immediate benefits that would accrue, but the crowd was apathetic and the customary *Mahatma Gandhi ki jai*, praise to Saint Gandhi, when called for by the speaker, was spoken in a heartless manner. As I passed a bystander turned to me with a smile, pointed at the man, and remarked with a shrug, *bewakuf*, dishonest.

There has been some dishonesty in the talk of the Gandhi agitators, or at least of the *swaraj* agitators. They have been telling the ignorant peasants that when *swaraj*, self-government, comes, wheat, which not long ago cost 3 *seers* to the rupee, would at once go to its ancient price of 20 *seers* to the rupee; and that there

would be no taxes. This fact has been directly told me by peasants themselves.

But with Gandhi now temporarily out of the way the more radical Indian press is laying less and less stress on the doctrine of *Ahimsa*; and now comes the news of the Turkish victory over a European antagonist, and the possibility that Great Britain will become involved in the question of the Khalifat.

Whatever Great Britain does will, in a way, lose her some prestige, for the moment at least, in India. If she fights Turkey, as seems now very improbable, she may have actively engaged against her a considerable number of Indian Moslems, if not in the field, then as dangerous agitators here in India. And a number of Hindus may, and probably will, join in the agitation. If she gives way and compromises, as seems likely, and the treaty of Sèvres is revised greatly in favor of the Turk, she will lose color, for it will appear that once more the Asiatic has overthrown the European, and England is acting in fear. And this thought will lend one more argument to the agitator.

It is a little curious that the Hindu has lent himself to this Mohammedan rejoicing over a Mohammedan victory. He can hardly have forgotten that not so long ago there was a Mohammedan conquest of India, and that during the long period of Delhi sultans, about 400 years, the blood of martyred Hindus flowed like water, their treasure was looted, and their homes and temples ruthlessly violated. They can hardly fail to know also that the lot of non-Moslems has not been a happy one in the Turkish Empire. Further, the very term *Ghazi*, which they so freely apply to Mustapha Kemal, means that the person to whom it is applied has earned the distinction by slaying with his own hand an infidel. The Emperor Akbar earned it when he was a child of eleven or twelve, by slaying with his own hand an aged and grievously wounded old Hindu king. The Moslems of India may join in a brotherhood with the Hindus of India for the independence of the mother country from Great Britain. But if they make common cause with the Turk or the Afghan, the story will be a different one and will be written in red. On the subject of making common cause with the unbeliever the Koran is quite explicit. And the Mohammedan still reads and quotes the Koran.

And there is yet no small evidence of the innate hostility between Mohammedan and Hindu. The Moplah rising of two years ago marked the slaughter of thousands of Hindus by a fanatical Arab Moslem tribe. Only a few months ago in Multan during a Moslem festival some of the faithful celebrated the day by slaughtering a cow near a Hindu shrine. There was some blood shed other than bovine; and committees of Mohammedans and Hindus, among whose numbers are some of the most noted of Indians, are striving earnestly to patch up the ill-starred rent. But Hindus are thinking. There are a great many cattle in India, even in city streets; and in places it would be safer for an experimenting automobilist, if he could choose, to run down a man than a cow.

I have said that India now is quiet, in spite of the stir created in the press by the Moslem victory. There is, however, one spot in India that yet has not forgotten the affair at Amritsar, now something over a year ago, and that is the Punjab. There is yet everywhere abundant evidence offered on both sides concerning the wis-

dom or the unwisdom of General Dyer's action. The English residents of India assert with confidence that previous to the Amritsar affair all India had been on the point of offering violence to the English. Civilians or soldiers were insulted openly, even women were not safe, and there were cases, once quite unknown, of white women being attacked. A large open-air meeting was called in a public garden or square in Amritsar. It was known that this meeting would be largely given over to anti-British agitation. The meeting was forbidden by the authorities. When the order was not obeyed, General Dyer marched through the narrow street with some eighty *Indian* soldiers, and after the mob's refusal to disperse opened fire, and continued firing until some two hundred were killed.

The English and European residents in India generally assert that General Dyer's action saved the situation; that after Amritsar there was no more personal danger to Europeans; and that this stern measure of discipline, coupled with the arrest of Gandhi, has quieted India. The Indians, however, moderates and extremists, are not of the same mind, but date the beginning of India's utter determination to attain self-rule from the day of the Amritsar "massacre." And it is quite possible that in a measure both may be right.

But the Punjab has never been at rest since Amritsar. And it is symptomatic of the unrest how the Punjabis, and especially some of the Sikhs, have been making of every slight opportunity an occasion to show their spirit of opposition. I am speaking, of course, in general terms. There are pro-British Sikhs in abundance, as there are pro-British Indians everywhere. But an incident that occurred less than a month ago, and which is now much in the papers, will illustrate. The thing in itself is trifling enough, the dispute would have been settled at any other time by a magistrate after a few days of inquiry, and would have been forgotten. But this is India in 1922. Gandhi's doctrine of *Ahimsa*, non-violent resistance, is still heard, and hence unexpected things continue to happen in unexpected ways.

The *Mahant* of the Sikhs, a quasi-official priest, living in their sacred city of Amritsar, lays claim to a garden, the *Guru ka Bagh*. The Akalis, a Sikh sect, seem long to have regarded it as belonging to them, and strove to make good their claim by cutting some trees in it. The *Mahant*, as at any other time would be natural, appealed to the police, and they, until the difficulty could be ironed out in the courts, forbade any trespass in the garden. The Akalis refused to recognize the Government and persisted in invading the garden; there were mobs and *lathis* (sticks) were used by the officers, men were wounded, some seriously, and the Indian Government had a problem on its hands.

To us in the West the whole thing looks simple enough, a mob resisting the officers of the law, and the duty of the community in general seems simple and obvious. But obvious things are far from obvious, in India. Sikhs are now enrolling themselves in the band of the Akalis, pledged to resist, not by violence, all action of the police and the Government. The *Mahant* has been denounced as a traitor to the sacred cause of India. This resistance to authority has been proclaimed as a part of the sacred doctrine of *Ahimsa*; and the Indian newspapers have taken up the cry as a battle call for the liberation of India from alien rule. The extremist press, notably the Allahabad *Independent*, has

gone even farther and proclaimed the banded Akalis as the nucleus of an Indian army of liberation. It talks less of non-violence and *Ahimsa* than of fierce-eyed, bearded men, who have served in the wars and know a thing or two more than turning the cheek to the smiter; and speaks with contumely of law and order when it is alien-ordained.

And so a problem that seems simple enough, with only one unknown quantity, the ownership of the Bagh, becomes complicated with all the unknowns in India. Committees of inquiry are started. Highest officials are called back from their vacations, and newspapers have two matters for headlines, the Akalis and Kemal Pasha.

The whole thing seems to resolve itself into a fairly simple formula after all. There is a small but extremely loud Indian press which resents each and every show of British authority, and regards every expression of such authority, quite apart from its merits, as an insult to Indian nationalism. How large is the influence of this press is a serious question. It wants Indian self-government, not as a concession, but as a right. The fact

that India now has practical self-government is to it irrelevant. The way it got it, by British act, and the fact that it yet works in a manner that is British, and also the chance utterance of a Lloyd George concerning India's future, weigh with it far more than the concrete political instrument now in Indian hands. It sits by and criticizes without responsibility, while the moderates are busy trying to fit the instrument to Indian needs. One cannot, at first reading at least, feel much deep respect for the extremist Indian press. It is on the other hand very diverting, but may in the long run prove to be extremely dangerous.

But America must not in any circumstance indulge in the pleasing pastime of throwing stones. We have also an extremist press in America. If we will but change places and remember to study newspapers here as we study our own, discounting what is obviously to be discounted, we shall come to have no little respect for Indian journalism. For in these days of serious problems the better press of India has been sane and full of wise judgment.

Mussoorie, India, October 1

A Remarkable Loan Exhibition

Masterpieces by the Early American Cabinet-Maker, Duncan Phyfe

ONE of the most important exhibitions of historic American craftsmanship has been inaugurated at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an exhibition of furniture from the workshop of Duncan Phyfe, the famous New York cabinet-maker of early days whose best period extended to 1825. The Museum's Bulletin states that this group of pieces by Phyfe contributes what is probably the most important one by a single American cabinet-maker ever brought together, and also observes that Phyfe is the one cabinet-maker in the history of American furniture to whom it is possible definitely to attribute a large group of furniture upon other than circumstantial evidence. Duncan Phyfe's patronage was composed of the most important New Yorkers of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. He carried on the traditions of design of the best cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century.

Phyfe came to America from Scotland in 1783 at the age of sixteen and took up the trade of cabinet-making in the city of Albany, moving to New York about 1790. Hepplewhite and Sheraton were the styles that inspired his earliest work, which was followed, about 1803, by his interest in the French Directoire, Consulate, and early Empire models. Later the full Empire style influenced his work. From 1825 Phyfe's work deteriorated. He died in 1854. It is interesting to note that such a mahogany chair as Phyfe billed to Mr. Baucker in 1816 would probably fetch \$1,000 at the present time.

The present exhibition comprises a surprisingly large number of pieces, all of Phyfe's best period, generously lent by private collectors, augmenting the Museum's own fine examples.

The accompanying illustration pictures but one of the many groups in the exhibition.



Judge Hooper on Under Dogs

By Ellis Parker Butler

WHEN Mrs. Clardy had explained, excitedly and in full, she unwrapped her bandaged hand and showed our eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, exactly where the dog had bitten her. With gravity Judge Hooper examined the cauterized wound, adjusting his spectacles to do so and leaning far down from his illustrious bench to get the best view.

"My! my!" he exclaimed sympathetically; "a nasty bite, ma'am, if ever there was one! And it was Murchison's big dog bit you, you say, ma'am?"

"I said nothing of the kind!" declared Mrs. Clardy. "I said Murchison's big dog jumped on Brennan's little dog and threw it down and was killing it—and five times its size, judge!—and I took my broom and beat the big brute over the head until the broomhandle broke—and no good! So I grabbed the little dog by the leg, judge—"

"And it turned and bit you," supplied Judge Hooper. "A shame, ma'am! But not entirely out of accord with the human nature of dogs, Mrs. Clardy. Not entirely out of accord with the record and past performances of the Brennan cur, as known by me, Mrs. Clardy. A nasty, trouble-seeking little mongrel, ma'am! A snarling, snapping little wretch, ma'am! I fear I cannot grant you a summons for Mr. Murchison, knowing that evil-minded Brennan cur as I do, Mrs. Clardy. The statutes and ordinances, as a matter of fact, ma'am, do not require any citizen—male or female—to interfere in a dog fight."

"But, judge!" exclaimed Mrs. Clardy. "Would you stand by and see the under-dog chewed to pieces?"

Judge Hooper smiled pleasantly at the angry Mrs. Clardy, and slowly wiped the lenses of his spectacles.

"It would depend! It would depend!" he said judicially.

"But, my gracious, judge!" cried Mrs. Clardy; "I thought everybody knew that a person ought to take the part of the under-dog."

"Ah! I see you are a good American, ma'am," said Judge Hooper in the tone that turneth away wrath. "For some reason that I have been unable to ascertain the good American seems to have the deep conviction that it is his duty to consider that the under-dog is always right. It seems to be the general opinion that whenever two dogs get into a scrap the good American

should take a club and wallop the upper-dog, no matter which dog happens to be on top.

"From what I know of Brennan's flea-bit cur, Mrs. Clardy, I opine that if Murchison's handsome hound had completed the job and reduced the evil-tempered mongrel to something for the street-sweeper to remove, the ends of right and justice would have been served in A-1 style. Twice, without provocation or cause, the Brennan cur ripped the pant's-leg of Riverbank's greatest jurist—meaning Lem Hooper, J. P.—and once he nipped clean through to my peaceful and law-abiding shin. He goes up and down picking fights and tasting children, and if all the hens he has killed were placed end to end they would reach from hither to yon. That dog wanders our peaceful streets looking for hounds to insult and annoy, and when patience ceases to be a virtue and some decent dog gets the mean little yellow nuisance down and begins

to teach it a valuable lesson some big-hearted American comes along and hits the upper-dog with a brick.

"I know Murchison's big dog, Mrs. Clardy, and it is an earnest-minded, God-fearing, well-behaved dog. It does not seek trouble. It aims to live a peaceful life. Brennan's cur must have done and said some mighty mean things to get that big dog riled up.

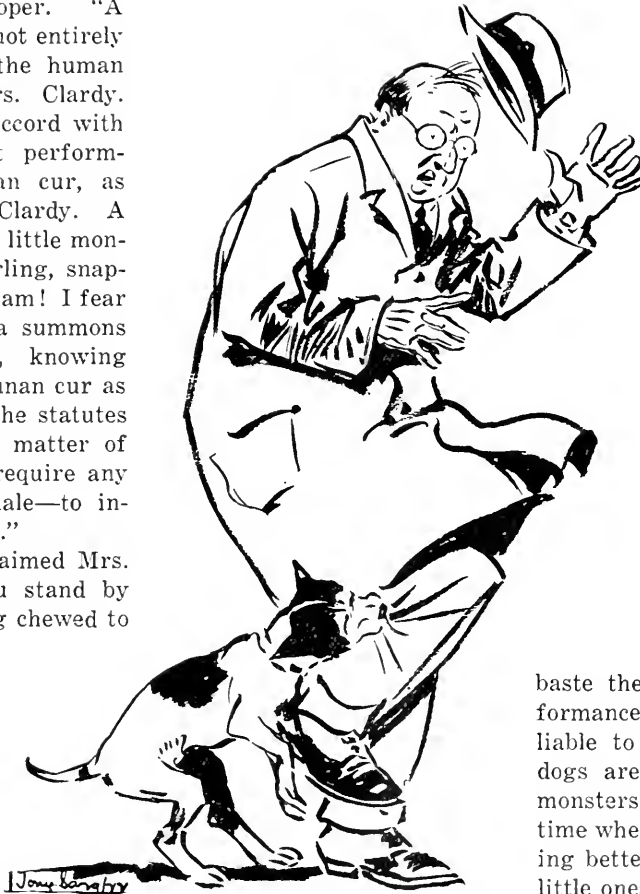
"Just at this time, Mrs. Clardy, when our Uncle Sam is strong in the muscle and fat in the purse and well able to throw a brick or wield a club, a lady of your intelligence ought to be careful how she spreads the thought 'Kick the upper-dog; the under-dog is always right.' The little innocent children, Mrs. Clardy, gathering around the dog-fight and seeing you lam-

baste the upper-dog, regardless of past performances and immediate provocations, are liable to imbibe the thought that all under-dogs are right and that all upper-dogs are monsters of hideous injustice. Just at this time when some big foreign peoples want nothing better than to be left in peace, and some little ones are full of bile and meanness; when it might very well happen that somebody

strong ought to put a knee on the back of somebody snarly and spank him, regardless of size; it might be just as well to think a couple of minutes before we aim the brick."

"Why, Judge Lemuel Hooper!" exclaimed Mrs. Clardy. "The idea! Do you mean to say that we ought to feel sympathy for the upper-dog?"

"Yes, ma'am; whenever we can," said Judge Hooper; "especially because it's so mighty seldom we have an excuse to."



What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Latest Development in Prohibition

THE Administration has suspended the issuing of regulations to give effect to the ruling by the Attorney General which holds possession or transportation of alcoholic beverages by foreign ships in American waters, even when under seal, to be contrary to a decision of the Supreme Court; such regulations will not be issued prior to action by the Supreme Court upon the appeal of certain shipping companies. Meantime, liquor "rations" may be dispensed by foreign ships while in American territorial waters.

We Receive an Invitation

The invitation to our Government to participate in the Near East conference, quoted below, explains several things:

The Governments of Great Britain, France and Italy are inviting the Governments of Japan, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Greece and Turkey to send representatives to Lausanne on November 13 to conclude a treaty of peace to end the war in the East. They are also inviting the Russian and Bulgarian Governments to send representatives at a date to be fixed later to participate in the discussions which the conference will undertake in the course of its proceedings on the subject of the Straits.

The three principal Allied Powers recall that a representative of the United States Government was present at San Remo in the final stages of the proceedings of the Supreme Council which led to the drafting of the Treaty of Sèvres in 1920. They would welcome the presence of a United States representative at Lausanne in a similar capacity, or in a more active capacity, especially in the discussion upon the question of the Straits.

We Reply to It

Secretary Hughes has replied to the invitation above quoted, the reply taking the form of an *aide-memoire* as follows:

The conference proposed for the purpose of drawing up a treaty of peace with Turkey will have primarily to deal with the problems resulting from the state of belligerency between the Allied Powers, Turkey and Greece. The United States was neither at war with Turkey nor a party to the armistice of 1918 and does not desire to participate in the final peace negotiations nor to assume responsibility for the political and territorial adjustments which may be effected.

While maintaining this reserve in regard to certain phases of the Near East settlement, the Government of the United States does not desire to leave the impression that it regards its interests as less entitled to consideration than those of any other Power, or that it is disposed to relinquish rights enjoyed in common with other Powers, or proper commercial opportunity, or that it is unconcerned with the humanitarian interests involved.

For the purpose of clarity certain subjects of particular American concern may be briefly summarized:

1. The maintenance of capitulations, which may be essential to the appropriate safeguarding of non-Moslem interests.
2. The protection, under proper guarantees, of philanthropic, educational and religious institutions.
3. Appropriate undertakings in regard to freedom of opportunity, without discrimination or special privilege, for commercial enterprise.
4. Indemnity for losses suffered by Americans in Turkey as a result of arbitrary and illegal acts.
5. Suitable provisions for the protection of minorities.
6. Assurances touching the freedom of the Straits.
7. Reasonable opportunity for archaeological research and study.

This brief summary, while not exhaustive, may serve to indicate the general nature of American interests. To safeguard such interests and to facilitate the exchange of views, the Government of the United States is prepared to send observers to the proposed conference if this action is agree-

able to the Powers concerned. Without participating in the negotiation of the treaty of peace, these observers would be able to indicate this Government's position in greater detail than is possible in this *aide-memoire*, and they could also inform the American Government of the attitude of other Powers in matters where there are mutual interests.

As the object in view in submitting this suggestion is the elimination of any possible cause of misunderstanding, it is considered appropriate to call attention to the attitude of the United States in respect to secret treaties and agreements. It is not felt that arrangements previously made with respect to Turkish territory which provide for the establishment of zones of special commercial and economic influence—such, for example, as the tripartite agreement of 1920—are consonant with the principle of the equality of economic opportunity. It is assumed that the Allied Powers will not now desire, and do not now intend to carry into effect, previous arrangements of this nature.

The United States has no desire to take any action which might embarrass the Allied Powers in the proper effort to secure peace. It desires nothing which need conflict with the interests of other countries, if the principle of commercial opportunity for all nations is recognized at the outset.

The United States has no intention of seeking for itself or its nationals a position of special privilege, but it desires to protect its rights and to assure the open door.

Finally, it wishes to afford protection to its citizens who wish to continue the humanitarian work which has been carried on for generations in the Near East and is rendered more essential than ever by the present conditions.

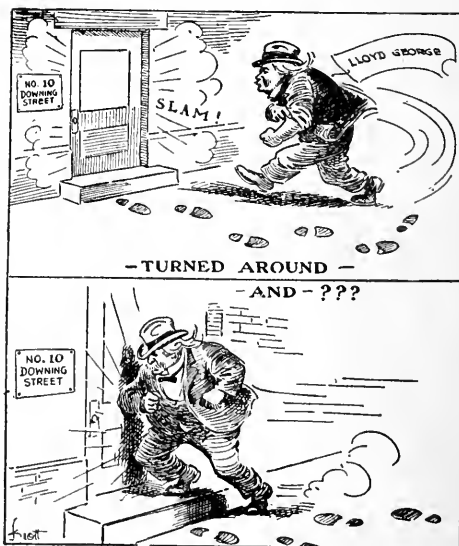
Le Temps on Our Reply

The semi-official *Temps* of Paris comments as follows (New York Times translation) on the above reply and on Secretary Hughes's recent speech at Boston, in which he made some remarks on the Near East situation:

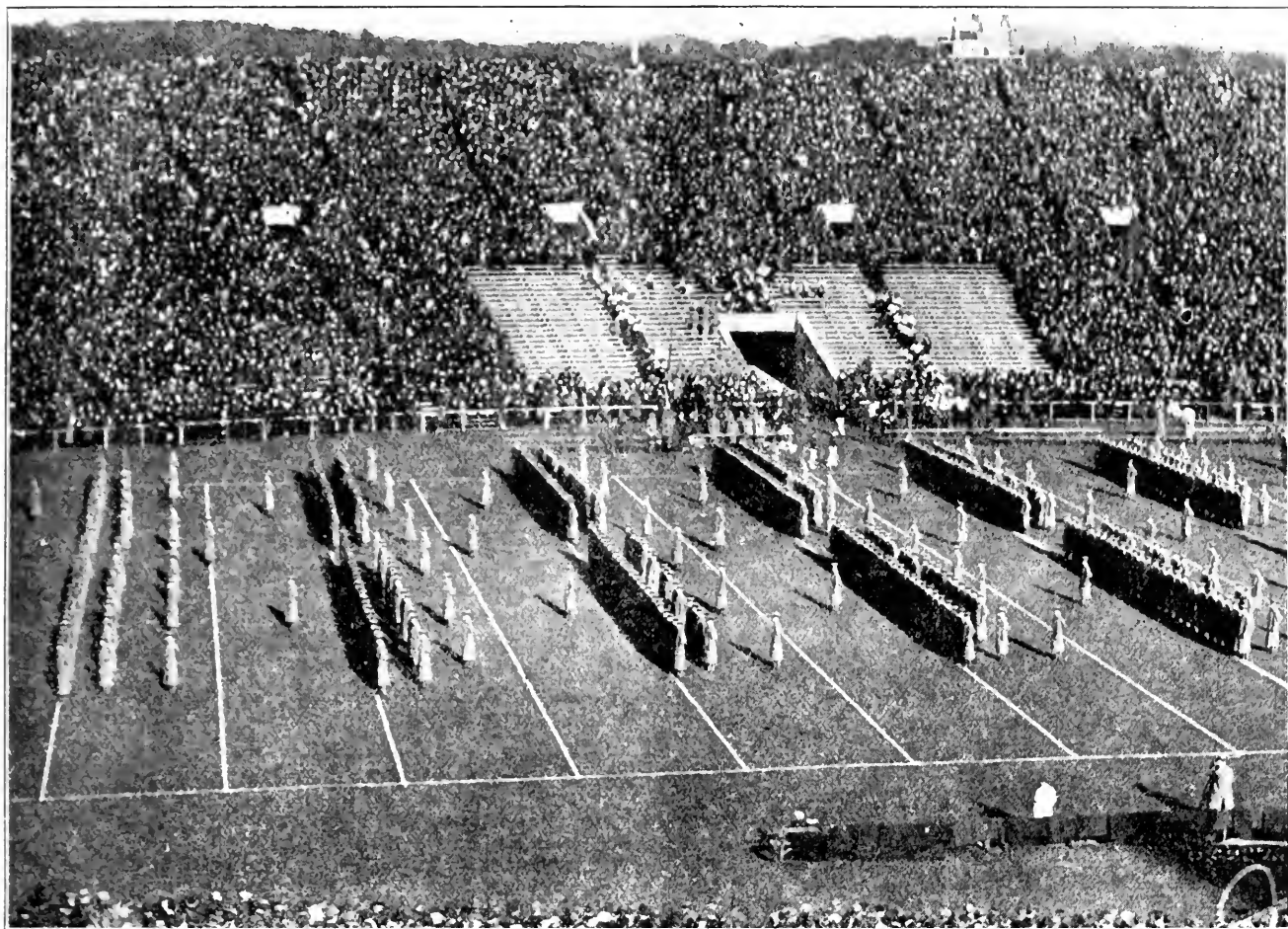
In the note which the United States Government delivered to the Entente Powers yesterday we find the clear intention not to intervene in Near Eastern discussions. But if we read further we find that the American note contains a complete peace programme which the Turks are to be got to sign. The American note deals with the capitulations, the open door, the freedom of the Straits, the protection of minorities, and so on. In short, this note oscillates between abstention and injunction. Whatever opinion one has on the ideas expressed in the name of the United States, they certainly do not agree.

If the Washington Government considers the Turks as murderers and the Allies as checker-players [Secretary Hughes in his Boston speech intimated that both Turks and Greeks had been guilty of atrocities]; if it refuses to associate in the negotiations or share the responsibilities, how does it expect to get its peace programme adopted? After what Mr. Hughes has just said in Boston he apparently does not hope that the Turks will give him satisfaction by a spontaneous movement of sympathy and

He walked right out, and—



The Dallas News



Paul Thompson.

The West Point cadets on parade in the Yale Bowl before the Yale-West Point football game on October 28

gratitude.

And then he was careful to add: "The President of the United States has no power to throw his country into war, even a holy war." This, then, means that it is not by force that he intends to get what he wants. Then what help does the American Government offer to the European Powers, who are to try to make the American programme triumph in the conference where America will have only a simple observer?

Our Government and the International Court

It is reported that our Government is in negotiation with a view to its participation in the selection of judges of the International Court at The Hague, and (this matter arranged) to giving "its formal support to that court as an independent tribunal of international justice." The language quoted is a little vague. The court is a child of the League. Just how it is proposed that our Government should participate in selection of the judges without participation in the League, or at the least without formal acknowledgment of the League of Nations, requires to be explained. Some do say that in this business we are moving towards an association of nations in the interest of world peace, to be based on the International Court and to replace the League. But the most we can surely say concerning that association of nations is that it will be there when it has arrived.

They Are All Coming Back

America is a dreadfully crude country, no sort of country, you know, for artists to live in, but nevertheless they are all coming back as usual to "touch" us. The following arrived on the *Olympic* on October 31: Feodor Chaliapine, Mme. Freda Hempel, Josef Hofmann, the pianist, Huberman, the violinist, and the Flonzaley Quartette (this is their nineteenth visit).

The British Empire

The New Government

HAVING been formally elected leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. Bonar Law on October 23 accepted the Premiership. Parliament was dissolved on the 26th. General elections will be held on November 15, and it is expected that the new Parliament will be convened on or soon after November 20.

In his speech accepting the leadership of his party, Mr. Law declared that the supreme need of Britain at this moment is "conservatism in the broad sense of the word . . . tranquillity, freedom from adventures and commitments, both at home and abroad . . . to avoid attempts at improvement which at another time would be very desirable and necessary . . . as little interference as possible either by legislation or by administration."

In later speeches Mr. Law has not added much of substantial or specific to the above pronouncement. Of course his Irish policy will be one of fulfillment of pledges given to southern Ireland and of solicitous regard to the rights of Ulster. There seems to be an understanding among the leaders of the several parties that the Free State Constitution (passed by the Dail Eireann on October 23), since it contains nothing obnoxious to the London Agreement, shall be ratified at once by the new Parliament without change, along with the consummating legislation required to give full legal status to the Free State. As to the foreign policy: the expression quoted above, "freedom from adventure and commitments," is somewhat enigmatic. It might be taken, for example, to mean a policy of scuttle from Mesopotamia, Persia, and Palestine, and abandonment of the protectorate over Arabia (for the relation is virtually a protectorate), leaving the House of Hussein to fend for

itself. But the more plausible interpretation would give to the words quoted the meaning, "abstention from further adventures and commitments." It should be noted in this connection that Lord Balfour, the champion of Zionism, has taken occasion since Mr. Law's elevation to invite attention to the sacredness of the obligations undertaken by Britain in the Holy Land. Certain statements by Mr. Law, taken in connection with the fact that Lord Curzon has been con-

tinued as Foreign Minister, indicate that the policy of the new Government regarding the Turkish settlement will be practically a continuation of the policy of the late Government.

As to what is likely to be Mr. Law's policy upon the most important question of all—the German question—there are only slender hints to go on; hints, however,

men of the same mind, that in the next Parliament will see that, whoever wins, there shall be no detriment to the national interest from revolutionary methods on the one hand or reactionary methods on the other."

The nominations are to be made on November 4. Lloyd George will then know whether the Conservatives intend to invade the National Liberal preserves, and will shape his course accordingly. Just now Lloyd George he lie low like Brer Rabbit. He has a convenient cold. Perhaps before it is cured the Conservatives will have made some more definite pronouncements, giving him a handle, furnishing him a lead. One might suppose, from the neat little statement quoted above, that Lloyd George is fain to efface himself, that self-effacement (in the jolly Americanism) is now his middle name. The world would need a deal of convincing of that.

The Platforms

The Conservatives and the National Liberals have not published definite platforms. The Independent (Asquith) Liberal platform is expressed in ten "principles" as follows:

1. Peace and disarmament made secure through the League of Nations.
2. Revision and settlement of reparations and interallied debts.
3. Drastic economy and abandonment of military adventures.
4. Protection of workers against unemployment and fair treatment of trade unions as the only basis of industrial peace.
5. Unqualified free trade, with repeal of protective measures.
6. Defence of social services such as education, housing and public health.
7. Political and legal equality of men and women.
8. Reform of land system and taxation of land values.
9. Democratic reform of the licensing system.
10. Proportional representation.

The "wee-free," simon pure, Liberals were always "long" on principles.

Labor has issued an elaborate manifesto, too long for quotation here. It has a rich Muscovite bouquet; calls for a capital levy, and all that sort of thing. It is probably quite true that the great Labor leaders—men like Clynes, Henderson, and Thomas—, should they arrive to form a Government, would not attempt to realize such a subversive programme. But it looks as though they are hoist with their own petard; for the number of votes they have won by this rubicund manifesto is probably much more than offset by the number they have lost by frightening thousands of workmen who have no stomach for such experiments.

The Borough Elections

The Labor Party lost out badly in borough elections throughout the Kingdom on November 1; perhaps an omen, perhaps not.

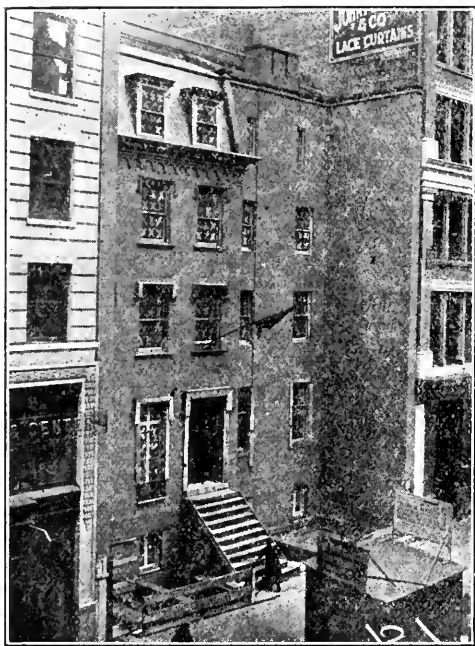
The New Ministry

The new ministry may turn out better than it promises. It is proper, however, to remark that at first blush it seems chiefly remarkable for the number of swells (peers and sons of peers) included; it does not seem remarkable for intellect or ability. Only Lord Derby may without question be rated first-class.

Germany

A Political Merger

THE Social Democratic Party (Majority Socialists) and the Independent Socialist Party of Germany, have combined as the United Social Democratic Party. The new party has 160 of the 469 seats in the Reichstag. Wirth, being supported by this party and by the Centrists (sixty-eight seats) and the Democrats (forty seats), has a good working majority. But there are rumblings; it is not all harmony in this coalition.



International.

The house where Roosevelt was born (28 West Twentieth street, New York City), now almost restored by the Women's Roosevelt Memorial Association

which seem to promise an attempt for closer co-operation with France, and which certainly indicate dissent from the extreme view which has been making head in Britain, namely, that Germany cannot make substantial payments. As to economy, retrenchment, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has honestly (but not too tactfully, perhaps) admitted that he sees no chance for important reductions in the next budget.

Indeed, so few and so trifling are the differences which so far have disclosed themselves between the policies of the late Coalition Government and the new Conservative Government, that Lord Balfour with fierce scorn and anger lambastes the Die-Hards, charging them with selfishness, cupidity, and lack of patriotism, in disrupting the Coalition; for that the Coalition stood in no danger from the onsets of the Labor Party with its near-Bolshevist programme, whereas now the Labor Party may have a dangerous strength in the next Parliament.

The resolution at the Carlton Club which shattered the Coalition declared willingness of the Conservatives to "co-operate with the Coalition Liberals." This should have meant a willingness to support a certain number of National (formerly Coalition) Liberal candidates, in return for National Liberal support of an equal number of Conservative candidates. But Lord Balfour says that the declaration was disingenuous. Lloyd George has declared that, if the Conservatives wage war on their old associates, why, then, "Lay on, Macduff!" He "allows" that the Conservatives will be the first to say "Enough." He prefers a friendly arrangement, which would allow of National Liberal support of the Conservatives should the latter lack a majority (as most probably they will) in the next Parliament. "We simply want a party," says Lloyd George, "or group, or section, or whatever you call a collection of

Reparations

A new French reparations plan submitted to the Reparations Commission proposed Allied supervision of the finances, not only of the Central German Government, but also of the separate German States. It did not mention a moratorium. By contrast, a new British plan proposed a moratorium but was silent concerning Allied control of German finances. The British and French members of the Commission have agreed on a compromise between the two plans. The entire Reparations Commission is now in Berlin to try to prevail on the German Government to accept the compromise. It involves a stricter "control" than the Versailles Treaty requires Germany to accept, but it is hoped that the German Government will regard the moratorium as more than an offset to stricter "control."

If report is true, Herr Stinnes is trying to help things along by declaring that he regards the Stinnes-de Lubersac agreement looking to reconstruction of the devastated area of France as a "mere scrap of paper."

A Singular Constitutional Amendment

Through enactment of a singular amendment to the Constitution of the Reich, Herr Ebert, who was elected Provisional President by the long-since defunct National Assembly, becomes Constitutional President until June 30, 1925. The explanation is that contemplation of a presidential election creates a panic in the breasts of the good gentlemen of the Reichstag.

Italy

Mussolini Wins

ON October 28 Premier Facta resigned, in face of Mussolini's ultimatum that, unless control of the Government should be peacefully surrendered to the Fascisti, they would seize it. Mussolini demanded the six chief cabinet portfolios; should these be refused, he would order a general mobilization of his followers and take by force what was denied to his gentle solicitation. Signor Facta put it up to the King, submitting to him for signature a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout Italy. The King refused to sign and sent for Mussolini. It is said that, on receiving the summons, Mussolini proceeded to d'Annunzio's villa on the Lago di Garda, to take counsel with the poet-hero. This aspect of the situation, this reappearance of d'Annunzio as a factor in Italian politics, is not reassuring to those who, while admiring d'Annunzio as warrior, poet, and lover, find it difficult to accept him as a politician.

On October 30 Mussolini formed a Government. Dispatches differ as to its complexion. Certainly the most important portfolios are given to Fascisti (Mussolini himself takes Foreign Affairs and the Interior) and the Nationalists (close cousins to the Fascisti) and the Catholic or Popolare party are represented. The appointments of General Diaz as Minister of War and Vice-Admiral Thaon de Revel as Minister of the Navy, are significant; the services (and especially the officers) are friendly to the Fascisti.

The Roman Triumph

The new Cabinet was sworn in on the 31st. The oath reads: "I swear to be faithful to my King and his legal descendants. I swear to be true to the Constitution and fundamental laws of the State for the inseparable welfare of my King and my country." If Mussolini keeps that oath and confines himself to reforms "within the Constitution," all should be well. On conclusion of the ceremony, the King, seized by an excess of emotion, embraced Mussolini.

There followed a parade through Rome of 100,000 Fascisti, "Black-Shirts," led by Mussolini, who, bareheaded and in a black shirt, walked the entire four miles. His followers, assembled from all Italy, including Sicily, were armed only with riding crops and "bludgeons." The armed Fascista detachments remained outside the city.

Through the heart of the city the Triumph proceeded, to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where in succession one man from each regional detachment deposited a palm and another a wreath of flowers. The first wreath was deposited by a Garibaldian Red-Shirt, nigh a hundred years old. Then on at double-quick up the hill to the Quirinal, where the King stood on the balcony; to whom they dipped flags, as they had done at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Thence to the railroad station, where trains were waiting to take them to their homes throughout Italy. General demobilization of the Fascisti has been ordered.

Now What?

That is discussed in an editorial in this issue.

Lenin and the Krasin-Urquhart Agreement

THE Soviet Council of Commissars has repudiated the agreement made between Krasin and Leslie Urquhart, head of the Russo-Asiatic Company, as not wishing to commit the Soviet Government to too great intimacy with Britain.

A New York Times correspondent put the following question to Lenin the other day:

Is the refusal to ratify the Urquhart agreement a victory for the Left Communist wing? What are the conditions that would make ratification possible?

He received the following reply:

Here are the real facts. The unjust decision of England in refusing to let us participate in the conference [*i. e.* to allow Moscow full participation in the Near East peace conference] was to such an extent unexpected and raised such indignation in Russia and consequently so consolidated not only the Right and Left wings of the Communists, but also the great mass of the Russian people, that there could no longer be any difference between the Left and the Right. We are sure that what we said in our refusal to ratify the Urquhart agreement expressed not only the opinion of the entire party, but also the popular sentiment of Russia.

As to a renewal of negotiations and ratification of the agreement with Mr. Urquhart, that depends on England's



International.

Moslem chiefs at the laying of the corner-stone of a mosque in Paris. Marshal Lyautey laid the corner-stone

removing the crying injustice toward Russia in circumscribing her rights of participation in the Near Eastern conference. As to the concrete conditions of the Urquhart agreement I have had no time as yet to examine the details and can only say that the Government has decided to invite discussion in our press in order to elicit seriously all the pros and cons of a settlement, whether this concession is in the best interests of Russia.

* * *

Congratulations to Lenin on his complete recovery.

Turkey, Etc.

Greek Evacuation of Eastern Thrace

GREEK military evacuation of Eastern Thrace was completed on October 29. It is reported also that on that date very few Christians were left in Eastern Thrace. In the course of the Christians' mad flight, the mortality among them (especially of children and the aged) was considerable, and the plight of most of the surviving refugees is in the last degree miserable.

A Wretched Fate

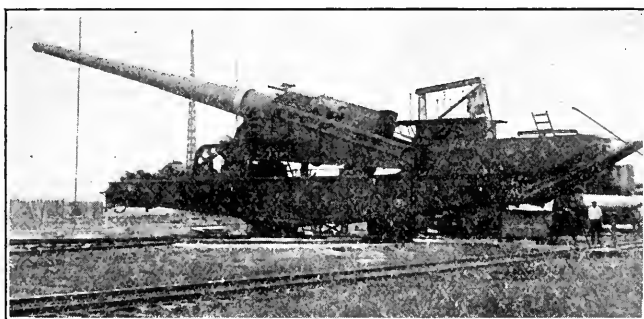
It is reported that all Greek soldiers in the hands of the Turks who are technically renegade Turkish subjects, are to be tried by special military tribunals, charged with high treason. The Allied High Commissioners have appealed to the Angora Government on behalf of these unfortunates.

The Peace Conference

It would appear that the Near East peace conference will not, after all, be postponed on account of the political crisis in Great Britain, but will open on November 13 at Lausanne, Switzerland.

Nippur versus Jerusalem

AMONG the finds of the Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania were a vast number of clay tablets gathered from the ruins of Nippur, about 100 miles southeast of the site of Babylon; part of them in-



International.

The new U. S. Army 16-inch gun on barbettes carriage, for coast defense. Range over thirty miles

scribed in the Semitic-Babylonian language, part in the pre-Semite Sumerian language. The work of deciphering these tablets has been going on for many years. A tablet inscribed in the Sumerian language, first deciphered very recently by Dr. Chiera, Assistant Professor of Assyriology of the University of Pennsylvania, gives an account of the fall of man, in the form of a dialogue between a god (whether En-lil, the great Sumerian god who became the Babylonian Bel, or some other, does not appear) and a man who obviously represents mankind and whom one is tempted to identify with Adapa (perhaps the Babylonian form of "Adam") of the Adapa myth, or Eabani of the Gilgamesh Epic.

The script on the tablet is badly defaced, but in what remains there are close resemblances to the Biblical story. There is a forbidden food whereof the man has eaten, to wit, the food of knowledge; for which disobedience he is cast forth from the abode of happiness and compelled to work. Moreover, in the light of the knowledge disobediently acquired, he adopts clothing. At the end the god remembers him of mercy and blesses man. "Humanity," he says, "thou art to know abundance."

Now the question asks itself (and herein lies the chief interest of the discovery): Is this tablet or the story inscribed thereon more ancient than the Biblical narrative of the fall? Dr. Chiera declares that the date of the tablet is between 2100 and 2200 B. C., whereas "the writing of the Hebrew account took place, according to the best authori-

ties, at some date later than 1000 B. C." Of course, the mere fact that the tablet is inscribed in the Sumerian language is no proof of so early a date of writing as 2000 B. C.; for after Sumerian ceased to be a "spoken" language it continued in use as a ritual language (much like Latin) until well past the middle of the first millennium B. C. Therefore one waits with excitement for an exact statement of the grounds on which Dr. Chiera bases his declaration as to the date of the tablet. Archaism of pottery, of script, or of language; certain proof that the tablet came from a particular stratum (for strata have been definitely distinguished in the ruins of Nippur, the lowest far antedating 5000 B. C.); or what?

Confidently assigning to the tablet a date earlier than 2100 B. C., Dr. Chiera contends that the Hebrews took over the Semitic-Babylonian (not Sumerian, though related in the Sumerian language) story of the fall of man and adapted it as we find it in the Biblical narrative. It should be noted in this connection that a fragment of the Babylonian account of the deluge had previously, by a general concurrence of Oriental scholars, been assigned to a time antedating 2000 B. C., and many contended that the Hebrew narrative of the deluge had a Babylonian source. Their confidence, however, was weakened by the fact that a deluge-tradition is almost universal among primitive peoples. It has now been immensely buttressed by this discovery of Dr. Chiera's.

But even should Dr. Chiera make good his claim as to the date of his tablet, to fly therefrom to the conclusion that the Biblical narrative is a mere adaptation of the Babylonian myth is not necessary. The body of Babylonian sacred literature, as it has come down to us, is evidently "worked up" from sources far more ancient. May it not be argued (without offense to the conservative mode of interpreting the Scriptures) that from common sources a pure stream of tradition flowed into Jerusalem and a corrupt stream into Nippur, the Holy City of Babylonia? Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, eminent scholars say, about 2000 B. C.; i. e., after some priest of Nippur had inscribed the tablet now deciphered by Dr. Chiera. What then? As time went on, one might retort to Dr. Chiera, the traditions of the origin and early history of man, more and more corrupted and perverted, were embodied in Babylonian literature; and, as time went on, the same traditions, uncorrupted, were transmitted orally from one generation to another of Jews, until finally, some time after 1000 B. C., they were put in writing. The writer is a mere tyro in such matters, and therefore craves pardon for this little counter-blast to Dr. Chiera's charge of plagiarism against the Old Testament.

Several Things

Japanese evacuation of the Siberian mainland was completed on October 28. Troops of the Far Eastern Republic occupy Vladivostok and seem to be conducting themselves well. The Priamur Government (the White Government whose capital was Vladivostok) is on trek into Korea and Manchuria. It is rumored that the Far Eastern Republic will make Vladivostok its capital in place of Chita.

* * *

Secretary Hughes has invited the Governments of the five Central-American states to send representatives to Washington to confer with a view to establishing their relations on a permanently friendly basis. Especially does Mr. Hughes hope that the participating States will "set an example to the world, and above all to the Powers of this hemisphere, by adopting effective measures for 'the limitation of armaments in Central America.'"—The idea of furnishing an example in little to the Powers of Europe is pleasing.

* * *

The total world-harvest of 1922 is reported to be a little above that of 1921.

The National Movement in Music

By Charles Henry Meltzer

THE movement which took shape a year ago, chiefly in Chicago, but in many other places in the United States as well, with the broad purpose of encouraging American lyric drama and American musicians, has been growing fast. As a logical deduction from its general aim, the movement has upheld the great idea that our own language should be gradually substituted in American opera houses for the Italian, French, and German now in favor here.

Till lately, the mere thought of hearing English, and not foreign tongues, in opera has been regarded by unthinking folk as monstrous. A right which is enjoyed abroad by every self-respecting, paying opera-goer has been derided as beyond the bounds of reason. Our composers have been—not, perhaps, ignored by foreign opera managers—but treated with offensive condescension. They certainly have not been much encouraged to win fame or fortune. And, though our singers have been given some support, they have been slighted and disheartened far too often.

But a reaction against all the bad traditions of our leading opera houses began last year and has since then developed, till now some of our most important critics have expressed approval of the "movement."

For their new attitude, and for the fast increasing sympathy of countless thousands in this country with the artistic aspirations of our musicians—singers, composers, conductors, and instrumentalists—full credit should go first to the aggressive and unselfish work of a society founded in Chicago, thanks largely to the intelligent initiative of Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer, herself a composer with a position in "society."

It is to Mrs. Freer, and to a devoted group of associates (among them Mrs. Louis E. Yager, Mrs. Albert J. Ochsner, Dean Peter Lutkin, of Northwestern University, Mr. Wallace Rice, Mrs. C. Furness Hately, Mme. Cyrena Van Gordon, the American mezzo-soprano, and others), that Chicago owes the existence of the Opera in Our Language Foundation, with which has lately been affiliated the David Bispham Memorial Fund.

The work of these enthusiasts, at the outset, was by no means easy. It was obstructed, in the usual way, by the apathy of the musicians it was helping, by the interested and of course inevitable hostility of foreign artists and their foreign managers, and by the honest though preposterous belief of many worthy souls that no good "could come out of Nazareth." "Translated opera"—the kind of opera insisted on in all artistic lands, France, Germany, and Italy among them—was talked of scoffingly. At the New York Metropolitan it was denounced as "retrogressive." English, by many, was regarded as ridiculous in opera. And this despite the fact that, some years ago, no less conspicuous a person than Mr. Tito Ricordi, while on a visit to New York, had declared publicly that "next to Italian, English was the most easily singable of all languages." The fact that Richard Wagner, his widow, and his son had all desired the great Wagnerian music-dramas to be sung here in the language of this country went for naught. The foreign interests involved were as a unit against changing the long-hallowed opera system.

Faith, however, really may move mountains. One by one many of our most respected musicians threw their lot in with the Opera in Our Language Foundation. Maestro Polacco came out openly in favor of its plans. Mr. Walter Damrosch has, more recently, pronounced himself as at least a partial convert.

But what did more, perhaps, than anything to stimulate and cheer the friends of American art and the believers in opera in English was the endorsement—in a big and generous way—of the purposes of the Foundation, by Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, who, for five years had lavished thought and time and millions in support of the Chicago Opera Company. This lady made it known that she was not only interested in American opera, but also intended to assure its being heard, by providing means for the production of a certain number of American lyric dramas. She went much further; for she proclaimed *urbi et orbi* that she thought English should be sung in American opera houses; while, as a step toward making that dream a reality, she retained the writer to make new, sane English versions of the foreign librettos.

Apart from this, the Opera in Our Language Foundation and the David Bispham Memorial Fund have depended absolutely for funds on the contributions of the American public. Some months ago they invited and secured the coöperation of the Federation of American Musical Clubs, an all-powerful factor in our musical development, if actively interested. Branches of the Foundation were organized in New York, in the Midwest, in many Southern States, and on the Pacific Coast. The next step was the announcement of a nation-wide "drive," to raise, if possible, a fund of one million dollars for an American Opera House, in which works by both foreign and American composers and librettists would be performed only in English.

High hopes exist that the million-dollar drive will prove successful. In that case, before twelve months elapse, we may see one opera house at least devoted to American opera. The ambition of those fighting for the cause is to make the projected American Opera House a home of American art and a heritage for our descendants; to organize, reorganize, or assist American opera companies; to encourage American composers; and, incidentally, to keep alive the name of David Bispham, a pioneer of opera in English and a far-famed artist.

This year a series of six "Mornings of American Opera" will be given in Chicago, probably at the Playhouse, to demonstrate the existence (which it has been the custom of some people to deny) of at least good works by our composers. To win their fight, the promoters of the movement know quite well that they must prove their case, by producing American operas, printing intelligent English versions of foreign librettos, and teaching singers to sing English clearly, musically, and expressively. Not the least sensible outcome of their efforts is the foundation, in Chicago, of an American School of Opera, for the training of such singers. The best librettos in the world would not mean more than the unmeaning foreign words now borne with by Americans unless the singers could enunciate them.

New Books and Old

IF the middle-aged person will use his reason he will know that children fare better and better every year in regard to their books. I say that he must use his reason, for our emotions constantly tell us that the children's books of our own first decade were the best of all. So they were—because we then had the advantage (since lost) by virtue of our eight, ten, or twelve years of age, of being able to appreciate them as we never can do again. But today children not only have their new books, but they have all the old favorites reprinted, and in the most attractive editions.

"Ah," says some elderly sceptic, "but I never can like this, that, or the other book, as well, no matter how sumptuous the edition, as I did the little, plain version, with the funny pictures, and the old, green covers!" No doubt you cannot, Sir or Madam, but the boy or girl of today can do it, and he is doing it.

"I wonder!" replies the sceptic. "I wonder. Children today have so much; I think they have too much. I doubt if they still have the capacity for enjoyment which we had."

Now, if you are going on like that, Sir, I have no time to talk with you. Your grandfather said the same thing of *your* generation, and his grandfather said it of his, and so on back to Og, King of Bashan.

Among the older books, reprinted this season in handsome editions, are Johanna Spyri's "Heidi" (McKay), with colored pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith; a holiday edition of John Bennett's "Master Skylark" (Century), and "The Story of Don Quixote" (Stokes) with illustrations in color by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. That fine story of the Middle Ages, Conan Doyle's "The White Company" (Cosmopolitan), has appeared with pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Brander Matthews has revised his anthology, "Poems of American Patriotism" (Scribner), and made it include poetry of the Great War, and Mr. Wyeth has painted the stirring pictures which accompany it.

Other holiday books for children are: Ralph D. Paine's "Blackbeard Buccaneer" (Penn Publishing Co.); "More Beasts for Worse Children" (Knopf), by Hilaire Belloc; Verbena Reed's "The Bird-Nest Boarding House" (Dutton) with pictures by Oliver Herford, and "The Velvetreen Rabbit" (Doran), by Margery Williams, illustrated by William Nicholson.

Among the other books for children, of which there are so many this year, it is possible to mention only a few, as representatives of various classes. If you seek gifts for children, and wish a story for older girls, look at "Wisp; a Girl of Dublin" (Macmillan), by Katharine Adams. For biography: "Good Stories for Great Birthdays" (Houghton), by Frances Jenkins Olcott. For poetry: "The Fairy Flute" (Doran),

by Rose Fyleman; "Shoes of the Wind" (Stokes), by a little girl, Hilda Conkling; "The Girl's Book of Verse" (Stokes), compiled by Mary Gould Davis, a fine, brief anthology of English poetry by no means only for a girl; and Sara Teasdale's beautifully decorated volume, "Rainbow Gold" (Macmillan), a collection of old and new poetry for boys and girls.

Among the books about animals is an excellent compilation of stories and sketches, with interesting illustrations, which is called "Puppy Dogs' Tails" (Macmillan), edited by Frances Kent, about all kinds of animals. "The Mouse Story" (Stokes) is from the Danish of K. H. With—a popular and widely known story in Denmark. The animals of a less known continent are described in Horacio Quiroga's "South American Jungle Tales" (Duffield). There is also a translation of Waldemar Bonsel's "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" (Seltzer) with pictures in color and in black and white by Homer Boss. For books of information, two especially interesting are A. Hyatt Verrill's "The Boys' Book of Whalers" (Dodd) and Isabel M. Lewis's "Astronomy for Young Folks" (Duffield).

Finally, in the line of imaginative story-books, in the realm of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, look at Hugh Lofting's "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" (Stokes); the Russian tales by Mamin Siberiak, called "Verotchka's Tales" (Dutton) with the novel and admirable decorations by Boris Artzybasheff; the new volume by the author of "The Old Tobacco Shop," William Bowen—this one is called "Solario the Tailor" (Macmillan). Finally, as one of the notable books of the autumn, Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories" (Harcourt) is to be recommended, not only for children, but for all readers who can enjoy nonsense tales into whose composition has gone something like genius.

Recollections of the stage, of actors, stage-managers, and playwrights, always make the best kind of biographies and autobiographies. Authors, artists, and many other folk are usually drawn into such a book, and as they are usually witty and unconventional folk—the gypsies rather than the stay-at-homes among these professions—the book easily avoids dullness. Augustus Thomas's autobiography, "The Print of My Remembrance" (Scribner) is the book of a traveler, journalist, and dramatist, and into its pages comes almost every interesting American of the last forty years.

The parts of Henry Ford's "My Life and Work" (Doubleday) which describe making automobiles leave me cold, but I am interested in the methods by which he made the sparrows keep out of the wren houses. He has five hundred bird houses on his farm, one of them for martins, with seventy-six apartments. The wrens like swaying nests, while the sparrows prefer to live in a rigid dwelling. To keep the sparrows from following their unpleasant habit of try-

ing to heave the wrens out of their own quarters, he mounted the wren boxes on strips of spring steel so that they would sway in the wind. "The wrens liked the idea and the sparrows did not, so we have been able to have the wrens nest in peace."

"The Boy Grew Older" (Putnam) is a novel by Heywood Broun; often very readable and amusing; often pretty thin; often clever and epigrammatic; often painfully straining to be both of these things. Mr. Broun has the newspaper columnist's hankering for "the line," the amusing retort. Some of his chapters end with excellent surprises and witticisms; at least one of them goes out with a chestnut so mouldy that it should get a groan in a small town variety show. The story is of a newspaper man, his fleeing wife, his son Peter, his love affairs, his experiences as writer of a column on sport, and as war correspondent. Mainly it is about bringing up Peter. Mr. Broun is so wedded to his theory that "propriety is one of the vices" that his occasional trifling improprieties sound far more self conscious than they would in a novel by some conventional spinner.

Jesse W. Weik's "The Real Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin) is intended to supplement the biography of Lincoln by Herndon, in which Mr. Weik collaborated. This is a careful study of the personal and domestic characteristics of the President, but it ends with his election to the Presidency, and his departure for Washington. Four chapters are devoted to his career as a lawyer. It discusses such matters as his preferences in food, his clothes, and many other curious details.

Herbert G. Ponting, by simple and unaffected writing, made a fine story out of his adventures on the South Polar expedition with Scott, and called it "The Great White South." It was further adorned by his remarkable photographs. Now, his book, "In Lotus Land: Japan" (Dutton), is a quieter and less tragic record of travel, sumptuously illustrated in color, and with reproductions of beautiful photographs.

"Disenchantment" (Brentano's), by C. E. Montague, is a treatise on the war by a gallant soldier, an Englishman of the *Manchester Guardian* School of politics. He writes a book, packed with literary allusions, to show that some of the stories told about the Germans (that of the cadaver-conversion-factory, for one) were not true, and that many soldiers were "disenchanted" because the war did not prove to be the "war to end war." But since many of the worst stories about the Germans—the Lusitania, for example—were undoubtedly true, and since the "war to end war" legend was invented by folk of his own way of thinking, and never believed in, to any extent, by anybody else, what is the point?

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* * *

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



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Children's Reading

THE excuse which once may have existed for parent to neglect children's reading, exists no longer. Once they thought they had done their duty if they expressed an exaggerated horror about dime novels—sometimes saying it with a strap—often thereby condemning some very good stories along with books whose worst fault was a cheap literary style. Elders who did not know anything about dime novels, but took it as axiomatic that they were "immoral," must have been laughed at by their children who knew that the trouble with the books was an absurd and impossible morality, the depiction of a world in which the good were richly rewarded and the rascal was always punished. To be vigilant against "bad" books, and to allow sugary Sunday School fiction was the whole duty of parents.

Of course, there were then, as now, a limited number of book-loving parents, who often and very wisely allowed the boy or girl complete freedom to read whatever he or she liked in the family library. But, in those days of the past, when parents wished advice or lacked books for their children, it was by no means as easy as it is today to be served. There is scarcely a town or city library which lacks its room or section set apart for children. Ordinarily it is in charge of a librarian who has training or experience in this work; the training schools for librarians give special instruction to the girl or woman who wishes to take up this branch, and the Library School in the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh is devoted to the instruction of children's librarians. No longer does a weary and bewildered librarian, who thinks children a nuisance, anyhow, have to pass out the same five or six books over and over again to a disgusted group of children. The boy of thirteen is not given a book suitable for a girl of six, nor, on the other hand, is the very young child left to the mercies of a story well adapted to scaring her into fits if she is able to read it at all. Instead, there is an increasing group of enlightened women, with a widening acquaintance of juvenile literature, with a knowledge of its classes and the grades in the age of its readers, and with a consciousness of their opportunity of catching the child young and giving him a taste for good books. There is the chance to give him a more precious possession than any number of lessons learned from textbooks, and that is a genuine fondness for reading.

The publishers are quick to notice this, and the lists of holiday books, the lists of books all the year round as well (children do not do all their reading in December), the handsomely illustrated editions of old classics and favorite old stories, show what pleasant opportunities there are now for the child who reads.

Much information which is at the disposal of the children's librarian is at the disposal of the parent as well. The general subject of children's reading has been discussed in three brief but excellent books: "Roads to Childhood" (Doran, 1920), by Annie Carroll Moore; "The Children's Reading" (Houghton, 1912), by Frances Jenkins Olcott; and

for Children" (American Library Association. Chicago, 1922).

Here are three briefer lists, good for use at home: "A List of Book for Boys and Girls" (Children's Book Shop, 5 West 47th St., N. Y. City, 1922), compiled by Jacqueline Overton; "Books for Boys and Girls" (Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston), prepared by Bertha E. Mahony of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston; and "The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls" (R. R. Bowker Co., New York).

Children's Bookshops

By C. C. Shoemaker

President of the Penn
Publishing Co.

UNTIL recent years books for children were bought without much thought and sold in the same way. Buyers looked upon juveniles as merchandise which they should stock for the Christmas trade, and while they had a certain place in the store anyone or no one looked after them.

In the evolution of the booksellers from poor merchants to good ones, it occurred to some of the more aggressive that not only was there a good sale for juveniles, but if proper books were placed in the hands of children, it would mean making readers of them, and thus as they grew up, permanent customers for good books.

Today all stores, whether bookstores or department stores, exercise the greatest care in their selection of children's books. Indeed there are some shops devoted especially to them. And in practically all cases some one person has special charge of the selling of these books. Quite frequently it is a woman, and she so familiarizes herself with her stock that she

knows the contents of all the books she has to sell. When she is asked by a customer whether she has a volume of a certain kind or a certain title, she can immediately give to the customer just what is required.

The result is that customers not only receive much better service, but, due to the salesperson's knowledge of the books, many more copies are disposed of than formerly. So the introduction of a little study and training not only proves of service to the seeker after books but also profits the dealer.

It is probably true that the handling of children's books is more intelligently conducted than any of the other departments in bookstores or book sections.

A Two-foot Bookshelf for Children

Twenty-five Books for a Model Library, Selected by
a Vote of Members of the American Library
Association and the National Educational Association.

Arranged by Reading Age, Grades 1 to 9.

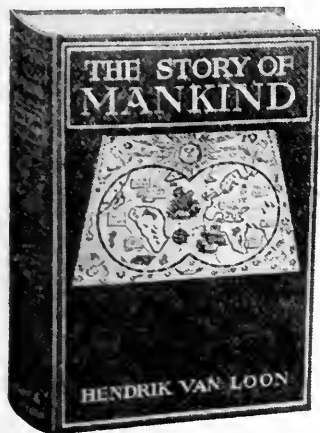
TITLE	AUTHOR
Mother Goose	
Fables	Aesop
Child's Garden of Verses	Robert Louis Stevenson
Heidi	Johanna Spyri
Fairy Tales	Hans Christian Andersen
Wonder Book for Boys and Girls	Nathaniel Hawthorne
Alice in Wonderland and Through the Lookingglass	
The Jungle Book	Lewis Carroll
The Arabian Nights	Rudyard Kipling
Hans Brinker	
Robinson Crusoe	Mary Mapes Dodge
Home Book of Verse for Children	Daniel Defoe
Rip Van Winkle	
Little Women	Ed. by B. E. Stevenson
Merry Adventures of Robin Hood	Washington Irving
Tales from Shakespeare	Louisa May Alcott
Treasure Island	
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm	Howard Pyle
Wild Animals I Have Known	Charles & Mary Lamb
Boys' King Arthur	Robert Louis Stevenson
Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln	Kate Douglas Wiggin
Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt	Ernest Thompson Seton
The Christmas Carol	Sidney Lanier
Adventures of Tom Sawyer	Helen Nicolay
The Story of Mankind	Hermann Hagedorn
	Charles Dickens
	Mark Twain
	Hendrik W. van Loon

"Children's Books and Reading" (Mitchell Kennerly, 1907), by Montrose J. Moses. The last of these is devoted in great part to an interesting account of the children's books of the past.

Book shops for children are already established in a number of cities. For actual guides to the selection of books for children, here are three catalogues of considerable size: "Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh" (Two vols. Pub. by the Library. Pittsburgh); "Children's Catalogue of Thirty-five Hundred Books; a Guide to the Best Reading for Boys and Girls" (H. W. Wilson Co., 1917), compiled by Corinne Bacon; "Graded List of Books

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Book Reviews

Sweeping the Sky

ONE OF OURS. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

AMONG the select lists of our most eminent no names have been more secure of late than Cather and Hergesheimer. However we may be partitioned from each other by differences of generation and temperament and opinion, we seem to come together on a common zone of respect for these two among contemporary American novelists. And this is a good sign, since our respect is given for the purity and single-mindedness of their art. Ever since "The Song of the Lark," ever since "The Three Black Pennys," we have felt securely that with all the reporting and the propaganda and the lively irresponsible commentary in recent fiction, nevertheless the art of story-telling, the art of responsible and imaginative interpretation, is by no means lost.

Mr. Hergesheimer, it is reported, has a theory that, if an artist chooses, or is obliged, to turn out potboilers as well as honest pieces of work, that is nobody's business. Arnold Bennett and other writing men of our time have frankly taken this attitude. Somehow, Mr. Hergesheimer doesn't seem to wear it comfortably. If he isn't an artist, he isn't much else, as witness "Cytherea." "The Bright Shawl" gives him the happiest opportunity, or expresses the happiest exercise of his powers. The theme and setting have the slight remoteness in time and place which most fruitfully engage this writer's fancy; and the scale is that difficult intermediate one, longer than the tale, shorter than the full novel, episodic in its content, upon which Mr. Hergesheimer (like Mrs. Wharton) has always appeared to be most at home. "Cytherea" was an (I think unhappy) experiment towards interpreting the jangled, disillusioned, after-war America of the moment. "The Bright Shawl" shows him returning, with a visible accession of ease and power, and with an almost audible sigh of relief, to a period and a humanity which did not deny or conceal the possession of a heart.

It is true that he returns to it as a modern revisiting the glimpses of a kindlier moon. But while he fully sees the humor, the quaintness, of yesterday, there is more than a touch of regret, as well as of gentleness, in his irony. The youthful romantic, Charles Abbott, upon whose absurd Cuban adventure the sexagenarian bachelor, Charles Abbott, looks back, is more lovable, at least, than the curt, disillusioned nephew whose realism provokes the present reminiscence. Howard Gage, back from the war, shocks the old uncle by an attitude of hard acceptance and harder skepticism. He sees only two facts to be faced, has "no sustaining vision of an ultimate dignity behind men's lives." Above all he

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is impatient of conventional idealism, of sentiment. This seems horrible to Charles Abbott: "Damn it, a young man has no right to be so literal! Youth was the time for generous transforming passions, for heroics. The qualities of absolute justice and consistency should come only with increasing age—the inconsiderable compensations for the other ability to be rapt in uncritical enthusiasms."

So Charles Abbott's memory, going back forty years, retraces for us the path of that romantic episode which has illumined his own youth. Left by scarlet fever with a "delicacy of his lungs," twenty-three-year-old Charles has gone to Cuba, nominally to get well. It is true that Cuba has been recommended by a friend of the family; but the young man is lured thither chiefly by what he hears of the secret plotting of all that is noble in young Cuba against the tyranny of Spain. He embarks for Havana not in order to enjoy her well-advertised pleasures of the senses, but to take a hand in the struggle for Cuban freedom. His father gives him a derringer and makes him promise to use it only in emergency: "At the identical moment of this commitment he pictured himself firing into the braided tunic of a beastly Spanish officer and supporting a youthful Cuban patriot, dying pallidly of wounds in his free arm. The Morro Castle hadn't left her New York dock before he had determined just what part he would take in the liberation of Cuba—he'd lead a hopeless demonstration in the center of Havana, at the hour when the city was at its brightest and the band playing most gaily; his voice, sharp like a shot, so soon to be stilled in death, would stop the insolence of music."

More heroics in this than transforming passion—so far; and no passion altogether clear of heroics even at the height of the youngster's self-devotion to his chosen Cause. But there shines in him, under his conceit and folly, as in the wearer of the "bright shawl," under her voluptuous egotism, a spark of courage and high dreaming not to be quenched by any douche of untoward fact. Young Charles Abbott's eagerness comes to nothing much, does nothing at all, for the moment, towards freeing Cuba. And he is destined to no greater glory, later on, than crowns the able citizen and careful bachelor of his period. But he has had his moment; and as he relives it in memory, he once more glows with the romantic faith now scorned by youth, but scorned not altogether with impunity. La Clavel and Andrés have been easily flicked out by the Spaniard, so Charles Abbott is deprived of his cause and his comrades. But the cause is not lost forever, and as for the comrades,—“why, they had their companionship, their warmth, a period of unalloyed fidelity to a need that broke ideals like reeds. Perhaps what they had found was, after all, within them, that for which they had swept the sky.”

Miss Cather's "One of Ours" is on the surface a story of now familiar

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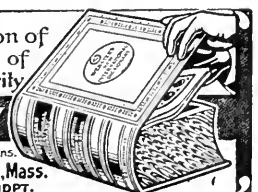
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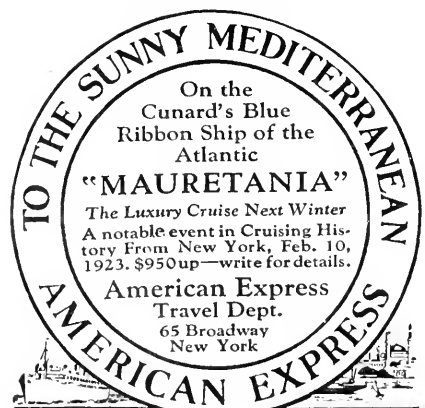
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type. Her Claude Wheeler is the sensitive, blundering young American who finds himself, or his reason for being, through the war. He is "one of ours" in both the national and the military sense; in the local sense, too, as a "son of the middle border." Wheeler the father, however, is not of the heroic, unrewarded pioneer type. He has homesteaded in Nebraska in the early days, and remained to grow rich in land-trading. Nominally a farmer at the time of the story, he leases most of his land and lives in jovial ease, a well-liked and on the whole beneficent citizen. His wife has brought from Vermont the New England piety and primness. Their three sons differ as resultants from such an union. The oldest, Bayliss, is a prig and a money-grubber. The youngest, Ralph, has much of his father's careless geniality and interest in the world in general. It is with the second boy, Claude, that we have to do.

Claude Wheeler is, in type, a pathetic commonplace. He is a misfit; a good, intelligent lad with a yearning but without a star. He is too sensitive to be satisfied with his father's good-humored cynicism, too intelligent to accept his mother's old-fashioned reliance upon an orthodox God. He has vague æsthetic and intellectual possibilities, but not the will to develop them despite an unfavorable environment. He murmurs ineffectually against conditions which a determined rebellion would change for him. And, with the right woman in plain sight, he lets himself be married by the wrong woman. This is fatal for him, since he is the sort of man who must be properly mated or be naught. Enid, indeed, is one of those unendurable wives who are being revealed, or travestied, in so many recent novels—"If Winter Comes," for example. She is prude and bigot and egotist; we sigh with relief when she makes off to China, and we and Claude are done with her. Claude is left to close the shell of a home he has built with so pathetic hopes. There remain his mother, who yearns over him but cannot give him happiness, and his work upon the homestead farm, which he performs with a sort of dogged fidelity. He is a failure in his own eyes; his life, it appears, is over.

But it is now 1917. For three years the war has been coming closer to America, even the sheltered America of the Middle West. For Claude Wheeler our entrance into the war that is to unmake war, is a life-boat upon the dark welter of existence. He goes to training camp "burning with the first ardor of the enlisted man. He believed that he was going abroad with an expeditionary force that would make war without rage, with unpromising generosity and chivalry." Thus, at the end of Book Three, we see him setting forth for the embarkation, with the blessing of his patriotic parents, and of the woman he ought to have married. So far we have been hearing the story-teller at her best. The scene and persons of the tale are as vivid and indigorous, as full of

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homely truth, as the scene and persons of "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," or "Silas Lapham" or "My Antonia." And with Claude's departure for France the action is complete.

Therefore I am doubtful, I own with reluctance, about the artistic value of Books Four and Five—some two-fifths of the whole narrative. All they amount to so far as Claude is concerned, is that he passes through the agonies and squalors of modern warfare without losing his high satisfaction in service to a worthy cause; and dies, with exultation, a soldier's death, instead of having to face the disillusion and enervation of the after-war years. For the rest, these two parts strike me as a remarkable *tour de force*, a study of actual conditions at the front fit to be compared with a dozen others, from "Ordeal By Fire" to "The Test of Scarlet," which have realistically projected an experience most of us by now (weakly, no doubt) are fain to forget. There are moments when Miss Cather employs a naturalism merely revolting. The upshot of it all is that the war is a nearly meaningless and fruitless enormity, and that Claude is lucky to die in the full glow of his romantic dream. "For him the call was clear, the cause was glorious. Never a doubt stained his bright faith. . . . He died believing his own country better than it is, and France better than any country can ever be." And his mother, understanding that he has always been of those who "in order to do what they did had to hope extravagantly, and to believe passionately," thanks Fate for "one she knew who could ill bear disillusion . . . safe, safe."

H. W. BOYNTON

Jane Austen's Juvenilia

TWO brief novelettes in the good eighteenth-century style of correspondence, a funny little history of England, some scattered fragments—these make up the slight volume of Jane Austen's hitherto unprinted Juvenilia which the Frederick A. Stokes Company has brought out under the title of "Love and Friendship."

To a good many lovers of "Pride and Prejudice" anything from that beloved pen is worth reading and having, and these skits—they are scarcely more than that—of the young apprentice, written for the amusement of her home circle with no thought of publication, have really a delicious humor of their own. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who provides an introduction for the book, has said the right things and indeed about all there is to say. He calls attention to the curious notion prevalent among the half-educated in regard to their grandmothers. "In a recent newspaper controversy," he begins, "about conventional silliness and sameness of all the human generations previous to our own, somebody said that in the world of Jane Austen a lady was expected to faint when she received a proposal." The notion is preposterous enough to any one who has a bowing acquaintance with Elizabeth Bennett and the other heroines of Jane's world. But Mr.



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Chesterton makes a good point when he goes on to observe that the very purpose of these youthful satires of hers is to ridicule the swoon of sensibility not because it was a fact, even in the sense of a fashion, but because it was fiction.

The conclusion of Mr. Chesterton's preface is good enough to quote at length: "Finally there are two additional facts involved. . . . One is that this realist, in rebuking the romantics, is very much concerned with rebuking them for the very thing for which revolutionary sentiment has so much admired them; as for their glorification of ingratitude to parents and their easy assumption that the old are always wrong. 'No,' says the noble Youth in 'Love and Friendship,' 'never shall it be said that I obliged my father.' And the other is that there is not a shadow of indication anywhere that this independent intellect and laughing spirit was other than contented with a narrow domestic routine, in which she wrote a story as domestic as a diary in the intervals of pies and puddings, without so much as looking out of the window to notice the French Revolution." Mr. Chesterton is always paradoxical, often clever, sometimes right; here he is all three.

French Poets Hold the Torch

VESTIGA FLAMMAE (*Dying Flames*). By Henri de Regnier. Paris: Mercure de France.

LES GLAS (*Passing Bells*). By Jean Richepin. Paris: Flammarion.

LI DEKNIERE NUIT DE DON JUAN (*Don Juan's Last Night*). By Edmond Rostand. Paris: Fasquelle.

WITHIN a year three books of verse, seemingly last words of their famous authors, have appeared in France. One is of Rostand, best and universally known, and it was all but ready when he died. The second is last proud notes of Jean Richepin at seventy-three. He has always held himself aloof with a classic sonorosity that thrills young generations, though he repudiates their new religions of form and rhythm:

Ring out, last bells, sobs slow and deep
and tired,

Ring round me and within me, passing
bells.

The third is Henri de Regnier, who is not much past sixty. His sensitive ear has caught up melodies of all the French ages, passing them on to the young who came trooping after, and he too prints for his own a last frank device from "unpublished poesies of Crespion de Vigneux, a gentleman of Thierache, 1585":

That which remains of us when the flame
dies down.

These three have been the most French of the poets of France at the century's turn. In the rhythmic flow of thought and words, which alone is verse or the distinctive form of poetry, and in the joyous, piercing, ringing pleasantness to the soul, which is poetry itself, these three have kept to

the old French thinking and music-making. They have all been poets of that Latin Renaissance which has civilized Gothic France until now. In none of them has Northern barbarity found a singer. Even the youngest poets owe in part to these three their spiral progress turning them back when farthest afield within the charmed circle of their race and tongue.

In such books, which are far from being their authors' greatest volumes, verse is a first highway to explore. The day has passed when French versification was considered as best fitted for declamation by the golden voice of a Sara Bernhardt or for the slip and come and turn again of light words. Anatole France has insisted lately that rhyme and therefore some pairing of lines are necessary to mark cadences in a language accented like the French. Edouard Dujardin, who was in at the birth of Vers Libre, observes that this too must be "verse," that is, a closed circuit of thought and rhythm of words, or else it is no better than prose more or less rhythmical or in parallelisms.

Rostand's verse, with Coquelin declaiming it in "Cyrano de Bergerac," fell crystalline and unexpected on English ears but it has not attuned them to the caressing music of Racine's stately lines. The metallic resonance of Richepin is tempered by notes like those of the bell cast with silver which, in chimes of France, punctuate funeral tolling with their own heart-rending sweetness. Henri de Regnier has been the cheeriest, most colorful, and melodious versifier of our idle day, so that *vers-libristes* have wished to claim him as their own. In spite of regularizing age, he has still reminiscences of such strains. As with Henley in English, his freest verses are classic in rhythm and now he proudly writes "Stances Baudelairiennes" with other whole poems in the haunting measures of Baudelaire, who, rebellious in matter, was completely classical in form.

While the sound of all this verse is very French, so is the poetic thought of which it is the outer form, and yet it is not without parallel in English poetry. Such poets cannot be expected to echo the home life of our dear Queen. From Byron's cantos to Rostand's play Don Juan has become less coarse and more play-acting, which such as he always are, and Rostand fairly spiritualizes him in his damnation to be the Burlador of a Punch and Judy show where the victims of his vaunted list flaunt before him their indifferent souls.

Thou mightiest have fulfilled great destinies—

cries the one White Shade that still remembers.

Rostand sang his own ideas and never himself. Henri de Regnier sings forever his self-conscious art and literature all the way from the Italy of Romance, which he sees with Théophile Gautier and Stendhal, to the modern antiques of love.

Dost thou remember, Romeo, remember
The blood-red splendors of the Verona eve

And green and yellow how the Adige
flowed?
—And, in the Capuchin's old convent
court,
The trough of stone quite overgrown with
grass
—Her tomb they say,
O Romeo.

So Richepin retorts back on Shake-
speare in "The Table Is Full" (a title
printed in English) when Macbeth
stands amazed that Banquo should be
in his seat:

Oh, happy man, who has but one ghost
at his table.

He also harks back to cuneiform poets
and wonders if our paper—

Shall be stronger
Than the bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

But still he sings life as he has taken
it himself—in a "Prayer to My Five
Senses," in "The Glory of Beasts," and
in an "Ode to Our Grand-Nephews"
who, at the pace they are going, he says,
will end without country, heroes, mar-
tyrs, appetite, wine—or Love.

Dead to virtue as to vice,
Widowed of crime and sacrifice,
You will never do for others
That which we have done for you.

This is a review of Poets that sing
and not of Life that sings through
them, but the one thing suggested by
these three singers of late life is an
actuality of common sense and criti-
cism. All the poetic schools—Parnas-
sians, Symbolists, and, as with Queen
Elizabeth's spirits, "whatever else there
was"—have not hindered these poets
singing their own way and outliving
all their passing reformations. Riche-
pin, always an Ishmaelite, alone com-
plains:

I, poet, am last echo of past melodies
Which times to come shall sing no more.

Henri de Regnier's poetry has always
been, among other things, a criticism of
Life as he has known it, and he winds
up these latest poems with "Medallions
of Painters"—twenty in number and
all of the later schools (excepting El
Greco, who has entered into the mod-
ern consciousness), from Ingres and
Corot to Gauguin, Maurice Denis, and
Toulouse-Lautrec. These have inde-
pendent value, if only as condensed but
lucid formulæ of our day's Art, to the
questioning reader—

Giving forevermore a living form
To the high-burning dream which haunts
thy heart.

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris

Brief Book Notes

"MODERN English Essays" (Dut-
ton) is the title of a delightful
little set of five books, edited by Ernest
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ana, Galsworthy, Alfred Noyes, and
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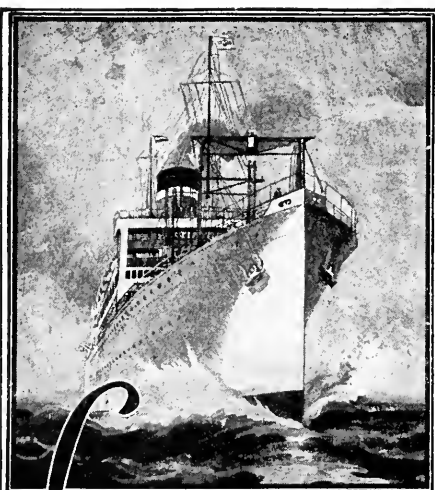
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"I will now," Miss Cissie Loftus used to say, "give an imitation of Miss May Irwin imitating me." All the poets are imitating one another, and Margaret Widdemer, in her book of parodies upon American poets of today, "A Tree with a Bird in It" (Harcourt), has written an excellent *jeu d'esprit*, perhaps as good as any of them all.

"At Sea with Joseph Conrad" (Houghton Mifflin, \$5) is not a book about the admirers of that novelist—despite our profound conviction that many of his devotees are quite at sea most of the time, trying to discover what he means, and why he chooses to write so cryptically. No; this book by Captain Sutherland of the Royal Navy, is an account of Mr. Conrad's cruise on an English "Q" boat in 1917.

Robert Lynd's "The Sporting Life" (Scribner, \$2.25) consists of essays almost entirely about racing and cricket—subjects whose appeal, for readers of essays in this country, is rather limited.

A considerable study of the novelist is given in Delmar Gross Cooke's "William Dean Howells; a Critical Study" (Dutton, \$3), considering him as a man, as critic, as poet, as writer of fiction.

Harvey O'Higgins writes an unusually interesting and rather novel work in his "Some Distinguished Americans" (Harper, \$2). These are imaginary portraits of seven persons; fiction in the form of biographical essays.

One of W. H. Hudson's best and most varied books of essays, "The Book of a Naturalist" (3), has now been taken over by E. P. Dutton & Co. from George H. Doran, the former publisher. This book is the one in which Hudson attacks the dog as a pet, and warmly praises the pig.

A walking trip through Costa Rica, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Guatemala is described in Eugene Cunningham's "Gipsying Through Central America" (Dutton, \$7).

The ever-present problem of our relations with South and Central America, and other lands to the south, is the subject of Graham H. Stuart's "Latin America and the United States" (Century, \$3.75). The author belongs to the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

The second series of Dean Inge's "Outspoken Essays" (Longmans, \$2) contains long essays upon the State, the idea of progress, the Victorian Age, and other topics. These long, erudite studies, in rather small print, will require careful search to discover anything sufficiently startling to explain the title.

"Dante and His Influence" (Scribner, \$2) by Thomas Nelson Page con-

sists of nine lectures originally given by Mr. Page at the University of Virginia.

A *gigolo* is a man who dances with women for money; in other words, it is French slang for lounge-lizard. "Gigolo" (Doubleday, \$1.75) is one of the stories in Edna Ferber's book of that title; a book with seven or eight short stories, clever, slangy, smart, and sometimes smartly.

Now that Sheila Kaye-Smith has made her reputation with such novels as "Green Apple Harvest" and "Joanna Godden," her publishers have reprinted her first novel, "The Tramping Methodist" (Dutton, \$2), which first appeared in 1908.

"Command" (Doubleday, \$1.90) by William McFee is a novel of the Mediterranean, of its peoples, of the mixed population of its ports, of sailors and shipmasters.

Isaac Goldberg's "Brazilian Literature" (Knopf, \$3) describes a literature so little known to Anglo-Saxon readers that the author warns them, not unwisely, that Spanish is not the language of Brazil. The preface is by Professor J. D. M. Ford.

There is evidently a conspiracy among publishers to issue books about books. It is a worthy conspiracy, and of the three or four of these books which we have seen, Dr. G. C. Williamson's chapters on authors, books, and miniatures, is most to our taste. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co., and the title is "Behind My Library Door."

Ex-Governor Hadley of Missouri, now professor of law in the University of Colorado, is the author of "Rome and the World Today" (Putnam's, \$3), a study of the *Pax Romana*, and its possible application to modern conditions following the recent war.

For those who like collections of oh-so-cynical epigrams, we recommend "Tatlings" (Dutton, \$2). The epigrams are by Sydney Tremayne, and the appropriate illustrations are by Fish, in her inimitable manner.

Charles S. Brooks, the essayist, tries his hand on two plays, one on pirates and one on beggars. The title is "Frightful Plays" (Harcourt) and the volume is, moreover, highly to be commended as book-making in the best of taste.

Four short plays are included in the volume by Olive Tilford Dargan and Frederick Peterson called "The Flutter of the Goldleaf" (Scribner, \$1.50).

Such titles as "The Dictatorship of the Dull," or as "Legs," or as "Looking Literary," or as "On Broadway," or as "Heroine Complexes," interest the prospective reader as he picks up Alexander Black's volume of essays, "The Latest Thing" (Harper, \$2.00), and make it certain that he will go farther with the book. A sound decision.

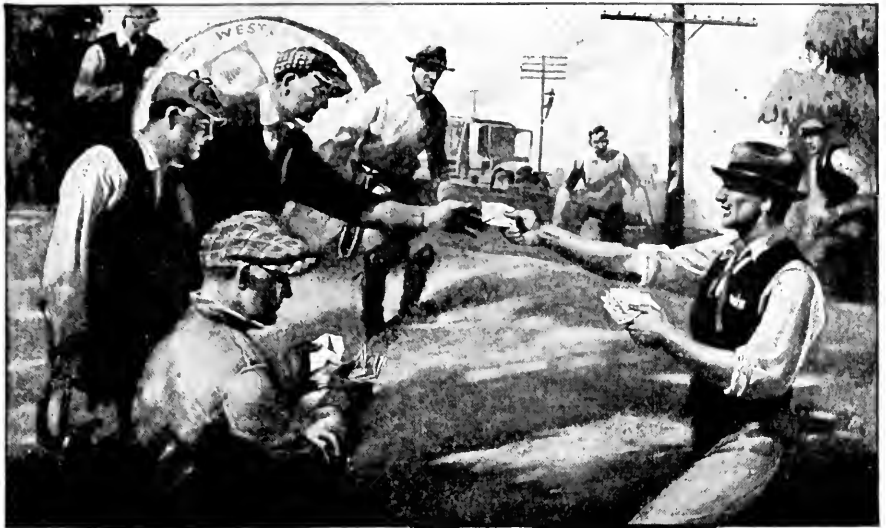
The Function of the Illustrator

THE illustrator's task is a modest one. He is not a collaborator of the story teller. He works not with him, but after him, he follows the novelist both in time and in spirit. His work begins when the other's is finished, and the pictures he executes are copies after the verbal pictures of the author. The story, even the one that is not worth telling, has no need of illustrations, but the illustrations have no right, or, at any rate, no reason to exist without the story.

These thoughts occurred to me when I went to see the exhibition of original illustrations by Dean Cornwell, now on view in the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Here were twenty-four fragments of narratives, artistic snapshots of unconnected incidents, suggestive and fascinating on account of both the subject and its execution; but one could not help resenting the encroachment of these pictures on the narrator's domain. The artist has usurped the sole right of story telling and scorned even the illustrative help of a title to the picture or a quotation from the book. The written tale was here less than subordinate, it was eliminated altogether. All these pictures do is to turn a momentary flashlight on to an isolated scene, and leave one to guess at their meaning. There is an excited crowd carrying crosses through the streets of some Mediterranean city, with a gentleman in black in their midst who feels himself visibly uncomfortable and out of place. Is it a religious procession? Not very likely, to judge from the speed with which they move. A mob of iconoclasts? There is no catalogue to tell us. A woman in a frenzy of fear or fury threatens with a knife the staggering figure of a man. What is the quarrel about, and who of the two is the criminal? We were invited to come and look at illustrations, and the visitor has a right to ask what these pictures do illustrate.

But since the means were refused us to answer that question, they had to be considered merely as compositions in line and color. As such they have undeniable merit. Mr. Cornwell is a consummate draughtsman and knows how to make the scene he portrays vibrate with life and dramatic tension. As a colorist he has his merits too, especially in the evening scenes, of which the one in Venice with the gondola in the foreground is his masterpiece. But the painter was evidently often hampered in his freedom by the limitations set to the illustrator. His pictures look the color prints they were destined to become, and they lack as do these what the painter calls atmosphere. This is stated in no critical mood. On the contrary, as illustrations these pictures are the better for not being paintings in the exclusive sense of the word. But why then should they be exhibited in such a way as to make one forget that they are not?

A. J. BARNOUV



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A. F. HOCKENBEAMER,
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How to Study This Number

THE INDEPENDENT LESSON PLANS

English, Literature and Composition

By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

History, Civics and Economics

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A. M.,
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. Fall Afternoons.

1. One of the greatest of human joys is the memory of pleasures that are past. Show how the poem is founded on this sort of joy. With what spirit does the poet write?
2. The poem gives a number of hints about the writer's early life. Make use of what is suggested, develop the hints to their full value, and prepare a sympathetic and interesting narrative of the poet's boyhood. Think of him as if he were a character in a story that you are writing.
3. Imagine that you are the poet. Write an intimate description of the house in which you spent your childhood. Write most about what attracted your childish attention. Be sure to indicate physical points of view.
4. Tell one of the stories that "Grandmother" might have told. Use the language that she would have used. Make the story concern "the children" whom she knew. You will gain the best effect if you make your story gently pathetic.
5. Think of some place that you remember with affection. Write a prose composition concerning that place. Imitate the plan, the brevity, and the spirit of the poem.

II. New Books and Old.

1. If you have read any of "the older books reprinted this season," tell about the books you have read. Give a frank and honest opinion. If you have not read any of the books, go to your librarian, ask about one, and present the information that you gain.
2. Name the different kinds of books that are named on the page. Explain the characteristics of every type.

III. Brief Book Notes.

1. Explain the following expressions: essayists; parodies; biographical essays; erudite studies; cynical epigrams.
2. For what are the following authors noted? Walter Pater, Arnold, Swinburne, Emerson, Lowell, Galsworthy, Alfred Noyes, Joseph Conrad, Dante, Thomas Nelson Page.

IV. Children's Bookshops.

1. Name the books in the "Two-foot Book-shelf for Children" that you have read. Write an enthusiastic commentary on the book that you like best.
2. Cut out the list of books. During the present term read several of the books that you have not yet read. Whenever you finish reading a book, write a report concerning it and read the report to the class.

V. Books of Innocence for Children.

1. What criticism of modern literature for children does the writer make?
2. Read about the two poems quoted from William Blake. Tell why they are beautiful.
3. What did Browning mean when he wrote: "A child's reach should exceed its grasp?" Tell how you can apply that thought to your own school life.

VI. French Poets Hold the Torch.

1. What does the writer say to uphold the title of the article?
2. Explain what is meant by "The rhythmic flow of thought and words, which alone is verse or the distinctive form of poetry."
3. What definition of poetry is contained in the words: "The joyous, piercing, ringing pleasantries to the soul, which is poetry itself."
4. Explain in full the two lines that close the article.
5. What does the article say concerning free verse?
6. Read aloud the quotation that mentions Romeo. What gives the quotation its peculiar beauty.

VII. Lyman Abbott.

1. Summarize the manly characteristics that Professor Giddings says Lyman Abbott possessed.

VIII. Judge Hooper on Under Dogs.

1. What is the particular point of the article? How would the writer have you act on various public questions?

IX. "The Living Wage" and the Railroads.

1. Underline the sentences that convey especially striking thought. Explain in full at least one of those sentences.

X. Jane Austen's Juvenilia.

1. Read some biographical sketch of Jane Austen. It was not an eventful life, but it sufficed to furnish the necessary basis of experience for her novels.
2. What are the qualities of Jane Austen's novels which justify very high praise?

I. Domestic Affairs.

1. What are the formal grounds upon which our Government bases its refusal to participate in the Near East Conference? What other influences do you think affected our decision?
2. Why did the United States not declare war on Turkey?
3. Keep this summary of "subjects of American concern" to use as a guide in following future action on any of them. Can you explain each?
4. Explain the origin of the "open door" policy and describe how its application has spread.
5. Look at the International Court. How is it an advance in international relations?
6. Discuss the tendency of the United States to cooperate with the League of Nations.
7. Give a brief account of our philanthropic, educational, and religious activities in the Near and the Middle East. Look up what Sir William Ramsay has to say about them. He is one of the best authorities on that part of the world.
8. Give a brief account of the achievements of American archaeological research in the Near and the Middle East. One such achievement is particularly noticed in this issue.

II. The Living Wage and the Railroads.

1. In how far can you prove that there is, in general, a very great advance over that (standard of living) which existed in former times?
2. How do you account for the wage differences "in different fields of work" and "in the same field of work"?
3. State the point decided by the Railroad Board and the defense of its decision.
4. What would be the difference in situation between the action of the Railroad Labor Board in granting a minimum living wage to railroad workers and the action of legislatures in passing minimum wage laws for women and children?
5. What are different views of "a living wage"? If you are studying Economics review the history of wage theories. State the "Iron Law of Wages." Compare it with Mr. Stone's statement.

III. Lyman Abbott.

1. What qualities of Dr. Abbott would you like to possess?
2. Why would you call him a great American?

IV. Fascismo, Italy's Week of Marvels.

1. Compare this "practically bloodless" revolution with earlier revolutions connected with the present Italian state. Describe the picturesque qualities of the Italian revolutions.
2. Describe the situation which produced the origin and growth of the Fascisti (pronounce Fash-ees-tee).
3. What other examples of "an actual majority in the electorate and its inadequate parliamentary representation" can you give? Explain the inequalities in the parliamentary representation in the German Empire before the end of the Great War.
4. Look up and explain "Christian Socialism."
5. What seem to be the domestic and foreign policies of Mussolini? What dangers are there in the situation?
6. What was the difference between the ancient Roman "triumph" and "ovation"?

V. The Case for Lloyd George—The British Empire.

1. Make the comparisons suggested here: Lloyd George with Chatham, Disraeli, and Joseph Chamberlain.
2. From the article and the editorial summarize, (a) the achievements of Lloyd George, (b) criticisms of his policies.
3. Indicate the present status of the Irish question.

VI. The Ferment in India.

1. Locate India, Calcutta, the Punjab, the Ganges, Amritsar, Baroda.
2. Describe the change in Gandhi's influence and account for it.
3. Describe the change in the attitude of the Indian Moslems toward the Turks and toward England since 1914 and account for it.
4. What light does this throw upon the problems now before the English in India?

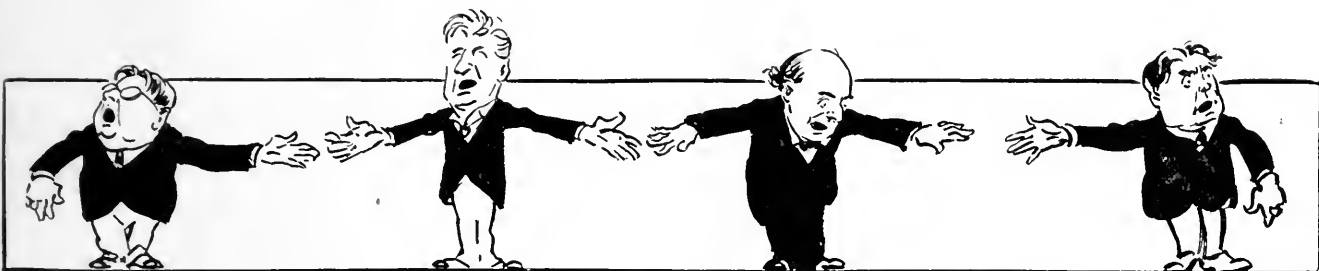
VII. Germany.

1. What are the latest developments in German domestic political questions? In Reparations?

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

November 25, 1922



HARK to the roll call—Borah, Bryan, La Follette, Johnson! It is easy to conceive of this new group as the most effective of obstructors. Three of them will continue in the Senate and, with balance of power in their hands, can be counted upon to make things interesting. If their power goes to their heads and if they actually do set a new political party in motion, then we shall have a chance to see the stuff that they are made of. The country is badly in need of a radical party such as they might found. For we have yet to learn what radicalism wearing its true colors can accomplish. Thus it would be most interesting to see what Borah and Bryan, if forced to construct a political platform, could agree upon. Bryan is for the League of Nations; Borah is against it, etc. Let them set up a body of doctrine and come out into the open with it. By so doing they would greatly help to clear the air. As things stand today, many persons in politics, in the press, and in private life have got the reputation of being "liberal" simply because they advocate vague policies supposed to be in the interest of the plain people. To augment the list, there are Hearst and Hylan, David Starr Jordan, some weekly journals, Thompson of Chicago, and others. What they wish to bring to pass no man knows. But if there were a political party to whose standard they might repair, we should soon enough find out.

THE truth can still be counted upon to make men free. If we continue to be slaves, the trouble is not with the truth, but with the means of arriv-

ing at it. One might suppose that the facilities of communication in this age—to which the radio has recently been added—might keep people accurately informed. Instead, Babel is let loose. The more facilities for learning the truth, the more there are for spreading lies. Since Bismarck's falsification of the Ems telegram, propaganda has been regarded as one of the best of weapons. Today the whole world is the victim of too much publicity. Rich men have speeches written for them and send them broadcast. Since the war information services of many countries have been set up in America, so that German propaganda has been quickly followed by various other sorts. The latest, we believe, is Turkish propaganda. As a result confusion has become worse confounded. It may be that, in self-defense, the public will have to revert to its former practice of relying for its news upon the regularly licensed organs of the press. We trust that this may be so.

CYNICS will say that the heavy vote by which Massachusetts rejected the referendum on movie censorship is the best evidence that such censorship—and political as well as moral—is urgently demanded for the public safety. Humorous in some aspects, the story has an undeniably serious side. There were three subjects before Massachusetts voters on referendum. The first in order was the question of approving a law passed last year making labor unions subject to suits at law, and enabling them to sue, as in New York and some other States. The other matters were movie

ensorship and enforcement of prohibition. The movie managers were of course opposed to censorship. And in order to take no chances on the ability of voters to discriminate between the three matters presented on referendum, they made a blanket appeal on every screen for weeks before the election: "Vote No on the amendments!"

Movie censorship was defeated, as the movie managers desired; and prohibition enforcement failed, too. But they came very near to beating the new law on labor unions, which they could hardly have wished to beat. On this question there was



Senatorial Courtesy. "Age before beauty"

a majority of only 462 in a total vote of 596,460. Only the unreadiness of the labor unions in demanding a recount within the narrow time limit allowed made this slight margin effective in establishing the law. The whole affair shows that when the movies are directed to political purposes they "get results." Funny, in this case? Well, as Mr. Dooley once remarked: "Not so damn funny, nayther."

THE most inexcusable absurdity in our political machinery is the seniority rule that is plausibly adhered to in the make-up of committees in Congress. Some comments on the proposal to get rid of it make the mistake of fixing attention upon the question of youth or age. What's wrong with the rule is not that it gives us *old* men, but that it gives us *unfit* men for leaders. To dismiss a Gladstone or a Clemenceau from leadership simply because he was old would be almost as stupid as to appoint him to leadership simply because he had sat in a certain committee-room longer than anybody else. We should be glad to adhere to a great leader as long as he can play his part; but when he does go we should not put in his place the oldest man that's left—oldest either in years or in service—but the best man we can get hold of, young or old. Until we shake ourselves loose from the seniority folly, and adopt the rule which plain horse sense dictates, we shall go on paying the kind of penalty we have been paying. The Republican party ought to have a pretty lively sense just now of what that penalty is.

WITH the resentment that has been manifested throughout the country over the way in which Senator Newberry's nomination campaign was conducted we have no fault to find. The uses to which great sums of money were put were such

as to cause one of the leading Republican Senators to declare, in the debate, that if he thought Mr. Newberry was cognizant of them he would vote to unseat him; and that in practical effect he *was* cognizant of them we believe to be evident. But unseating him on that ground would have been a different thing from unseating on the ground that he was not duly and fairly *elected*. There is no charge that the election—as distinguished from the primary—was not fairly and clearly won by Newberry; and even more clear is it that the Republicans would have carried it by a heavy majority if they had not been handicapped by the primary scandal. The cry so persistently raised, therefore, that it was the Newberry money that gave the Republicans control of the Senate in 1919 is utterly unwarranted. The Republicans were entitled to the seat—Michigan wanted a Republican Senator—that is clear. But the trick by which Ford, with his extraordinary hold (essentially a money hold) upon the Michigan situation, expected to become the nominee of both parties, thus giving the voters no chance to choose, was frustrated at the primaries; and it was in the primaries that the Newberry money was used. Right or wrong, what that money accomplished (assuming that it *was* money that carried the primary) was not the election of a Republican Senator, but a chance for the people to elect a Republican Senator if they chose. We make this point in order to keep certain facts clear in our readers' minds, not to excuse Senator Newberry's conduct in the primaries. All things considered, he has done well in resigning his seat.

SWITZERLAND is the native home of the initiative and referendum, and the sturdy little Republic has been getting on very comfortably with it for several decades. But now for the first time a measure of catastrophic importance looms up as a possible outcome of the system. The Socialists have proposed, by means of the initiative,



"There's a reason"

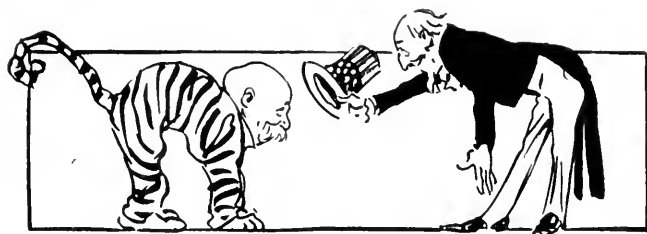
a law which, if passed, will put a tremendous levy not on income but on capital, rising as high as 60 per cent. in the case of private fortunes in excess of three million francs. The mere possibility of this measure being approved by the voters in the referendum has created a profound financial and economic disturbance in Switzerland, although in the opinion of Conservatives there is little chance of its adoption. But people who have been in the habit of thinking of the initiative

and referendum as merely a handy way to "let the people rule" in commonplace matters like the granting of this or that public-utility franchise, or the authorization of a particular issue of local or State bonds, will do well to give a thought to the possibilities indicated by this move in Switzerland.

AN authentic incident, confirmed by both the parties concerned, has just come to hand which throws much light on one of the main difficulties that confronts even the honest and unbiased observer of things Russian—the fear and caution engendered by the still present Terror. The observer asked a Russian teacher what the Soviets were doing for education. "Everything they possibly can," was the reply. The teacher has since escaped. "I was ashamed," he says, "that I did not dare finish the sentence, '—which is worse than nothing, for they have absolutely ruined education.'"

IF one were compelled to answer the question "Who of all men did most to save civilization in its recent crisis?" we think he would answer without long hesitation: "Clemenceau." He is certainly not handsome; nor is he exactly qualified to be Mrs. Grundy's second husband; nor is he a first-class orator or great writer (though he has been one of the most effective of journalists); nor perhaps

is he in the first rank of peacetime-statesmen. But he is a man of absolute intrepidity, physical and moral; he has a mordant wit and a buoyancy of temper equal to any vicissitude; no more thorough-paced fighter ever lived, nor truer patriot; and as war-statesman he was supreme. He pulled France through; there is doubt whether another could have done it. He is one of Plutarch's Men. He does not look like any one else. He is probably a Cro-Magnon.



Welcome to our jungle!

As a philosopher he views life as a cruel thing; almost its only satisfaction the satisfaction of victory, or, perhaps rather, of keeping one's head unbowed under the buffetings of fate. He is not a great writer; yet, born in a different time, he might have been—witness the lovely preface to *Le Grand Pan*.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,

May you long illumine the dark forest of this age, ere you take your place, a bright, particular star, among the sons of fame!

On the Healing of a Sick Elephant

OUR stalwart old Elephant suffered a severe chill on November 7 and gave every evidence of having something serious the matter with him. To many it was evident that he had been ailing for some time, but he did not seem to realize that he was not all right and just as strong as he ever was. Some opined that he had been kicked by a Mule, but credible witnesses hold to the belief that while the Mule was on the spot and did get his nose in the trough, he was too decrepit himself to have done any harm and all he could do was to profit by his old rival's weakness. There are those that say that the Elephant got over-exhilarated two years ago, took all sorts of things into his system that he could not digest, and is now suffering from a complication of internal disorders. There is an element of truth in the latter diagnosis.

The Republican overturn in the recent elections was not only striking and sensational, but even more serious in reality than the face of the returns would seem to indicate. At first sight the issues involved seem singularly confused and complicated. But when we eliminate the purely personal and local influences, three, or perhaps four, main issues stand forth with considerable clear-

ness as the causes to which the defeat is to be attributed.

The first of these obvious causes is wrapped up with the name of Mr. Volstead of Minnesota. It is in short the prohibition enforcement issue. If we survey public opinion all over the country we find that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Act did not end the question of prohibition or take it out of politics. What resulted was that the aspect of the question was entirely changed. Hitherto it had been a liquor question, a contest which centered upon the desirability of permitting or forbidding the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. The evils of the saloon, the machinations of the liquor interests, and the agitation of total abstinence advocates had made of it a pre-eminently moral issue. But when prohibition was enacted as a law and the machinery of enforcement was put into operation, a situation arose that apparently had not been foreseen by those who had as a matter of principle favored it and who had believed that by so doing they were advancing the cause of temperance and civilization. The practical and constitutional side had been overlooked.

What presently appeared was that enforcement of prohibition as provided for in the Volstead Act involved the employment of a mass of agents, special agents, spies, and *agents provocateurs* throughout the country. Not only was this a heavy expense to the Government, but the smallness of the salaries paid and the nature of the employment caused widespread corruption and numerous scandals. Inevitably the appointment of enforcement agents, with all which that implied of opportunities for graft and patronage, became a demoralizing influence in party politics, to the disgust of the decent elements. Likewise the arbitrary activities of enforcement agents, their interference with personal rights, and the general disrespect for law engendered, shaped two lines of public opinion. On the one hand there appeared apprehension lest the cause of prohibition should suffer demoralization and defeat; on the other was the realization that the issue of wet or dry was overshadowed by the menace to constitutional liberty. Out of this arose a struggle the results of which, some in favor of prohibition and others against it, worked generally against the party in power. It should be remarked that this struggle has only just begun and the next few years are likely to see it develop with great bitterness. The fact that one particular law out of thousands has been singled out and a vast organization at an annual expense of \$10,000,000 has been built up for its enforcement will not be lost sight of.

Next in importance as a cause of the Republican defeat was the Fordney-McCumber Tariff. This legislation had not been in force long enough to show its larger effects, but its immediate effect, inherent in any radical change in customs schedules, was to upset business calculations and demoralize trade. Furthermore, the long discussion of it in the Senate had opened the people's eyes to what it contained. The two or three good features, such as the provision which opens the way to the fixing of all future schedules by the Tariff Commission instead of by direct Congressional action, were overlooked, and the meticulous care for a hundred special interests and the log-rolling methods employed, were chiefly emphasized and resented. Tens of thousands of women's votes were cast against Republican candidates for the Senate because of the new tariff rates on gloves.

A third cause is to be found in the resentment widely felt at the inactivity of the United States in all matters of foreign policy. For this inactivity the people were inclined to hold responsible, first Senator Lodge, and second Secretary Hughes. There is little doubt that a majority of the American people were mild reservationists, as that term was used in 1919 and 1920. They were not willing to enter the League of Nations without reservations and without looking forward to a very extensive revision of the Covenant upon which it was based. They did, however, expect that the new

Administration would lead them toward a constructive and coöperative policy, not alone in defense of their own economic interests, but likewise in support of their long-time purposes and ideals. They regard Mr. Lodge as having surrendered to a small group of irreconcilables in the Senate when a vigorous fight against them on a higher moral plane would have resulted in a victory for these ideals without sacrificing national sovereignty.

They applauded the President and the Secretary of State for the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament, and confidently counted upon this as but the first step in a series of constructive efforts to play the part in improving world conditions which they felt was at once the duty and the privilege of this country. They were disappointed that the Washington Conference was not followed by a general economic conference and they feel that Secretary Hughes was remiss in not bringing it about. On the eve of election there was a tremendous agitation to arouse sentiment against permitting the return of the Turks to Europe, with all that that will mean of massacre and rapine. The people generally, and especially those of the churches, were eager for a forward policy of co-operation against the restoration of the Turks and for the protection of the Christian minorities. Secretary Hughes's communications on the subject were correct and logical, but they were coldly received and the moral sentiment which had been aroused was profoundly offended. In that excitement the splendid policy toward Russia with its epoch-making doctrine of moral trusteeship was quite overlooked.

All these causes operating together and mixing in various proportions, together with personal and local influences in many places—as in New York and Missouri—produced the results which are now of record. The Republicans have lost control of both houses of Congress. The face of the returns does not show this, but the facts do. The difference is accounted for by the falsity and insincerity of our present political classifications. Subtract from the apparent majority those who parade the Republican name but are not Republicans by principle or affiliation, and it turns into a minority.

The radicals have not been slow to take advantage of this situation. Senator La Follette has already called a conference of his crowd both in and out of Congress and the list looks like the roster of the combined pro-Bolshevist organizations of America. It runs the gamut of conscientious objectors, pacifist preachers, communist agitators, single-taxers, and the like. But they are not going to organize a new party, not they. La Follette announces his scheme with brazen directness:

No one can be unmindful of the fact that the election has created such a close division in Congress that the progressive delegation from a single State holds the balance of power in the House of Representatives. Correspondingly, a group of eight or ten progressives may act with equal effectiveness in the Senate.

Simple, isn't it? A group representing less than ten per cent. organizing to dominate Congress and exercise a practical dictatorship. And the leaders of the Republican Party have themselves to blame. In 1918, instead of entering into a compromise with La Follette in order to organize a bare majority, which was useless during the last two years of Wilson's administration except for some petty patronage, they should have stood on principle and read him out of the party. What they did was to place La Follette and Borah in line for the chairmanships of the two most important committees of the Senate, and then, with the large majority of 1920, proceed on a programme that played straight into the hands of the radicals.

The situation is a very serious one for the country. Unless the constructive liberals from both the old parties consolidate their forces to oppose the rapidly concentrating radicals, radicalism will get the benefit of the present situation and will continue to play off one party against the other to the advancement of ultra-radical policies. Far-seeing observers have been pointing to these facts for some time past. What some sapient editors have said could not happen, happened on November 7 and is continuing to happen before their eyes daily. The radicals are concentrating upon a definite programme and have come out in the open. The path of wisdom and of safety for the Administration is to meet that programme with a direct, positive, and constructive challenge, and rally to its banner both Democrats and Republicans who are sincere lovers of American institutions and defenders of American liberty. To trifle with the situation—to play into the hands of the radicals by pressing ship subsidy legislation and other stupidities—is to lose all. The Democrats can afford to sit quietly by and pick up whatever advantage they may. The real struggle will take place in what has been the Republican Party. If the Administration accepts the leadership in the struggle and makes the fight on principle without fear of consequences, it will win. If it declines the leadership, or trifles with the situation to please any individual or group or interest, however highly placed, then the fight will be lost in advance and radical policies will dominate this country to its economic and political undoing for some years to come. While the radicals have been organizing and preaching their gospel, the constructive liberals have been content to rest satisfied with stereotyped phrases about trusting the wisdom and good sense of the American people. The time has come to stop phrase-making and to fight.

Can the Elephant be cured? It's a large order and we hesitate to prophesy. But we venture to suggest that if the vermin be removed from his hide, if he be fed on good nutritious fodder instead of sawdust, and if he be allowed to breathe a little fresh air, a decided improvement in his condition will be noted at once.

The Voice of the English Voter

THE student of politics finds much material for study in the English elections of last Wednesday. For our own part we are gratified that the general results so closely approximated the forecast in our last issue. Mr. Bonar Law and the Conservative Party won a substantial working majority in Parliament, while Mr. Lloyd George not only failed to meet with the success which many of our American newspapers predicted for him, but ran a poor fourth. Even Mr. Asquith's Independent Liberals, familiarly termed the "Wee Frees" and comprising the more or less dilettante remnants of the intellectual Liberals, made a better showing than did the ex-Premier. To the foreign observer perhaps the most surprising phenomenon of the election was that the Labor Party forged ahead into second position and becomes thereby the nominal Opposition in Parliament.

That there would be a substantial Conservative majority we were confident. The swing of the pendulum toward normalcy and away from international adventure was in the air and bound to find expression whenever the issue was taken to the people. It would be a great mistake, however, to assume that this trend has resulted in placing in power a unified and harmonious party. In this respect there are some striking analogies with the situation in America two years ago. It is probably true that every Tory in England voted for a Conservative candidate, but it is also true that large numbers of true Liberals supported Conservatives because of their dissatisfaction with the dictatorship of the Lloyd George Coalition and because of their fear of the consequences to England of the inconsistent and adventurous foreign policy which the Coalition conducted. As one examines the conditions of English political life more closely and studies the trend of opinion irrespective of party phrase-making, one realizes that some of the best Liberals are to be found among the younger Conservatives, and that among the dogmatic Liberals are to be found some of the most intolerant Tories.

The success of the Labor Party in winning 120 seats and thereby becoming the Opposition is easily understood. Given a choice between Asquith and his dilettantes and Lloyd George with no definite programme except his personal ambition, the man who was Liberal by tradition and who could see nothing but reaction in a Conservative victory was very likely to vote the labor ticket, very much as Liberals in Germany formerly joined the Socialist Party. Add to this the discontent from unemployment and the threat of fresh international complications and you have a sufficient explanation of the large labor vote. It does not seem likely, however, that the Labor Party will play a very impressive part in Parliament. Labor is not suffi-

ciently unified in its aims or in its leadership to act as a concentrated force and any threat of out-and-out socialist endeavor is certain, in the present temper of the House, to unite both Conservatives and Liberals.

In spite of its substantial majority Mr. Bonar Law's government has by no means an easy task and might well take a page from Mr. Harding's experience. While it is true that England voted for "tranquillity"—the counterpart of our own "normalcy"—a policy of inaction or negation would soon prove inadequate and unsatisfactory in these bustling times. Unless the new Premier can steer a very definite forward course he is presently going to find it difficult to hold together the various elements of his present party strength. England needs quiet and economy; she also needs less government interference and more play for private initiative; but at the same time there is a pressing demand for positive measures to rehabilitate the trade which is her life blood, and the definite settlement of outstanding European problems which now serve as an obstacle to it. Whether Mr. Bonar Law measures up to this task, the next few months will tell.

13% Off on Farmers

THE farm *bloc* in Congress should be interested in Senator Cummins's announced approval of amending the Transportation Act so as to secure to railroad workers the theoretical "living wage" which was recently refused them by the Labor Board. The *bloc* may reasonably insist that even if the railroads could afford to pay the proposed wage, a very important section of the country's population—the farmers of the West and Northwest—emphatically can not afford it.

The present state of the grain and live-stock farmer (though his prices have lately somewhat advanced) and the general conditions of the business of the country, may well be cited to make clear the basic fallacy of establishing by state authority—at least in this country of vast and complicated commercial relations—any wage that is perceptibly higher than that determined by freely acting non-governmental influences. Until we adopt the government rule in all things proposed by the Socialists, wages will have to be paid out of the earnings of each industry; these earnings will have to come from sales of goods or services (as with the railroads) to buyers; and the amount of the returns from these sales will largely determine the level of wages. When any body of consumers whose purchases bulk large in the prosperity of a group of important industries so limit their purchases as to check sharply the income of these industries, wages soon feel the effect of this restricted income.

It is a question, not hastily to be answered in the negative, whether present wage levels are not so out of line with the condition of the great pur-

chasing element represented by the Western farmers as to suggest that they will have to go lower than they are now before a condition of prosperity can be restored to the whole country. Business is now good in many directions, shipments of merchandise are extraordinarily large. Yet bankers and others who are watching things closely know that the present improvement in business is very spotty and unequal: that it has not yet received the very decisive support of the multitudinous retail consumer in general; and that the Western farmer in particular has not given, and by all signs cannot soon give, the strong buying support that is indispensable to solid and continuous commercial prosperity. Prosperity, and with it the level of wages, is up against the disabilities of the farmer.

Prices for the things the farmer has to sell, and out of which comes all the buying support he can give to wage-paying industries, are too low for the burden presented to him in the prices of the things he has to buy. In the matter of railroad transportation for his grain and live-stock, he has no choice but to pay what is demanded in freight charges, though these take an abnormally large part of the price he obtains for his own products. But in the buying of other things, especially manufactured goods, he has the choice imposed by a comparative lack of money to pay with. At the end of the peak of war prices, the average price of farm products stood in about the same relation to the average of the prices of all commodities as in 1913. But in September of this year, the average of farm-products prices was more than 13 per cent. below the average of other commodity prices. The farmer's purchasing power, in other words, was one-eighth less than it was before the war. This purchasing power, unlike that of wages in other industries, is determined by world prices for the farmer's products. It is one of the serious aspects of the present gain in business that there is no visible prospect of an advance in the world prices of farm products that will restore the farmer's purchasing power to an equality with the prices he must pay if he buys.

In the aggregate, the farmer is an indispensable partner in general industrial prosperity for the country. If for lack of money he can not play his part adequately, stable prosperity may have to wait on a lowering of the prices charged to the farmer through a lowering of the wages that bulk so large in those prices. It may be taken as a permanent and inescapable fact that all the consumers of the country pay all the wages of the country. The farmer consumer is pretty directly ruled by world conditions, and it is not very clear to the economist how the vast body of wage earners, who depend more largely than they realize upon the farmer's purchases, are going to escape making also their adjustment to world conditions. There can hardly be any stable prosperity on the present one-legged basis.

Lausanne—Before and After

UNDER the terms of the armistice treaty of Mudros, October 30, 1918, the Turks were to evacuate territories beyond the frontiers of the old empire then occupied by them, and also the portions of the empire in which the Arabs were numerically predominant—i. e., Arabia, Syria, and Mesopotamia. The Allies were authorized to take possession of the Straits and to occupy any strategic positions in Turkey whose occupation they might consider necessary to their security. The effectives of the Turkish army were to be reduced to 50,000, with a small allowance of artillery; all other troops were to be demobilized and their arms to be surrendered. No mention was made in the armistice terms of Thrace or Smyrna.

The Allied fleets proceeded to take possession of the Straits, and shortly afterwards a mixed Allied force occupied "neutralized" zones on both shores of the Straits and later (in reprisal for alleged Turkish atrocities in Cilicia) they occupied Constantinople itself.

The idea of permanent expropriation of territory in which the population was predominantly Turkish, or even its division into zones of commercial exploitation, seemed to have been abandoned by the Allies about the beginning of 1918, at which time Lloyd George made his famous statement: "We do not challenge the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race, with its capital at Constantinople." A treaty based on a reasonable interpretation of the armistice terms (if enforced by Allied troops only) would have been accepted thankfully by the Turks. The Turkish people bore little resentment toward the Allies.

It was not until April, 1920, that the Supreme Council met (at San Remo) to prepare the Turkish Treaty. The delay was inevitable, but it was fatal. In the meantime the Allies had committed an almost unbelievable piece of stupidity. It will be recalled that under one of the war-agreements the Italians were to have in full possession or as a zone of exploitation (it is not clear which was intended) the Vilayet of Smyrna. The French and British came to regret this concession to their ally and feared that the Italians might present them with a *fait accompli* by occupation. Therefore, when the Italian delegation withdrew from the Peace Conference in a huff, they authorized Venizelos (who had been clamoring for this mandate) to occupy Smyrna and a limited hinterland. *Hinc illae lachrymae*. In this peace of joint British and French perfidy and stupidity began the trouble which culminated in the ruin of Smyrna and of Greece. The Greek troops were landed on May 15, 1919. This is the all-important date in the history of the Near East since the armistice. Up to that date there was no organized opposition of any importance to the Allies' programme. Mustapha Kemal had not been unfriendly to the Allies. But,

when he heard of the Greek landing, he crossed into Asia Minor and at once began to organize resistance. Within the year he had drawn up the National Pact, and in April, 1920, the Grand National Assembly of Turkey, formed of elected delegates from all Asia Minor, arrogated to itself supreme executive and legislative powers, adopted the National Pact, and chose Mustapha Kemal President, investing him with temporary dictatorial powers. Then, as Ferid Bey says proudly and truly, Turkey was reborn.

Meantime the Allies and the Greeks pursued their mad course. The Greeks on landing at Smyrna perpetrated atrocities. These atrocities were investigated by a commission of British, American, French, and Italian officers, who found severely against the Greeks, declared (August, 1919) that annexation of Smyrna to Greece would be contrary to the principle of nationality, and recommended replacing Greek by Allied forces.

The Treaty of Sèvres was signed in May, 1920; by the Sultan's delegates under protest. It gave Eastern Thrace to Greece in full sovereignty, and Smyrna to Greece in fact but with a shadowy sovereignty reserved to Turkey. A month or so later, the Allies committed their crowning folly. Foch had told them that twenty-seven divisions would be required to enforce the Sèvres Treaty. It was evident that the Allied peoples would not consent to furnish troops for such a military adventure. The Supreme Council were embarrassed. Venizelos relieved their embarrassment, offering the troops necessary. The offer was accepted.

All that followed, followed in logical sequence, and it all grew out of that act of joint Franco-British perfidy and stupidity in allowing the Greeks to land in Smyrna in May, 1919. The military men of the Allies and certain of their diplomats who knew their Greeks and Turks, warned against that folly. There have since been other follies and an unbroken series of Allied blunders and stupidities. But that was the prime cause.

And now—Lausanne. General world sentiment approves the Turkish Nationalist movement. It admires the magnificent spirit shown by the Turks. It inclines to blame the Greeks (for commission) and the Allies (for omission) almost as much as it blames the Turks, for what has befallen the minorities since the armistice. Up to the date of the landing of the Greeks at Smyrna, the minorities were being well treated.

But it is time now to head the Turk. We may as well write off the minorities and the capitulations. The Armenians must fain content themselves with a "spiritual home." The American schools in Turkey must submit to Turkish official inspection. But what of this talk of reviving the glories and territorial boundaries of Suleiman the Magnificent? No silly chatter, that. Is it true, you Franks, that you have a common policy with which to confront the Turk at Lausanne? If not, bustle about it.

"As Others See Us"

By Agnes Repplier

IN the year 1832, Mrs. Trollope, mother of the great novelist, published a book entitled "Domestic Manners of the Americans." In the year 1922, Mrs. Asquith, wife of a former Premier of Great Britain, published a book entitled "My Impressions of America." During the ninety years which intervened between these two publications it has been the custom of visitors on our shores to write books about us—a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance." Each visitor seems to think that he or she is doing an original and interesting thing, and the sum total of their lamentable labors would fill a library.

Mrs. Trollope, who set this evil ball a-rolling, lived in the United States four years. She was a woman who had the habit of looking at all she saw, and in four years of traveling up and down the country she saw a great deal. She was a woman who had the habit of listening to all she heard, and in four years of intercourse with every class of society she heard a great deal. If she offended genteel readers by emphasizing the more vulgar aspects of American life, it was because she knew these aspects best, and found them most amusing. "What can we relish if we recoil at vulgarity?" asks that severe and distinguished thinker, Santayana. At all events, Mrs. Trollope's volume was considered sufficiently readable and sufficiently valuable to be translated into French and Spanish, honors not lavished upon her successors.

Perhaps the "American Notes" gets lumped in occasionally with "complete" translations of Dickens, though it is neither a valuable nor an interesting book, a fact of which its author was well aware. He expressed no smug surprise at its being ill-received; he refrained from adding insult to injury by regretting the supersensitiveness of Americans, and he was genuinely glad that, twenty-five years later, the crowds that came to hear his inimitable readings had apparently forgotten all about it. There is one paragraph, however, that Philadelphia should never forget; for this Englishman recognized and praised the orderly charm, the tranquil beauty of the old Fairmount gardens which Philadelphians a few years ago wantonly uprooted and destroyed.

It is refreshing to think that Thackeray came twice to the United States, and wrote no book about us. All honor to his name. He was a man who, when he had nothing to say, refrained from saying it, an example which has been very imperfectly followed. I am disposed to add all honor to the name of Mr. Andrew Lang, who refused several seductive invitations to our platforms because of his inability to lecture. It sounds as archaic as it is admirable. Mr. Chesterton is unable to lecture; he frankly admits the fact; but he did not let this trifling circumstance hold him back. Mrs. Asquith is unable to lecture; but she prattled contentedly to the curious. And both these visitors wrote books about their very limited experiences. There is a share of honor due to Mr. Bernard Shaw, because, disliking Americans heartily, he keeps away from what he dislikes, as wise and proud men should.

When Arnold Bennett labelled his volume of reminiscences "Your United States," he plainly intimated that

he did not expect his own countrymen to read it. His comments were all addressed to Americans. He told New York Columbia University was an "enormous and overwhelming incoherence." He confided to Boston that she, and she alone, among the great cities of the Republic was "complete," which was very prettily said. He congratulated Chicago upon her sooty, and, consequently, "softening" atmosphere. He advised Philadelphians to arm themselves with pickaxes and raze the Metropolitan Opera House to the ground; good advice as far as it went, but seeming to indicate that he had not observed the City Hall. Philadelphians, who have long endured that monstrous deformity in the very heart of their town, are not likely to be roused to madness by the ornate ugliness of an opera house. It is seldom that an Englishman touches the American point of view. In big things, as in little things, he stands aloof. When Mr. Bennett went to Cambridge, he wrote thus about the much visited Longfellow house: "I rejoiced to see it. In spite of the fact that he wrote 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' Longfellow seems to keep his position as the chief minor poet of the English language." No American would have put it that way. Brought up from tender infancy on Longfellow's verse, he would have said: "In spite of the fact that he wrote 'A Psalm of Life,' Longfellow seems to keep his position as the chief minor poet of the English language." And the American would have been right.

Few visitors, at least few English visitors, have been so lighthearted or so fair-minded as Mr. Bennett. Mr. William Archer's "America Today" has already become the America of yesterday. The gay and agreeable letters of Mr. Rupert Brooke can afford but an hour's amusement. Mrs. Asquith, like the redoubtable Mrs. Alec Tweedie, fills her volume with lists of the people who entertained her. Ten years and a deal of history lie between Mrs. Tweedie's "America as I Saw It," and Mrs. Asquith's "My Impressions of America," but the two books might have been published simultaneously. There are chapters in both which read like the society columns of the much-maligned American press. Mrs. Tweedie did not hesitate to assure her readers that one of her hosts was "a perfect gentleman." Mrs. Asquith as jubilantly tells us the names of the ladies who gave her dinners, the gentlemen who lent her cars, the correspondents who thanked her for her "radiance," the acquaintances who declared she was "absolutely the most brilliant and interesting woman" they had ever met. It must be pleasant work to write a book like this; and the Americans who look for, and find, agreeable notices of themselves, may possibly enjoy reading it.

In happy contrast to these intimate outpourings, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's "What I Saw in America" is a work of solid purpose and manifest reserves. Its author does not concern himself with the people he met, or with the appreciations he received. He tries to analyze the elusive thing called nationality, to link what he saw in America with what he knew in England, and what he felt in France. He thinks soberly if he writes lightly. Allusions to that "happy village, 'Spoon River,'" or to Trotsky, "the great strike-breaker of the world," have

weight as well as wit. He finds Americans "too busy to have business habits," and is prone to envy them "a certain god-like appetite for things as distinct from thoughts." What he cannot grasp is their conception of liberty. No Englishman can. An Englishman wants as few laws as are consistent with safe living. Those few he obeys, perhaps because he is compelled to. An American can never get his fill of laws. He is as keen for new ones as if they were fashions in clothes. When he has more than he knows what to do with, he scraps those that suit him least, and a great deal of confusion ensues.

What is the worth of all the books, readable and unreadable, which casual and money-getting visitors have written about this patient land? One of the latest is "First Impressions in America," by the Right Reverend Monsignor Count Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, who writes under the unassuming name of John Ayscough. It belongs, on the whole, to the unreadable category; but in it I find this sentence which savors of inspiration: "Americans are libelled as unscrupulous in the collection of souvenirs of slight intrinsic value; but I wish they were less violent collectors of opinions of no value whatever."

The Eleventh of November

By Fabian Franklin

THE day that brought to a close the most tremendous and devastating trial of arms through which the world has ever passed is naturally observed as a day of rejoicing. But in the hearts and minds of men there is so much regret, so much disappointment, so much anxiety, over the state in which the world finds itself four years after that memorable event, that anything like jubilation is out of the question. And accordingly it is to reflections upon the causes of failure to achieve something better, and not to gratulation over what has actually been achieved, that retrospects on Armistice Day are chiefly addressed.

One such retrospect, from the pen of one of the foremost of our newspaper writers, Mark Sullivan, represents so accurately the thoughts of a large body of fair-minded Americans, that it may profitably be made the subject of critical examination. Mr. Sullivan directs his remarks almost exclusively to the part played by Woodrow Wilson in shaping—and failing to shape—the actual outcome of the war and of the peace. "The central figure of the drama," he says, "of course is Woodrow Wilson. It begins with him and ends with him." And Mr. Sullivan is neither pro-Wilson nor anti-Wilson. He dwells upon the noble ideal which inspired the President, and undertakes to explain his failure to realize that ideal. The article is a long one, and it would be impossible here to comment upon it in detail. But so far as criticism of the President is concerned, the substance of the article is fairly conveyed in this closing sentence:

If anything can be said in indisputable criticism of Wilson, if a just person were admitting Wilson's mistakes for a final summing up of history, he might readily put it in these words: "At Paris he compromised with Europe when he ought to have stood firm: at Washington he was stubborn against America when he ought to have compromised."

Or, to put the same thing in other words: Wilson should have insisted, throughout the negotiation of the armistice and of the peace, on the full realization of the ideals for which he had declared, the attainment of which he had promised, and the acceptance of which by the Allies he was in a position to compel; but after this had failed, he should have saved what he could for the world by a compromise with the Senate, whose assent to the treaty as framed he was *not* in a position to compel.

This is a simple and clear-cut view; and the second part of it is unquestionably correct. But the first part,

though alluring by its simplicity, is as superficial as it is simple. Indeed it suffers from precisely the fault which, so far as intellectual error is concerned, was the fundamental trouble with Mr. Wilson himself. Before one can say that the real error lay in his failure to insist uncompromisingly upon the carrying out of his ideal programme, one has to ask whether such carrying out was, in the nature of things, possible. Grant, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Wilson could have dictated any terms he pleased, and compelled their acceptance. Could that have brought about a realization of his ideal? Was the state of the world such that any terms whatsoever, contrive them as ideally as you will, could have produced the result he had in mind? Let us look at the latest of his announcements before the armistice, the speech he made when victory was almost at hand, for the answer to this question.

In that famous and momentous speech, delivered in New York on September 27, 1918, Mr. Wilson declared that the indispensable condition of a "secure and lasting peace" was "impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples dealt with." I call this speech not only famous but momentous, because it was to it, quite as much as to the Fourteen Points, that the Germans pointed as the basis of their abandonment of the war; and it is upon the failure to carry out the ideal settlement thus promised, even more than upon any specific departure from the Fourteen Points, that they rest their claim that they were betrayed into surrender.

Yet when we look at the thing there laid down, not as a vague and shining ideal but as a thing actually to be embodied in a concrete settlement, we see at once that it is sheer illusion. Did Mr. Wilson ever think out the question whether the demands of "impartial justice" were compatible with "the satisfaction of the several peoples dealt with?" Even in private life that which "impartial justice" decrees is very rarely found by both parties to a controversy; much less can it be so in the case of whole nations which had been stirred to their depths by inveterate animosities culminating in the most terrible of wars. To reduce the formula to a practical nullity, it was only necessary for France to put all the stress upon the demands of justice and for Germany to insist altogether on the other half—the satisfaction of Germany, which was certainly one

of "the peoples dealt with" in the treaty. Or, leaving the question of "justice" aside altogether, how was it possible to secure at the same time the "satisfaction" of a France surveying the unexampled desolation of her ravaged provinces and the "satisfaction" of a Germany unwilling to pay the tremendous price of their restoration? The thing that Mr. Wilson had promised was inherently impossible; he is to be blamed not for having failed to carry out his promise, but for having made it.

To what extent the troubles of the world are to be ascribed to the false hopes held out by Mr. Wilson's promises, it would be rash to attempt even vaguely to estimate. But certain it is that—to speak of no other aspect of the inevitable disillusionment—Germany has been strengthened in her sullen resistance to the carrying out of the treaty by the feeling that she was betrayed into the making of it. Nothing was more essential to the creation of a wholesome sentiment in Europe than a clear sense on the part of Germany that she had been utterly vanquished in the field. Of course, as a matter of fact, she *had* been; but as a matter of form she had placed herself in the position of submitting only upon conditions which, as she understood them, were not fulfilled in the treaty. The delusive idea of "peace without victory," put forward by Mr. Wilson in an address to the Senate several months before we entered the war, still presided over his thought after the stupendous events of the last two years of the war had made it more impossible than ever; and the result was such hopeless contradiction between ideals and realities as no amount of wisdom or courage, of firmness or pliability, could possibly set right.

The years that have passed since the close of the war have brought out many a melancholy failure besides that of Mr. Wilson. The situation was too colossal to be dealt with by any of the leading figures in it

as one might have hoped it could be. Conceivably some man of more commanding intellectual and moral stature than Lloyd George, or Clemenceau, or Wilson, could have turned the course of events into a happier channel. But men of that magnitude are extremely rare; nor is it true, as is often so glibly said, that the time is sure to bring the man. But while it is not incumbent upon us to anticipate the judgment of history on the record of any of these men as a whole it is our clear duty to assess the merit of any current judgment which rests upon a definite basis. Such a judgment is that which would exalt the course of Mr. Wilson as setting a standard for the highest statesmanship; the all-sufficient warrant for this judgment being the loftiness of his ideals, and the ardor with which he sought to promote them. But elevation of ideals, and ardor in the pursuit of them—even if we grant that these high traits are wholly unalloyed by qualities less commendable—are far from being adequate to the fulfillment of a statesman's part. Mr. Wilson has other claims than his idealism to a large place in history; and, quite apart from his idealism, there is plenty of ground for contention both for and against those claims. But as to the idealism itself, I find little to choose between those who idolize him because he fought for an ideal and those who despise him because he abandoned it. The trouble was that he did not recognize the difference between preaching an ideal and demanding its immediate attainment. When the crucial time came, this recognition was forced upon him. He is not to be vehemently blamed for yielding to the force of realities when they were inescapably thrust upon him; neither is he to be extravagantly praised for having preached, no matter how eloquently, an ideal which he did not take the trouble to confront with the realities—realities which, as a statesman, it was his paramount duty to grapple.

Armageddon?

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

HE was tall, broad-shouldered, black-bearded. His *pagri* was an immaculate, pale blue. He might have been an Oriental prince from the looks of him. But he was only a Sikh from the Punjab wandering along a Sacramento street gazing curiously at the shop windows.

In spite of his size and his air of self-sufficiency, his pleasure when I spoke to him was pathetic. It was as if a child, groping in the dark, had, trembling at the unknown, touched another hand, and found—with overwhelming relief—that it was the hand of a friend.

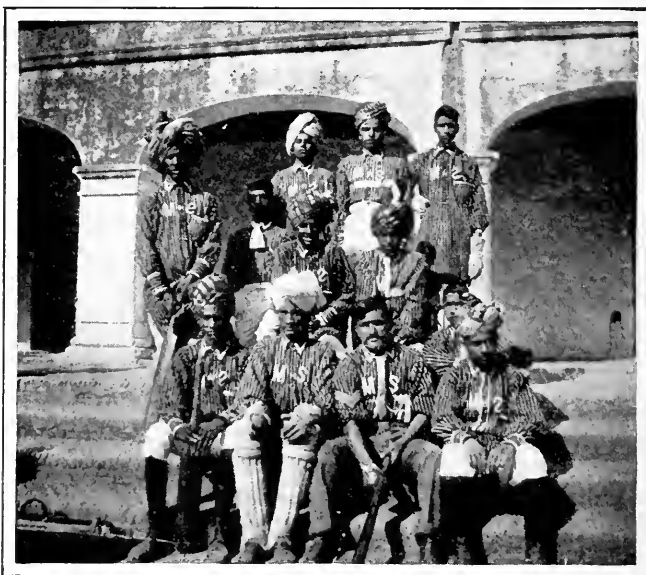
He burst into a torrent of Punjabi. Oh, would the *Sahib* and I go with him and eat . . . it would be such a pleasure . . . would— But suddenly joy was wiped out of his face and hate glowed in the sombre eyes.

"Did you see her—that *mem* (lady)?" he demanded of me. "Did you see how her nose turned up when she see how you talk to me—this foreign dog?"

It would have gone ill with the lady if she had met Kirpa Singh with that look on her face on a lonely road.

"*Arre Kirpa Singh*," I said. "It is childish to rage at ignorance. That *mem* is not turning up her nose at you—but at what, in her ignorance, she fears you

to be. You have seen a horse go mad with fright at a piece of paper blowing along the road. . . . We fear



One of India's cricket teams



Golden Temple at Amritsar

what we do not understand . . . even you, Kirpa Singh!"

His brow smoothed and he laughed. "*Ai hai, mem sahibji*—it is good to hear the old *bat* (talk) from one who understands, who *knows* what we are! Be sure and visit the Sikh Temple at Stockton—there we meet and talk with our own . . ."

We kept our word; but it was a shock to us, that Sikh Temple. Had it not been for the placard that stretched across the wooden balcony we should have thought we were looking at the wrong building. For we had seen that other temple, the "Durbar Sahib" in far off Amritsar: and this square frame building with its wooden steps and cheap balconies was pitiful in comparison. Even the roses that glowed in profusion in the California sunlight could not soften its harsh outlines. And the pictured faces of India's leading revolutionaries that had been tacked about the doorway improved it not at all.

A Sikh Temple! Well! But it served at least to take us back into the past . . . It might have been yesterday . . .

What a pushing, jostling throng there had been at the Amritsar station! How the *gariwans* (coachmen) had shouted against each other for our patronage; and how proudly the victorious one drove off, cracking his whip and ordering the crowd to disperse!

A drive through the rose-scented February gardens had preceded the entrance into the native quarter with its narrow streets and its surface gutters; its open shops and its swarming population.

As I closed my eyes I fancied I could see it all yet.

I could see us leaving the carriage, doffing the proscribed leather shoes and donning, instead, the prescribed felt ones; and descending the steps, where we found ourselves part of a stream of people, a regular procession, across the marble causeway that bridged the pool of immortality to silver-studded doors of the Golden Temple.

See it yet? Can I ever forget that white marble causeway, with its double border of yellow marble, its marble screen, and its stream of gaily dressed worshippers. The men attired in their best, and the women with

their tinsel-bordered *chadders* (veils), and their short, thickly-gathered skirts undulating around them like the petals of wind-blown roses at every step of their bare, ankleted feet; each carrying a flower which, upon entering the vaulted hall with its gilded ceiling inset with tiny mirrors, and its marble walls aflame with inlay work of jeweled flowers, birds and elephants, was thrown upon the odoriferous heap before the open "*Granth Sahib*," the Holy book of the Sikhs.

It was all so gorgeous, so romantically interesting, and so utterly different from what the first *Guru*, Nanak, had intended it to be.

About the time that Martin Luther was setting Europe aflame, Nanak, in the province which then formed the borderland between Hinduism and Islam, was striving to unite the two by rejecting the dross and keeping the gold of each. He taught that there was but one God, neither Allah nor Ram, but simply God—not the deity of either religion—but of the universe.

He rejected idols and incarnation; and, on the ground of the equality of all men, rejected the system of caste.

The doctrines of Sikhism as set forth in the *Granth* prohibit idolatry, hypocrisy, class exclusiveness, cremation of widows, seclusion of women, the use of wine and other intoxicants, tobacco-smoking, infanticide, slander, pilgrimage to the sacred rivers and tombs of the Hindus; they inculcate loyalty, gratitude, philanthropy, justice, impartiality, truth, honesty, and all moral and domestic virtues.

Sikh means "learner," and was given by Nanak to his disciples. Singh means Lion, and is added to the name of every true Sikh.

A man is not born a Singh, but becomes one by baptism.

The Sikh initiate, who may be as young as seven, but is generally older, drinks of *batasa*, sweetened water, stirred with a sword and called *amrit* (nectar), five times from the palms of his hands. It is sprinkled over him five times by five of the faithful. He now takes the name of Singh, and from this day wears the five K's. No Sikh is permitted to cut any of the hair of his body. The beard, if too long, is separated and rolled until the ends meet the *kes* (the knot on the top of the

head), which is fastened with the *kanga* (comb). The *kara* is the iron bangle on the wrist; and the *khander*, the small steel dagger that can do such damage; the *kach* is the short trousers that come under the long *kurta*, the shirt that Sikh calls his *jhagga*, and binds with a scarf around his waist.

Hinduism and Mohammedanism did not join hands in Sikhism; it became instead a third religious sect; and remained an insignificant one until the imprisonment and torture of Arjan, the fifth *Guru*. Under the stimulus of persecution the Sikhs evolved from a quietistic sect into a military and political power inimical to the Mohammedan rulers of the period.

When Har Govind was installed as *Guru*, he relegated the necklace and turban with which he was invested to his treasury, saying, "My sword belt shall be my necklace, and on my turban shall be the royal aigrette."

He then sent for his bow, quiver, and arrow, shield and sword, and arrayed himself in martial style, so that "his splendor shone like the noonday sun."

Five hundred youths, declaring themselves ready to die for him, came to him to enlist, asking only for religious instruction in return for the gift of their lives. The *Guru* gave them each a horse and weapons of war.

Hordes began to gather around who were satisfied with two meals a day and a suit of clothes every six months.

Har Govind was a hunter and an eater of flesh, and encouraged his followers to eat meat so that they might have strength and daring. It is largely owing to this practice that the Sikhs owe the superiority of their physique over the Hindus.

The martyrdom of Teg Bahadur, the ninth *Guru*, was all that was needed to evolve the iron of the Sikhs into tempered steel. And during the reign of the tenth and last *Guru*, Govind Singh, the religious was eclipsed by the purely military spirit.

The demand for brave deeds bore such fruit that the growth and spread of Sikhism is a matter of history. The fight which they put up in the Punjab was so valiant a one that none but the British would have kept up the struggle. And the final victory was achieved with so much bloodshed that the conquered and the conquerors met as brothers.

From this time on the Sikhs were the strong arm of the British. To this day you may see these tall, broad-shouldered, bearded men on guard throughout the East, wherever English property needs protection. Twenty-five hundred of them are in Vancouver alone, working in the lumber fields, dockyards, and mills.

But Canada does not want them. And because Canada does not want them the East is in a ferment.

Some years ago several hundred Sikhs chartered a vessel that was to bring them straight from India to Canada, thus evading the Canadian immigration law which demands that an immigrant must not only have a passport, but must travel on a direct route from the port of egress to the port of ingress. This is aimed directly at Indian immigrants, for there is no direct route between the two countries. The chartering of a vessel which would make the straight trip was something the authorities had never contemplated; and when the *Komagatu Maru* arrived in port, Canada said, we shall not let these Orientals, who can outwork us and underlive us, in. They shall not land.

And the Sikhs said, We are British subjects. We have fought and died for Britain, we shall land.

But they didn't. For every time they tried to come up on deck they were knocked down again by a stream of water from the hose the Canadians turned on them.

Finally back to India went the *Komagatu Maru* with men in berserker rage . . .

Back to Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, went the men and their tale. And from Amritsar the story spread to the cooking fires along the Grand Trunk Road, to the village *bitakhs*, the schools. Men told the wrongs of their brothers as they ploughed their fields; mothers sang them to their children. The Hindu agitators, the "B. A.'s failed," found a field ready to harvest.

Years ago an "Akali" Sikh was hanged. And why? An English officer to whom he had neglected to salaam had struck him in the face with his riding crop.

Burning with rage, the Sikh vowed that he would kill the first white man he met to avenge the insult. So, taking his *lathi* (club), he stationed himself beside the tent of a traveling missionary, and Mr. Janvier, whose life had been spent in service to the Sikhs, was felled to the ground because of the mad act of that army officer.

So Canada's rude hose-play has sent many a gallant man to his death. The Sikhs, for sixty years the right arm of the British Government, became the thorn in its side; and innocent men were sacrificed, simply because they were white, or guarding white men's property. Like passionate children the Sikhs hit right and left. This was the precursor of Jallinwalla Bag.

Can life be faced in any way but that of the strictest integrity? A sharp command—a blow—and two lives are gone.

The hose, with shrieks of laughter, is turned upon a horde of proud, self-respecting men, and the British Empire totters.

One cannot help but sympathize with Canada—would California not have done the same?—and yet—and yet—imagine yourself one of those drenched Sikhs—

Canada says, We shall not let them in. But twenty-five hundred of them are in Vancouver.

We say we shall not let them in. But twenty-five hundred of them are on the Pacific coast, old superstitions discarded, nothing new to take their place.

You see them beardless, *pagri*-less (they discard their turbans as soon as they master the full significance of "Rag-Heads"). You can hardly tell them from Mexicans in their greasy panamas.

They shall not come!

They are here.

Count the Greeks in New England—if you can; the Jews and Italians in New York; the Syrians . . . Go South and try to enumerate the negroes, the Mexicans—go to the Pacific Coast, East Indians, Japanese, Chinese, Armenians . . . Sixty-five per cent. of Fresno is foreign. The Armenians, who can outwork and underlive the American-born, live now in Fresno's best houses.

The Orient is muttering—"The East against the West."

The Orient is knocking at our doors.

It may break them down.

How is America going to meet this challenge? By a further and futile—barricade?

If we do not do something for the Orientals in our midst—they will do something to us.

Is it not possible to face this thing constructively? To change a menace into an asset?

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Elections

IT'S an old story now, that does not demand retelling. The Republican majority in the next House will be seventeen instead of the present 165, and in the Senate ten instead of the present 24. Moreover, the number of "Progressives" or Independents or other persons not cordially disposed towards the Administration's policies, will be great enough in each chamber of the next Congress to hold the balance of power. It is widely said that the Administration plans to trim boat and shape its course conformably to the new conditions; but that is mere speculation.

Why Clemenceau Is Coming

According to the Associated Press, Clemenceau, about to depart for America, made the following observations:

The object of my trip will be to create a state of mind in the United States which will permit in the future—I hope in the near future—negotiations between public bodies leading to understandings capable of producing results.

I am going to eradicate the idea that France is militaristic and imperialistic.

They say we have a military budget of about 5,000,000,000 francs. I do not know if that figure is correct or exaggerated, but I do know that I have seen two German invasions and that I do not want to try a third. And I eagerly wish our friends over there to understand this feeling.

I consider an entente between America, England and France the basis of peace in Europe. My task is to make the Americans understand that, and if I fail I shall at least have the satisfaction of having tried.

Naturalization and the Japanese.

The Supreme Court has ruled that Japanese are not eligible to American citizenship. Considerations of education and character did not enter into the decision; there is no imputation of racial inferiority of the Japanese. Merely, our naturalization acts confine the privilege of naturalization to white persons (i. e., Caucasians) and persons of African nativity or descent; "white," the decision finds, having been used as synonymous with "Caucasian" in the wording of these acts.

There Is No Pain in the Land of Cocaine.

In a hospital at Philadelphia the other day a young woman was enabled to undergo, in a conscious state, successive operations for appendicitis and gall-stones, and to enjoy herself the while. An injection in the spine induced complete anæsthesia, and, as the surgeons operated, the patient, radio receiver strapped to ear, listened to Paderewski and others.

Refreshing Candor

"I am pro-British," says Admiral Sims. "I like the British because they are good sports and will stand the gaff without whimpering at all. You can torpedo a British sailor till he is blue in the face, but he still will go back to sea."

Congress is to meet in special session on November 20, to consider the Ship Subsidy bill.

The British Empire

The Meagre Population of Australia and New Zealand.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, just before his death, gave the following statistics in support of his plea for a drive to increase emigration from the British Isles to Australia and New Zealand, in view of the terrible danger to these commonwealths should Japan or China turn hostile. Think of the magnificent future of these commonwealths should immigration be confined to persons of British blood!

China: area, 1,896,500 sq. miles; population, 427,679,214; population per sq. m., 225.

Japan: area, 148,756 sq. miles; population, 55,961,010; population per sq. m., 376.

Australia: area, 2,974,581 sq. miles; population, 5,426,008; population per sq. m., 1.8.

New Zealand: area, 103,861 sq. miles; population, 1,239,948; population per sq. m., 11.8.

By "China" above is meant the eighteen provinces. In considering the population of Australia, the vast portion of that continent unsuited to white settlers should be borne in mind.

* * *

An Empire Settlement Act has been passed by Parliament, which contemplates coöperation between the Governments of Great Britain and the Dominions with a view to emigration from the British Isles to the Dominions. Under the act the Federal Government has to recruit and transport those whom the Dominions are willing to accept. A difficulty hitherto has been the extreme fastidiousness of Australia, which wants neither the city laborer nor the "black-coated" tribe.

* * *

A member of the Australian Government was in New York the other day, telling us that Australia could use 10,000,000 white immigrants. And only the other day Lloyd George observed that Great Britain is overpopulated by 10,000,000. Australia would prefer that all her immigrants were British. Then why not transfer the surplus 10,000,000 of Great Britain to Australia, where

there is ample fertile soil for all?

Ah! but the thing is not so simple as that. Australia wants no men except capable farmers. Great Britain has few farmers to spare, and if she had a surplus of that sturdy stock would wish to keep it. She has, however, millions of city dwellers, many of them living by doles, whom she would gladly send to Australia. But Australia has a serious unemployment problem in her cities; the Australian Labor Party bitterly opposes any influx of city laborers, only a small proportion of whom could be expected to take up pioneer work. No, the thing is not so simple. A partial solution suggested is to take children from the British cities, train them on British farms, and after sufficient training send them to the Dominions. An excellent idea, but only a very partial solution, of course. After thinking the whole matter over, one inclines to be a pessimist, like Dean Inge. Mr. Amery, father of the Empire Settlement Act, thinks that under that act 60,000 to 80,000 persons acceptable to the Dominions may be induced to emigrate yearly. But note that in 1921 the excess of births over



Wide World Photos

Lord Mayor Moore of London

deaths in England and Wales alone was 390,000. Note also that the 80,000 Mr. Amery is eager to send away would be precisely the type England cannot afford to lose; while of the 390,000 a great proportion had best, some think, never have been born into the world.

No, it is not so simple, this problem of super-saturation of population.

* * *

Last year 13,000 immigrants entered Australia; against 54,000 in 1913.

Notes

The British debt has increased since 1913 from \$3,500,000,000 to \$37,500,000,000. The revenue has been raised from \$1,000,000,000 to \$4,500,000,000. The British debt is about \$900 per head; that of the United States (\$24,000,000,000) is \$220 per head. The British public revenue amounts to \$100 per head annually; that of the United States to \$33 per head.

* * *

The population of Britain is increasing at the rate of 400,000 per year; while that of France is decreasing by 200,000 annually.

* * *

Great Britain is lending money abroad at the rate of \$1,000,000,000 a year; almost equal to the amount loaned from the United States.

* * *

October figures show unemployment somewhat increasing in England.

* * *

The "irregulars" in southern Ireland are showing increased activity. But so too are the National or Free State troops. The latter captured Erskine Childers recently.

* * *

The results of the Parliamentary elections will be discussed in the next issue.

* * *

Twenty-five per cent. of the undergraduates at Oxford hail from the Dominions and the United States.

The French Army

THE French Government, in a statement to the League Assembly, declared the present strength of the French army to be 690,000 men: 335,000 in France proper; 92,000 on the Rhine; in the Sarre region, 8,000; in Upper Silesia and at Memel, 10,000; in Constantinople and the Straits region, 8,000; in Syria, Togoland and the Cameroons, 42,000; in Morocco, 85,000; in Algeria and Tunis, 75,000; the remainder in other colonies. The present French law authorizes an army total of 720,000. Of the total, 100,000 are professional soldiers, 375,000 are conscripts, 205,000 colonials, and 10,000 foreigners. Fear of Germany, says the report, necessitates maintenance of so large a force on the European continent. "The Government considers that at this cost only can it attain a superiority which will discourage any aggressive tendency."

The report proceeds as follows:

In the present state of European politics the special position of France has so often been misunderstood that the French Government feels bound to define it clearly in this communication.

France has always desired peace. She proved this by silently bearing a terrible wound in her side for fifty years. She made most strenuous efforts to avoid the last war, and was the last to mobilize in Europe, seething with armed forces. But maimed and impoverished in the presence of her numerous graves and all too few cradles, and five times invaded in a century and a quarter, France would fall short of her elementary duty of defense and her mission as the champion of order if she did not look toward her newly recovered frontier and take necessary precautions against the possibility of another catastrophe.

France and almost the whole world wish for peace. But in Germany, conquered only yesterday, is there really a unanimous desire to preserve peace? A terrible wave of violence breaks out almost daily and does not stop short of

periodical murder, and shows there are still too few brave spirits in Germany to stem the wave of destruction. And although the German Government condemns manifestations, there is no evidence, alas, that it has strength to check them.

Germany, it seems, does not accept her defeat. It is true that very few Germans consider the Treaty of Versailles as anything but an intolerable injustice, a monstrous forced peace of shame and violence, against which every means of resistance is justified. Thus the idea of revenge is systematically directed against France and, supported daily by the press under the influence of Pan-Germans and by militarist manifestations of every kind which no authority has yet been strong enough to suppress, is making continuous progress among the mass of the people.

The report goes on to argue that German feeling about Upper Silesia, German desire to absorb Austria, the sinister intimacy of Germany and Russia—any of these may lead to war. When Control Commissions are withdrawn, Germany can quickly prepare for a conflict.

However firm may be the desire of France to avoid such a conflict, she would fail in her duty if she neglected to provide against it.

The situation arising out of the war has imposed obligations on France with regard to the maintenance of political stability in Europe. The presence of large French forces on the Rhine not only applies pressure which obliges Germany to respect the treaties she has signed, but affords considerable moral support to the young nations of Central Europe which have arisen since the war and contributes largely to giving France the necessary authority for maintaining the principles of order and justice and for securing their observance.

The military force of France is at present an essential factor of peace in Europe. France would be glad to reduce it after the terrible sufferings she has undergone, but she cannot be asked to do so as long as the Germans' war spirit, to which we have drawn attention, continues to exist.

* * *

It is estimated that the cost of the French military establishment during 1923 will be the equivalent of \$348,750,000. Congress has appropriated \$271,000,000 for our army of approximately 137,000 (including officers) during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923. The cost of Great Britain's army of 215,000 during 1923 is estimated at \$272,800,000. The combined cost of the French military and naval establishments is less than the combined cost of the British or American military and naval establishments; and that would be a much fairer kind of comparison.

Germany

A Discouraging Proposal.

IN response to the Reparation Commission's demand for "concrete, definite" proposals looking to stabilization of the mark, the German Government on November 9 submitted the following vague document (New York Times translation):

First—The German Government again declares it regards stabilization and improvement of the mark as the most important and urgent task of its policy.

Second—It again points out with all emphasis that everything that can be done now to stabilize will be merely expedients to restore a certain confidence among the public in Germany and abroad in the future of German economy and German finances.

Third—Permanent success can only be guaranteed if a



P. & A. Photos

New German diving apparatus with features which enable the diver to be comfortable 1,000 feet below the surface. It is equipped with electric light, and telephone



Wide World Photos

French tractors, at the edge of the Sahara, about to start on a trip of experimentation and exploration under the direction of the French Colonial Minister

final solution of the whole reparation problem is shortly undertaken and quickly carried to completion.

Fourth—Nevertheless, the German Government believes it necessary and possible immediately to undertake measures along the line of coöperation of a foreign banking syndicate and the Reichsbank.

Fifth—The German Government recommends to the most earnest attention of the Reparations Commission the attached plan of Messrs. Vissering, Dubois and Brand, and begs that it be used as a basis for further treatment of the stabilization question.

Sixth—The German Government in particular adopts the idea contained therein that supporting action by an international banking consortium be undertaken immediately.

Seventh—And the first condition the experts make is that Germany temporarily be freed from all cash payments under the Versailles treaty and all material reparation payments.

Eighth—The German Government, however, is willing to undertake material deliveries for reconstruction of the devastated regions even during the stabilization process in so far as it is possible to finance such material deliveries out of the budget or through internal loans.

Ninth—The proposed action purposes not only saving Germany from her currency troubles, the balancing of the budget and the damming of the floating debt, but it is a necessary postulate that Germany be placed in a position to resume reparation payments, and particularly to place foreign loans, the proceeds of which would be used for liquidating Germany's reparation obligations.

The attached plan which the German Government recommends to the earnest attention of the Reparations Commission is the minority report of the foreign financial experts who, at the German Government's invitation, spent some time in Berlin studying the situation. It is to be noted that the minority report stresses foreign assistance, whereas the excellent majority report declares that stabilization "must primarily depend upon Germany's own efforts and own resources and on resolute action by her Government."

We wish to make it clear that in our opinion, pending final settlement of the reparation question on sound lines, no credit can be obtained from a foreign consortium except on a very modest scale to supplement and support Germany's own efforts. No really substantial loan can possibly be obtained from foreign sources until the lenders have assurance as to their position and the conclusion of the moratorium period. For without such assurance no sound basis of credit exists.

The selection by the German Government of the minority instead of the majority report for recommendation "to the earnest attention" of the Reparations Commission, is an infinitely discouraging circumstance.

* * *

On receipt of the above proposal, the Reparations Commission, which had been in Berlin several days studying the situation and discussing it with the German Government, returned to Paris in disgust. Thereupon the German Government, perceiving that some little show of a disposition to help itself was "indicated," dispatched to the Commission another set of proposals, which, though none too definite, are much more so than those quoted above. They will be discussed in another issue.

The Wirth Cabinet Resigns

The Wirth Cabinet resigned on November 14. The United Social Democratic party of Germany refused the demand of the Centrists and Democrats that the German People's Party be admitted to participation in the Coalition Government on equal terms with the three parties represented therein (the Centrists, the Democrats, and the United Social Democratic Party). The demand had the approval of the Democrats and Centrists, and Wirth, himself a Centrist, was willing to accede to it. It was the left wing of the United Social Democratic Party—i. e., the one-time Independent Socialists—that caused the refusal; they could not stomach Stinnes, and small blame to them.—Here is something new and interesting to watch.

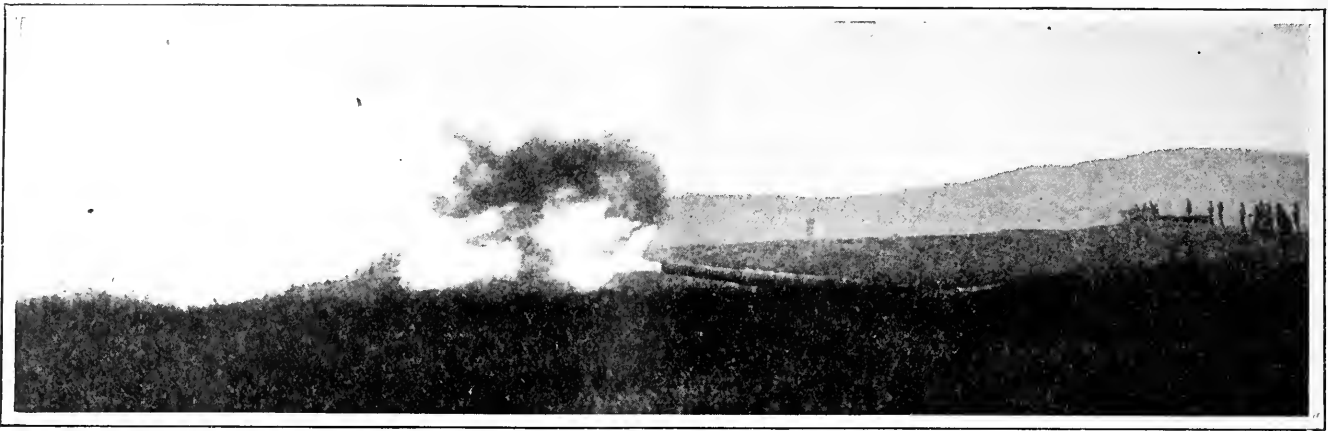
Germany Needs Food Credits

It is said that Germany needs to import 2,000,000 tons of grain, for which she requires food credits, as the exchange value of the entire paper mark circulation would not total the purchase price.

Turkey, Etc.

Developments

ON November 1 the Grand National Assembly of Turkey, sitting at Angora, passed a law of which the following are the most important clauses (New York Times translation):



Underwood & Underwood

14-in. gun at Fort McArthur, Cal., being fired

From March 16, 1920, and for always, the Government of the nation is vested in the National Assembly. No other form of government will be recognized, and the people will recognize no personal authority like that in Constantinople.

The Caliphate will continue to be exercised by the Othman family, but the Assembly will choose a Prince whose moral qualities, talent and conduct suit him for the choice. The Turkish Government will be the principal rampart of the Caliphate.

The Sublime Porte, having through corrupt ignorance for several centuries provoked numerous ills for the country, has passed into the domain of history.

About the same time a note was dispatched to the French Foreign Office, declaring that all acts of the Constantinople Government since and including March 16, 1920, and including financial transactions, are repudiated by the Angora Assembly.

March 16, 1920, is the date of the formal Allied "occupation" of Constantinople and the dissolution, under Allied pressure, of the Turkish Chamber at Constantinople which had adopted the National Pact.

There be some who hope that, to offset the divisions among the Franks, the above-quoted act of the Angora Assembly will divide Islam. The Caliphate tradition seems to require the Caliph to be a temporal ruler. As for the note to Paris, the Allies cannot be expected to sit down calmly in the repudiation of the considerable debts incurred by the Sultan's Government since March, 1920. Certain reports gave out that Mohammed VI had been deposed as Caliph, but apparently he still remains Caliph, continuing to reside in the Yildiz Palace, where he is guarded by Allied soldiers and consoled by a new wife, a Circassian of marvelous beauty.

On November 4 the Angora Government took over the civil administration of Constantinople, Rafet Pasha assuming the Governorship and our old friend Hamid Bey remaining as High Commissioner. The latter notified the Allied High Commissioners as follows: "Interallied military occupation of Constantinople not only is useless but impossible. . . . A certain number of gendarmes must be sent from Angora for maintenance of order."

The Allied authorities accepted the new civil régime, but apparently with certain exceptions—just what, does not appear. Rafet Pasha seized the customs administration and proclaimed the most astonishing duties, with result that foreign vessels refused to unload flour absolutely necessary to a population on short rations; and with further result that the Allied authorities ordered "Hands off," and resumed customs control. It is not clear whether or no Rafet Pasha took over the Ottoman Bank or the service of sanitation (hitherto beneficently supervised by the Allies under a formal convention).

The Allied authorities were willing to concede up the limit of reason as to the civil administration, but they absolutely refused to oblige as to military evacuation. The

Angora Government was so informed in language of sufficient brusqueness—the kind of language a Turk understands and respects. The insolence of the Turk, indeed, created Allied solidarity at Constantinople. The Allied authorities appear to have simply ignored a declaration from Angora that foreign warships must obtain the consent of the Turkish authorities before entering a Turkish port, and more to like effect.

The French and Italian Governments had no choice but to back their representatives at Constantinople, and, at Lord Curzon's suggestion, they telegraphed to them instructions identical with those sent to Sir Charles Harington and Sir Horace Rumbold—namely, authorizing them to take any steps which the situation might, in their opinion, demand, even to the point of declaring martial law.

For a day or two the Kemalists continued to press their extreme demands in haught and orgulous terms, but they shut up when convinced that the Allies really meant business. Immediately upon the establishment of the Kemalist civil administration, the Turkish proletariat of Constantinople demonstrated with such violence that the Allied troops and police were compelled to fire on them, killing and wounding several. That had the required effect, and indeed Constantinople seems to be quiet enough. Whether or no the Allies have permitted the establishment of Turkish gendarmerie in the city, does not appear from the dispatches.

It is understood that the Christian population of Constantinople (which exceeded the Turkish) is being evacuated as fast as shipping serves.

Under the terms of the Mudania Convention, the Turks were permitted to maintain in Eastern Thrace, pending the decisions of the peace conference, a force of 8,000 gendarmes; no troops proper. Report had it that they had afoot 30,000 gendarmes (so called, but really soldiers) and that the Allies had protested. As to what followed upon the protest, we lack information.

And now all eyes are turned to Lausanne. The opening of the peace conference was postponed from the 13th to the 20th at the instance of the British. Lord Curzon has insisted that there must be agreement before the Conference on a joint Allied policy, and Poincaré, evidently most unwilling, has at last consented to meet Curzon and Mussolini to that end. It will be hard for Poincaré, who evidently had aspired to the rôle of protector of Islam and had hoped to mediate between the Briton and the Turk; it will be hard for Poincaré to renounce that grandiose rôle and sink to the drab character of an honest and loyal ally.

Ferid Bey Talks

Ferid Bey, the Angora representative at Paris, made some very interesting statements on November 9, according to Mr. Edwin L. James, writing in the *New York Times*.

He said that Mustapha Kemal was not acting under pressure from extremists, and then continued:

The treaty of Mudros [i. e. the armistice convention of October 30, 1918] does not exist for us. It was the base for the Treaty of Sèvres, which has been torn up. For us only one armistice counts, that at Mudania.

We demand the right to administer our country as we see fit.

For us the capitulations do not exist. We shall not ask that they be abrogated. We shall ignore them completely. If the Sultan promised the capitulations in treaties, we reply that the war annulled all Turkish treaties and we stand in absolute independence.

We are taking over our customs. That is our right, for we are sovereign and free and are not bound in any way. As for the courts, that matter is to be arranged on the principle that Turkey is free to do what she sees fit. For the schools, we demand that they submit to our laws. That is all.

In Mr. James's words:

Ferid said that Angora did not deny the Turkish debt but regarded the service of the Ottoman debt as an arrangement of Turkey with private creditors. He said the Ottoman debt would not be subject to negotiation at Lausanne, which probably will be a great surprise to the British and French diplomats. He said Angora preferred to arrange directly with Turkey's creditors.

"We are a people being reborn," said Ferid Bey.

We are beginning all over again. We are going to apply our new laws and we refuse to admit European condominium. The people and nations who benefited from the weaknesses of the preceding Turkish Governments do not wish to admit our sovereignty, but they must realize that there has been a change.

The Government at Angora intends to apply the laws of the country. These laws are based upon our independence and the sovereignty of Turkey. The departure of the Sultan means for us the separation of Church and State and nothing more.

All that was signed between Angora and the Allies at Mudania will be carried out. Everything else will be settled with full liberty of action for our Government. If any one thinks he is wronged he can appeal to our courts.

Moscow Protests Again

The Moscow Government has addressed a note to London, protesting against its exclusion from participation in the Near East Conference except for the negotiations relating to the status of the Straits. The note, moreover, protests against similar treatment of Bulgaria, and demands participation in the entire conference of Soviet Russia, Bulgaria, the Ukraine and Georgia. The note proceeds in the best Muscovite propagandist vein:

At a time when all the Powers were leagued against Turkey, Soviet Russia alone entered into friendship with her and her exclusion from the conference shows that the Entente Powers are determined to snatch from the Turkish people the fruit of their heroic victories. Soviet Russia is the friend of all oppressed peoples and she believes it her duty to attend the conference to obtain for the Turkish people the realization of their full national rights on which alone a stable peace in the Near East can be founded.

Bulgaria also presents a claim (couched in respectful language) to participation in the entire conference, chiefly because of her need of an outlet on the Ægean, and because of the very large number of refugees within her borders.

A Correspondent Hands It Out Hot.

A correspondent "hands it out hot" in the following:

The American Congress adjourned at the height of the Near East crisis, in which it was not interested or in which it lacked the courage and magnanimity to show interest effectively. The American Congress could have saved the Christian minorities in Asia Minor. We flatter ourselves that we are at the forefront of civilization, that the leadership of civilization has passed to us. True leadership by us of civilization (and the essentials of civilization are universally recognized and cannot be obscured by the obfuscating efforts of propaganda and petty journalism) implies that we will fight for it (even with the sword, if necessary, however paradoxical that may sound to pacifists and "liberals"), will protect it, will make provision against assaults upon it to be expected from barbarians. We may be the most civilized people in the world, we probably are; but by our behaviour

since the Armistice we have shown ourselves in nowise worthy to be called champions or leaders of civilization. The sufferings of the Armenians in Asia Minor, the recent tragedy in Smyrna, the resurgence of Turkey as a great Power, these things reflect disgrace on us more than on Britain or France or Italy, who may reasonably plead poverty and exhaustion and the trammels of tradition. We, rich and unexhausted, a mere stern word from whom would probably halt the Unspeakable Turk, having an unexampled opportunity to champion civilization, do not in fact do so.

On a recent Sunday prayers were said in the Protestant churches throughout our country for the "peoples of Asia Minor." On the same day, doubtless, prayers were made and thanks rendered in the Mohammedan mosques throughout Turkey and indeed throughout the Islamic world. At the same time Mustapha Kemal was keeping his powder dry. Perhaps you can kill a cat with magic; but you had best use arsenic also.

Very Considerate

Prior to the passage by the Angora Assembly of the act abolishing the Sultanate, the Sultan's Government was kind enough to relieve the Allies of an embarrassment. The Allies had invited both the Constantinople and Angora Governments to participate in the peace conference. The Angora Government announced that it would not be represented should the Constantinople Government participate. The Constantinople Government declined the invitation.

The Sultan's Government has ceased to exist, though the Great Padishah has not admitted that he is abolished as Sultan. His cabinet resigned on establishment of the Kemalist administration in Constantinople.

Several Things

THERE seems to be doubt now whether the proposed Brussels Economic Conference will be held. The British are cool about it. Poincaré may try to barter Near East points for British concessions concerning reparations.

* * *

On December 3 Switzerland will vote on a bill (originating with the Socialists) proposing a very stiff capital levy. It is said that, in apprehension that the bill may be passed, capital is being exported and industry is seriously affected.

* * *

Recent elections to the first Diet under the new Polish constitution returned the following: 168 Conservatives; 9



International

W. E. Stevenson, an American Rhodes scholar, winning the 120-yard hurdles at a meet at Oxford

of the Centre; 182 of the Farmer, Socialist, and Labor Parties, together known as the Left; 2 Communists; 83 non-Poles—Jews, Germans, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, White Russians, etc. The elections to the Senate gave similar results. The non-Poles hold the balance of power.

* * *

At least 1,200 lives have been lost on the coast of Chile from earthquake and tidal wave, besides great destruction to shipping, to quays, and to town and countryside by the sea.

* * *

The National Assembly of the Far Eastern Republic has passed a resolution abolishing itself and asking for union with Soviet Russia.

Play-As-You-Enter Schools

By Alfred G. Rolfe

I HAVE been talking with my friend, Mrs. Letherhed. She has four boys and her hobby is schools. Like many others, she loves new things in education.

"I have found a new school," she said by way of greeting.

"Indeed," I replied. That is about as much as one can reply to Mrs. Letherhed, whose tongue can no man tame.

"Yes," she continued. "It's in an abandoned brewery. Such a delightful place, and such an atmosphere. You've no idea."

"Hops?" I ventured.

Mrs. Letherhed looked puzzled. Her sense of humor is not highly developed. Then she brightened.

"No," she said, "they haven't organized the dancing classes yet. They are going to have morris dances and all that sort of thing, when the weather gets settled. They have arts and crafts and manual training and all the useful subjects. It's really wonderful. And such a history course! My James, who is quite temperamental, you know, is crazy about his history teacher. The other night, when he said his prayers, he asked if he might mention her name."

"I hope you let him," I said, as Mrs. Letherhed paused for breath.

"Yes, I did," she continued. "I couldn't see that it would do any harm. You know what the Bible says about the prayers of children."

"Yes, indeed," I assented, meaning to look it up at the first opportunity. I did look, but found nothing. Perhaps that is what she meant. I wonder.

"And now," she said, "I must be running along. I have so enjoyed this little chat with you. Do look up the school. The old brewery, you know. And go into the history class. Quite unique. The children write their own text-book."

Mrs. Letherhed fluttered away, leaving me speechless, although I did recover sufficiently to murmur, "Indeed," long after she was out of hearing.

A day or two after our interview I found myself in the vicinity of the old brewery and resolved to see what this wonderful school was like. Long experience has taught me that Mrs. Letherhed's judgment is not infallible.

The gate stood invitingly open, and I ventured in. Just inside I met a little maid, who seemed to be doing nothing in particular. When she saw me she courtesied and said, "Gie ye godden, graybeard!" There are a few gray hairs in my beard, but they never have been officially recognized, and the salutation annoyed me.

"Good afternoon," I replied with dignity. "Can you tell me, my child, where I can find someone in authority?"

"I am not your child," she said gravely. "Perhaps you have so many that you can't remember them all. And there's no one in authority. The school is in there."

She pointed towards a door and resumed her occupation. Thus dismissed, I opened the door and entered a large room, cheerful and well lighted. On the walls were mottoes and a large number of colored maps on

rollers. I remember two of the mottoes: "The Personality of the Child is Sacred," and "Individuality Is Life."

One urchin was amusing himself by pulling down a map of the world to its full length and then letting it roll up with a bang. Doubtless, the modern method of studying Geography.

The room was fairly well filled with children, who seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. A group of boys and girls, gathered round a piano, were singing with gusto a well-known song, "There's Nobody Home but the Baby."

In the middle of the room a game of tag was in full swing. All was confusion, and there seemed to be no one in authority, but there was a certain orderliness about it all. I accosted a small boy who bumped into me with violence and apologized very prettily.

"Is this recess?" I inquired.

"No, sir," was the answer, "We didn't feel like lessons today, and so most of the teachers have gone home. Did you want to see Miss Smith? She was here a while ago and played tag until her hair came down. If you wish to visit classes, there aren't any except history. That recites every day. They say they like it. Did you ever study history?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think I did, once, but I've forgotten most of it, and should like to visit the history class. Where is it reciting?"

"Well, you never can tell," he said. "We change pretty often, for everyone gets tired of the same old room. Have you tried the malt room? We all like that, on account of its smell, you know. It's just through that door. I would go with you, but I can't because I'm one of the game wardens. We look after the little children and stop fights."

I thanked him and continued my quest. Leaving the game room, I passed along a corridor and soon came to a door on which had once been a sign in large capitals, "MALT."

Some ingenious soul had utilized the capitals and evolved the following motto, "More Art, Less Time," which I took to be a condensed version of "Art is long and time is fleeting."

I knocked, at first timidly, then more boldly. As there was no response I opened the door and entered.

A busy scene met my gaze. At one of the blackboards, with which the room was well supplied, a young girl was drawing with colored chalks. The other members of the class, fifteen or twenty in number, were watching the performance with intense interest. As the work progressed, hands began to go up, and when the task was done and the artist had written under it "Maria fecit," there was a general waving of arms in air.

"Who knows?" said the teacher, and in full chorus came the answer, "Marathon." Then all together, teacher and pupils, chanted—

The mountains took on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

At this point the teacher caught sight of me and made me welcome.

"It's battlefields and biography today," she said, "One child draws a plan of a battlefield, and the others identify it, if they can. We have just finished that, and now we are going to have biographies. Each pupil has written some verses about a favorite character in history. These are typewritten, and copies are given to all members of the class. Of course, some of the verses are rather lame, but they act as memory stimuli. John, will you begin?"

John rose and announced as his subject "Romulus, the founder of Rome and its first king."

Of all the ancient Roman Kings
Romulus was primus.
He laid the ancient city out
Likewise his brother Remus.

"Very good," said the teacher. "That gives us several points to remember. The ending is especially quaint and pleasing. Now Elizabeth."

Elizabeth, a golden-haired maiden of tender years, arose blushing and said, "I have chosen as my subject 'Claudius,' the admiral, not the emperor. He threw the sacred chickens into the sea because they wouldn't eat."

When the sacred chicken brood
Chose to quarrel with their food,
Claudius, that Roman rude,
Did not blink.
"Drat the poultry-yard," said he,
"Throw the d—d things in the sea.
If they can't eat properly,
Let 'em drink."

"Mother didn't like the swear word," she hastened to explain, "but father said it was 'peppy.' So I left it in. Do you like it, teacher?"

The teacher hedged, "While I do not approve of profanity in general, still we all know that sailors, especially admirals, swear a good deal. If we remember that, perhaps we may let it stand. Now, Edward."

Edward's contribution was brief. "I have written about two explorers," he announced. "They are Hanno and Pytheas."

The explorer Hanno
Played on the piano
On his way to Sierra Leone;
While at Ultima Thule
Pytheas, the unruly,
Performed on the slide-trombone.

"Edward's father deals in musical instruments," the teacher explained to me in an aside. "Of course you know, Edward," she added aloud, "that these instruments, while of undoubted antiquity, were unknown to the early explorers."

"Oh, yes," said Edward. "Father said that they were anachronisms, but nobody can play on those. And I thought that it didn't matter what they played on so long as they went to those places."

"Quite true," said the teacher, "You have only followed the example of the greatest of English poets, whose anachronisms are a matter of general knowledge."

"Yes, ma'am," said Edward.

The next performer was a bright-eyed maiden named Clara, whose subject was Archimedes. Clara plunged at once into deep water.

Archimedes, old boy,
Found out the alloy
In Hiero's best Sunday crown.
He shouted "Eureka,"
Took a dose of paprika,
And died in the sack of the town.
Syracuse, 212 B. C.

"I don't suppose he ever heard of paprika," she

added, "but I couldn't think of any other rhyme for Eureka."

Clara seemed on the verge of tears and the teacher hastened to reassure her.

"Never mind," she said, "You have given us much food for thought, and we all thank you. It didn't really matter what sort of dose he took, did it?"

"Well, it does to me," said Clara, "but I presume he didn't care. My father drinks all sorts of—"

Here the teacher thought best to interrupt and called upon a dreamy looking youth who answered to the name of Harold.

Harold stated by way of introduction that his contribution took the form of free verse, a statement which fell far short of the truth. His subject was "Decius."

Decius,
To save his country
In time of deadly peril
Dedicated himself
To the infernal gods.
If ever the call comes,
Go thou
And do likewise.

"A very patriotic and pleasing sentiment," said the teacher. "While I do not, in general, approve of *vers libre*, still many noted men and women have used it with effect. Whitman's name will occur to you all. It must, however, be used discreetly and in moderation."

"Like Whitman's candy?" queried Harold.

"Yes, although you must not confuse the poet with the manufacturer of sweets."

"No, ma'am," said Harold.

At this point I was moved to withdraw, but before I could frame a decent excuse for so doing the teacher called upon my young friend James Letherhed, and I decided to stay.

James announced as his subject "Hannibal" and pre-faced his performance with a few words of explanation.

"I couldn't use his name in my poem, because the only word which rhymes with 'Hannibal' is 'cannibal,' and he wasn't that. So I called him the Punic commander. I hope you won't mind."

"Not at all," said the teacher. "Please proceed," James proceeded.

At the river Ticinus
And Lake Trasimene
And Trebia, one, two, three,
The Punic commander
Outdid Alexander
And finished the job at Cannae.
He pounced on poor Varro
Like a hawk on a sparrow
And slaughtered his men without pity.
Please remember the date.
Year 538
Since Romulus founded the city.

"Very good, indeed, James," was the teacher's comment. "You have condensed much information into a few lines. We all thank you. And now we must stop, for our time expired long ago. Those who have not read may hand in their poetry, and tomorrow you will receive copies of all the verses for your note-books. We will try to meet in the same room tomorrow, but if we find another class in possession we must respect the rights of others, musn't we? Perhaps the game room will not be occupied. Good-bye and don't forget our guest."

The guest was not forgotten, and after I had shaken hands with the departing pupils I turned to the teacher. "A remarkable school," I said. The statement seemed reasonably safe.

"Yes," she assented, "I think it is. We try to stimulate interest in the children and at the same time to respect their personality. It's not always easy, for the modern child is so temperamental. Personally, I have been greatly helped by the writings of Burble. You know him, I presume."

"Not so well as I might," I answered. "Does he suggest this method of teaching history?"

"No, that is all my own. It serves a definite purpose. The children like it, and, after all, that is the essential thing, isn't it?"

Luckily, she didn't seem to expect a reply, and I took my departure.

That night I called up Mrs. Letherhed.

"I have visited your school," I announced, "and the history class. You are right in thinking both unique."

"I'm so glad you agree with me," she purred.

"Yes," I resumed, "and when James says his prayers tonight he might mention the whole school as well as his history teacher."

"Well," she responded, doubtfully, "of course you realize that James is very temperamental, but I hope he will feel like doing it. You know what the Bible says about the prayers of children."

"Yes, indeed," I said, as I hung up the receiver.

An Incident in International Amity

By Gardner Teall

A GRACIOUS incident in international amity recently occurred at the opening of the annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York in the halls of the American Museum of Natural History. On this occasion the beautiful new yellow reflex chrysanthemum, "Princess Nagako," named in honor of the fiancée of H. I. H. the Crown Prince of Japan, was shown for the first time.

As was pointed out on this occasion by Dr. Kumasaki, Japanese Consul General in New York, the chrysanthemum (*kiku* is the Japanese word for the flower) has been known to the Japanese from remote times. For at least six centuries a sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum has served as one of the two personal badges of the Imperial Family of Japan, the other being the three-leaved *kiri* (the *Paulownia imperialis*), although the use of this latter is not now restricted to the decoration of articles for the Emperor's personal use. The *kiku* badge, however, is interdicted to other than Imperial use. It will be found on the postage stamps of Japan.

The chrysanthemum, likened by Japanese lore to a saint whose soul is free from the trials and tribulations of the world, has always occupied a place in the affections of Japan which the rose has held in the affections of other nations. In Japanese poetry, as in Japanese art, this lovely flower has taken prominent place in the culture of Nippon. The poet Kiyowara Motosuke, who lived A. D. 907-990, sung of the dew-drops dripping from the blossoms of the chrysanthemum "every today," and wondered how many centuries would pass before this dew could form a pool! Oshikochi no Mitsune, another famous tenth-century Japanese poet and one of the compilers of the "Kokinshu" ("Collection of Odes, Ancient and Modern"), one of the Japanese classics, wrote a *tanka* (a five-line verse) on the chrysanthemum which William N. Porter ("A Hundred Verses From Old Japan") translates as follows:

It was a white chrysanthemum
I came to take away;
But which are colored, which are white,
I'm half afraid to say,
So thick the frost today!

Of the verses on the chrysanthemum by later Japanese poets, that in *hokku* (three-line epigram form) by Ranko is probably the best known. This Porter translates as follows:

Chrysanthemums, pure white,
Are like moonbeams caught within
The frosted dew at night.

On the occasion of the birthday of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, the poet Bakujin wrote:

Little birds sing to say
Pine, maple, and chrysanthemum
Should be our flag today.

With the Japanese the pine is a symbol of longevity, the maple of the beauty of autumn, and the chrysanthemum of the Imperial House.

I cannot help but wonder if Ransetsu, a seventeenth-century poet noted for his *hokku*, would not, had he beheld the wonderful yellow flower named in honor of the Princess Nagako, have modified his opinion as expressed in his verse "On a Hundred Chrysanthemums Assembled," which Basil Hall Chamberlain ("Japanese Poetry") translates as follows:

Yellow chrysanthemums,
White chrysanthemums:—
Would there were no more names than these!



Underwood

Judge Hooper on the Middle Classes

By Ellis Parker Butler

COURT OFFICER DURFEY approached our eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Judge," he asked, "who are these Fascisti folks that are paradin' around Italy these days and tellin' the king where he gets off at?"

"You mean the 'black-shirts,' Durfey?" queried Judge Hooper. "They are you and me, Durfey, and Mr. Higgins that runs the grocery store down at the corner. Parabolically speaking, Durfey, the black-shirts are the white-collars of the land of the olive and the home of the limber but edible spaghetti. In a way of speaking, Durfey, the black shirt is the pair of old jeans pants you and I put on some Saturday afternoon when patience has ceased to be a virtue and we know that our colored friend Rastus Diggs has lied eighty-seven times out of eighty-seven when he said he would come and clean the rubbish out of the woodshed. When we take off the white collar and put on the old jeans pants, Durfey, the wife knows we're mad and will stand no more woodshed nonsense. The rubbish is going to depart from the sacred precincts of that woodshed ere set of sun, and don't you forget it!"

"The black shirt on the chest of the white-collar man is the symbol of 'too much is plenty,' Durfey."

"Look, now!" says the white collar lad, "I'm a plain citizen and busy most of the time, and my occupation of doing most of the world's work is so important that I have little time to worry if you but wave a red flag over my head, but, by dang, if you flap it in my eyes you'll learn I can peel off the stiff bosom and don the shirt of the hard fist and give a terrible wallop in the eye." And he would have done so, Durfey, in Italy, if the red eye had not most wisely held its mouth."

"The Fascisti, Durfey, is the fist of the Middle Classes showing the Italian woodshed that it has muscles like other folks, and that it is not afraid to put on a working shirt and use them if need be. And a fine thing for the world, Durfey, at this day and moment, when the middle class has been so often told that it is a pickled jelly-fish that it has begun to believe it."

"For, mind you, Durfey, there's no doubt that red is the noisiest color in the world, bar none, which is no more than saying that one frog in a puddle can make more noise than the puddle and eighteen surrounding acres of good farm land. But which, Durfey, is not saying the frog is worth much or is more than a nuisance at best."

"The fact is, Durfey, that this is a middle class

world and becoming more so every day, and it is high time the mind-our-own-business folks hither and yon should mention it. Someone does well to peel off the white collar and relieve the thorax and shout the truth in a loud voice.

"The middle classes, Durfey, became the vast majority when the hut became a home and the aristocracy ceased to be the whole cheese and became as useless as the gilt label on the outside of the package. In this blessed land of ours everybody is the middle class except the tramp and the agitator, and both of them could be if they wanted to be. This is a middle-class nation, Durfey, and the middle class is the salt of the earth, and the best job yet produced by the Creator. He is not a slave and he is not an autocrat; he is you and me and the folks."

"And it is the same elsewhere, Durfey. There are one or two places, like Russia, maybe, where the

middle class is scarce and few and, as I may say, can be put into a teaspoon and lost, but we don't want that fact to fool us, Durfey. We don't want to get the idea that what can happen in a land where there have been naught but autocrats and serfs can also happen in a land where pa and ma and the family have not been scared of a policeman for a hundred years. The trouble with Russia was that it was kicked out of

autocracy into the middle of a middle-class world and it had no middle class whatever. But be not afraid; it will grow one; it is full of sprouts already. The dire fate of the whole world, Durfey, is to become middle class and proud of it."

"The trouble with the middle class, Durfey, is that once on a time some smart guy called it 'bourgeois' and it thought that meant 'He Who Gets Kicked' in a free translation, and nobody has bothered to tell it otherwise. It has thought 'God forgive me; I have a good pair of shoes and a dollar more than I need to pay the grocer—I wonder if I have a right to live, or should I go and drown myself for shame?' It has what this Freud man would call an inferiority complex, Durfey, left over from the days when the man that had a turnip patch was the first man the robber baron soaked or the robber tramp took a whack at. The middle class was the goat, Durfey—everybody's goat. Now he is everybody. Almost."

"Then what has he to be scared of, judge?" asked Durfey.

"If the news from Italy is authentic," said Judge Hooper, "the answer to your query, Durfey, is—not a blame thing!"



In Canada's Far Northwest

By Fullerton Waldo

LATELY, I spent three hours on the back platform of a Canadian Pacific train with a veteran foreman of the railroad. His head full of traditions of Donald Smith, Van Horne, Shaughnessy, and "Jim" Hill, he bewailed a decadence since their day. From Winnipeg to Fort William, Ontario, the ties and rails were only less dear to him than children. In the old days, nothing was easy and everything was grief. "It was light steel and heavy loads, with green help," he put it. But you could lick that green help into shape with patience. Nowadays what have you? "Socialists with their wars and rumors of wars, sitting in our city councils and our provincial legislatures, talking the face off the clock."

He did not know what Canada was coming to. The scum and the offscouring of the Old World would never do to build up the New. You needed men of guts, two-fisted, to cope with the swamp land and the prairie, to draw the wealth out of the soil.

"We have too many land-poor," he declaimed. "We need the man who works the tract he takes, not one who lies down and waits for it to rise in value. That village we just spun through is not a mite bigger than it was when I came here from Scotland forty years ago. There's a lot of poverty in Winnipeg because men won't work for less than war-bounty wages they got five years ago. They'd rather live on a dole from public funds. And the Socialist councilmen and legislators, with nothing at stake, don't care what they spend. So the taxes rise, and those who hold the property must pay them."

"Too many want to get rich in no time. This railroad pays men 60 cents an hour for tamping ties. Those men have to live, but at the same time it's awful money for that job. We were happier in the old days, with lower wages and lower prices. Men were better off at 35 cents an hour. No employer can afford to pay men \$9 and \$10 a day. You needn't bring any of these Bolsheviks around me. I'm fed up with 'em. I've seen and heard enough of 'em."

"Time was when we paid 8 or 9 cents a pound for butter, 8 and 9 cents a dozen for eggs (and I've seen 'em down as low as 6), \$4.50 for cord-wood, and meat by the quarter for 3 and 4 cents a pound. Today what have we? Flour at \$4.85 for a 98-pound sack at Winnipeg. The worst is fuel. Hard coke is now \$19 a ton. Last winter hard coal was \$20.50. There's no hard coal to be had at present. Soft coal is \$13. Tamarack is \$9 a cord. Last winter it went to \$12. Lord help the poor when winter comes!

"Even a first-class 'pickled' (creosoted) tie for this railroad costs \$1.30. The tie itself is 30 cents. The rest is for the handling."

At Edmonton, according to a provincial cabinet member, the Alberta and Great Waterways wanted 70 men for ordinary labor. They wouldn't go for 30 cents an hour. They wanted 45, which they said the city of Edmonton paid. But the city was not hiring any men. Hence they loafed, and were ready to accept charity rather than a scale that was not of their own imposing.

In sharp contrast with that condition was the cheap efficient labor of the men of the Hudson's Bay boats on

the Mackenzie River. Hustling the four-foot spruce logs aboard for fuel, I worked as a volunteer deck-hand side by side with these fine and willing young fellows. Last year they got \$75 a month, all found; this year their pay has been slashed to \$40. Yet I heard scarcely a murmur of complaint. The stoker got \$45 a month. His work was very much harder than if he shoveled coal, for some of the logs handled were fifteen inches in diameter. It was like firing with railway ties.

Moreover, almost every man could do anything that needs to be done on such a boat. We bent a rudder-



International

Canadian lumberjacks in camp

shaft, and in about twenty minutes these men, swarming ashore through frozen mud, had a forge in full blast on the bank and were straightening it out. There was not a thing on the bank to help them. They had to take the apparatus piece-meal from the boat and set it up. They were merry as the day is long, and as generous as sunshine, and when a man drove an axe into the side of his foot they closed ranks and added his toil to their six-hour shifts cheerfully till he was up and hobbling about again.

Are conditions easy in the far northern country, the "friendly Arctic," as Stefansson has named it? They are not. Stefansson is quite right in all that he says of the intensive summer and the flowers and the flies. But I was present when my good friend the Bishop of the Mackenzie signed a check of \$1,000 for five and a half tons of coal, to be delivered to missionaries on Coronation Gulf. Until recently the price has been \$300 a ton. Coronation Gulf is treeless.

The boatmen can make their autumnal getaway to little farms on Peace River or to mines round Edmonton, or to the life of the lumberjack. Those who pass the winter at some riverpost must pay high for the privilege. Flour is \$24 for a 98-pound bag. Brown sugar is \$21 for 100 pounds. Soda crackers cost a dollar a pound and pilot crackers half that amount. This summer if you were in luck you get five small oranges for a dollar. Only about a quarter of this fruit, imported, can endure the river voyage.

Yet men who leave the country reviling it return to it. The lure of the North is quite as strong as that of the East or any other quarter.

A Page of Recent Verse

Edited by Helen Louise Cohen

Head of Department of English, Washington Irving High School

"Verse is the final proof to the poet that his mastery over his art is complete. It is the shutting up of his powers in 'measured content'; the answer of form to his spirit; of strength and ease to his guidance. . . . Verse, in short, is that finishing, and rounding, and 'tuneful planeting' of the poet's creations which is produced of necessity by the smooth tendencies of their energy or inward working, and the harmonious dance into which they are attracted round the orb of the beautiful. Poetry, in its complete sympathy with beauty, must of necessity leave no sense of the beautiful, and no power over its forms, unmanifested; and verse flows as inevitably from this condition of its integrity as other laws of proportion do from any other kind of embodiment of beauty. . . ."—LEIGH HUNT.

IT is strange in this hundredth year after the death of Shelley, to be publishing for the first time, a new poem to him written by his friend, Leigh Hunt. It has been thought that the "mood and manner suggest that the lines were written about the date of Hunt's book, *The Religion of the Heart*, which appeared in 1853."

"To Shelley," by Leigh Hunt

[*The London Mercury*]

Beloved Shelley, friend, immortal heart,
Whose name so long has been shut up in mine,
Which could not speak for tears; oh most belov'd
And divine soul, scarcely less visible
Or more a spirit now (so strong has love
Stamp'd thy warm image) than when heretofore
Thou satst beside our hearth, half lifted up
On pinions of seraphic will, and breath'dst
Fires of sweet faith, and beauteous scorn of scorn:

Oh now thou seest (out of that orb, where souls
Of martyrs go, to rest till the day come)
What golden hours await this yearning globe,
By hope at last, and honied breath like thine,
Spun like a starry bee. Which thought, and one
Other sweet fervid voice, which late I heard,
Forth pouring to it as I stood, in tears,
Strong in their weakness, and for infinite wants
Felt heav'n ordaining infinite supply,
Move me to utter what I heard, in words,
And stretch the stormy sweetness, far as breath
Is giv'n me, chaunting to thy spirit, friend,
And dim-seen angels, and desiring man.

From the days when the Anglo-Saxons launched their long boats into the gray northern waves, sea poetry and sea trope have distinguished English verse. Today Henry Newbolt, John Masefield, Rudyard Kipling, and Alfred Noyes are carrying on the tradition, of which the poem that follows is not unworthy.

"The Embarcadero," by Harry Noyes Pratt

[*The Lyric West*]

Great ships that nose to the rough gray landing
As cattle nose to the pasture gate;
Great bows that bend and bulge, outstanding
Above the tangle where cargoes wait.

Bold ships from the shores of far, dim oceans,
Formosa strait to Bristol town;
Their bows have swayed to the rhythmic motions
Of waves that wet them, keel and crown.

Gray ships that have swung down far, wide spaces,
Malayan isles to the Hebrides—
Fair ships that have known the wide far places
Of starry skies and the starlit seas.

Serene and aloof from the noisy clamour

They dream of the kiss of the wind-borne foam;
Of the thrust and swing as the wild seas hammer—
They dream of the seas that shall bear them home.

The parallel between the insect world and our own seems recurrent nowadays. It is not inappropriate to consider in connection with *The Insect Comedy* by Joseph and Karel Capek, now playing in New York, these reflections of a young American poet.

"Entomology," by Robert Hillyer

[*The Outlook*]

In August as I lay upon a hill

I saw black ants and red ones in the grass.
Well-bred, adept, they labored with a will
And stepped aside to let each other pass.

I saw two battling spiders come to terms,
And skate away without another word;
I also saw a beetle and three worms,
Which I just mentioned to a passing bird.

Small jungles, and a ground-mole come to grief
(If one can judge by such a skeleton);
A bob-tailed bug upon a strawberry leaf,
The which I tickled just to see him run.

These I observed, and many other things,
But I'll not bore you with particulars;
At any rate, the afternoon took wings,
And left the insect, Me, beneath the stars.

In the introduction to Lady Margaret Sackville's *Collected Poems* (1919), Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, analyzing her art, wrote: "Let us in the meanwhile be thankful for what remains to us of the classic tradition in form and dignity, which Lady Margaret more than any other of our young writers adheres to." Lady Margaret Sackville has more in common with our American Sarah Teasdale than with any of her English contemporaries. Lady Margaret's verse is rich in sentiment and moving in spirit, as witness this song:

"Finis," by Margaret Sackville

[*The New Republic*]

Well then, we've done with this and that and these:
Gardens in summer and the little noise
Of wind at night-fall, laden apple-trees,
Musical instruments and other toys.

Let us depart. Make haste. We have no choice,
Lest, lingering, even memory grow stale:
No ghost is more implacable than Joy's,
No tale more tedious than a twice-told tale.

Away then and away and look not back!
There is no happiness can outwit Time;
Soon will the first star dawn and the sun set.

Yet Ah!—before night closes on our track,
To launch our youth upon the wings of rhyme
And save its fires from failure and regret!

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

- WOODROW WILSON AND WORLD SETTLEMENT. By Ray Stannard Baker. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page.
- MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS. By Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Dodd, Mead.
- LOVE CONQUERS ALL. By Robert C. Benchley. Holt.
- MY YEARS ON THE STAGE. By John Drew. Dutton.
- THE SOUL OF DORSET. By F. J. Harvey Darton. Houghton Mifflin.
- HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE. By William Lyon Phelps. Scribner.
- THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. Houghton Mifflin.
- PENGUIN PERSONS & PEPPERMINTS. By Walter Prichard Eaton. W. A. Wilde Company.
- THE SUNNY SIDE. By A. A. Milne. Dutton.

EXTREMISTS among the admirers of our various public men have fallen into differing classes. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in an article written during Mr. Wilson's administration, became one of the earliest of what may be called the lachrymose school; in newspaper lingo it would be said that he could not write about the President without writing sob stuff. He described the birds twittering in the White House grounds, and an irreverent editor remarked that the correspondent seemed to be twittering on the lawn. In his two volume work, "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" (Doubleday), Mr. Baker does not employ this method; his is a frank and dignified presentation of Mr. Wilson's case in defense of what happened at Paris during the making of the treaty of peace. He publishes all that his chief desires to have known; for the rest one must go to other sources, to Mr. Lansing, and to all the other participants, friends, and critics. Of course, there is to some degree the usual phraseology of the advocate of the League of Nations; we are "idealists," we have "imperishable vision"—you others, by inference, are crass materialists, children of darkness. Mr. Baker is a loyal friend, a stout and honest fighter, and the tone of admiration in the book is not slavish. It is apparent that the League was, to Mr. Wilson, the be-all and the end-all, the cure-all and the mend-all. Old messes were to be left without clearing up, new messes were to be entered upon, compromises were to be made, and then the magic-working League was to come upon the scene and, like Dutch Cleanser, was to polish everything, and leave a bright and shining world. There is little which is startling in Mr. Baker's work (much of it appeared in the New York Times). It will comfort Mr. Wilson's friends, but it can hardly confound his opponents.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's "My Life and Some Letters" (Dodd, Mead) is a brilliant book. Her triumph in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," her tour with Mme. Bernhardt, her tours in America, her appearance in Shaw's "Pygmalion," are some of the more important professional events described by her. She writes of the husband who was killed in the Boer War, and of the son who was killed in the Great War; of her friendship and correspondence with such men as Mr. Shaw and Sir James Barrie. The Shaw letters are of especial interest.

Mr. Benchley begins to spoof on his title page. I do not know how many sentimental young persons have already bought his "Love Conquers All" (Holt) with the idea of finding a passionate romance, only to discover that (as in Artemus Ward's lecture on "The Babes in the Woods") the title has nothing to do with it. If, however, a reader wishing a volume of humorous skits comes into possession of the book, he will be captious if he is disappointed. He writes, for example, about the advertisements of the children's encyclopedias, and ends with some rhymes about

THE WELL-INFORMED CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the day-light
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the children's hour.
'Tis then appears tiny Irving
With the patter of little feet,
To tell us that worms become dizzy
At a slight application of heat.
And Norma, the baby savant,
Comes toddling up with the news
That a valvular catch in the larynx
Is the reason why Kitty mews.
"Oh, Grandpa," cries lovable Lester,
"Jack Frost has surprised us again,
By condensing in crystal formation
The vapor which clings to the pane!"
Then Roger and Lisenard Junior
Race pantingly down through the hall
To be first with the hot information
That bees shed their coats in the Fall.
No longer they clamor for stories
As they cluster in fun 'round my knee
But each little darling is bursting
With a story that he must tell me,
Giving reasons why daisies are sexless
And what makes the turtle so dour;
So it goes through the horrible gloaming
Of the Well-Informed Children's Hour.

John Drew—whose "My Years on the Stage" (Dutton) has only the fault of being too short—relates a presentation to Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) and to the Princess, in the Royal box, while the Daly company was playing at the Gaiety Theater in London. With the Princess was a young relation. When Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan, who accompanied him, returned back of the stage the other actors crowded round.

"Who was the other man in the box?" asked someone.

"He is one of the Princes of Denmark. The Princess of Wales is his aunt."

"What's he doing over here?"

"I don't know. They did not let us in on the purpose of his mission."

"I know what he's doing here," said James Lewis; "he has come over here from Denmark to collect royalties from Henry Irving for 'Hamlet.'"

In Philadelphia, writes Mr. Drew, there was at the Walnut Street Theater an old-fashioned, regular gallery audience, keen to approve what it liked and quick to voice its disapproval. His niece, Miss Ethel Barrymore, playing for the first time a long and important part, was somewhat nervous and not quite audible. A friendly voice called to her from the gallery:

"Speak up, Ethel. You're all right. The Drews is all good actors."

William Lyon Phelps believes in the inspiration of the Bible, and glories in the English Authorized Version as a great monument of literature and instrument of culture. In his "Human Nature in the Bible" (Scribner) he discusses its characters, with these beliefs as his background, and in a method which is modern, lively, sometimes amusingly audacious, and altogether fascinating.

Franklin K. Lane's "Letters" (Houghton Mifflin) should be read for the revelation of the man—a noble American, a politician who thought, a party man who was too humorous to be a partisan. The sensation which the letters made dwells in his comments on President Wilson and his Cabinet. Often a firm admirer of his leader, and perhaps qualified admirer to the end, his criticisms are all the more illuminating. On February 15, 1917, as he reports, Mr. Wilson "was not in sympathy with any great preparedness!" A few days later Lane asks Secretary Lansing if it is true that the wives of American consuls, on leaving Germany, had been stripped naked, given an acid bath to detect writing on their flesh, and subjected to other indignities. Lansing answered that it was true. The President says that the country was not willing that "we should take any risks of war. I said that I got no such sentiment out of the country . . ." The President thought that to let the country know what was going on was "to work up a propaganda of hatred against Germany." "I don't know whether the President is an internationalist or a pacifist, he seems to be very mildly national—his patriotism is covered over with a film of philosophic humanitarianism, that certainly doesn't make for 'punch' at such a time as this." On February 2, after Germany had sent her note about sinking all ships in the war zone, after all the horrors of Belgium, of the *Lusitania*, after the war had been going on for two years and a half, the President, in answer to a question as to which side he wished to see win, "said that he didn't wish to see either side win—for both had been equally indifferent to the rights of neutrals—though Germany had been brutal in taking life, and England only in taking property. He would like to see the neutrals unite."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

"Something Different"

ONE WORLD AT A TIME. By Margaret Fuller. New York: The Century Company.

MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE APPLE ORCHARD. By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE GREEN OVERCOAT. By Hilaire Belloc. With illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

LETTERS TO A DJINN. By Grace Zaring Stone. New York: The Century Company.

THE THINGS WE ARE. By John Middleton Murry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

REVIEWERS are always being asked to recommend to their correspondents and familiars "something out of the ordinary." This does not mean something above the average in workmanship, but something unusual in kind or savor—with a new "kick" or at least kink in it. Novelties become commodities over night. The latest tricks of naturalism or romanticism are quickly reduced to formula; so that, after turning the first few pages of almost any new novel, the experienced reader finds himself murmuring a label, and thereafter is chiefly interested in seeing how closely the label fits. But what we openly or secretly hunger for, readers and reviewers alike, is the original touch, whether or not it be associated with novelty of matter—or, if you like, the touch so original as to give novelty to any matter. "One World at a Time" is a book with this quality or property, a first-hand book. Its substance is simple enough, so far as the physical scene and action are concerned. It is not a book of youth. The author, say her publishers, "goes back to her own experience for the setting of 'One World at a Time' and for some of her characters, back to the days when as a little girl she herself visited an uncle in South Carolina and came to know many such Americans of French descent as those she so vividly describes in the novel." This book takes the form of reminiscence by one who has had a similar experience in girlhood. As the author's name is Margaret Fuller, and the supposed narrator is named for a "Sarah d'Ossoli," there would seem to be some direct connection here with the high-priestess of New England Transcendentalism: the publishers throw no light on this point of interest, perhaps because the younger generation has hardly heard of the Margaret Fuller of the Dial. It is not, I say, a book of or for youth. But it is not, either, a book of Victorian sentiment or elderly moralizing. I do not know how to describe its peculiar quality, its unconventionality, its ripe humor, its firm characterization, its quiet original charm of style. A moving tale of young love is embedded in it, but I expect to remember its miniature picture of the South in the early days after the war, and its portrait of Uncle Lapierre, a figure

which emerges clear and human from these pages, like the Uncle Toby of his favorite classic.

"Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" is so highly praised in a Foreword by J. D. Beresford that the knowing reader will begin the tale with misgivings. Mine were not lessened by the first few pages, which opened, as it seemed to me, in a vein of somewhat conscious fancifulness. But I was simply not in the key, and when I had once "tuned in" it all fell clear and happy upon my ear. Everything reminds a reviewer of something else, and this will remind him, perhaps, of "Jurgen." It has something of the imaginative grace, the overtone sonority and delicacy, of that fantasy, without its male grossness. You may read "Martin Pippin," like "Jurgen," as fairy-tale or parable, satire or love-story, or genial commentary on human nature, and take your pleasure of it. It is a good book for household reading aloud.

With a tale of this sort, place and time are of course nothing. Mr. Cabell's Poictesme and Miss Farjeon's Adversane in Sussex, Illyria, and Arden, are all the same country, which is no-country. But Miss Farjeon weaves a new charm out of her homely British yarn; her universal fairy-tale gains relish from its broad Sussex accent. Of what Martin Pippin is doing and saying in the apple orchard, at so much length and leisure, the less said at second hand the better. Chiefly he seems to be spinning a series of romantic yarns for the amusement of his quaint and innocent audience; but there is a quiet business of his own going on all the time, and in the end it is his romance which crowns all. Living happy ever after is not in the least our affair in this sort of fiction. Anybody can live happily enough, can be contented in a sensible way, if he sets his mind to it and refuses to let trifles upset him. But what does it profit him if he has failed to taste, for an instant, the nectar of romantic love? In such mood of complacent and elevating indifference to humdrum and common sense one must read "Martin Pippin." The skeptic in fairy matters and stickler for squalid fact will waste his time opening these pages.

"The Green Overcoat" is and pretends to be nothing but a piece of amusing foolery. But when a Belloc and a Chesterton collaborate in nonsense, something is "bound to drop." Mr. Chesterton, to be sure, appears here only in the new rôle of illustrator, but he does a very good job. His drawings belong to no recognizable school or manner, and we are grateful for this as well as for the fact that they actually illustrate the text—a thing which professional illustrators seldom stoop to. He must have had almost as much fun doing the pictures as Mr. Belloc had spinning the yarn. It is a blithe fantasy, in which, thank Heaven, there is not a word of sense. A number of ridiculous things happen to a number of ridiculous persons, and Mr. Belloc conveys them to us with the careless

gusto of an after-dinner intimate. It all begins with the purloining by a Professor of Psychology of a magnificent green overcoat belonging to a rich retired merchant. It is the kind of overcoat which brings misfortune to all illegal possessors, and only blesses the original owner. The Professor is pretty roughly handled by fate, becomes a forger and an impostor, and is saved from public exposure and disgrace only by an ingenious turn of chance which makes silence very much to the interest of the overcoat's rightful owner. The Professor is left by the adventure the reputed possessor of a considerable fortune, and a revered authority on psychic phenomena. I love Mr. Belloc's blithe and casual conclusion. Summing up with a row of "hows," he concludes: ". . . How Professor Higginson was compelled for many years to review the wildest books about spooks, and to lecture till he was thin as a rail (often for nothing) upon the same subject—all these things you will have to read in some other book, which I most certainly do not mean to write, and which I do not think anybody else will write for you. . . . How Guelph University looked when it found there was no Ten Thousand Pounds at all after Professor Higginson's death none of us know, for the old idiot is not yet dead. How they will look does not matter in the least, for the whole boiling of them are only people in a story, and there is an end of them."

"Wintergreen" is a less original bit of British comedy as the subtitle indicates—it is a story of the present, or of the very near past. Gardshore, the romantic hero, is a victim of shell-shock and misprised love. The affair of Gardshore and his lively and charming lady-love is in the foreground for those who like that kind of thing. The real centre of the comedy is the Scotch gentlewoman who has fled from domestic ills and boredoms into domestic service under the *nom de guerre* of "Wintergreen." Her gawky humor and common sense are balm and solvent to the troubles of the younger generation. It is pleasant and fitting that, having done her duty by the romantic story, she should receive a legacy of a million pounds, and should devote it to the founding of an "Order of Martha Maries" for the training to usefulness of unoccupied gentlewomen. The book is less fresh in kind than the others on our present list, but it will appeal to readers who like their Birmingham and Benson and Buckrose, and does not lack a mild flavor of its own.

"Letters to a Djinn" is the work of an American who has traveled in the Pacific, to Australia, Papua, Java, Ceylon, and successfully employs her memories of exotic scene and color in the weaving of a light but amusing Anglo-American romance. It is a good "travel-book" and a good love-story; and out of the unusual compound emerge with distinctness a surprising number of fellow-beings of various races—the clumsy sound-hearted Amer-

ican professor, the two Britons, Miss Hale-Hale and the Explorer (the latter being the romantic hero in the piece), the chivalrous and lovable Dutch sea-captain, Shepley the derelict English gentleman, and one or two others. The form of the narrative is novel, as it takes the form of a series of letters to a real or fancied friend in America, whose djinn the traveler imagines as brooding over her and occasionally appearing to admonish or rescue her in moments of need. The really difficult scheme of the book is easily and happily worked out, so that the effect of the whole lies safe between pretentious and flippant, on a plane of artfully colored but genuine comedy.

"The Things We Are" is a work by one of the much younger if not quite the youngest "school" of British novelists. It is a story by an intellectual for intellectuals. It begins where the anti-Victorians leave off, ignoring instead of combating the conventions of a less intellectual age. Its persons see nothing simply, do nothing responsibly. They dwell in a sort of limbo of impulses and reluctances, perturbations and half-thoughts. They do not scorn social usage or any ancient code of honor among friends and lovers; they simply do not feel anything about these inconvenient matters. Mr. Boston is a bachelor of thirty years, whose only emotion is the memory of an exquisite mother. He is a cold, precise Londoner, a private secretary without ambition, and neither possessing nor desiring friends. He does his work, repairs to his lodgings, occasionally loiters in the London streets, feeling a vague warmth and satisfaction in the momentary incidents and contacts of the street. He thinks much about himself, and reads to get away from thought. Then he meets by chance a man, Bettington, a poor journalist, and a girl, Felicia, a bachelor-girl in an office. Bettington and Felicia are old friends, and Bettington dreams of marrying her. He is a far better man than Boston, and Felicia knows it, but in the end, after dilly-dallying and second-thought on all sides, it is Boston who gets her, or is got by her, or is condemned to her by a mysterious fate. We leave Bettington vaguely wondering what in thunder it is all about, and none too certain that it matters. Nobody has any hard feeling against anybody else at any time; they all are far too keenly occupied in watching themselves and each other—keenly, yet with a sort of unearthly detachment—to bother with simple feeling.

Admirably written the book is, in point of style, and whether or not you care about its people and its action, you have to grant it the merit of being "something different."

H. W. BOYNTON

A new edition has been published of Edward Carpenter's "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta" (Dutton, \$3.50), descriptions of India and Ceylon, especially remarkable for the chapters on Eastern religions.

An Intensive Study of Criminal Justice

REPORT OF THE CLEVELAND FOUNDATION'S SURVEY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN CLEVELAND, OHIO. Directed and Edited by Roscoe Pound and Felix Frankfurter. The Cleveland Foundation. \$3.75.

A "CRIME WAVE" which, among other things, brought with it the trial for murder of the Chief Judge of Cleveland's Municipal Court, led the city's Bar Association and other civic organizations to ask the Cleveland Foundation to undertake a searching survey of the administration of criminal justice in that community. It took up the task in an enlightened and thoroughgoing manner. It called to its aid the best expert talent the country afforded and through the expenditure of upwards of \$38,000 gave those in charge all the facilities they required.

The investigation was under the general control and direction of Dean Pound and Professor Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School. Mr. Raymond D. Fosdick, who had already published his "American Police System," made a critical examination of the Cleveland police force. Mr. Alfred Bottman, sometime City Solicitor of Cincinnati, gave his attention to the prevailing methods of prosecution. Mr. Reginald Heber Smith, author of "Justice and the Poor," and Mr. Herbert B. Ehrman were brought from Boston to study the city's criminal courts. Mr. Burdette G. Lewis, now New Jersey's Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies, and whose "Offender" has been reviewed in these columns, reported upon the correctional and penal treatment given delinquents. Dr. Herman M. Adler, State Criminologist of Illinois, took for his share of the common undertaking the part which medical science plays in the administration of criminal justice. Mr. Albert M. Kales of the Chicago Bar examined the character of the legal education available in Cleveland, while the relation of the newspapers to criminal prosecutions was studied and discussed by Mr. M. K. Wisheart, a New York newspaper man of experience and ability.

It was high time that such a survey should be made. In proportion to population there are more than fifty times as many robberies and assaults to rob in Cleveland than in Great Britain and sixty times as many murders as in London. A black record truly; but is the metropolis of the Western Reserve a greater sinner than many another American city? Why in comparison, not only with nearly every European country but with Canada as well, do we so lamentably fail in the primary object of government? To answer that question for Cleveland the survey looked into everything connected with the prevention, the prosecution, or the punishment of crime.

A New England village, transferred to the shores of the Western lake, grew in a few decades into a great city more than one-fourth of whose inhabitants were born abroad. In at-

tempting to adapt its simple and primitive preventive and punitive machinery to its radically altered conditions resort was had to many accidental and more or less haphazard expedients. In the nature of things many of these were peculiar to Cleveland and are not precisely duplicated elsewhere. The Survey dealt with conditions as it found them. It sought *prompt improvement* in the doing of criminal justice in Cleveland. Its purpose was not to devise an ideal plan which in the fullness of time might everywhere solve the problems of crime and the criminal. It recognized that many of the specific shortcomings with which it chiefly concerned itself had their roots in the way in which American democracy looks at many things. But it wisely avoided going farther afield than was absolutely necessary. It is impossible within the limits of a brief review so much as to mention most of its recommendations. They relate to things which Cleveland needs and which it is quite possible she may be able to get. Some evils which there cry aloud for correction may not exist in other places, which in their turn are suffering from others from which Cleveland is happily free. Few of our large cities have acquired what old-time theologians used to call an experimental conviction; to wit, that their urban conditions as they exist today are so unlike those of the small towns they were yesterday that crime in them cannot be adequately dealt with by the simple expedient of hiring more policemen, prosecuting attorneys, and judges. It is to the lack of a realizing appreciation of this essential fact that the Survey attributes many serious but readily curable weaknesses of administration.

Many urban centres besides Cleveland have not thought it necessary to make sure that their so-called detectives shall have either the natural capacity or the specialized training to fit them to detect, but it is to be hoped that nowhere else outside of Topsy-Turveydom are the detectives chosen from the thickest-headed members of the entire police force, as the Army intelligence tests apparently show has been Cleveland's practice. On the other hand, Cleveland has had a better understanding than many other places of the importance of the police justices or the municipal judges before whom all offenders are first brought and by whom petty delinquencies are finally disposed of. It gives them a dignified title and the same compensation which the United States pays to its District Judges. It has taken them out of politics to the extent at least that it now makes little difference whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans; yet they remain of very much the same type as are to be found in the police courts almost anywhere between the two oceans. A city of Cleveland's size needs not a few of them. Their terms are for six years; they are elected by the people

so that a number of them have to be chosen at elections at which are also selected many other officials from Presidents to Sheriffs. Their very names are unknown to most of the citizens who vote for or against them. That the parties as such have little or nothing to do with their choice increases the chances of the curiously unfit. A political party to some extent must answer for its nominees. No one but himself may be responsible for a Cleveland aspirant to the bench. It is nobody's business to do any preliminary picking and choosing among those who would like the dignity and the emoluments of the position. One who would get on the bench or stay there must contrive to have himself talked about. It is better to be attacked than ignored. The Survey tells the story of a blacksmith who for some reason of his own wanted to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He actually carried Cuyahoga County, of which Cleveland is the major part, not because anybody other than himself wanted him but solely because, his name being similar to that of a well-known Probate judge, the voters were confused.

When will the American people learn that they can not choose many officials? They can go through the form of voting for them. The man who has a plurality of the ballots gets the place, and yet the people have not really exercised any choice and in the majority of the cases have not had any. The fewer and the more important the positions filled by direct election the more effective will be the popular control of government. The Survey sympathizes with the special objections there are to an elective judiciary, but it recognizes that in the present state of public opinion no other is possible in Cleveland. It suggests two expedients by which it thinks better results may be secured. It would forbid anyone to run against a judge seeking reelection. The voters would say merely whether they wanted to keep him or preferred that he should get out. Under such circumstances it would be unnecessary for him to resort to undignified and perhaps demoralizing expedients to familiarize the people with his name. If the verdict of the ballot box is that the people want no more of him, the position until the next election will be filled as are other vacancies. The suggestion is interesting. It may work well provided it does not seem too fanciful to be adopted. Another recommendation is that while the first term of any particular man on the bench would be as now, six years, the second and any subsequent one would be for twelve. If after he had served, the voters wanted him still to serve it is argued there is no reason speedily to subject him to the ordeal of another election.

So far as it is possible for an outsider to judge the numerous recommendations of the Survey as to changes in the details of the organization and conduct of the police, the prosecutor's office and the courts are sensible. If they shall be adopted the administra-

tion of criminal justice in Cleveland will be far more efficient than it has been. That is well worth striving for, and one may wish that every city in the country shall be subjected to a survey such as that Cleveland has undergone.

But even so, would the root of the trouble be reached? Suppose that we put our municipal houses in order, that all shortcomings correctible by changes in the administrative machinery are removed, will our criminal laws be enforced as well as they are in most civilized lands?

For example, do we really want fewer murders? Forty years or so ago Andrew D. White quoted to me what he said was an observation made decades earlier by Justice Grier of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that the only form of taking human life to which the American people has any serious objection is the taking of it by due process of law. Under the jury system we can not convict anyone of an offense which any large portion of the community does not regard as censurable. We are consequently unable to punish capitally or usually in any other way anyone who, turning himself into policeman, prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, all in one, kills another because he believes or says he believes that such other is an adulterer, a seducer, a slanderer, a strike breaker, or, if a negro, is impudent and self-assertive. No one of us would dream of imposing the death penalty for any such offense, but a considerable number of us are inclined to make a hero of any one who, without warrant of law, inflicts it for any of them.

It must not be forgotten that lax administration of criminal law does not necessarily mean that fewer people are punished. More of them may be. If Cleveland's murder ratio is to that of London as sixty to one, then if only one murderer in every twenty is convicted in the Ohio city, the number of convictions will be three times as great as the theoretic maximum in the English capital, and yet, because with us nineteen out of twenty escape, the penalties inflicted on the one are to all practical purposes destitute of deterrent effect.

What shall we do about it? Trial by jury in criminal cases neither can be abolished nor should be. In a sound state of public opinion such a method of trial is not a serious obstacle to a firm and certain enforcement of the law. In England it has not been found so.

Somehow or other we must convince the great mass of people from whom our jurors come that we cannot afford to trifle with the law and in the meanwhile we must get out of the way every unnecessary mechanical obstruction to the doing of justice. To that end it behooves many another community to study its criminal procedure in action with the thoroughness with which Cleveland has taken the trouble to investigate its.

JOHN C. ROSE,
U. S. District Judge, Maryland

The Literary Legacy of Seneca

SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER, AND HIS MODERN MESSAGE. By Richard Mott Gummere. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

TAUGHT by sad experience, the harried champions of classical studies have come to realize that rhapsodic discourses in esoteric circles and dogmatic assertion have failed to persuade a more or less indifferent public that ancient literature, philosophy, and statecraft have still many things of moment to say to ears willing to listen. Both in this country and in England there is a refreshing tendency nowadays among classical scholars to marshal the evidence for their case in a concrete and popular form. So Mr. Gummere's book is the first of a series of little volumes which, under the challenging caption, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," is designed by the editors, Professor Hadzsits of Pennsylvania and Professor Robinson of Johns Hopkins, to demonstrate to a wide circle of readers how our modern world thinks its thoughts after antiquity.

It is to be hoped that succeeding volumes will find as happy a combination of subject and author as the initial number has found. Mr. Gummere has lived with Seneca for many years. He is the translator of the "Epistulae Morales" for the Loeb Series, and has published scholarly articles dealing with Seneca's influence on modern literature. Small wonder, therefore, that this latest work of Mr. Gummere's pen is the readable exposition of professional enthusiasm which books of this type should ideally reveal.

For Seneca's fame as a man, it is unfortunate that we are so copiously informed by the Roman historians—Seneca's apologists say misinformed—as to the external events of his career. Mr. Gummere follows at any rate a comfortable path in electing to emphasize primarily "how much of value Seneca contributes to the spirit and the intellect." In the biographical chapter with which the book begins, the author is fairly gentle in his treatment of Seneca as "one who made a brave attempt to join a theory of life with a practice of life." However, no uncompromising rehabilitation is essayed. The admission is made that there is no evidence to show that Seneca even protested against the murder of Agrippina; nor does Mr. Gummere shrink from applying the truthful epithet "cringing" to the "Consolatio ad Polybium," that publication *trop fameuse*, as Waltz has described it in his "Vie de Sénèque."

The tale of what Seneca has meant to men through the ages begins with the first century of our era, when the youthful literary secessionists of Rome, to the unfeigned sorrow of the excellent don, Quintilian, were all trying to write as Seneca did. The story does not end until the names of Dr. Osler, Maeterlinck, and Eucken are cited. Now and then Mr. Gummere bluffly states controversial matters as

facts. There are those who would wish to temper his assertion that "we know that in Corsica he composed the tragedies," even though Waltz assigns the treatises "On Providence" and "On the Steadfastness of the Sage" to the period of exile, there have been many critics who have held different views. On page 97, referring to Petrarch's devotion to Seneca, Mr. Gummere writes: "Seneca comes second only to Virgil in the number of quotations." This is not true of all of Petrarch's works, but of the marginal notes on his famous copy of Virgil, now preserved at Milan. On page 98 there is a sentence that will lead the unwary reader to conclude that the works of Cicero became known to Petrarch only in his forty-first year!

The reader of humane tastes will enjoy Mr. Gummere's book. Perhaps he will even be moved by the author's enthusiasm to join in a Senecan revival which will render anachronistic the late Barrett Wendell's dampening utterance: "Except for students of history and philosophy, his (i. e. Seneca's) volumes grow respectively dusty." DUANE REED STUART

Stanley Hall Confronts Old Age

SENESCENCE. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PRESIDENT STANLEY HALL gallantly confronts old age and its mortuary thoughts with intense self-consciousness and unabated zest for life. In defiance of the atrophizing accuracies of carping Latinists, his motto is still "*Impavi progrediamur*," shouted with bravura.

On retiring from the presidency of Clark University, he undertook a thorough cleaning of house and desk, interestingly described in a paper reproduced from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then sat down to peruse a "voracious literature" on senility and write a big book on "Senescence and Senectitude." As he dates incipient senescence from the fortieth year, this threatened to become a receptacle for everything, from cancer to Carnegie pensions, that did not find a place in "Adolescence." Like Goethe answering the printer's call for more copy for "Wilhelm Meister," he has emptied every drawer and pigeon-hole. There is little that cannot be brought in by such transitions as "we resume our historical notes with Luigi Cornaro" or "I also append the following quotations." And President Hall's endeavor apparently was to omit nothing that he had transcribed in his notebooks, or that his students and secretaries had collected of the observations of poets, moralists, satirists, physicians, scientists, and pseudo-scientists about our declining years.

A captious or absolute criticism could discover here the old foibles of incoherent omniscience, the old malapropian exuberance of pseudo-scientific verbiage, the still persistent sex-obsession, and the inevitable misprints, misquotations, and misapplications of

classical allusions and tags. These are perhaps somewhat toned down, like the Gorgian figures in Isocrates, by a slackened pulse, or it may be by what the author might style a critical phobia. Yet there is nothing even in adolescence better than the "monks of Mount Ethos" (*sic bis*), and the old men of Aristotle who "go according to the precept of bias." But why be absolute?

Much of the book is quite readable, and a clever journalist with more space than the column at my disposal could find suggestion and matter here for more than one entertaining review. Such a one might even fancy that these "voracious" collections exhaust the subject and include all of the best that has been thought and said from Juvenal to Arnold on "what it is to grow old," from Cicero to O. W. Holmes *de senectute*. But a wider survey would discover as good fish as any that have been caught in Dr. Hall's far-flung net. He has omitted, for example, the chorus of Euripides' "Heracles" on song in old age, which Wilamowitz takes as the theme of a characteristic dithyramb, and he has overlooked the beautiful sonnet "Enoch" which Sir Henry Taylor's autobiography quotes with interesting comment. His own conclusion that "death is the end of body and soul alike" gives Dr. Hall "a sense of profound satisfaction." Yet the last words of his book are:

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

In what Pickwickian sense does he expect the ingenuous reader to take them?

PAUL SHOREY

Food for Feminists

THE LADIES. By E. Barrington. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.

THIS book might be described as a happy excursion into the realm of Dichtung und Wahrheit. Beginning with Mrs. Elizabeth Pepys, wife of the diarist, and ending with Fanny Burney, we have what amounts to a series of short stories, half fiction and half history, in which various well-known ladies of the eighteenth century act as heroine and, in most cases, write their own memoirs. Stella unfolds the mystery of her relations with Swift; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu relates the extraordinary mishap which drove her finally from England; the fortunes of the famous Irish beauties, the Gunnings, furnish material for another chapter; Maria Walpole, the lovely niece of the letter-writer, follows, and then comes Miss Burney, whose unhappy affair with Colonel Digby, hinted at in the journals, is now revealed. In each case the story itself is fictitious, but is mingled with actual incidents and told in language skilfully adapted to the age and the supposed writer.

The interest of such a *tour de force* depends wholly on the cleverness of the author, and it must be said that Mr. Barrington has succeeded admirably both in giving an air of veracity to his inventions and in piquing the reader's curiosity.

The last chapter is a scene from the life of Elizabeth Bennet, now Mrs. Darcy, and the mother of two young daughters. The scene is at Hunsdon and Rosings, which Darcy has inherited from his aunt. The inimitable Collins is present, true to life, as are characters from other novels of Miss Austin. The climax comes when Wickham saves the elder Miss Darcy from the machinations of a villain, and so is reconciled with his old patron. "Perhaps," as Mr. Barrington says truly, "of all these women we know best that Elizabeth who never lived—Elizabeth Bennet"; and certainly her portrait hangs well in this gallery of historical persons. A pleasant book indeed.

P. E. M.

Light on Industrial Relations

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY FOR BUSINESS EXECUTIVES. Compiled by Lionel D. Edie. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. \$2.40.

THE material available in print on the subject of industrial relations is unsatisfactory. The principal reason would seem to be that the subject is so controversial that almost everything written about it is consciously or unconsciously biased. The subject involves the very basis of our present social and economic life, and it is very difficult either for the worker or for the executive to think about it dispassionately.

It is particularly useful, therefore, to have a selection of competent material compiled by an authority who may be assumed to be reasonably free from prejudice. Mr. Edie has done systematically what almost every thoughtful executive is doing in a haphazard way, namely, gathering together significant comments on industrial principles from sources essentially temporary in character, such as magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, and public speeches.

The book consists of 392 pages, and includes approximately 100 selections, grouped under various headings, such as "The Psychological Basis of Industrial Relations," "Executive Management and the Mind of the Worker," "Labor Traits and Crowd Behavior," "The Basis of Employee Representation," "Factors in Industrial Education," "Fatigue Control and Industrial Efficiency."

The book also contains a careful bibliography, covering twelve pages, subdivided to correspond with the chapter headings of the book. A compilation of this kind is in its nature rather hard to read, and yet perhaps executives and others interested in the future of industry can study a book like this with more profit than they would be likely to derive from a more pretentious volume the product of a single author. The answer to the industrial problem will not be evolved by a single mind, but is certain to be the product of group thinking over a period.

G. E.

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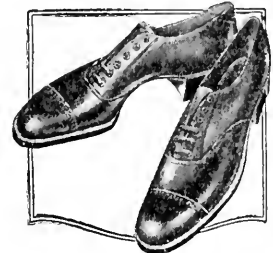
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Water Colors and Miniatures

THE Philadelphia Water Color Club and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters have opened a joint exhibition in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The juxtaposition of miniature and water color has its justification in the medium which they have in common. But it also brings out the difference in the artist's use of that medium. The contrast is so striking as to leave the impression on one's mind that the art of the miniature painter belongs to another sphere and another time than that of the water colorist. The latter's art, as it reveals itself in these exhibits, is a living thing, capable of growth and decay and rejuvenation, and manifesting the various phases of its vitality in youthful daring and love of parade, in manly vigor, in aged dignity or dullness. But the art of the miniature, to judge from the samples here on view, does not seem to possess an inherent capacity for change. It is like a dead beauty of over a hundred years ago, who by some magic of the embalmer has retained all the freshness and bloom of her antique youth. Is it the diminutive size which made it unsusceptible to the changes in art, and indifferent to the theories by which they are guided? Or is its immunity from change due, indeed, to its being an antiquity, brought into vogue again by a whim of fashion, which is something different from being revived?

The perplexity of the modern artist is due to his conviction that art must not be representative but expressive, that the painter should not be a copyist of nature but an interpreter of life. The perfection of photography is to blame for disturbing his peace of mind. If the camera can do the trick, the artist cannot be satisfied with being purely imitative. So art has become a truant from Nature's school, and, freed from the old discipline, is turning from one new theory to another in search of a better master. The Expressionists, the Fauvists, the Futurists, the Cubists, are all represented in the water color exhibition, but the miniaturist, apparently careless of the photographer's rivalry, remains equally indifferent to the lure of new theories. He goes on copying nature, and the portraits of Mrs. Richard F. Maynard by Wm. J. Whittemore, of Mrs. John W. Warburton by Stella Lewis Marks, of Miss Browning by Maria J. Streat, and of Mrs. Hasselbrüis by her husband must convince every visitor that Nature has not ceased to be an inspiring model. There are, indeed, portraits in this collection of miniatures that are no better than colored photographs, but these four, with several of lesser excellence, are pure works of art in being not mere copies but beautiful illusions of life, and not the worse for not having to serve as demonstrations of a theory.

The other exhibition is full of these. They give it life and variety, exciting

curiosity, surprise, and sometimes admiration. What mars one's enjoyment of so many of these works is the all too obvious intention to paint in a novel and sensational way. Claude Monet is credited with having said in his youth that he would like to paint as a bird sings. To gain such mastery of his technique that all consciousness of effort is eliminated from his handling of the brush, and painting becomes a mode of lyrical self-expression comparable in spontaneity to the nightingale's song, is a consummation of art devoutly to be wished by every painter. But these modern expressionists are too much concerned with doing it strikingly to be spontaneous. The landscapes of George Harding, Gifford Beal, W. A. Hofstetter, and Alfred Hayward shout their colors at you from the wall. One cannot deny these painters talent, least of all Harding, who proves himself a powerful artist in his lithographs (Nos. 192-5, 197), but one feels tempted to remind them of Goethe's word, "Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille." These pictures are experiments in color schemes, and art in the experimental stage should conceal itself in the studio.

The modern tendency, of course, is to deny the value of studiously acquired technique. The ancients were wrong with their "*Ars longa, vita brevis*." Art to these moderns is not something transcending life which can scarcely be attained in its fullness by a lifetime of constant endeavor, it is in the child's vision of reality as it is in the song of the skylark soaring to its first flight. Mr. Beal does not paint trees, he paints, it would seem, the idea of tree-growth, divesting the individual stem of all its accidental characteristics until it becomes an abstract so simple of shape that a child might have drawn it. And indeed, to paint as a child sees is, according to the new theory, to render to art its pristine purity and health.

But the average child cannot paint what it sees, and the artist, in trying to do what the child would do if it could, is guilty of an effort that robs his performance of that very spontaneity which his theory claims to be essential to art. If the work of the older schools, and of the modern miniaturists, offends, perhaps, by too obvious a demonstration of skill, the work of our latest school offends by being too obvious a demonstration of a thesis. Clagget Wilson (Nos. 145-156), whose water colors remind one of Matisse; the cubists Blanche Lazzell, Edith L. Wilkinson, and Helen Leyffert; and John Marin, who delights in painting puzzles, are dialecticians of the studio condensing the argument for their theory and its illustration into one.

But theories can never supersede Nature in the training of Art. They may be helpful as servants, they are dangerous as masters. The case of Miss Lazzell is significant. Cubism started from the assumption that strength is beauty (which is debatable), and that a straight line is stronger than a curved line (which it is not), and inferred from these premises that a painting exclusively composed of

straight lines is stronger and consequently more beautiful than a painting in curved lines. The device has been effectively used by some English painters to satirize militarism, which uses man as a machine. But Miss Lazzell, instead of applying the theory within such necessary limitations, has become its slave and discovers at its bidding straight-lined strength in so delicate a beauty as that of summer roses!

It is a pleasure to turn from talent thus misapplied to saner art. The mountain scenes of Birger Sandzen belong to the best work in this exhibition. This is art beyond the experimental stage, the work of a man who is master of his material. The artist's technique is adapted to his subject; his strong, almost crude touch seemed to have hammered those rocks into shape. One wonders why the painter preferred water color to oil and how he gave to the material he used the effect of the other. Mr. Wilmot Emerton Heitland has a fine collection of water colors in this same room. They are outshone by the colorful compositions of Mr. Sandzen, but they are specimens of a more refined, a more self-possessed art. The scene among the coal docks on the East River is the one which shows his remarkable talent at its best. Paul L. Gill has sent only jottings from a notebook, short color notes from Switzerland and Paris. Such rapid sketches can reveal the salient traits of an artist's originality, and Mr. Gill's are worth studying on that account. Joseph Pennell is represented by a series of beautiful water color sketches done last spring during a fortnight's visit in Washington. Those of Paul Gill are interesting documents which the art historian may one day value. Mr. Pennell's, for all their simplicity, are finished works of art which will be prized by the collector. Ernest D. Roth's masterly drawings of Spanish cities, the snow landscapes of Wilmer S. Richter, two river scenes by Felicie Waldo Howell, Gouaches by Catharine Wharton Morris, a pastel of Nanucket moors by Philip R. Whitney, a water color called "The Blue Tree" by John Goss, Tony Nell's "Congregation," the street scenes by Ray Kinsman Waters, Margaret W. Mellor's delightful flower studies, and the two oil paintings by Ethel Franklin Betts Bains are among the pictures that one remembers best as giving distinction to this exhibition.

A collection of illustrative and graphic art is included with the exhibits, among others fine etchings by Herbert Raine, Joseph Pennell, Gere Paul, Clifford Addams, masterly portraits by Philip L. Hale in pencil, crayon and silver point, clever caricatures of William Tilden and Joseph Pennell by Wincie King, and a remarkable series of twenty illustrations to Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" by Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott. The group of etchings by H. Devitt Welsh deserves especial mention. As a craftsman he is the inferior of Joseph Pennell and Herbert Raine. But Mr. Welsh has imagination and a talent for satire which lend a haunting interest to some of his

compositions. A man and a woman, embodiments of wretchedness, in despair rather than in prayer before a roadside crucifix; a lowering sky overhead, unrelieved by the promise of the rainbow. "Faith" the artist has called this scene, with an unmistakable implication of sarcasm. "The Caravan" is the title of another etching. The caravan is hardly visible, so small and crushed this handful of humanity looks under the gigantic rock that darkly beetles over them like fate itself. "The Living Dead Man" is the face of a hardened egoist; Ralph Nickleby must have looked like that. In "Adam and Eve" the story of man's fall is treated as a burlesque, with the stork a witness to Eve's transgression. Mr. Welsh is obviously no believer in art for art's sake. His work is unique in this exhibition in that it does not mean to give an illusion of reality, but a criticism of life. Art is not inevitably degraded by being made the medium of the moralist; it all depends on whether the moral indignation burns in the artist with so fierce a flame that its expression is set aglow with beauty.

A. J. BARNOUR

Brief Book Notes

Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" (Dutton) has been published in a handsome holiday edition, illustrated in color by Maxwell Armfield. There are a number of pages, at the end, of "illustrator's notes" explaining that the method of illustration was worked out by the artist and his wife during ten or twelve years. The pictures crystallize "the continuous rhythmic structure of the play." It is to be feared that they do. They look like the work of an able artist who has been marred by a theory. Nothing in the theory is simple; it is a complicated maze of symbolism. Had the dramatist been so laborious and mechanical his work would never have survived for a modern illustrator to experiment upon.

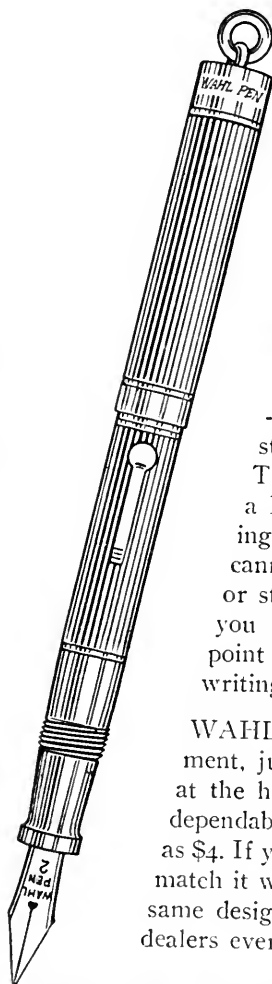
A curious fairy-tale, by Montague R. James, is "The Five Jars" (Longmans). Mr. James is the author of some of the best ghost stories of the past twenty years: "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" and two other volumes. He was formerly Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and is Provost of Eton.

The novels of Jane Austen are published in a charming six-volume edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. Included are "Pride and Prejudice," "Northanger Abbey," "Emma," "Persuasion," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Mansfield Park." The illustrations are by Charles E. Brock and they are in color. Mr. Brock is the perfect illustrator for novels of this period, but whether his work is improved in color, over black and white, is questionable.

The lover of beautiful furniture should see Charles Over Cornelius's "Furniture Masterpieces of Duncan Phyfe (Doubleday), with the drawings by Stanley J. Rowland of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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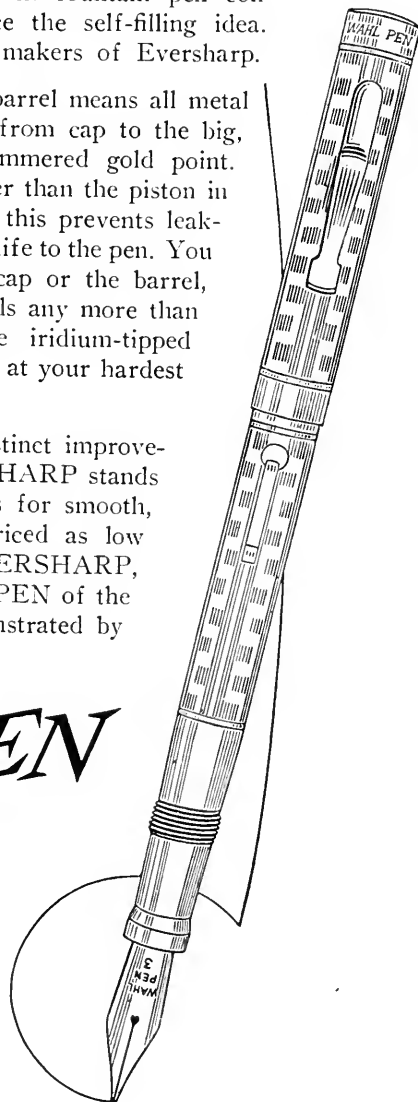
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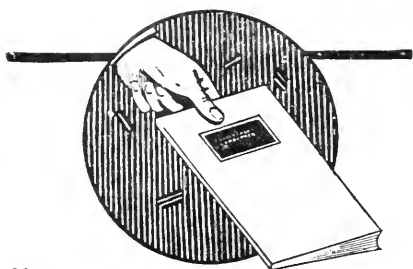
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The Music Season Opens

By Charles Henry Meltzer

AS time rolls on the opening of the music season in the United States, and more particularly in New York, means less and more than twenty years ago. Then, to the general lover of the art divine, the season did not open till our chief opera house had had its great first night. But now the Metropolitan, despite its importance, is only one of many factors in the art life of this huge and growing city. The opera season still compels attention, to be sure. For does not each performance at the Metropolitan cost around about ten thousand dollars? But, for the present, it has lost its old significance. For it has not kept pace with the progress of the modern music drama; and it has rivals in the more living concert halls.

The Metropolitan, again, is unapproachable to most who would delight in hearing opera well sung. Subscribers fill most seats in that vast house, while the great public, which of course does not subscribe, pays more than seems desirable for the bare privilege of standing up through the performances of a now rather hackneyed repertory.

Its reopening had the usual social brilliancy. The boxes and the orchestra were filled in the accustomed fashion. But it was noticed that less interest was shown in the proceedings on the stage than in former years. And there was nothing new at all to warrant excitement in the first work performed, or in the familiar cast announced for "Tosca," including Jeritza, Martinelli and Scotti. Mme. Jeritza again treated her admirers (largely German) to her rendering of the favorite "Vissi d'arte" aria. But the honors of the evening went to that true artist, Mr. Scotti, who, with a well-worn voice and little but intelligence, technical mastery and his stage presence to assist him, still manages to make his Scarpia wonderful.

Nor did the return of the most admirable interpreter of Russian music-drama ever seen here—Chaliapin—at a later performance draw the expected throng to that grim masterpiece, the "Boris Godunov" of Moussorgsky. The real hit of the first week of "grand" opera at the Metropolitan was scored by Edward Johnson, the young American tenor (lately of Chicago), and by Lucrezia Bori, in "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

Little of moment has been promised us at the Metropolitan during the current "stagione" (the word preferred at our Teutonized-Italianized opera house to our plain English "season") by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. Two novelties, for which few of us were yearning, the "Anima Allegra" of a little-known Italian, named Vittadini, and the "Mona Lisa" of the German neo-Wagnerian, Max Schillings, are to be the only novelties. Scores of more important works might have been chosen from the French, Russian and

Italian repertoires. The revivals will include, besides "Der Rosen Kavalier," Gounod's too saccharine "Roméo et Juliette," Rossini's antiquated "Guglielmo Tell," Massenet's "Thais," "Tannhäuser," and Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" (a characteristically French opera, which will be sung in Italian—by way, presumably, of proving the loyalty of the Metropolitan management to its theory as to the propriety of presenting all works "in the original language"). The list, it must be owned, is not impressive. All German works in the repertory will be sung in German; and, to emphasize the un-American tendencies of the house, Germany and Austria were scoured this year to find Teutonic singers, of whom seven or eight have been added to the company. I wonder whether Mr. Gatti-Casazza or his lieutenants scoured America in search of singers. No opera by an American will be produced or revived by the management.

More vital, if less hectic, than the promises and activities of our large opera house are those of the concert managements. The New York Symphony Society, under Mr. Walter Damrosch (who will later be aided and replaced by Mr. Albert Coates and a new German conductor); the Philharmonic Society (with a new and alert business manager, Mr. Arthur Judson, and Messrs. Stransky, Mengelberg, and Hadley as conductors), and the newly organized City Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Dirk Foch as its leader, have entered the field and will doubtless give good accounts of themselves. Among the novelties thus far presented by Mr. Damrosch, two works deserve special mention—the late Camille Saint-Saëns's humorous "Animal" suite, including, besides a number of unserious imitative jokes, the beautiful "Swan" episode, long used by Mme. Pavlowa as the inspiration for the most exquisite of her dances, and the "Midsommervaka" of a Swedish composer, Hugo Alfvén, a delightful rhapsody, in the pastoral mode, fresh, well knit, vivid, and effective. Soloists of unusual quality have added to the impressiveness of the New York Symphony concerts. Among them may be mentioned the amazing Calvé, who did marvels with her Spanish songs; the distinguished pianist, Cortot, in his usual form, and two singers, Elsa Stralia, the Australian soprano, from the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and Queen's Hall in London, and Richard Crooks, an American tenor from a church in Fifth avenue.

Mme. Stralia and Mr. Crooks appeared, respectively, as Brünnhilde and Siegfried, in a long selection from the third act of the second part of the "Ring" drama. Mr. Damrosch has been criticized, rather foolishly, for giving music-drama in the concert room, and the singers have been, even

more foolishly, rebuked for appearing in "Siegfried" in their afternoon and evening dress. One would suppose that, for long years, Wagner had not been presented here on the concert stage, and that, despite the presence of the orchestra on the platform, Mme. Stralia and Mr. Crooks should have appeared in opera costume. This, by the way. What most concerned the vast audiences which enjoyed the "Siegfried" excerpts were the sensational purity, power, brilliancy, and sureness of Mme. Stralia's voice. Trained in the best Italian school, it never for a moment faltered. It dominated the rather tempestuous orchestra and rang out clearly to all parts of Carnegie Hall.

Though the Australian singer (whom Mr. Coates has credited with "the greatest voice in England") had been heard twice with the New York Symphony last spring, her reappearance as the exponent of Brünnhilde was a revelation in these days of wobbly tones and near-sopranos. Mr. Crooks, with a somewhat uncertain but expressive tenor, did very well with the music of Siegfried. Mme. Stralia should be an invaluable addition to the few interpreters of oratorio in this country.

So far the Philharmonic Orchestra has confined itself to examples of the works of composers who are household words here. Ere long no doubt it will refresh its repertory. Part of the Philharmonic concerts are to be given this year at the Metropolitan. At the first of its Metropolitan functions Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" Fantasia, the "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome," and the popular Bach-Abert "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" gave pleasure to some thousands. Mr. Stransky, who conducted, made more of the symphony and the "Francesca" music than he did of the more delicate and mysterious, but expressive Debussy Prelude.

American composers of talent are promised encouragement in future at a special series of concerts under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society.

The new City Symphony Orchestra will begin its task, at Carnegie Hall, after this article is written. It announces plans which will be both ambitious and popular, notably a series of Sunday concerts at the Manhattan Opera House.

Singers and instrumentalists of genuine merit have indulged in the, to them, sometimes costly joy of giving recitals, without number, since the season opened. Among them I recall more especially the song recitals of Louis Graveure (a delight); Isa Kremer and Miss Eva Gauthier; the piano recitals of Gabrilovitch and John Powell, and a violin recital by Erna Rubinstein. The most interesting recital of the season will come with the reappearance in New York of Paderevski, who, since the upheavals in Poland deprived us of his art, has not been heard here.

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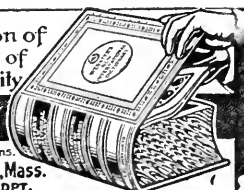
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Drama Satire from Czecho- Slovakia

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN (The Insect Comedy). By Josef and Karel Capek. Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theatre.

R. U. R. By Karel Capek. The Theatre Guild: Frazee Theatre.

THESE two importations from Prague have been praised as "novelties" and as something quite new in the field of dramatic satire. The hardened playgoer in New York has been taught by bitter experience to mistrust anything that is offered as a "novelty." He knows that under the guise of "novelty" he is bound to meet the oldest and most hackneyed of theatrical tricks. He had read, for instance, that these Capek brothers had been inspired by a careful reading of the great Fabre to write a play in which the characters were butterflies, beetles, ants, snails, and moths. To expose the foibles and the stupidities of our more or less human race by dramatizing birds, beasts, and insects is of course one of the most ancient of devices. Why drag in Fabre, when one may mention Aesop, Chaucer, La Fontaine? Have we so soon forgotten Rostand's "Chanticleer"? The substitution of insects for the beasts of the field or the fowls of the barnyard is surely not original enough to justify all this gabble about novelty. Yet the device, an ancient and honorable one, is none the less legitimate. Mere novelty of theme, after all, will neither make nor break the young playwright, though very often it is apt to divert him from his real task. Our duty, in the present case, was to discover the virtues of this "insect comedy" as theatrical entertainment.

I was disappointed with the American adaptation made by Owen Davis, which must more or less closely follow the original, not so much because of the thinness and superficiality of its satirical intention as by the failure of the authors to organize their theme with any notable dramatic efficiency. This failure, it seemed to me, was the inevitable result of a confusion of thought and intention. Were they aiming to expose the human traits in insects? Or were they revealing the entomotic vices of humans? At times they seemed to be preaching a sermon on the inalienable right of each little insect to live its own life. Again, all those belated but passionate platitudes concerning the evils of modern warfare were dragged out. To say they were inspired by Fabre is as silly as to say that the bird studies of W. H. Hudson inspired the late Frank Pixley to write his musical comedy, "Woodland." Indeed, we would not even object to the fallacious entomology of these Czecho-Slovak playwrights had they provided us with amusing or acid satire. But their satire, as revealed at Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theatre, was of the puerile type made familiar to Broadway by the librettists of our

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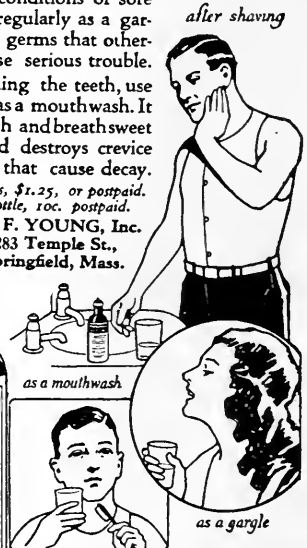
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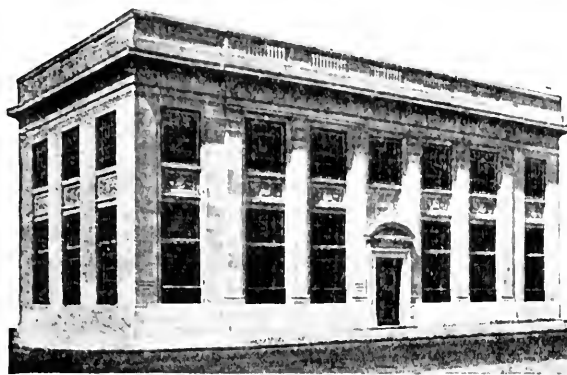
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revues or vaudeville "material." Yet, because it was mounted at the "National Theatre of Czecho-Slovakia at Prague," it is received with all the respect and reverence that is evoked nowadays by anything that comes out of "Central Europe." Had this piece been of American authorship, no producer on Broadway could have been induced to mount it, with its army of actors, expensive costumes, and acres of scenery. It would have been relegated to the little theatre movement or enthusiastically received as a Sunday-school entertainment in the hinterlands. This "insect comedy" recalls another finer play based upon an entomological theme. In "The Cat-Bird" Rupert Hughes deftly and economically constructed an "insect comedy" which was penetrating and fine-grained in its satire and possessed the additional value of never boring. But it was Mr. Hughes's misfortune to be a "popular" American author. His play had never been mounted in any *grosses Schauspielhaus*! Therefore, apparently, the arbiters of our theatre could not give him the attention he merited.

"R. U. R.," the first production this season of the indefatigable Theatre Guild, is the work of Karel Capek. It is certainly a better bit of dramatic construction than "The World We Live In." It has more dramatic content; it is more provocative of thought; it is arresting satire. The locale is an imaginary island; the time is the future. Rossom's Universal Robots are manufactured human beings, creatures of iron physical strength, but deprived of spirit and soul. They are the slaves of our machine-made civilization machines themselves. They are turned out in thousands, a new and menacing proletariat. The "robots" undoubtedly provide an effective symbol of an increasing section of our population, subject to the relentless discipline of a society dominated by machinery, a proletariat threatening to engulf by the mere force of numbers the finer values of civilization. Mr. Capek's symbolism creates this situation—the revolt of the robots against their creators, the extermination of the humans, and the sinister triumph of a soulless machine-made race. It is a symbolism bold and challenging in its outline, picturesque and theatrical in its possibilities. But like most dramatic symbolism or allegory, it breaks down at the very point it should be carried through and driven home. Mr. Capek does not reveal the genius of the true satirist—the power of continually shocking and surprising the reader or the spectator, the genius of relentless revelation of human weakness and stupidity. The author of "R. U. R." gives his point away too soon. And so he is forced to patch out his evening, first with melodrama and finally with pathos.

Specifically, it seems to me, his allegory fails in that he deprives his "robots" of the power of self-perpetuation, of manufacturing new robots. This deprivation does, it is true, precipitate a "dramatic situation," but it destroys the allegory. The menace of our new machine-made proletariat lies

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precisely in its sinister multiplication, in its gratification of the instinct, as Mr. Shaw has expressed it, for producing fresh supplies of men. It may be objected that this is mere quibbling, that the spectator has no right to ask of the dramatist a serious sociological or scientific consistency; that it is his duty primarily, to produce an effective theatrical entertainment. My answer to this objection is that consistent craftsmanship, a logical working out, or transmutation, of all the inherent and potential possibilities of a theme, will produce more thrilling dramatic and theatrical effect than any division of intention. Give us satire, or give us melodrama, or give us sentiment; but do not try to give us satire and melodrama and sentiment all mixed together. My plea is not that every play produced in and about Broadway should be a dramatic masterpiece. But surely we have a right to ask of our dramatists and playwrights the same average of competent craftsmanship that prevails in less honored and less advertised professions. A dentist does not give up the job of filling our teeth because his interest flags. Yet there are too many contemporary playwrights, among whom the brothers Capek are conspicuous examples, who evidently believe that once they have struck upon a "good idea" for a play, the greater part of their task is done. The truth is that nine-tenths of it still remains. For true drama consists not in this idea, no matter how old or how new it may be, but in the manner, in the method, of its transference from the mind of the author to the spirit of the audience; in the effectiveness, to descend to our current colloquialism, of its broadcasting. The dramatist cannot, in short, interest his audience in an idea that is wrapped up and tied ready for the parcels post. He must undo his package; he must unfold his idea; he must exhibit, with all the arts of the salesman, the treasures of his mind, the beauties and the soundness of his newly-minted truths.

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

"Modern Tendencies in Sculpture," by Lorado Taft (The University of Chicago Press, illustrated), is rather a swift survey of recent work than a criticism either of tendencies or individuals. Not that the critical note is absent, but that the scope of the chapters (originally so many Scammon Lectures at Chicago) usually forbids any criticism that cuts deep. We have it in the case of Rodin, Saint-Gaudens, and Carl Bitter, otherwise we have to do with a text frankly and very briefly informative. As such it is carried off with spirit and competence, as was to be expected of its gifted sculptor-author. There are nearly four hundred little cuts, a real salon of modern sculptors. Thus it is a new and precious resource for the student and amateur, presenting material that would otherwise have to be sought laboriously in files of the art reviews. As a sort of grand tour of modern sculpture within a few hours, it is an eminently successful and useful book.



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Prospects for lower prices of coal to make electric power are wholly unpromising, except with regard to power plants at the mines—a development planned for the Super-Power Zone, but otherwise apparently not realizable for a long time to come. Miners' wages may go lower in the future, and thus make possible a lowering of coal prices so far as that element is concerned; but this gain is entirely problematical, and the extent of it, even if a gain can be realized, is comparatively narrow. Any gain on this item is not unlikely to be offset by State taxation of coal and coal lands, such as is now taking drastic shape in Pennsylvania. Other States have not yet followed this lead; but the possibilities in tax returns are so tempting that the coal of other States is unlikely to go long exempt. Further, the freight charges on coal, now very heavy for all steam electric plants at any considerable distance from the supplying mines, give little prospect of being reduced enough to change markedly the cost of electric power from coal.

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MERGENTHALER LINOTYPE COMPANY

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1922.
DIVIDEND 108

A regular quarterly dividend of 2½% per cent on the capital stock of Mergenthaler Linotype Company will be paid on December 30, 1922, to the stockholders of record as they appear at the close of business on December 6, 1922. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

JOS. T. MACKAY, Treasurer.

How to Study This Number

THE INDEPENDENT LESSON PLANS

English, Literature and
Composition

History, Civics and
Economics

By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A. M.,
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. Play-As-You-Enter-Schools.

1. What tendencies in modern education does the article satirize?
2. In a serious paragraph or two write a statement of the author's beliefs in regard to education.
3. What makes the verse so exquisitely humorous?
4. Write a serious composition in which you express your own thoughts concerning the best method of giving instruction. What is to be considered most—pleasure, ease, value in mature life, interest, value in today's life?
5. Think very clearly concerning an imaginary school that, in your opinion, is an ideal school. Write a narrative in which you tell of a visit to that school. In telling your story employ the means used in the article to make the story interesting, forceful, and worth-while.

II. "As Others See Us."

1. Tell why the title of the article is printed in quotation marks.
2. Make a list of the books written by foreigners about the United States. In a single paragraph summarize what Miss Repplier says in general about such books.
3. Write an original paragraph on the theme, "The elusive thing called nationality." Do all in your power to make your paragraph interesting, and helpful in thought.
4. One writer says Americans are "too busy to have business habits." Explain exactly what the writer means. Write a short anecdote about some imaginary character, making your anecdote illustrate the thought.
5. The same writer says Americans have "a certain god-like appetite for things as distinct from thoughts." Just what does he mean? Write an editorial article for your school paper, making the writer's thought apply definitely to the pupils in your school.
6. Read aloud the last sentence of the article. What danger to the United States does the sentence point out?
7. Give a grammatical analysis of the sentence.
8. Find in the article sentences that convey criticism of American life. Give an original illustration that will prove the truth or the falsity of the criticism.
9. Prepare a report on the work of any one of the following writers named in the article: Trollope, Dickens, Andrew Lang, Thackeray, Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, Longfellow, Rupert Brooke.
10. "As Others See Us" is an essay. Notice how much the article resembles pleasant, wise, mildly humorous, and familiar talk. Write a somewhat similar essay on a subject that will interest your fellow students.

III. A Page of Recent Verse.

1. Explain the first sentence of the quotation from Leigh Hunt.
2. For what qualities is the poetry of Shelley most praised?
3. What lines in the poem "To Shelley" most express the spirit of Shelley?
4. Show that "The Embarcadero" has in the sound of its lines something of the spirit of the sea.
5. Explain what is meant by "The classic tradition in form and dignity."
6. Show that "Finis" illustrates "The classic tradition."

IV. Armageddon?

1. Give a talk in which you tell of the differences between a Sikh and some of the other inhabitants of India.
2. Write an original story in which you tell of the experiences of a Sikh who endeavored to travel alone across the United States. In your story incorporate information about the Sikh customs.
3. Write a poetic description of the building pictured on page 297.
4. Imagine yourself one of those drenched Sikhs. Tell your story.

V. New Books and Old. Brief Book Notes.

1. Read the parody of "The Children's Hour." Write an original parody of some famous passage in prose or in verse. Make your parody apply to conditions in your own school.
2. Prepare a report concerning the novels of Jane Austen. In particular tell why people enjoy reading them.

VI. In Canada's Far Northwest.

1. Write two contrasting character sketches of imaginary men—one a Canadian workman of the past; the other a Canadian workman of today.

I. The Eleventh of November, Franklin K. Lane's Letters.

1. From the materials at your command describe the idealism of Mr. Wilson.
2. Write as full an account as you can of "the part played by Woodrow Wilson in shaping—and failing to shape—the actual outcome of the war and of the peace."
3. Explain the reason for saying "at Washington he was stubborn against America when he ought to have compromised."
4. Explain what were the various influences upon which Mr. Wilson might have relied to compel the acceptance of his terms of peace.
5. Describe the nature of the compromises made by Mr. Wilson for which he is blamed.
6. Describe the situation at the time Mr. Wilson announced his Fourteen Points. Explain and summarize them. Show in what way the Germans found them advantageous to Germany. How could the Germans claim that "they were betrayed into surrender"? Estimate the validity of that claim.
7. Give other instances where it was difficult to harmonize "impartial justice" with "the satisfaction of the several peoples dealt with."
8. What are Mr. Wilson's "other claims than his idealism to a large place in history"?
9. Summarize the criticisms of Mr. Wilson and of his policies which seem to you valid.

II. On the Healing of a Sick Elephant, Domestic Affairs, A Correspondent Hands It Out Hot.

1. State the decision of the Supreme Court in regard to naturalization of the Japanese and the basis upon which it rests.
2. Show how we determine who may be citizens of the United States. Describe the process of naturalization.
3. To prepare for the discussion of the Ship Subsidy Bill look up the excellent summary of the bill in the *Independent* last spring.
4. Debate the proposition that "The American Congress could have saved the Christian minorities in Asia Minor."
5. Explain "the seniority rule" and the objections to it.
6. Discuss the issues and results of the elections.

III. An Intensive Study of Criminal Justice.

1. How does this illustrate a good method of making a survey of a municipal problem?
2. Are any of the conditions found in Cleveland present in your community?
3. What fundamental weaknesses in the administration of criminal justice are pointed out? What remedies are discussed?

IV. The Voice of the English Voter, The British Empire.

1. What large results of the British elections are here indicated?
2. From the editorial and your former study formulate your explanation of (a) the victory of the Conservatives, (b) the gains of the Labor Party, (c) the defeat of Lloyd George.
3. Show that, in spite of victory, the party in power has difficulties.
4. What is meant by the statement that the Labor Party becomes "the nominal opposition in Parliament"? Explain the conditions which handicap the Labor Party.
5. Describe the population problems of Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. Show how they are attempting to solve the problem and explain the obstacles to a complete solution.

V. Turkey.

1. Show how events in Turkey are increasing the spirit of nationalism in the Turks.
2. As a background for the debates at Lausanne make a summary of the aspirations for Turkey that have been voiced by its leaders.
3. Show how recent acts of the Angora government have affected the question of representation at the peace conference and the unity of the Allies.
4. Write an account of the fortunes of the Dodecanese since the outbreak of the Italian-Turkish War.

VI. The French Army.

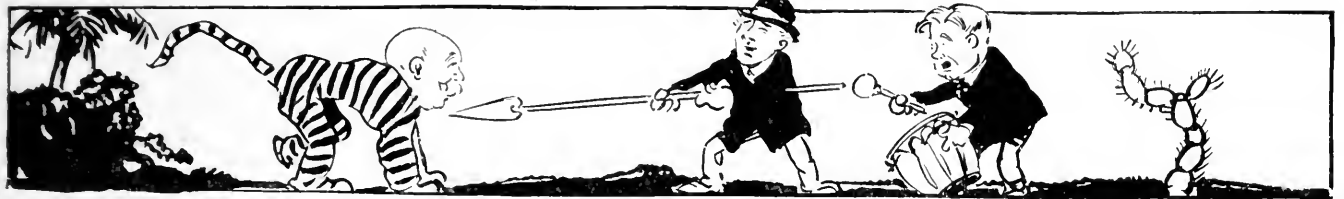
1. From the material given here what argument might be made that France is not militaristic?

VII. Germany.

1. Describe the recent events in Germany.
2. Give all the proof you can that "Germany, it seems, does not accept her defeat." Explain that attitude.

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion
December 9, 1922



POLITICAL gossip at Washington grows more interesting since the election. The most noteworthy comment is that the radical successes have tremendously increased the number of candidates for President in 1924. Not only are Johnson, Borah, and La Follette setting their caps for it, but Ladd, of North Dakota, and Watson, of Indiana, are hopeful that lightning may strike in their neighborhood. The multitude of these ambitions gives hope that the new radical group will accomplish far less than they are setting out to do. As one shrewd observer remarked recently, "They are suffering from too many Major Generals." The radicals are strong on destructive attack but they are finding it difficult to harmonize rival ambitions and to join in anything constructive. They don't want to form a third party and to retain their position with the Republican Party requires considerable agility in balancing and juggling. So they limit themselves largely to vague declarations of "progressive" policy.

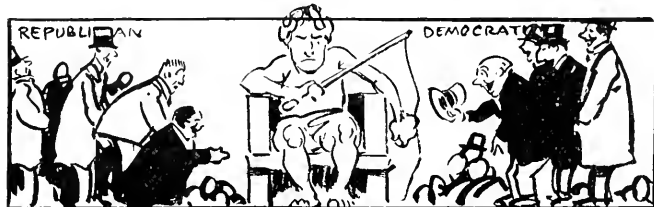
The outlook would be far better, however, were it not for the inept and obstructive tactics of Senator Lodge, whose policy seems inexplicable unless it be attributed to senility. As Republican leader he is the heaviest load the Party has to carry. Harrison or Reed may make vitriolic attacks on the Administration and have them go out over the country unanswered, while Lodge looks on complacently and smiles a cynical smile. Instead of making a fight for sound measures calculated to win general public support, he presses such legislation as the Ship Subsidy bill and the Dyer Anti-lynching bill, which are unpopular and which give the radicals a vulnerable point of attack.

THE Dyer bill has been shelved, thanks to the effective Democratic filibuster. The Senate, by the way, is the most unique legislative body in the world in that it provides rules for its own conduct which make legislating impossible. There is little doubt that Lodge and some of his associates saw in the Dyer bill a clever dodge to swing the negro vote in the Northern States. The bill itself is probably unconstitutional and Lodge could have had little hope of passing it. In making the filibuster, however, the Southern Senators may be charged with a glaring inconsistency. They base their opposition to the bill on the ground that it constitutes an interference of the Federal Government in police powers that are reserved to the States. Yet in the parallel case of the Volstead Act the same Senators welcomed a similar intrusion to enforce the provisions of an amendment to the Constitution.

A SAGACIOUS, statesmanlike leader would get these unpopular, untimely, and unsound bills out of the way at the earliest moment and hasten the consideration of the appropriation and other necessary legislation so as to get these matters all completed by March 3. Then the country could settle down to business with the assurance that for nine months at least economic conditions would not be upset by legislative meddling and experiment. The radical bloc is moving heaven and earth to bring about an extra session in the spring. Wisdom lies in letting these noisy folk cool their heels awhile. By the time December comes around their blood pressure will be wholesomely reduced and their attention somewhat distracted by the pros-

pect of a Presidential campaign. Meanwhile business will have had a chance to recover, undeterred by the fears and anxieties inspired by the prospect of all manner of violent legislative proposals.

PRESIDENT HARDING deserves the highest commendation for his appointment of Pierce Butler, of Minnesota, to the Supreme Court, and especially because he persisted in making the appointment regardless of the strong pressure brought to bear upon him in behalf of less worthy



Ave Caesar!

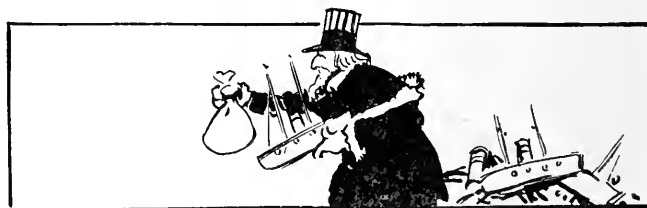
candidates. The new appointee is singularly fitted for his task. He has risen by his own efforts, by industry and integrity, from humble circumstances to the position of one of the foremost lawyers in the country, and, while a Democrat, has not been an office-holder and owes nothing to politics or politicians. That he has had great experience in the legal aspects of railroad problems makes his presence in the Supreme Court at the present time particularly valuable. If any proof of his high character and special fitness for his new field of work were needed, it is to be found in the chorus of denunciation and lying insinuation of those journals that would prefer to see the Supreme Court weakened by the appointment of some tool of their own under the guise of "putting heart into it."

IN all the talk about Prohibition we hear all too little concerning a class of people who are by all odds the worst offenders. These are the persons, whether in Congress, in State Legislatures, or private citizens where the issue was put to popular vote, who voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and the maintenance of the Volstead Act and who are now breaking the law. Such persons seem to have much the same feeling for the law as that entertained in former days by men who voted for local option and then imported liquor for their own consumption: it is better for the great mass of people that they shouldn't drink, but, as for me, I must do as I like. Or let us assume that some of these persons are not breaking the law—except that portion of it which forbids transportation of liquor without a license—because they had the means with which to provide themselves with large stores in advance. Can one have any respect for them? They have prescribed how others shall live, yet refuse to abide by their own ruling. Stories come to us repeatedly, bearing every mark of authenticity, to the effect that men in high office

at Washington are to be numbered in this contemptible class.

THE refusal of the Senate to confirm the loan to Liberia was a disgraceful proceeding which seriously interferes with the proper conduct of the Department of State and reflects upon the good faith of the United States. During the war a credit of \$5,000,000 was opened for Liberia in accordance with the Act governing loans to our allies. As a result this little country was enabled to play her small, but not unworthy, part in the struggle. Although obligations were contracted, only a small fraction of the credit had been actually exercised at the time when the Act expired by limitation. It seemed but a mere formality and one not to be questioned that the Senate should pass the bill which the Administration presented to keep faith with Liberia in an undertaking agreed to by President Wilson. Certainly Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes had no further interest in it than to fulfill a moral obligation. Yet the radicals seized upon this to take a slap at the Administration and give the first insolent demonstration of their power.

THE execution of five former Cabinet officials and one general of Greece, convicted of "high treason" (other trials are to follow), has gone far to alienate sympathy previously entertained for the Greeks. The world now feels about the Turk much as Charles Lamb came to feel about Herod after he had been tortured by a concert of dissatisfied infants. "King Herod," said Lamb, "was a much maligned man." The world inclines to tell the Turk to "go to it." If he wants to resume possession of Western Thrace or even Greece itself, let him go take 'em if he can. The incident has aroused great popular interest. You hear arguments like this: If there could be six Greeks in high place really guilty of treason, the whole Greek concern must be rotten; or, if they weren't guilty, if the executions



Uncle Sam plays Santa Claus

were judicial murders, a country pretending to be civilized that could produce that sort of court in this year of grace 1922, must be no good. Bad reasoning, of course. As for miscarriage of justice, recall the Dreyfus trial only the other day. And as for traitors, there was a nice little nest of them in Paris in 1917. But there's the fact: rightly or wrongly, world sympathy has been alienated from Greece in consequence of the executions, few recalling that some weeks ago the Angora Government sentenced to death, without trial, members of the Government of the deposed Sultan

IT is not necessary to call names or to impugn motives in discussing the action of Bishop Homer C. Stuntz and his associates in the Nebraska Methodist Conference in retiring the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, and getting themselves disrespectfully talked about thereby. Mr. Buckner, like half or more of his fellow Methodists, denies the verbal inspiration of the Bible and believes in "the historical interpretation." He accepts "the demonstrated conclusions of science in the fields of geology and biology" and holds that religion "should emphasize personal service to fellow men"



Lausanne—an oil painting

rather than "personal reward." From his own story, published as a pamphlet entitled "How I Lost My Job as a Preacher," it appears that he protested against being retired, and that his demand for formal charges and a trial was denied. The Committee on Conference Relations "heard

Mr. Buckner repeatedly," says Dr. Clyde Clay Cissell, Executive Secretary for the Omaha area of the Council of Boards of Benevolence, in a telegram to *Zion's Herald*, and then retired him without "formal charges or case against him." *Zion's Herald* is maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is, in that sense, an organ of the denomination. It is therefore highly significant that the *Herald*, reviewing the case in its issue of November 8, says: "After studying the facts in connection with the Buckner case we are convinced that there is truth in the foregoing scathing indictment of Methodism, and we propose to face the issue squarely." The "scathing indictment" referred to was a published article which had characterized the action of the Conference as "despicable," and said that Bishop Stuntz and his fellow committeemen "did not dare to face the consequences which a public admission of their veritable intention would bring down upon them." After this it was nice of *Zion's Herald* to add, "these church leaders may have made a mistake, but they are not dishonest; neither are they politicians." Of course they are not dishonest, and the evidence is strong that they are not politicians, at any rate not the kind that have nothing further to learn.

A Problem of the Imagination

THE present task of the Harding Administration is such that no one would wish to make it harder by captious criticism. The President has, in our judgment, made a few capital mistakes, as in his handling of the tariff situation. Yet few will deny him downright honesty, wholehearted patriotism, and a desire to do the square thing always. Why is it that his Administration is not popular? Is it that the heritage left by President Wilson was such that only Mr. Wilson himself could have coped with it? Or is it that Mr. Harding got back to realities so suddenly as to slight the appeal to the popular imagination which was so much desired?

It is undoubtedly the latter course, to our thinking, which has alienated the people's favor. The State Department's one great achievement makes this conclusion seem inevitable. The outset of the Washington Conference furnished a thrill to which the nations of the whole world instantly responded—and this country quite as much as any other. In the fall elections of 1920 President Wilson's programme was no doubt repudiated. But this did not mean that the people's minds and hearts had not expanded to many of the sentiments which he had expressed. Americans were in a mood which craved the fostering of practical idealism; nothing else would quite satisfy them. Yet, save for the one exhibition of it, at the Washington Conference,

they have been denied the satisfaction of this craving.

The task is not ours to say just what opportunity the President and his associates had to gratify this desire. Knowing that it existed, the President should have made his own opportunities. We think of one minor instance. When Mr. Hughes saw the approval with which his opening speech at the Washington Conference was received, he must have inferred that there was a tremendous desire for the establishment of world peace. Why should he not instantly have set his mind to work on the next step which he could justifiably take in that direction? Yet he allowed nearly a year to go by before announcing the probability of our entering the World Court. The people did not ask for much. They had been disillusioned of the hope that all the problems of the world could be settled at once. But they had not despaired that a steady progress of solid achievements could be engineered.

A new phenomenon has just arisen which may cause the Administration quite as much trouble in the future as it has been caused in the past. This is the formation of the so-called liberal *bloc*. The programme of this group is not impressive when it is carefully studied. It is indeed instinct with demagoguery. Thus there is a strong declaration for the open primary, when experience has as yet failed to prove that the direct primary clearly

reflects the people's wishes. In a number of instances it has appeared that the most facile speaker could carry the primary, regardless of his political qualifications.

That is just the point. Something akin to demagoguery has been in the air for some time, and it is able to move many persons who are not usually susceptible to it. Why? The situation growing out of the World War is no doubt mainly responsible for it. A great swelling feeling arose which demanded that new devices should be employed to compose national differences and that domestically, as well as internationally, the world should be made a more comfortable place to live in. The lot of the plain people leaped to the fore, and any one who professed to speak in their behalf got more than the usual hearing. He will continue to get it, unless we are mistaken, if he puts up a fairly plausible case. The liberal *bloc* may seriously affect American policies if the opposition does not present its own case, not only logically, but with a warm appeal to the imagination of the American people.

The problem of the Administration is one quite as much of the imagination as of logic.

The Ship Subsidy Tangle

PASSAGE of the drastically amended ship subsidy bill in the House by the narrow majority of 24 votes, offers little promise of a speedy solution of the grave financial problems involved in the Government's war-built merchant fleet. The action in the House pretty clearly reflects the general public hostility to the principle of subsidies for American merchant ships, without showing that either Congress or the public is ready to face affirmatively the practical alternatives to a subsidy measure.

These alternatives President Harding presented very clearly in his address to Congress urging passage of the subsidy bill approved by the Administration. The Government had on its hands a merchant fleet for which it had paid at least three billion dollars, and which was worth now in the world market only a fraction of that amount—probably (though he did not state it specifically) less than one-tenth of that sum. In partial Government operation of some of these ships, and the carrying of the others that are idle, the Government was losing about fifty millions a year. The three possible courses were: (1) To drop the whole fleet, taking a total loss, and charging it to the cost of the war; (2) to continue the present wasteful course until the fleet disappeared through depreciation of the ships and growing unserviceableness; or (3) to adopt a constructive course, as proposed in the Administration bill, which would, he said, not only reduce the annual cost to the Treasury from fifty millions to thirty, but establish a permanent merchant marine under the American flag. It is fairly clear that the general opinion of the

country is in favor of the first course, but no clear signs of a definite movement in that direction have appeared in Congress.

Three main objects were aimed at by the original subsidy bill: (1) To make the shipping business profitable to American owners and buyers of the Government ships by paying them a subsidy, and by requiring at least half of the annual immigration to come to this country on American ships; (2) to tempt American shippers to use American vessels by exempting their freight payments from the income tax; (3) to provide for the building of new ships through loans from a Government revolving fund, and by exempting shipowners' earnings from the income tax when these earnings were used to build new ships. The fund for carrying out these purposes was to be derived from various shipping taxes and by taking for the fund ten per cent. of customs duties on imports. Subsidy payments and construction loans were to be in the hands of the Shipping Board, which was to sell the Government ships as fast as might be.

The outstanding obstacle to the operation of a large American merchant fleet in foreign trade is that it doesn't pay enough to attract American capital from the more profitable ventures open to it on the land. The average profits of the most successful British shipping companies, over a long series of years, have been barely five per cent. on the investment—not enough to attract American capital. Moreover, the labor cost of running an American ship, owing to the La Follette Seamen's Act, is nearly or quite twice as great as that for ships of other countries. In passing the Seamen's Act, Congress subsidized American seamen at the expense of American shipping. The President contended that Congress ought to be willing to balance this burden on the American ship-owner by means of the aids provided in the subsidy bill. The bill contemplated profits for American ship-owners of ten per cent. on their invested capital.

Of the several material changes the House made in the bill favored by the President, the most important was that which made payments by the Shipping Board from the shipping fund subject to annual authorization by vote of Congress. This change, plainly reflecting the general opposition to giving a Government board power to enter on a long-term programme of subsidizing, would probably defeat altogether any effect the plan might otherwise have. Clearly, with the law in this shape, any contract the Shipping Board might make with an American ship operator would be subject to wreck by the failure of Congress to appropriate sufficient funds—perhaps by its refusal to make any appropriation. It seems quite improbable that American capital would embark in the merchant shipping business on any such unstable assurance of assistance from the Government. Retention of this provision would almost certainly make the bill as it now exists wholly in-

effective. That, there is reason to believe, was the real purpose behind the amendment, and the thing which made the House willing to pass the bill even by a narrow majority. The House also refused the proposed income-tax favors on freight money paid to American ships, raised the interest rate on Government loans for building new ships, denied the subsidy to companies carrying their own goods (such as the Standard Oil Company), and required the Shipping Board to sell ships by competitive bidding: but the most vital change is the year-to-year control of the funds put in the hands of Congress. That, or the attitude which dictated it, seems to us to spell the essential defeat of the President's shipping plans.

Oil and the Open Door

WE cannot refrain from expressing deep disgust at the disingenuous and wholly unfounded attacks upon Secretary Hughes because of his straightforward statement of the American policy of the Open Door conveyed by Ambassador Child at the Lausanne Conference. The Open Door policy is not new; and its purpose is not only to secure equal rights for American citizens, but to establish a basis of equal opportunity in the international economic struggle that shall in the future avert those evil and peace-menacing consequences which flowed directly from the policy of spheres of influence and special economic privilege by Government interference. The system of mandates set up by the League Covenant gave an excellent opening for furthering precisely those forms of special privilege which lead to bad blood between nations. Both the Wilson and the Harding Administrations called the attention of the mandataries politely but firmly to the fact that the non-participation of the United States in the League of Nations did not give that body the right to abrogate or dispose of the rights of American citizens anywhere in the world. No discrimination in their favor was asked; and no discrimination against them was to be permitted.

The settlement of the Turkish question at Lausanne was bound to involve the matter of the oil fields of Mesopotamia, and the control of sources of oil production is, under present conditions, a matter of prime concern to the Powers. In the Mesopotamian oil business are mixed up both pre-war concessions and contracts, and future exploitation policy. The question of equal opportunity for Americans in future developments in this field has nothing whatever to do with the other problems in which the United States is interested, such as the safeguarding of educational institutions and the protection of minorities. Yet some disingenuous persons have sought to make it appear that the American Government was keen to look out for the former to the exclusion of the latter. Furthermore, they sought to play upon popular prejudice

by connecting this stand for American rights and the Open Door with the designs of the Standard Oil Company. Now, if any of the numerous Standard Oil Companies, or of the other oil companies (and several of the latter are enterprising enough to seek opportunities in other lands), desires to operate in Mesopotamia on an equality with the corporations of other countries, it is to the credit and not to the discredit of our Government that it endeavors to maintain their just rights to equal treatment. To charge on this account that Secretary Hughes is acting as a tool of a particular corporation is to assert what is palpably false. We are glad that at this moment when for ulterior purposes Mr. Untermyer—recently converted from a not too scrupulous corporation lawyer into a self-advertised champion of the people—seeks to make an American scandal out of alleged negotiations for oil territory supposed to have been the property of Abdul Hamid, the officials of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey have issued a categorical denial of participating in any such negotiations.

Hillman Sells Blue Sky

IT was a pretty financial scheme Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (an organization of strong Bolshevik sympathies) and Lenin worked out together last year. In fact, some of our expert fly-by-night capitalistic promoters could scarcely have done better. A million-dollar company was to be formed in America and its ten-dollar shares subscribed by workingmen. This company was to enter into partnership with the Soviet Government, the former contributing \$1,000,000; the latter putting in confiscated clothing plants and material estimated to be worth \$3,500,000. The profits were to be divided in proportion to capital invested, but to the American concern were guaranteed dividends of eight per cent. and "money back" in case of dissatisfaction.

The Russian-American Industrial Corporation was formed and its stock advertised in the columns of *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Survey*, and similar journals in terms strongly reminiscent of those employed by the fakers who sell oil-stock and mining-stock to the gullible. Some \$200,000 worth of stock was sold and Hillman returned to Russia to complete the contract. Unfortunately—or fortunately, according to how you look at it—he took with him as business advisor Mr. William O. Thompson. Mr. Thompson was a sympathetic friend, but as an experienced man of business, who had been president of the American Cotton Oil Company and the N. K. Fairbanks Company, he could not close his eyes to the plain hard facts of the situation that stood revealed when he began to investigate the Soviet proposal.

Mr. Thompson speedily came to the conclusion that the scheme was chimerical and that successful

operation of such an enterprise was impossible under the Soviet régime. Consequently he decided he could no longer allow his name to be used to aid the stock-selling campaign and on his arrival in Berlin he laid before Joseph Shaplen, the New York *Tribune* correspondent, a categorical statement of the reasons why profitable and productive work was impossible under the Soviets and why the Hillman project was doomed to failure.

Last week Hillman returned to New York and met his stockholders in a great mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall. It was an interesting study in psychology. Beautiful music and enthusiastic pro-Soviet speeches preceded the entrance of the president. The latter adverted at once to the Thompson episode. Thompson was a sympathetic friend and a well-wisher of the great social experiment in Russia, but after all he was a capitalistic business man and could see things only in the light of large profits. He had recommended that the company confine itself to export and import business because it would make larger profits than in undertaking the manufacturing end. On this point they had broken, because he, Hillman, was more interested in the great humanitarian work of rebuilding Russian industry. And his audience apparently was satisfied with this specious plea.

Hillman is undoubtedly sincere. He has been carried away by his emotions, deceived by the Soviet leaders, and blinded to the practical difficulties. He is one of those who must suffer failure to be convinced of the fallacy of Leninism applied to life, a fallacy which Lenin himself seems to recognize in acknowledging his own successive failures.

Clemenceau

Georges Clemenceau, President of the Council and Minister of War, and Marshal Foch, General in Chief of the Allied Armies, have well deserved the gratitude of the country.

THUS unanimously resolved the Senate of the French Republic, ordering that a copy of the resolution be conspicuously placed in every Town Hall and in the Council Chamber of every Commune throughout France. Never was a country's gratitude more appropriately expressed, and never was a country's gratitude better earned. It was proper that the resolution should give the precedence to Clemenceau; for, though Foch had well deserved, Clemenceau had deserved even more greatly.

It speaks well for the intelligence and information of the American people that they recognize in Clemenceau the most distinguished guest this country has entertained. But it is doubtful whether any large proportion of our people recognize how indispensable he was to the saving of France and so of Western civilization. The average American has in mind the situation in France in 1917: how treason, defeatism, and pacifism had gone far to paralyze the Government; how fear of betrayal

from the rear was undermining the morale of the army, so that many apprehended a French and more disastrous Caporetto; and how Clemenceau, undertaking the Premiership at the age of seventy-six, clapped the traitors in quod, silenced the pacifists (of whom Longuet was the most vociferous), entirely restored the morale and confidence of the troops (with whom he spent three days a week at the front, constantly exposed to fire), and with his "*Je fais la guerre! Je fais la guerre!*" created the atmosphere essential to victory. It is this Clemenceau of 1917, Clemenceau the leader, whom most Americans recognize as indispensable to France and the Allied victory.

Quite so. And yet—and yet—the philosophical historian of the future is likely to find that the service rendered by Clemenceau as head of Government, as organizer of victory, was less important than the service rendered by Clemenceau the Censor, the Super-Cato, during the long period from 1876, when he entered the National Assembly, until 1917 (except the years 1906-1909, when he was Minister of the Interior and Premier). Reviewing the history of the Third Republic, one wonders how it survived the intrigues of Clericals, Orleanists, Legitimists, and Bonapartists, the Panama Scandal, the Dreyfus Affair, so much else, including—not least important—the opportunism of genuine Republicans (why, Gambetta himself turned Opportunist!). It survived because of successive purgations effected by the most savage, unremitting, honest, intelligent, informed, fearless, and patriotic political critic the world has ever seen. Probably but for Clemenceau the Republic would not have survived; almost certainly, but for Clemenceau it would not have been in plight in 1914 to endure the terrific impact of the German attack. Ah! then what would be the plight of the world today?

Clemenceau's criticism during all these years was not merely destructive. It was in many ways constructive, both as to domestic and as to foreign policy. To him the all-important desideratum of foreign policy was an intimate understanding with Great Britain. Far more than any other man was he instrumental in the creation of the Anglo-French Entente. In the eighties and nineties of the last century a very large proportion of the French people would have preferred an alliance with Germany to an alliance with Great Britain. One of the most effective points made against Clemenceau by the coalition which defeated him for reelection to the Chamber in 1893, was his friendship for Britain. Against such difficulties, after an uphill fight of many years, he achieved the Entente. More clearly than any other Frenchman he perceived the inevitability of another attack by Germany, and he knew that France must go under without the British alliance. So, then, not only as Critic and as chief of Government, but also as Seer, he was indispensable.

He is here, Clemenceau. Despite his eighty-two years and the mortal disease from which he suffers, and his weariness from that terrible year 1918, during which he underwent such unexampled toil, he has come because he has heard that the American heart is estranged from France. He would win it back. He has done that, if ever it was estranged. Besides, he brings a warning. "I tell you," says he, "that we may be facing, if you do not take care, the greatest crisis in the world. I simply tell you that there is nothing that can stop the combination of Turkish barbarism, German revenge, and Russian anarchy, but the combination of France, England, and America." Well, Clemenceau proved a true seer in the past, and thereby saved not only France but also civilization. He may be sure that the American people will deeply ponder his warning.

The Literary Dictatorship of the Proletariat

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. William Watson protested against the critics. It was not merely of their harshness that he complained but of their lack of equipment. In endeavoring to discredit their judgments he made the point that the general reader was better qualified than the professional critic to appreciate a piece of literature. The best test of the merits of a work was whether it continued to live in the popular estimation. The difficulty with such a criterion was the uncertainty in which it left an author as to whether his work had lasting merit, for he could not expect to live long enough to find out. And as regards one's own day and generation, it conceded that any best-seller was a masterpiece.

Well, no matter what its shortcomings, the blessed state for which this poet yearned is now upon us. Anything like the old literary dictatorship has vanished, at least in this country. This began to happen with the growing popularity of the newspaper supplement. When the public found out that books were just another commodity like country houses, stockfarms, statesmen, murderers, and all the other matters which the newspaper supplement admits into its columns, the weeklies to which a discriminating public used to turn for literary criticism were out of luck. Not that the newspapers in any great degree usurped the critical functions of the weeklies. They did, and do, emphasize the news value of current publications, and it is of course a convenience to the reader to learn the bulk and savor of each week's literary output. If he realized that these were not the only elements of literary criticism, all would be well. Little wonder that he is confused. For the news value of literature can be made most attractive and most various. A man's poems, for instance, are turned over for review to another poet. And is it not, to say the least, very piquant to see what one

poet means to another? And might one not reasonably infer that a poet is the best critic of poetry?

Gossip about literature—the state at which literary criticism for the most part has now arrived—is often pleasant enough. No one would argue for its disappearance. For, while it may encourage worthless writers to push on, it does spread the interest in books. The proof is that newspapers which do not have weekly review supplements feel constrained to carry a daily column treating of books. These, like the supplements, are sometimes very engaging and human. Standards, which not so long ago used to be prized, are thrown aside and here you can learn what somebody—presumably much like yourself and very possibly having not much more than your own critical equipment—thinks of the books which you have been reading.

It is naturally refreshing to feel that your special bookman is not academic, using for purposes of comparison classics of former days about which you know next to nothing. That always did seem to you an unfair means. When, for example, "Main Street" first appeared you were delighted that he did not trot out Balzac or any other old fellow and conclude that Mr. Sinclair Lewis's realism was not the genuine article. Besides, what would have been the use of so doing? "Main Street" is America and it is not necessary to look beyond our shores to determine whether American life is truly depicted.

We may have erred in describing the present state of literary criticism as "gossip." The newspaper reviews are not afraid of tackling ideas and of arguing vigorously. Let us all admit that the newspapers are conducting literary "salons." The point at issue is not lost by this admission. For if one thinks of the famous salons of the past one remembers that while the talk had none of the formality of a printed critique, it dipped easily into a distant past and had much respect for standards.

The American literary "salon" has at least this in common with its predecessors, that its presiding officer, your bookman of the press, will proclaim his views with all the gusto of a Richelieu. We have styled his position "The Literary Dictatorship of the Proletariat." And such it really is, for in his columns the great general public finds its dumbly present opinions and impressions clearly reflected. He is the mouthpiece to whom people turn to ascertain what their own views are—a position not to be despised.

Not long ago a noted American professor, in commenting on the widespread desire to have education put into the hands of the common people, exclaimed, "Well, it's there now, and look at it!" He did not mean to be taken too seriously, yet he was sincere in regretting the deterioration which was bound to take place when education was so standardized. With the same degree of sincerity we can point to the present status of literary criticism and say, "Look at it!"

Aristocracy: 1922 Model

By Fabian Franklin

THERE is nothing more wholesome for a democracy than to be reminded of its faults and its limitations. And in addition to inherent desirability the process has for us a high scarcity value; for there is no treatment to which our democracy is so rarely subjected. Accordingly, when the new head of an institution of learning takes occasion to deliver some home thrusts at democratic complacency, one's first impulse is to welcome so refreshing an example of public courage.

In his inaugural address as President of Colgate University, Dr. George Barton Cutten did this; and, his remarks having attracted nation-wide attention, they are now supplemented by an elaborate interview in the *New York Times*. Dr. Cutten boldly denies that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and declares that the divine right of the people has no more foundation than the divine right of kings. All this is in refreshing contrast to the cant which idealizes democracy as perfect, and the no less tiresome cant which, admitting its imperfections, takes refuge in the cheap formula that the cure for democracy is more democracy. One of the notorious stupidities of James II was his unshakable conviction that the only reason why his father had lost his crown—and his head—was because he had not been absolute enough. An idolatrous faith that if only our democracy were absolute enough all would be well, has just about as much foundation as the like faith in the case of monarchy.

But merely to throw down the gauntlet to democracy as a fetich does not accomplish much, and Dr. Cutten goes farther. He offers as a substitute for democracy an intellectual aristocracy; a thing for which, in the abstract, possibly a good deal might be said. But unfortunately, Dr. Cutten does not leave the matter in the abstract; he tells just how his aristocracy would be constituted.

The mental tests recently developed by psychologists furnish the machinery by which the problem can be neatly, accurately, and expeditiously solved. "We should restrict the franchise by a mental, not an educational test." All persons should be educated to the limit of their "ability to take an education"; their ability to take it should be determined—at a very early age of course—by the psychological tests: "those who cannot take it should not be permitted to vote; they should be deprived of the franchise not because they are uneducated, but because they are mentally deficient." And, as though to leave no doubt that it is by this automatic machinery that the new aristocracy is to be ground out, the learned gentleman says: "We cannot hope for a timocracy, that is, a government by honor or worth, because there are as yet no satisfactory laboratory tests for character, as there are for mentality." Presumably in the good time coming, when the laboratory shall have done its perfect work, we shall see how foolish it is for any child to strive to be more truthful, or unselfish, or persevering than nature intended him to be; but while waiting for the golden age of character tests, let us be thankful that we are living in the silver age of the intelligence tests and not in that dark and barbarous time

when there was no machine with which to classify us at all.

At just what point Dr. Cutten would draw the intelligence line is not made clear in his talk; but it is quite clear that he would have the disfranchised portion of the population constitute a very large part of the whole. Occasionally, indeed, he speaks of the proposed intellectual ruling class not as an aristocracy but as an oligarchy; and in point of fact an oligarchy it would have to be if it were to fulfill its purpose. The trouble about the present electorate, it appears, is that it is not capable of forming competent judgments on complex matters like the tariff, for example; and if we are to confine the suffrage to persons who can do that kind of thing really well, the electorate would have to be extremely select. But, be that as it may, the disfranchised would be a vast multitude; a multitude so great that, in discussing the feasibility of his scheme, its author feels called upon to point out why in his judgment it would be in no great danger of being overthrown by a revolution on the part of the disfranchised masses.

Now, of course, Dr. Cutten, a man of culture and certainly of an alert mind, must be as well aware as anybody that the chance of any such scheme of disfranchisement being adopted is just about as great as that of our asking the Sultan of Turkey to come and rule over us. Is it not then, it may be asked, sheer waste of time to discuss the matter? I think not. As a practical proposal, to be sure, it is not worth a moment's consideration. Even as an ideal, it is hardly worth solicitous attention; for I am sure that nine persons out of ten will reject it instinctively, and need no logical analysis to fortify their spontaneous conclusion. The aristocracy which Dr. Cutten thinks so ideally desirable would be the most priggish, the most offensive, the most unhuman, that the world has ever known; and it is arguable that even from the standpoint of efficiency it would be likely to prove a melancholy failure. More goes to government than intelligence; and democracy, with all its deplorable weaknesses and errors, does somehow keep in touch with those deeper things that transcend intelligence. There is hardly any more danger of Dr. Cutten's machine-made intellectual aristocracy meeting general approval as an ideal scheme of government than of its being adopted as a practical proposal.

What does give real interest to the scheme is the state of mind behind it; for, while in his conclusion Dr. Cutten will probably have few supporters, the general idea behind it is also behind a tendency which is just now playing a great part in highly important and influential quarters. I do not wish to pass judgment either on the accuracy or on the desirability of the intelligence tests; they rest on a genuine scientific foundation, and there are unquestionably good uses to which they can be put. But it will not do to leave to specialists the deeper questions that are involved in any far-reaching innovation. The eugenicist, for example, may show by flawless reasoning that a superior breed would result from forbidding marriage to all who are below a certain standard; but the gain would

be purchased at the sacrifice of that sense of fundamental human worth which is at the heart of all that is best in the relations of man to man.

Dr. Cutten tells us, not by way of criticism, but quite the contrary—by way of support for his own scheme—that by the use of the intelligence tests in the public schools "we are already building a caste system as rigid as that in India." This is, of course, an exaggeration. But it comes not from an enemy, but from a hearty advocate, of the intelligence-test plan; and, exaggerated or not, it points to a tendency truly inherent in the system and likely to become more and more manifest as time goes on, if it is adhered to and extended. Moreover, this is but one of many instances of the sway in our time of a blind devotion to the demands of efficiency. Efficiency obtained by the elimination of senseless waste, by improvement in mechan-

ical processes, by clearing our minds of error or fallacy, is a blessing; but efficiency pursued at the expense of primary human values, at the cost of lowering the dignity, the self-respect, the hopefulness—even though it be illusory hopefulness—of millions, is purchased at infinitely too high a price. To what extent the intelligence tests tend to do this, I do not presume to say; but certain I am that the question of whether they do or not is immeasurably more important than the question of how much efficiency they may turn out or how much waste they may avoid. It is a sorry progress that we are making if we have progressed to the point where we can no longer afford to suffer any material sacrifice for the sake of preserving the fundamental values of life. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Collapse of Constitutional Government

By Chester T. Crowell

I—How Elections Are Carried in Texas

[Mr. Crowell, during the autumn election campaign, had a remarkable opportunity to observe the activities of the Ku Klux Klan in Texas, whither he, as a former Texan, was summoned by a group of enlightened persons in order to help fight the criminal methods of this outrageous organization. "Two-gun men" were indeed very much needed, and Mr. Crowell was not separated from these weapons of defense day or night.—Editor.]

THE spread of the Ku Klux Klan through first the Southern and Southwestern States, then part of the Middle Western, part of the Northwestern, and finally through the Eastern States has at last begun to attract serious attention. Constitutional government has absolutely collapsed over large areas of the Southern States. But one could get heated denials of that statement from the very places where the collapse is most flagrant and alarming. To prove the denial, those who make it would be delighted to get their hands on anyone casting aspersions upon their government so they could tar and feather him. They would show him whether constitutional government had collapsed! They'd teach him something with a whip laid across his bare back until the blood flowed! And the baffling feature of this state of mind is that they would be sincere. They would explain that owing to the noble activities of the Ku Klux Klan many undesirable persons "had been run out of town" and they would argue that in all their beatings and tarrings and warnings to leave town they had never made an error. "The invisible eye has seen," they always report, as though they possessed some sort of mechanism not hampered by human imperfections. But the plain truth of the matter is that they have made many horrible errors, as any body of men is sure to do when they attempt to try criminal cases in secret without the defendant being present or having an opportunity to confront the witnesses or call witnesses. It seems that they do not know that those provisions of the Bill of Rights which safeguard a defendant grew out of long and painful experience and were not jumbled together as the thought of a moment to provide red-

tape in criminal trials. I personally know of one case of the whipping of an old woman who was sick in bed at the time she was dragged out and stripped naked and beaten by both men and women. After the disgraceful affair this mob committee made a written statement that the woman was contributing to the delinquency of her daughter. The girl in question wasn't her daughter; and the woman had exhausted her resources in trying to be a good foster parent, but chronic ill health made the task too much for her. I personally know of another case in which a young married man in Houston, Texas, was charged by scan-



dal with certain moral lapses; he was taken out at night by a hooded mob and beaten. An assistant district attorney of Houston, George E. B. Peddy, stated publicly after investigating the case thoroughly, that he failed to discover even a shred of evidence upon which a reasonable suspicion could be based. So the "invisible eye" is not quite infallible. In the case of the Houston man, however, his business was ruined, his good name dragged in the dust, and he left the city. It

is possible to be vindicated by a trial in an open court, but vindication is not the function of secret tribunals. They leave a trail of ruin.

The Ku Klux Klan is probably stronger in Texas than in any other State; it controls the State politically by controlling the machinery of the Democratic Party; it numbers in its membership probably a majority of the officials and certainly a very large majority of the peace-officers. The calm complaisance of the majority of the population who are not members of the Ku Klux Klan can only be explained by their ignorance of the fundamentals of government. The fact that this organization is setting up a separate government which attempts to rise superior to constitutional government seems not to excite them in the least. They hear of someone being dragged away from his dinner table to be beaten or tarred and feathered, and usually they dismiss it with: "Well, maybe he deserved it." It does not seem to occur to them that the same evidence which convicted him in a secret session of the Ku Klux Klan could just as well have been offered before a district judge and a jury in open court. A friend of mine put the case in Texas recently in the following words: "The issue in this State is whether we are going to have courthouse justice or river-bottom justice." In that particular campaign in which my friend made speeches the people of Texas voted by an overwhelming majority for river-bottom justice.

Before the Democratic primary election in Texas last July there were six candidates for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator. Three of them were members of the Ku Klux Klan. Before the primary election took place the Ku Klux Klan held a primary of its own, an elimination contest in which the three klansmen were voted upon by klansmen. The other three candidates were not considered at all. The klansmen, having selected their nominee, went into the Democratic primaries and voted solidly for the man who won in their klan primary. In this way they ensured the nomination of a klansman. When these facts filtered out a large body of Democrats decided to bolt the primary, taking the position that the successful candidate was really the Ku Klux Klan nominee and not the Democratic nominee. These bolters joined with the Republicans and put up a fusion candidate. He was defeated by more than 100,000 majority. It seemed to make no difference to the vast majority of the voters that they had gone into a primary to vote their single votes when "the deck was already stacked" and one of the candidates had 120,000 oath-bound votes to start with. In Oregon the klan is in the Republican Party, in the South it is in the Democratic Party, and when it fails in a primary election to nominate a klansman it never fails to put up an independent ticket if there is any hope of success.

There are, no doubt, many patriotic men in the klan who believe that through its operations a higher class of candidates can be induced to run for office. In some localities that hope has been realized, but taking the general averages for Texas as an example or for any group of States, there does not seem to be any notable change one way or the other. The outstanding feature of klan operations in politics is obviously fanatical loyalty to the klan group which generates violations of the election laws and then excuses them. That was particularly the case in Texas in the last

Democratic primary; largely through klan activities a campaign fund at least four times the legal limit fixed by State statute, and perhaps ten times the limit, was raised and expended in behalf of this candidate. When the fact that he had violated the election laws was proved against him in the thirteenth district court at Corsicana, Texas, the klan rallied more loyally than ever to his support. The uncontradicted testimony before that court showed the raising and expenditure of four times the legal limit for campaign expenses.

Immediately after the trial at Corsicana, Earle B. Mayfield, the Ku Klux Klan nominee for Senator (now Senator-elect from Texas), went to Dallas to deliver a political address. He and the other speakers denounced the district judge at Corsicana as "a disgrace to the judiciary of Texas." They did not go into details. This flagrant contempt of court seemed to make no impression upon the public. About a week later a special meeting of the Bar Association of Navarro County, of which Corsicana is the county seat, was held and a resolution was adopted and signed by all the attorneys present declaring unbounded faith in the district judge both as a man and as a judge. The trial of the case, as anyone having knowledge of the law and court procedure could see, was eminently proper, and certainly not subject to any such criticism as the Ku Klux Klan nominee uttered. But he did not stop at that; he intimated scandal against the judge long before this case came up and added boastfully: "The Klan nearly got him." All of this was reported verbatim in the newspapers of Texas at the time.

It was a widely known fact that the defeated candidates kept their expenditures well within the legal limit. That was certainly a serious handicap in a State with five millions of population scattered over an area larger than that of any other State in the Union. The fact that such behavior as this threatens the very foundations of government in this country appeared to make very little difference to the people of the State.

An interesting feature of the general election was the communication between public officials and officers of the Ku Klux Klan about preparation and distribution of the blank ballots and election supplies. The principal officer of the Ku Klux Klan for a town or city is called the Cyclops. On one occasion a member of an election board informed me by long distance telephone that he was proceeding with the preparation and distribution of election supplies for the general election, according to the telegraphed instructions of the Cyclops. I asked him if the Cyclops in question was by any chance a public official. He innocently replied: "Yes, he's the Cyclops." So far as that citizen was concerned, it didn't even seem peculiar to him to be accepting orders from the Cyclops regarding the business of the State. He should have received his instructions from the Secretary of State, but the incongruity of his action did not impress him at all. He had no more right to accept orders from the Cyclops than from the Grand Commander of the Knights of Pythias. But such is the prestige the Ku Klux Klan has won in politics in Texas, that he probably had more faith in the Cyclops than in the sheriff or the Governor. In other words, constitutional government has collapsed there—and those who have taken an oath to uphold it do not even know it has collapsed.

The Player's Christmas

How Francis Wilson Served His Six Gray Guests

By Harry Lee

THE stately houses of West Twentieth,
Like proud old dames,
Are all oblivious to things they disapprove.
Not theirs the crashing elevated trains
That pass the Square along Ninth Avenue;



Francis Wilson

Not theirs the tall apartment-
house,
The garish folk, who with such
heedless airs
Open the quaint iron gates and
climb the steps
Where gentlefolk have been.

Theirs Chelsea Square,
The ivied cloisters of the ancient
School,
The tower, the chimes,
The green tree-shadowed campus

Where sparrows chatter all day long,
The high slim-barred iron fence
Through which the passers-by,
Weary of brick and stone,
May catch a glimpse of peace.

Prim old red houses with green shutters wide,
For all their pride how warm their hearts.
And one of them is called "The Christmas House,"
Its latch-string always out,
Always on wintry nights a fire on the hearth,
Always hale welcome for the new-come guest.
And at the Blessed Season children come,
From uptown, down, East side and West,
To share the Christmas cheer.

How sweet the rooms are then with tang of pine,
How red the holly glowing from the green!
And in a circle by the laughing blaze
They sit wide-eyed and still,
To hear how long ago, one Christmas Eve,
A teacher in the School across the way
Wrote for his little ones the tale of old St. Nick.
"And don't you 'spose it might have been
Upon this roof, this very, very roof
That Santa's reindeer pranced?"
And: "Say it please again—
Oh, please—just one time more!"
"Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a —"

SO to the Christmas House the Player came,
The hale gray Player on his merry quest.
Clang went the bell.
He entered in a swirl of wind and snow.
Goodwill was in his twinkling eyes and voice.
Shaking the whiteness from his cap, his furry coat,
Eager to tell his story, he began
Before the stairs were climbed.
"I seek," he said, "six guests, six Christmas guests.

Old folks, poor folks (though I dislike the term)
Since poor folks often are the rich,
And rich folks poor—
I'll be alone this Christmas Day,
And so I thought I'd have six guests
And—" here he paused.
He sat before the hearth, his hands upon his knees,
And chuckled at the blaze
As though it were his gay confederate.

"And yet the host will not be there,
That is I thought—
You see I haven't played the part these many moons,
I thought that I'd make up as butler (do you see?)
And serve the meal. Muttonchop whiskers,
Haughty mien and all the 'business'!
'En'ry I'll be, but—don't misunderstand me!"
(His eyes grew very tender as he spoke.)
"Don't think I would embarrass my good guests.
I know too well the tragedy of poverty and age,
Of illness and the dread of what's to come.
No, no, not that! But—
Well, I want to play the part, I want to have the guests,
The years go by, we never know,
And it is Christmas-time—
So twenty-four East Twentieth, at Gramercy, top floor,
On Christmas night at six
A feast fit for the gods, I promise that!
The guests—I leave with you."

Six Christmas guests—
(We counceled late that night)
Six guests—who should they be!

The little seamstress? No, 'twould only frighten her,
She's lived alone too long.
Taylor, the old book-keeper?
He has a chum out Yonkers-way
And spends the day with him.
Miss Latimer? Ah, 'twould hurt her pride,
However well the gift was meant.
McCallums? Yes, they might!
Dear auld Scotch Margot wi' her Ulster mon.
That's two—and Widow Mullen maybe.
Oh, and the Sheas, Cock-Robin and his Wren!
That would be five! And Mrs. Hallam—
How she'd love it all: the pictures and the books.
And she would say: "The so and sos at Irvington
Had this or that; I was a girl in Irvington."
(Poor soul, with just her tipping printer
And her crutch)—
That's six—if they can come.

To see them all—Margot McCallum!
"Ay, ye're richt, a mon like that
Micht find a jawb for Jawn.
The boss says he's o'er deef; poor Jawn,
He's daft-like worritin' about his jawb!
They'll be graund folk no doot! I've got ma black,
The Scotch aye keeps a guid black laid awa'.

I'll mak' Jawn come!"
 The Widow Mullen: "Shure I'll come and thank yez!
 What will the neighbors say?
 'Among those prisint, dressed in crape-dy shane,
 Was Mrs. Bridgit Mullen!' Oh—ho—!"
 "We'll be there with bells on!" roars Shea.
 "And jingling!" pipes his Wren.
 Old Mrs. Hallam: "Me! Oh, my, how wonderful
 To be his guest at Christmas-time!
 I saw him years ago in Erminie!
 A young man brought me down from Irvington,
 My home was there. My, no—I'll not be late,
 Me and my crutch, we'll manage it on time."

HONK-honk! before the Christmas-house:
 Honk-honk! "God save us 'tis the chaise!"
 The Widow Mullen spies it first.
 Her bonnet is awry but gaily so.
 "Here, Missus Hallam, let me tie
 The muffler 'round your t'roat, 'tis
 cold outside.
 And take my arm, dear—so!"

"Jawn, ye sleepy-head! Ho, Jawn,
 oor caur is here!"
 Margot gives her husband's arm a
 nudge.
 His bald pate topples, dodders, lifts;
 he blinks,
 His hand behind his ear, "What's that
 ye say?"
 "Oor caur!" she calls.
 John should have told her then and
 there
 How beautiful she was:
 Her eyes as blue, her cheeks as like
 a rose,
 As when he wooed her forty years
 ago,
 Hair like a silver crown. But all he
 said was:
 "Eh? I heard ye at the furst!"
 The Sheas sweep down the stairs:
 Cock Robin and his Wren.
 She pipes—not over quietly:
 "This minds me of the days in Old
 Belfast,
 Our coach and pair a-waitin' at the door!"

Honk-honk, honk-honk! Away, across the town,
 Old snow-flung Chelsea far and far behind.
 Fifth Avenue a glimpse—
 A glimmering vista to the Arch. Honk-honk!
 White trees again and dignified old homes.
 "Tis Gramercy!"—
 Mrs. Hallam's voice is filled with awe:
 "Where Edwin Booth lived—!
 Long ago I came from Irvington to see—!"
 Honk-honk! The car is slowing, swerving,
 Now it stops before a canopy that leads up marble
 steps;
 A wide, wide hall, a man in livery.

"God save us!" Widow Mullen breathes.
 Old Mrs. Hallam on her arm again,
 Her worn crutch clicking on the slippery floor.

McCallums silently bring up the rear,
 Jawn now quite wide awake.
 Cock Robin and his Wren lead all the rest.
 It is not new to them: why in Belfast
 No man in livery could outdo James Shea in dignity.
 Top floor, up, up—flight after giddy flight.
 The elevator door glides open, shuts.
 They are alone—
 "Touch the button, Mister Shea!"
 The Widow Mullen titters nervously,
 "Whatever happens thin we'll blame on you'se!"
 Shea's huge forefinger does the deed,
 The great dark door swings wide.

THE BUTLER—white-ruffled, swelling front,
 Gold lace and lavender, knee-breeches,
 Shining buckles set atop, with haughty upnosd face,
 Red, rampant mutton-chops. Eyes
 that looked over you,
 Not through you, more's the luck!
 "My gintlemin" he drawls "'as been
 detained,
 'E'll be 'ere soon. Laidies—this
 w'y!"
 He shoos them like four little startled
 hens
 Into a mirrored room and shuts the
 door.
 "If that's the butler, leddies,
 Lord save us from the boss!" the
 Widow Mullen sighs,
 Untying bonnet-strings, undoing
 countless pins,
 And brushing back her pale tight-
 twisted hair.

Margot McCallum finds imaginary
 lint
 Upon her decent black. The Wren
 before the mirror
 Preens, straightens her "turtle-shell";
 Fixes, so it may show, the topaz in
 the lace
 About her wrinkled throat.
 "When we was in Belfast
 Before reverses in the business came,
 Soirees like this was common. Any

night we—"
 Margot broke in: "I wunner how my Jawn is makin'
 oot!"

"Don't worry," chirps the Wren,
 "He's with my James; he'll be all right."

Somewhere beyond the door, out of the unexplored,
 A sharp bell trills. "God help us all!"
 The Widow Mullen cries, leading the way,
 "'Tis tur-rkey-toime—"
 But no, 'twas the telephone, the butler answering.
 They huddle waiting, still for once,
 The little clucking things—
 And from a dusky room beyond, tiptoeing squeakily,
 Looms towering James and Margot's bantam Jawn.
 Click, the receiver's up, here comes the man,
 Frills, 'broidery and all!

"My Mahster sends regrets 'e cahn't be 'ere!"



("Oh me, oh my!" old Mrs. Hallam sighs.)
 "'E says 'e's vurry sorry, 'e only wants, sez 'e.
 Yez all should 'ave a jolly toime befittin' o' the D'y;
 And with yer pardon too, 'e sez as I ('Enry's me noime)
 Should take 'is place so far as such may be;
 And so between us we should 'ave
 A Christmas Noight to be remembered of!
 And now, with yer permission, dinner's sar-rved!"

There is great fluttering then among the Six.
 Ah, wonderful, at last dinner *is* served,
 And 'En'ry smiling, bowing, waves the way.
 What if old Jawn stands not upon the order,
 Goes at once. Auld Margot's restraining hand,
 Just missing his coattail, failing to hold him back.
 Does not James Shea, remembering Belfast,
 Bow all the ladies in?
 Ah, lovely—candle-light and shimmering glass
 And frosty silver things, and violets,
 Blue sweet-breathed violets as if 'twere Spring.

Cock Robin at the head of course, his Wren upon the
 right,
 And at the left, with 'Enry's tender help,
 What need now of a crutch, old Mrs. Hallam,
 Musing of that time when she was young in Irvington.
 Then Margot, still fair fashed with Jawn's mistake.
 And at the end, glum, furtive, thinking food,
 Good Jawn himself. And at his other hand
 The Widow Mullen, smothering her mirth,
 And thinking how that very night
 She'll let the neighbors know; she hears them say:
 "The Widow Mullen's in Sassiety!"
 And 'Enry—what a man 'e is!
 "'Ave this and do 'ave more." And 'ow he laughs,
 Jiggling the pitcher till the ice laughs too.
 What bald preposterous jokes old James Shea cracks:

"Ho-ho!" he roars, "Ha-ha!"
 Then in a huge guffaw the point is lost,
 But pshaw—who cares, who cares—
 'Tis Christmas Night—

AND afterward the gracious room beyond,
 The roaring fire at its farthest end,
 Below the pictured waste of stormy sea,
 The pulsing dreamy light, the books to read.
 And one could read forever (so Mrs. Hallam thought)
 Yet not read all the books whose wistful souls
 Were calling from the walls.
 Think of the Widow Mullen, toasting her aged toes
 Before the blaze, chaffing with James,
 Who with high gusto puffs a rare cigar.
 Though Margot fears it's breath be 'ower strong.

Surely some Irish fiddler hides
 Within the dark walls of the phonograph.
 Such rare, such ribald, such unbridled notes
 Set 'Enry all agog, with twirls
 And twiddling toes, with fore and back,
 Till Widow Mullen joins all rakishly,
 And jigs until her teetering knob of hair
 Outdoes its pins and falls.

Then, from the night the great chimes call,
 And 'Enry parts the lattice: all exclaim
 To see the loveliness of snowy roofs
 And faintly sparkling trees so far below.
 Chime, chime—and then they lift their eyes
 And all are still—

SO in great peace beneath the starry sky,
 The Player and his six gray guests
 Bade Christmas Day farewell
 And hailed its memory—

A Gift of National Importance

By Gardner Teall

M R. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest of New York have presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art a new wing to be devoted exclusively to American art of the Colonial, Revolutionary and early Republican periods. This is a gift of national importance as Dr. Robinson, Director of the Museum, points out, and is one of unusual munificence and unique character in its application to broadening the Museum's sphere of educational influence.

The construction of this new American Art Wing has already been begun on plans prepared by Grosvenor Atterbury. It will be a three-story structure 81 feet by 60 feet, and will stand alone in what ultimately will be the court of the Museum, with a passageway leading to it from the north end of the present Morgan Wing. The plans call for eighteen exhibition rooms in which objects will be arranged in chronological grouping. The Museum already has a large number of early American art objects of the highest order which will be installed in the new wing. This material is not confined to any one section of the country, but ranges from the northern to the southern extremities of the thirteen original

states. In the *Museum Bulletin*, Dr. Robinson calls attention to the fact that this bringing together of our early American art will afford a comprehensive survey of its evolution as well as of its varying characteristics such as has not, heretofore, been possible anywhere in America. This new wing will, says Dr. Robinson, "teach the present and future generations of our people that the men to whose struggles they owe the foundation of the American Commonwealth were refined in their taste and by no means indifferent to beauty. Though for the most part they neglected the arts of painting and sculpture, their instinct found its expression in the houses they built and the furniture they bought for daily use. Their builders and craftsmen were endowed with a fine sense of line, proportion, and the proper limits of decoration. Their work is never vulgar. When they borrowed from the older styles they chose the best, and put into that something of their own individuality. They and their patrons were in close sympathy with each other, and we have only recently begun to recognize that the result of this sympathy is full of significance for us."

Judge Hooper on Propaganda

By Ellis Parker Butler

OUR eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Lem Hooper, took off his spectacles and raised his eyebrows questioningly at Court Officer Durfey.

"I only want to ask you, judge," said Durfey, "what is this propaganda business a man hears so much about these days?"

"I can tell you in one word, Durfey," said Judge Hooper. "Propaganda is a thick wad of spongy paper on which have been mimeographed the letters of the alphabet arranged in the form of words for the purpose of making black look white and white look like the golden radiance that beats around the Throne. When neatly done up in an envelope the wad is mailed to eight thousand two hundred and sixty-four editors in the hope that one of them will say, 'Jim, the meeting of the school board has been postponed until next Tuesday, which leaves a hole as big as the court house on page seven; stick in enough of this junk to fill it.'"

"At the present time, Durfey, the main habitat of the propaganda bug is the great city of New York, to which the famous and infamous writers of fiction flock in eager but hungry herds, and go bust. For the purpose of the propagandist New York is the fine flower of perfection, being situated on the outskirts of the largest stone post office on the Western Hemisphere and containing more dealers in second-hand flat-topped desks than any other cosmopolis on earth. A fair-to-middling typewriter can be rented for \$1.00 per month, and the splendid freedom with which many of the commercial classes display a fifteen-dollar overcoat with a placard saying 'This magnificent all-wool garment, formerly \$85, now marked down to \$45' induces a noble scorn for unimportant details such as truth.

"In spreading his glad tidings the propagandist first requires a sour lemon that he is to prove is a sweet orange if not the true golden apple of the Hesperides. It may be that the nation of Ruritania has spent the past forty years playfully cutting the livers out of the Methodist Episcopal missionaries and using them for fish bait, the Ruritarians being followers of the prophet Hogus and sore as a pup at all other sects. All is well for forty years, but suddenly the Dekko-Bojacks decide to buy Ford cars and cast hungry glances at the gasoline mines of Ruritania. For the purpose of proclamations they declare that Amos B. Gubb, of Olean, Ohio, who is now liverless and defunct at the hands of the Ruritarians, was a second cousin of the Dujack of Dekko-Bojackia—I'm speaking parabolically, you understand, Durfey—and go to war. Instantly

the Dekko-Bojackians send a gent with a two-foot beard and a breath loaded with garlic to the United States. He has a fist full of real money. Coinstantly the Ruritarians send another gent, with a beard two feet and a half long and eight inches wide at the base, to New York. He has two fists full of money, not of the Ruritanian waste-basket brand.

"The idea, in general, Durfey, is that the national color of Ruritania is yellow and the national color of Dekko-Bojackia is blue, and the brain of the American—in the opinion of them foreigners—is white mush. The object is to squirt yellow into the brain of the intelligent citizen of the Land of the Free until it is solid yellow, or to squirt blue into it until it is beautiful blue mush, thus creating a properly mushy public sentiment that will induce the Department of State to advise the Dekko-Bojacks that the gasoline mines are none of our business, or cause it to telegraph the Ambassador to Ruritania that the Methodist Episcopal missionaries always did have too many livers and are better off without a few, and that the gasoline mines of Ruritania must remain Ruritanian, yours truly, dictated but not read.

"The first step of the long-bearded patriot from Ruritania, Durfey, is to find a restaurant where they serve vodka with the tea, after which he hires a fictionist in a cutaway coat and white spats, and turns him loose at the rented typewriter, paying him the first real money he has earned since last June when he conducted the propaganda campaign proving the French are murdering thieves—a campaign he was well fitted to undertake since just before that he had conducted the campaign proving the French are swan-feathered angels with platinum halos. He spits on his hands, sticks a sheet of paper in the typewriter and begins: 'It is unfortunate that the news from Ruritania for the last eighty years has had to come by way of Dekko-Bojackia, since every blame word has been censored and nothing but lies defaming the delightful Ruritarians has come to us. At last word has

come direct, by courier from Pippalonga via Gumbusoga, and we have the truth about the much touted liver business. No livers were ever taken from Methodist Episcopal missionaries and fed to the fishes. The truth is that one—only one, mind you—Methodist Episcopal missionary back in 1897 looked a little peaked and the chief surgeon of the king, speaking of it, said 'Your majesty, maybe our dear missionary friend would buck up a little if he took a few doses of cod-liver oil.' It was this the cursed black Dekko-Bojacks



"Proving the French are swan-feathered angels"

twisted into unfounded lies.' And at the same time, Durfey, in the Dekko-Bojack shop across the street the other eager (for wages) new-made patriot of Dekko-Bojackia is writing: 'The Truth About the Ruritanian Massacres; late advices from Ukka-Logak, on the frontier, give proof that instead of 7,654 missionaries having been delivered by the Ruritanians, the actual total is 97,642, and in some cases two and even three livers were removed from each.'"

"I should think," said Durfey, "that such a confusion

of propagandas would be confusing to the American public."

"It is, Durfey," said Judge Hooper. "The net result is one of two things. Either half the brains of America get violently yellow and the other half violently blue, causing grand rages about things that are none of our business, or the yellow and blue mix and we are a rich, verdant green. And the way we swallow this propaganda stuff, Durfey, I'm beginning to think green is what we are."

England Returns to the Party System

By Stephen Gwynn

THE British elections of November have much more than an ordinary interest. England with its extraordinary political instinct has decided that in a difficult world it must get back to the methods to which it has been accustomed; and the country reverts, doggedly and without enthusiasm, to a party system. Under the Coalition there was a choice between persons, and Lloyd George held the field against all comers; but with him as leader the majority in Parliament found itself committed to a policy in Ireland that it disliked; and when elsewhere things began to go wrong there was revolt. All the outstanding Conservatives in the Coalition stood by Lloyd George; they could not break from him without condemning a policy which was their own work; they could not admit, and it would not have been true to admit, that they had merely acted under his orders. But the rank and file broke away and ranged themselves behind the one Conservative leader who had been for some time out of office. Under Mr. Bonar Law, the Conservatives presented themselves as a solid party. Labor stood for a definite alternative; it also was a party. But the Liberals, divided in allegiance between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, were nothing; there was no prospect that they could form an alternative administration. And so the country at the polls wiped out two-thirds of Mr. Lloyd George's following, and strengthened considerably the small band that followed Mr. Asquith. But it doubled Labor's representation and it took very little away from the overwhelming mass of Conservatives. As a result there is an administration in power, and likely to stay in power, backed up by a body of members all accepting the same party ticket, who number considerably more than half the House; while in the minority, Labor, being also under a united discipline, has a great preponderance.

It might seem certain then that Labor would become the real alternative to Conservatism. There is a clear, well-marked difference of policy between Labor and Conservatism. There is no such gulf fixed between the purposes of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith, still less between those of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George. If one did not know England, one would infer that Liberalism was destined to wither into a new group or collection of groups. But knowing England, and the English passion for compromise, I reach a different conclusion. The party system has never meant that there shall be a real reversal of policy in consequence of an election—except perhaps on the Irish question, and

even then the reversal has been apparent rather than real. The change made at an election was essentially the discarding of one administration and putting in another. It was a choice not between black and white, but between gray and brown. For that reason, I think that the country will regard a Liberal and not a Labor man as the possible alternative to Mr. Bonar Law. But the possibility will be extremely remote unless and until Liberals reunite, or form an alliance with Labor on the basis of modifying Labor's programme into some such compromise as England always prefers.

At elections Conservatism always has a great advantage. The man who says, "Let us stand where we are" can rally a bigger crowd than one who says, "Let us advance." For the latter's following is apt to split on the question: "In which direction?"

Labor in this election has ceased to be Labor in the old sense. The Labor party which in 1906 came back some sixty strong was a party of trade-unionists. It represented a class. Any man in it who had not been a manual worker was exceptional and was suspect. There were only two or three of them; and the ablest of them, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was not allowed to continue in leadership, and was out of Parliament for several years. He returns now, and the assumption is that he will lead. There comes in also a group of men wholly new in type, products of the expensive public school and of the old universities, rich men or rich men's sons. Five or six of them were for a long time Liberal members, men of mark for high ideals and trained intelligence. Mr. Trevelyan, son of the historian, Mr. Ponsonby, in his youth a page to Queen Victoria, Mr. Noel Buxton and his brother Charles, members of a rich Quaker banking family, now great landowners; Colonel Wedgwood, also of Quaker stock, famous in the potteries; and with them two King's Counsel, one of whom, Mr. Hemmerde was counted among brilliant young Liberal members in 1906, while the other, Mr. Patrick Hastings, has at this moment an amazing reputation at the bar. All these belong to Labor up to date, and plainly the class basis is abolished and a theory takes its place. Labor means something new. It means the substitution of collective ownership for private enterprise. It wants a new world.

This is the party which comes second in numbers in the whole House. Its leader should be, by parliamentary usage, leader of the Opposition. Its ranks should furnish the alternative administration. But if England voted to put this party into power England would be

voting for such a plunge as England has never yet taken; and if the smallest prospect of that revolution appeared, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith would immediately range themselves and their following on the side of Mr. Bonar Law. There is undoubtedly a large Socialist party in England; but in its case the old saying has to be reversed. Nothing will be so fatal to its progress as success. Socialism as a system you must either accept or reject. You can no more take part of it than half a watch; and there is probably no country in the world, not even France, where the principle of private ownership and private enterprise will be more jealously defended than in Great Britain. Rightly or wrongly, England will regard a Labor administration as a plunge into Socialism. It will only give power to Labor to influence administration, not to control it.

Another force will be pushing events in this direction. Mr. Lloyd George remains by far the greatest personal force in England. Unless all forecasts are wrong, his personal prestige will gain by a period of opposition, when he can attack instead of being constantly on the defensive. Like Mr. Asquith, he is one of the elder statesmen of Europe, but unlike Mr. Asquith he is not aged. Liberals know that they must be led by one or the other, and the choice was thus described: "To follow Lloyd George is to give up all personal liberty. To follow Asquith is to give up all hope." If, as is more than probable, Mr. Asquith is outdone by his younger rival, when both are in the same situation, his personal inclination for ease is less likely to be resisted by the ambition which others entertain for him. He holds his seat by a majority of only 300 in a total of 25,000 and the path to the House of Lords is easy walking and leads to an end of effort. But even were he withdrawn, many of his adherents would refuse to come under the standard of Mr. Lloyd George, whom they hate with a domestic aversion; and even a united Liberal Party would be only one-fifth of the House at present. Plainly, those who desire to present an alternative administration which the electorate at large will take seriously must consider how to sink differences.

If Labor were in alliance with Mr. Lloyd George the British public would know perfectly well that there was a guarantee against Socialism. Mr. Lloyd George is of peasant stock and he has the peasant's attachment to private ownership. But he has the peasant's feeling, and the preacher's, towards those who have great possessions, and, so far as observation guides me, the true desire of British Labor is to see wealth distributed much rather than to see ownership abolished. Mr. Lloyd George is for private enterprise, but he is just as ready to rob the rich man's henroosts as in the days before the war. If he likes to lead the country in a campaign for the special taxation of excessive wealth, he needs no new machinery; the graduated income tax is there in operation, ready to his hand, and one can see him at the head of a whirlwind that would whoop up Liberals and Labor into frenzy.

You cannot fight a fight of this sort without a leader, and Labor has no leader, they refuse to have a leader; a sessional chairman is appointed, but it has been hitherto fixed that he shall not hold office beyond two sessions. They will not, of course, accept Mr. Lloyd George as their leader, but they will throw their forces where he leads. Those forces will lessen, I think, while

his augment. Meanwhile, electoral reverse has perhaps been of service to Mr. Lloyd George's true rival. While Mr. Winston Churchill remained in the same camp, he could never pass his leader, for he was never really suited to his grouping.

To sum up: I expect to see Mr. Asquith go to the Lords and so out of active political controversy: Mr. Churchill is not likely again soon to take service under Mr. Lloyd George, and so may stand aside till he comes in against him. Whatever new grouping is formed must be a grouping in which Labor represents at least half the voting power and therefore must have a very advanced programme. But unless it has Mr. Lloyd George for its leader, it will have no effective leadership and will be suspect of Bolshevism. Plainly, however, a good deal of time must pass before elements so discordant can be welded into any degree of fusion; and until the British public sees an alternative ministry which it does not wholly mistrust, and which it can expect to act together, it will keep Mr. Bonar Law in power; or if, as is not unlikely, health forces his resignation, it will accept anyone of his untalented henchmen to carry on.

Just at present Great Britain is playing for safety in fear of external explosions. Mr. Lloyd George's chance lies in convincing the public that unless he and his associates come back to power there will be an internal blow-up, much more formidable. Yet, though he can frighten the electorate with the boggy of Socialism, he cannot get into power without the assistance of Labor—which, regarded in one aspect, is Socialism today. It will be his task to persuade Labor to be as little Socialist as possible, and to persuade the public that no man but he can prevent Labor from turning holus bolus into pure Bolshevism. What is in his favor is that probably this is the case. The Bonar Law Government will certainly produce a fierce reaction before long. Those who wish to strike back at Conservatism in power must either go for a gospel or for a leader, and Socialism is the only gospel being preached effectively. But it is not a gospel congenial to the British temperament, and if they see a man to follow instead, I think they will follow him. Lloyd George is not a Socialist; but he is for the poor and against the rich, by instinct, every time and all the time: and for this he will be followed alike by those who desire to abolish property and by those who desire only that the poor man shall be to some degree considered.

The Cave Man of Mas d'Azil

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

HE may have seen the forest follow down the rain,
Covering the grassy steppes where once the
snow-deer strayed;

He may have had some language for his darkest pain,
For hope and love and gladness: naught remain
But the little painted stones with which he played.

Oh, very wise are we, and build our theories high
Explaining him—lost man without a name,
The while, may be, far in the smiling sky,
Our doom waits now, and gone without a cry
We'll leave of all our glory only a painted game.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

The Special Session of Congress

ON November 20 Congress was convened in special session. On the next day the President addressed the two Houses sitting jointly, urging passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill. On the 29th the House passed the bill, considerably amended, 208 to 184. In the Senate all progress is being obstructed by the filibuster set afoot by the opponents of the Anti-Lynching bill. The fortunes of that bill in Congress have brought into bold relief the worst features of our legislative system. The main argument of its opponents—a powerful one—is that it proposes Federal invasion of States' rights. The filibusters say that until that bill is dropped there will be no further legislation by the present Senate.

Our Observers at Lausanne

As it has turned out, our "observers" at Lausanne are not mere "unofficial" silent observers as at previous European conferences. As to silence, *au contraire*; very much so. The "open door and equal commercial opportunity" speech of Mr. Child (our Ambassador to Italy and chief of our "observers" at Lausanne) the other day, was the chief feature of the conference to date. Not only has it aroused a great to-do in the conference, but it has also provoked an acrimonious controversy here at home; some journals asserting that our championship of the open door in the Near East is not really disinterested championship of a universally beneficent principle, but rather "calculated" to aid and abet certain special interests, in particular Standard Oil, and that it operates to the prejudice of the Allied Powers, especially Great Britain, and to the advantage of Turkey. The following, however, is to be remarked: that the oil about which this logomachy is raging is in the Mosul region; that the Mosul region is at present a part of the Kingdom of Irak, for which Great Britain holds a mandate under the League of Nations; that it is absurd to suppose that our Government challenges this arrangement or intends to back Angora's demand for the return of Mosul to Turkish sovereignty; and that, therefore, from our Government's point of view, Mosul oil is not (not yet, anyway) a Lausanne conference topic. It should be added that the Allies have announced their repudiation of the San Remo "Tripartite Agreement" by which Turkey was to be divided into a British, a French and an Italian zone of "economic priority." If then, Mr. Child's speech is susceptible of particular interpretation, at what in particular was he glancing? Most probably, one must think, at the treaty between France and Angora of October, 1921, and the later treaty between Italy and Angora; treaties at least questionable on several grounds, and calling for close examination at Lausanne, or else denunciation.

The Ku Klux Klan

The country was all agog for several days over a newspaper "story" alleging that the Ku Klux Klan had a throttle grip on Louisiana; that "the invisible empire"

in fact ruled the State; that Governor Parker was about to ask the Federal authorities to assume charge of affairs, the State Government having ceased to function. The story was of course a whopping exaggeration. Nevertheless it would seem that the Klan has been doing nasty and murderous work in some Louisiana communities. And, since the Louisiana Klansmen get support from their brethren in neighboring States, Governor Parker is asking the coöperation (through normal channels) of the Federal Government and the governments of neighboring States towards suppression of this preposterous and sinister movement. Vigorous action is "indicated"; but there's no occasion for getting dreadfully "het up."

Senator La Follette

The country is eagerly or anxiously (according to one's point of view) watching for the "line" Senator LaFollette may take in view of the fact that in the next Congress he will have (or so it seems) a sufficient following to hold the balance of power in both Houses. And no doubt the recent election results have so heartened the radicals in the present Congress, that during the hard winter of its life they will perform unparalleled feats of legislative prowess. Mr. LaFollette is quoted as follows in the *New York Times*:

The recent elections bring about a situation which calls for definite action on the part of progressives in Congress. Everyone is aware of the disagreement of the small number of progressives in Congress with those in control, for the time, of party leadership.

Before the elections it was clear that the general aims and purposes of these progressives were in accord, but the necessary elements were not present for the formation of an aggressive group, united upon a program of positive procedure. However, during this period of reaction the progressives, acting without organization, have defeated many vicious legislative proposals and presented alternative policies, many of which have secured general public approval.

I believe that we have reached a point where the organization of a well-defined group can be consummated that will co-operate in advocating accepted progressive principles and policies. The announced program of the Harding Administration makes plain the necessity for immediate action in this session of the Congress. The President has already demanded the passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill, which, in my opinion, absolutely ignores the necessity for immediate and tangible relief for American agriculture. Those high in the councils of the present Administration have also announced that a program of legislation accelerating the merger of the railroads into a small number of group systems and giving the Railroad Labor Board coercive power to prohibit strikes and other lawful activities of employees, is under way.

Other great interests are using their influence with high officials in the Harding Administration to bring about the immediate transfer of the National Forest Service to the control of Secretary Fall, whose declared policy and known practice is to turn the natural resources of the nation over to exploitation by private monopoly.

These measures must be defeated, and, in my judgment, there are a sufficient number of progressive Congressmen in this Congress to prevent the passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill and other announced policies already referred to. To this end the People's Legislative Service has called a conference of progressive Congressmen and Senators now in this Congress and those elected to the next one to meet December 1 for the purpose of organizing a definite group that can act to prevent the writing into law of further reactionary policies by this



International

Mr. Pierce Butler of St. Paul, Minn., nominated for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court

Administration. And it is my hope that at this conference a permanent group will be organized with appropriate provision for the appointment of necessary committees to study, formulate and present at a later time a program upon which all thoroughgoing progressives can unite for constructive action.

Regarding my own position with respect to foreign relations—and I would like to have it definitely understood that I am not speaking in this connection with any reference to the conference to which I have referred—I believe that we should maintain relations of amity and good-will with all nations of the world, attending strictly to our own business and entering into no foreign alliances or entanglements. In my judgment we shall have quite enough to do if we make our own country entirely safe for our own democracy. I would carry democracy to the rest of the world, not upon the point of the bayonet, but by furnishing the most perfect example of a Government of liberty and of equality of opportunity for every man, woman and child in these United States.

So, too, if we would stand as a just and righteous nation before the world we must thwart the imperialistic schemes of our masters of finance. They have accumulated a vast surplus of capital by exploiting the people and the people's natural resources. They are now confronted with the alternative of lending their surplus wealth to the American farmer, the merchant and the small enterprise, at falling interest rates, or of employing it abroad to exploit the natural resources of the weaker countries—China, Mexico and those of Central and South America, which are rich in minerals, coal, timber, oil, and iron.

Under the guise of "protecting their investments," they are already causing dictatorships to be set up over some of our small and helpless neighbors. If we would defend the precious heritage of our own sovereignty, we should never permit the armed forces of the United States to be used to despoil our sister republics of their property, interfere with their right to govern themselves according to their own—not our—standards, or violate the sovereignty which is as sacred to them as our sovereignty is to us.

Brief Notes

On November 22 Senator Norris of Nebraska introduced in the Senate a rural credits bill, providing for a board to distribute credits to the extent of \$100,000,000. It was the first of what will doubtless prove a long series of bills having the object of financial help to the farmer.

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Felton, appointed interim Senator from Georgia on the death of Senator Watson, was sworn in as a member of the Senate on November 21 and relinquished her seat the next day to her elected successor. She made a pleasant little speech appropriate to the occasion.

* * *

Great Britain on October 15 paid into our Treasury

\$50,000,000 interest on her war-debt to us, and again on November 15 a like amount. The semi-annual interest on that debt (at 5 per cent) is \$101,870,459. There is still about \$611,000,000 arrears of interest to pay.

* * *

Clemenceau has at this writing

(December 1) made four important speeches in America: two in New York, one in Boston, and one in Chicago. These speeches are sufficiently noticed in an editorial in this issue.

* * *

General Luke E. Wright, Governor General of the Philippines and Secretary of War under Roosevelt, died on November 17.

* * *

Truman H. Newberry has resigned his seat as Senator from Michigan.

* * *

Pierce Butler of St. Paul, Minn., has been nominated by the President for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He is a Democrat and a Roman Catholic.

* * *

The average American finds some difficulty in keeping the distinction clear between the "People's Legislative Service" (of the Council of which LaFollette is President) and the "Conference for Progressive Political Action."

* * *

On November 27 the Senate by 42 to 33 voted to return to the Committee of Finance the bill proposing a loan of \$5,000,000 to Liberia. Probably the bill is permanently shelved.

The British Empire

Ireland

ON November 18 four insurgents, found guilty by one of the new military commissions of unauthorized possessions of revolvers, were executed (the death penalty had been proclaimed for this offense). On November 24 Erskine Childers, caught at last, revolver in hand, was executed after like trial. Whether on the whole these thoroughly just executions have helped or hurt the Free State cause, is not clear.

Son of an English father and an Irish mother, Childers served Britain bravely in the Boer War and in the Great War. Just when and why he became the most intransigent of Sinn Feiners, does not clearly appear, but he became precisely that—more fanatical, more uncompromising than de Valera himself. To him in chief is ascribed the organization of the Republican revolt against the Provisional Free State Government and the frightful character of its activities. A man of really brilliant intellect, disinterested and brave as Michael Collins, incorruptible as Sea-Green Robespierre, yet he could approve a war so dastardly and infamous. So strange a thing is human nature. Several immortal sayings come to mind as peculiarly applicable to his career and personality; such as: "Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" and "*Corruptio optimi pejissima est.*"

Parliament Assembles

The new House of Commons assembled on November 20 and the next day Parliament was formally opened by the King with the usual magnificent ceremony. Lloyd George has seated himself with the Opposition, but seems to intend for the present a "benevolent neutrality." The Labor representatives have elected Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, most prominent of Pacifists, "Leader of His Majesty's Opposition." The Commons have ratified the Constitution of the Irish Free State and enacted other necessary consummating Irish legislation; similar action by the Lords is expected at once; within a few days the Irish Free State should acquire full legal status. All of which is quite formal and prearranged. What is really engaging the interest of Parliament is the problem of unemployment.

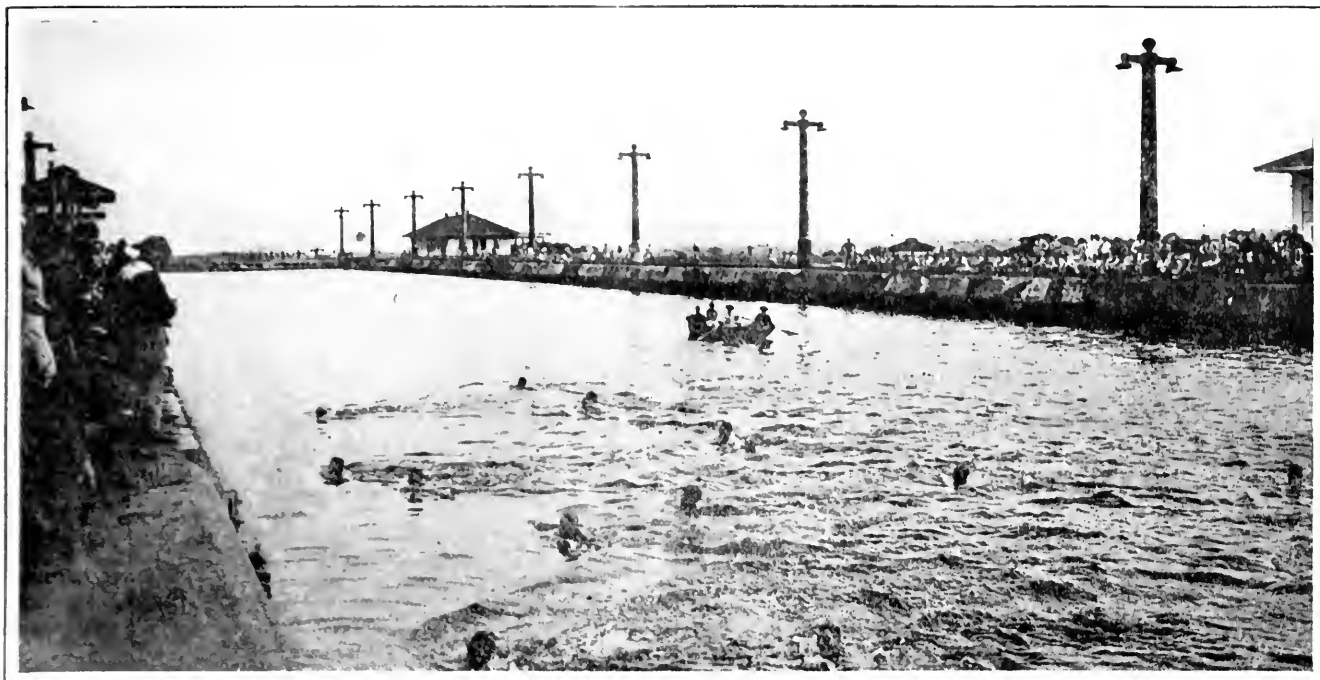
The Popular Vote

The Proportional Representation Society, which is agitating for a change in the electoral law, gives out the following statistics:



George Matthew Adams Service

In the next Congress the radical element will hold the whip-hand (newspaper comment)



Wide World Photos

A swimming meet of the 14th U. S. Infantry, in the upper chamber of the Gatun Locks, Panama Canal, the most costly swimming pool in the world

Votes polled in the recent elections: Conservative, 5,361,650; Labor and Coöperative, 4,225,823; Asquith Liberal, 2,564,988; Lloyd George Liberal, 1,542,109; other votes, 343,890. Were parties in the Commons to be represented in proportion to the votes cast, there would be in that body 207 Conservatives, 163 Laborites and Coöperatives, 99 Independent (Asquith) Liberals, 59 National (Lloyd George) Liberals, and 13 Independents. Bonar Law would be in a minority of 127.

But is Proportionate Representation "the ticket"? Lloyd George seems to think so. Others emphatically do not. It is an abiding question.

Germany

HERR WILHELM CUNO, Director General of the Hamburg-American Steamship Lines, has formed a cabinet which the Germans in their airy way call "the cabinet of work." It includes Democrats, Centrists, members of the People's Party, and several men reputed to be innocent of party ties. The Socialists refused to participate; their present attitude is more or less one of "benevolent neutrality."

It will be recalled how some weeks ago the Reparations Commission descended *en masse* on Berlin to make a first-hand study of the German economic situation and to discuss it with the members of the German Government; how they requested the German Government to submit to them definite proposals looking to stabilization of the mark; how the German Government submitted proposals so indefinite and so ridiculously inadequate that the Commission in supreme disgust shook the dust of Berlin from their feet and returned to Paris; and how the Wirth Government, apparently in some alarm (they hadn't thought Sir John Bradbury would treat 'em so), dispatched after the Commission a new set of proposals none too definite and certainly far from adequate, yet (a new thing) recognizing somewhat more than merely "in principle" that substantial coöperation by Germany in the work of German rehabilitation is "indicated." Herr Cuno informed the Reichstag that he had adopted these proposals, that they were in fact his cabinet programme; and the Reichstag thereupon gave him a handsome vote of confidence.

The best that can be said of these proposals is that they

may be thought to indicate a somewhat "coming" German temper. They seem not to have "riled" Poincaré; which is something. He has, however, declared them very far from adequate. The present temporary reparations programme lapses at the end of the year. Something must be done and done quickly. There was to be an economic conference at Brussels, to open on December 1 and to discuss reparations in connection with interallied debts. Lloyd George blew cold to that proposition, and, while he remained Premier, unless he could be got to repudiate the Balfour Note on the debts, nothing could come of the proposed conference. Anyway, the Near East imbroglio made postponement necessary. But Poincaré has now conceived fresh hope. Bonar Law told the Commons the other day that his Government is not bound by the Balfour Note. It is rumored that a meeting has been arranged of the Premiers of Britain, France, and Italy, to take place on or about December 9, for the purpose of determining the *agenda* and fixing the date of an economic conference at Brussels.

Italy

Mussolini at Home

ON November 17 Mussolini bluffed the Chamber into giving him a vote of confidence, 306 to 116; only Socialists, Communists, and Republican deputies, and a few henchmen of ex-Premier Nitti, voting against him.

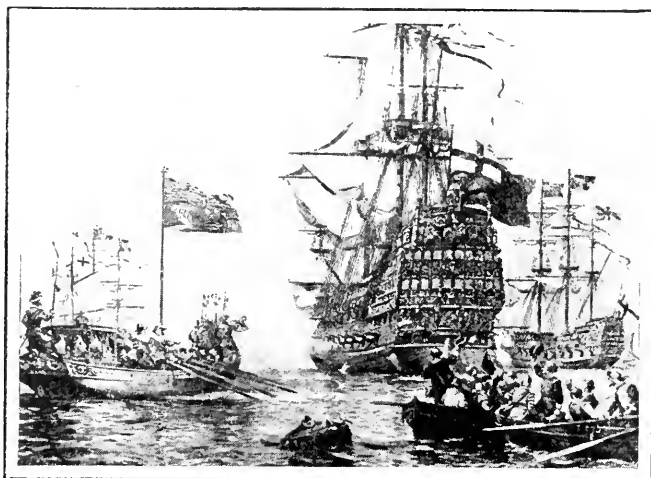
On November 25 the Chamber, by a vote of 225 to 90, voted a bill granting Mussolini full powers to carry out his programme of financial and bureaucratic reforms, until December 31, 1923. Mussolini will drop the execution of laws intended to penalize capital. On the other hand, he will present a bill to impose an income tax on workmen drawing big wages.

The Chamber, having thus registered submission to the great Blackshirt, adjourned to January, when Mussolini will present to them his bill for reform of the electoral law.

Mussolini Abroad

According to an account which one hopes is exaggerated, Mussolini behaved in a very high-handed manner in connection with his meeting with Lord Curzon and Poincaré prior to the Lausanne conference. Poincaré and Curzon, so the story goes, being already on the ground, made splen-

did arrangements for receiving Mussolini on his arrival from Italy, at Ouchy; but Mussolini planted himself at Territet and would not budge. He remarked, apropos of this behaviour: "I have come here as the representative of a country which is equal to any other. I did not come merely to enable the Allies to reach an accord. Italy is no



Wide World Photos

"The Sovereign of the Seas," painted by Howard Davie for the Prince of Wales's Christmas card



Wide World Photos

"Happy Days of Charles I," painted by Howard Davie for the Queen of England, for a royal Christmas card

one, and especially Lord Curzon, to whom his manners must have been a dreadful trial.

Greece

FIVE former cabinet officials and one former army officer of Greece, convicted of high treason in connection with the Greek débâcle in Anatolia, were executed on November 28. One former army officer and one former cabinet official were sentenced to penal servitude for life. The essence of the charges against these unfortunate men was that they procured the return of King Constantine against the interests of the Greek nation in order to serve their personal ambitions, and to this end hoodwinked the Greek people.

Great Britain has recalled her representative from Athens in consequence of these executions. No doubt they have prejudiced Greek interests at Lausanne.

The King of Greece is now a prisoner in his palace, by

order of the cabinet, which is headed by the arch-revolutionary Gonatas. The King's opposition to the execution is inferred to be the cause of the restraint upon his liberty. The King has asked the cabinet to allow him to leave the country, but the cabinet refuses. Prince Andrew, the King's uncle, is about to be put on trial, charged with disobedience of orders while holding a command in Asia Minor.

Turkey, Etc.

The Flight of Mohammed

MOHAMMED VI (ex-Sultan of Turkey and ex-Caliph of Islam; or still Sultan and still Caliph, if you please; or, if you prefer, ex-Sultan but still Caliph), having appealed to the British authorities for protection and transportation away from Constantinople, was given asylum on board a British warship and was on November 17 taken to Malta, where he still resides. He seems to have decided on this humiliating step on information that the Angora Government had ordered his trial (presumably as Sultan only) on the charge of high treason based, it would appear, chiefly on his alleged "subservience to the British." The Kemalists profess to be very angry with the British for granting asylum to Mohammed, but they know very well that British tradition would not allow denial of asylum to a political refugee. Mohammed, indeed, has placed the British in a very embarrassing position. That rumor is absurd which has it that the British, hoping thus to divide Islam, propose to set Mohammed up in style in Egypt or India or somewhere else, with all the appurtenance of a Caliph. The British know well enough that such action would receive the worst interpretation and would unite all Mohammedans in wrath at them for meddling in the religious affairs of Islam.

The New Caliph

However Mohammed may be regarded by the great world of Islam outside Turkey (the Kemalists say that by entering Christian territory to enjoy Christian protection he vacated the Caliphate), the Angora Assembly, pursuant to its recent Act, elected another Caliph in the person of Crown Prince Abdul Medjid, cousin of Mohammed, and on November 24 he was duly installed in his great office with picturesque ceremony. He is fifty-four years of age, a painter, a composer of music, a man of simple life and the possessor of only one wife.

What's Doing in Constantinople?

There has been little news from Constantinople during the past fortnight. The Kemalists seem to have continued to urge their demand for complete control of the civil administration, but to have discovered in Sir Charles Harrington a stone wall not to be breached or surmounted.

The Lausanne Conference

The Lausanne Conference opened on the 20th. Prior to the opening, Lord Curzon, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, Premier Poincaré of France, and Premier Mussolini of Italy, met, agreed on united action at the conference, and drew up an instrument of agreement in fifteen "points," purporting to set forth the main items of their programme. The alignment of the French with the British displeases the Turks; they even call it treason. They say the French tricked them into signing the Mudania convention. As a matter of fact, the Turks are hoist with their own petard. They were using the French for their own purposes. Luckily the French at last saw into their little game, and shaped their course accordingly.

The conference has made little progress. Ismet Pasha, the chief Turkish representative, began the fun by protesting against American participation in the conference; the Americans, he argued, should not be allowed to influence decisions without undertaking responsibility for de-

cisions taken. Ismet did not really wish to exclude the American "observers." His object in protesting was to emphasize what he chose to call the absurdity of permitting American participation in all the proceedings of the conference, while confining Russian participation to discussion of and action on the problem of the Straits. Having made his point, he withdrew the protest, with warm expressions of cordiality towards the Americans. Part of the Russian delegation, including the vociferous Rokovsky, is at Lausanne, but the chief delegate, Chicherin, is still *en route*. It remains to be seen whether, on his arrival, the delegates of the great Allies will back down from their decision that the Russians shall not be allowed to participate in the conference business, except that part relating to the Straits.

Ismet Pasha fired his first big gun in demanding a plebiscite in Western Thrace. Lord Curzon, the chief British delegate, M. Barrère, the chief French delegate, and the Marquis Garroni, the chief Italian delegate, in turn informed him that there would be no plebiscite in Western Thrace. With more reason Ismet insisted that at the least Karagatch, the railroad station of Adrianople on the west bank of the Maritza, should revert to Turkey; but even this the Allies seem indisposed to concede.

The Bulgarians now spoke up and reminded the Allies of the clause in the Treaty of Neuilly which promises them a commercial outlet on the Ægean. The Allied delegates replied that of course the Bulgarians would have their outlet; the only question was, what kind of outlet would best serve their turn. It looks as though a demilitarized zone will be marked off, embracing the Maritza River and the railroad, through which the Bulgarians will have access to the port of Dedegatch on the Ægean, where they will have untrammelled commercial facilities without sovereignty, under the supervision of an international commission or a commission of the League of Nations. Not impossibly the demilitarized strip will be neutralized under like supervision, and possibly also there will be a similar strip between Bulgaria and Eastern Thrace.

Here endeth the chapter of Western Thrace. But no! The reader will have noted the report that the Turkish population of Western Thrace has broken out in insurrection; that a band of 5,000 Turks with rifles and machine guns are marching on Dedegatch, demanding a plebiscite. At which news the inscrutable Ismet doubtless expresses pained surprise. The same report asserts that there is a general condition of chaos in that quarter, in which chaos Bulgarians and Macedonians figure.—More occasion for pain and surprise to inscrutable little Ismet.

The Turks demand "rectification" of their boundaries in accordance with the claims of the National Pact, so as to recover for Turkey the Mosul region and certain parts of Syria. It does not appear that this demand has as yet been officially considered by the conference. But all kinds of rumors are afloat in this connection.

For example: There is vague talk of Britain allowing Turkey to have political sovereignty over the Mosul oil region; Britain to float a loan to Turkey, in which the British participation should be 50 per cent., the rest divided, and Turkey to give the right of exploitation of the oil fields to a consortium, in which the participation should correspond to participation in the loan. What, one wonders, if this is true, does King Faisal of Irak think about it? Is not the Mosul region part of his kingdom, for which kingdom Britain holds a mandate under the League of Nations? Moreover, among the "fifteen points" subscribed by Curzon, Poincaré, and Mussolini, are the following:

"6. The Frontiers of Syria and Irak—To be maintained as at present except so far as the mandatory Powers may consent to local rectifications."

"7. Mandated Territories—No changes to be admitted."

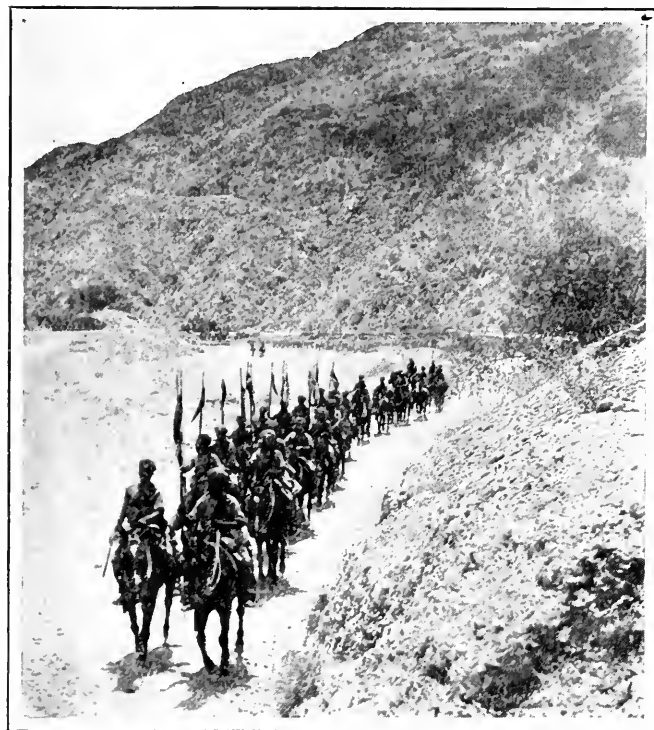
It seems probable that there will be a very hot discussion over Mosul; if only because it is claimed under the

National Pact and the Turks have sworn that the Pact shall be fulfilled to the last syllable. Mosul was taken away from Turkey under the provision of the Mudros Treaty which deprives Turkey of outlying territories in which the population is predominantly non-Turkish. The Turks say to this that Mosul is not a part of Mesopotamia, that the British occupied it after the Mudros armistice, and finally that they do not recognize the Treaty of Mudros. All of which is sheer nonsense. But there is no nonsense in certain other "values" of this Mosul business: as, for example, the fact that the Angora Government has massed on the border of Mosul a force outnumbering ten to one the British force within Mosul. After all, possibly Mr. Child, in his little sermon on "the open door and equality of commercial opportunity," did have in mind the possibility of return of Mosul to the political sovereignty of Turkey, and wished to give warning that the degree of American participation in the "exploitation" of the oil fields must not be adversely affected by any political changes.

The Turks have demanded sovereignty over the islands of Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos and Samothrace, as commanding the entrance to the Dardanelles. The demand is to be considered in connection with the Straits problem. It is not likely to be conceded, but a special régime for these islands is "indicated."

The Turks asked that the large islands, Mitylene, Chios, Samos, and Nikaria, close to the mainland of Asia Minor, be made autonomous and be demilitarized. The conferees refused autonomy but granted demilitarization.

Ismet Pasha has announced that, on condition that the territories separated from the Ottoman Empire as a re-



international

A patrol of native troops, loyal to the Indian Government, in the Khyber Pass

sult of the Great War be required to assume their due proportions of the Ottoman debt, Angora will recognize the remainder. This seems to be regarded by the Allies as a reasonable proposition. It is reported that the Jugoslavian delegates have notified assent.

It will be seen from an examination of the "Fifteen Points" (spread out in full in the *Independent Interweekly* of December 2) that the Lausanne Conference has barely started.

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR.
By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin.

A work in four volumes by an author well qualified by his own talent and by his opportunities to write on this subject.

THE RED REDMAYNES. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.

A novel of mystery.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE: SECOND SERIES. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Putnam.

Lectures on the older writers of English literature.

UNDER FOUR ADMINISTRATIONS; FROM CLEVELAND TO TAFT. By Oscar S. Straus. Houghton Mifflin.

Contains chapters on his diplomatic experiences, his career in the Cabinet, in New York politics, and during the War.

AMERICAN BALLADS AND SONGS. Edited by Louise Pound. Scribner.

The popular ballads.

FORTY YEARS ON. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Doran.

The brother of Lord Frederic Hamilton now tries his hand at writing recollections.

TOWARD the close of the fourth volume of John Buchan's "A History of the Great War" (Houghton Mifflin), the author surveys the battle-field, or imagines how some celestial intelligence, such as Thomas Hardy presents in "The Dynasts," might survey a battle-field which extended around the world. The passage surpasses in imagination and power anything which I recall upon this subject. It is, in a way, typical of Mr. Buchan's work—a history to which may truly and soberly be applied the much-abused word "great." The author has fought in the Boer War, been liaison-officer with the British and French during the War of which he writes, and was finally Director of Information in the British Foreign Office. He is a soldier and a literary man, the author both of historical and of imaginative works. It meant something to him, when the British Expeditionary Force landed at Boulogne, to remember that earlier expedition to Belgium with which went Jos Sedley and Rawdon Crawley. It means something to his readers, English and American, to whom the fictitious men and women of "Vanity Fair" are more real than any of Wellington's actual army.

The history is largely military, but its technicalities are never puzzling nor do they strangle the interest of the narrative. The reader to whom the movements of armies become wearisome will find relief in the naval chapters, in the discussion of political and economic conditions in the warring countries. The author is a generous his-

torian who never denies praise to the genuine instances of German gallantry and fortitude. His denunciation of German perfidy and inhumanity is sober and restrained. A great work; by all means to be owned by every public library.

The Duke of Abercorn had, I believe, six sons. If they are all capable of writing books as entertaining as those by one of the sons, Lord Frederic Hamilton (author of "The Days Before Yesterday," etc.), readers will be glad to have them continue till they fill a ten-foot shelf. Lord Ernest Hamilton's "Forty Years On" (Doran) gives a characteristically amusing account of trying to argue with a taxi-driver in Athens by using New Testament Greek. His success was no greater than that of Mr. Gladstone, who prided himself on his mastery of Greek, and who came once to Athens and delivered a carefully prepared speech in the Athenian tongue to a large and deeply interested audience. At the close of the meeting one of the listeners was asked how he liked the speech.

"Oh! it was magnificent," he replied; "such a wonderful voice, and such grand gestures! But, as he spoke in *English*, I naturally did not understand what he was saying."

Mr. Ernest Boyd's volume, "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Knopf), was first issued five or six years ago. The new edition, appearing this autumn, enables the author to discuss the literary effects of all the events in Irish politics since the Easter rebellion of 1916; the new figures like Francis Ledwidge and Padraic Colum, and the later work of James Joyce and others. It is an extensive work of more than 450 pages, with a bibliography.

The collection of ballads in Professor Pound's "American Ballads and Songs" (Scribner) is one of those fascinating books which appear but seldom. Think of ballads of "Jesse James," "Charles Guiteau," "I Want to Be a Cowboy," "The Boston Burglar," "The Milwaukee Fire," "The Dying Californian," and "The Texas Rangers."

Another good autobiography—there have been dozens of them this year, everybody's doing it—is Ralph D. Paine's "Roads of Adventure" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Paine's stirring experiences as correspondent in the Spanish War occupy most of the book, but he luckily included some of his naval adventures in the Great War. (He shifts bewilderingly from the first to the third person in his narrative, but that is a small matter.) He speaks about the manners of German officers in China in 1900; and about the traitorous habits of the Sinn Fein in Queenstown, their pro-German and anti-American attitude, and how Admiral Sims had to be rebuked for telling the truth about them—because the truth did not please Irish-American agitators. The English Admiral at

Queenstown, Sir Lewis Bayly, had lived in America and delighted to perplex other Englishmen with American stories. Some of them had been passed on to him by Admiral Sims. One concerned a scene in a Western mining camp during a blizzard. The temperature was below zero, and the cowboys in the saloon were ordering hot whiskey punches with red pepper. A stranger entered and said to the bartender: "Will you be good enough to give me a long, cool lemonade, with plenty of cracked ice in it?" The bartender snorted. "Hell, no," he replied, "but I can lend you a pair of white duck pants!"

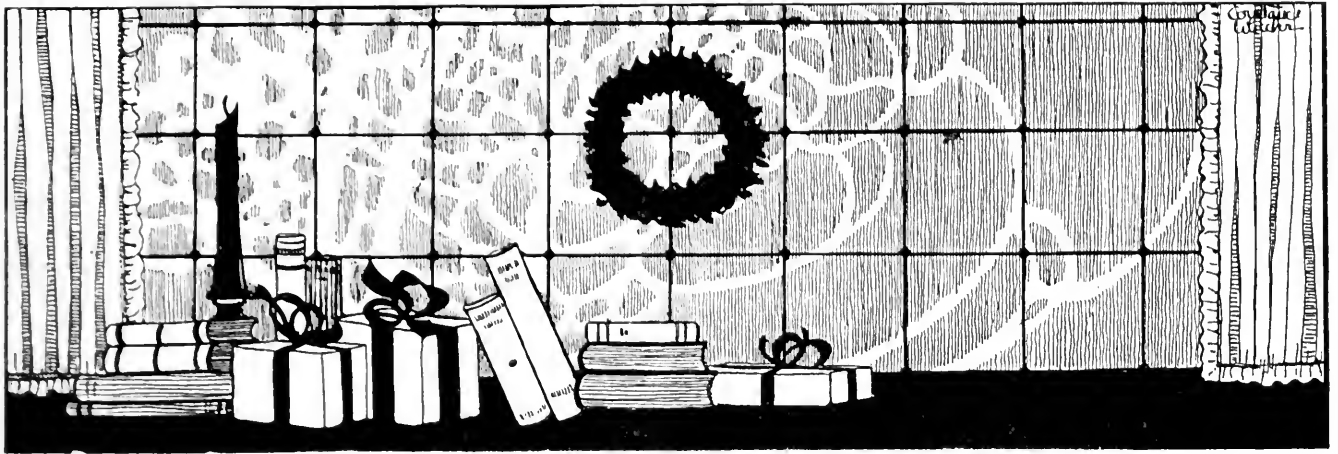
Mr. Paine found it embarrassing when a ruddy British naval officer turned to him, and in an imploring voice inquired: "I say, Mr. Paine, you are an American, don't you know. You can probably make it clear. *Why* did it occur to the bartender person to offer the stranger a pair of white duck trousers in such beastly cold weather?"

"The Call of the Mountains" (Dodd Mead), by Le Roy Jeffers, should take its place among the best American works upon this subject. In addition to the information which it contains upon mountain climbing in Canada and in the United States, it has the higher and better quality of infectious enthusiasm for one of the finest of all sports, one which has always had the strong appeal to men and women of intellect.

The New England spinster of legend is reincarnated in Mr. Ben Hecht. He is a prudish soul, perpetually shocked by evils of the world which are as old as Solomon. Recently he has discovered the red-light district, about which thirty-seven plays and twenty-eight novels were written between 1910 and 1915. Mr. Hecht is as thoroughly dismayed as any Miss Tabitha with black silk mitts, and feels sure that his readers will be equally horrified. But "Gargoyles" (Boni & Liveright) is not "a devastating novel," as its cover announces it; it is an immature effort to shout "Boo!" at the flappers.

The librarian whose office adjoins mine is somewhat austere about novels, and when I suggested that he might enjoy Rafael Sabatini's "Captain Blood" (Houghton Mifflin), he lifted his eyebrows in the approved manner of a buccaneer of the Spanish Main—like Captain Blood himself. He liked his novels as novels, he said, and his history as history. Not mixed. Yet he took "Captain Blood" and returned it two days later. He was calm and deliberate, and remarked that I had sold two copies of the novel: one which he should buy for himself, and one more to give away. He is hardened—after twenty years of being a librarian—and not given to gusts of enthusiasm, but he had written on the slip of paper which accompanied my copy: "An admirable historical novel, not inferior to Dumas at his best."

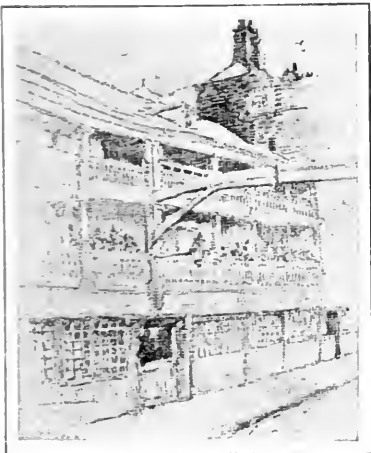
EDMUND LESTER PEARSON



Christmas Books

Christmas Books for Children

READERS who wish suggestions for good books as Christmas gifts for children will find this list useful. Most of the books are new; a few are new editions of old favorites; all were published in 1922. They were selected for exhibition in the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library during the holiday season, and are



"London," by Geo. W. Edwards
(Penn. Pub. Co.)

therefore the choice of well-qualified judges of children's books. A variety of prices are represented. When the illustrator is mentioned, it may be considered that the pictures are a feature of the book.

"The Velveteen Rabbit." By Margery Williams. Illustrated by William Nicholson. Doran. \$2.

"Cecil's Parsley." By Beatrix Potter. Warne. 60 cents.

"David the Dreamer." By Ralph Berggren. Illustrated by Tom Freud. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

"Nursery Rhymes." With pictures by Claude Lovat Fraser. Knopf. \$2.

"Lillebrors Segelfärd." By Elsa Beskow. Ahlen Akerlunds. \$1.95.

"Perez the Mouse." By Padre Luis Coloma. Adapted by Lady Moreton. Dodd, Mead. 75 cents.

"The Mouse Story." By K. H. With. Illustrated by V. Y. Fischer. Stokes. \$1.50.

"The Magic Fishbone." By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. Warne. \$1.50.

"The Memoirs of a London Doll." By Mrs. Fairstar. Illustrated by Emma L. Brock. Macmillan. \$1.25.

"Verotchka's Tales." By Mamin Siberiak. Illustrated by Boris M. Artzybasheff. Dutton. \$2.50.

"Cautionary Tales for Children." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by B. T. B. Knopf. \$1.50.

"More Beasts for Worse Children." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by B. T. B. Knopf. \$1.25.

"Rootabaga Stories." By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

"The Bird-Nest Boarding House." By Verbena Reed. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. Dutton. \$2.50.

"Taytay's Tales." By Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. Illustrations by Fred Kabotie and Otis Polonema. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

"Solario the Tailor." By William Rowen. Macmillan. \$2.

"East of the Sun and West of the Moon." Illustrated by Kay Nielson. Doran. \$3.50.

"The Children Who Followed the Piper." By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. Macmillan. \$1.75.

"Mighty Mikro." By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jan Van Everen. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.25.

"Battles and Enchantments." Retold by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

"Rainbow Gold." Selected by Sara Teasdale. Illustrated

by Dugald Stewart Walker. Macmillan. \$2.

"Shoes of the Wind." By Hilda Conkling. Stokes. \$1.60.

"Down-Adown-Derry." By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Holt. \$3.

"The Way of Poetry"; an anthology for younger readers. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

"The Girl's Book of Verse." Compiled by Mary G. Davis. Stokes. \$2.

"Carols, Their Origin, Music, and Connection with Mystery - Plays." By William J. Phillips. Routledge, \$3.

"The Fairy Doll." By Netta Syrett. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25.

"Helga and the White Peacock." By Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan. \$1.

"The Three Golden Hairs." By Ethel Sidgwick. Small, Maynard. \$1.25.

"Heidi." By Johanna Spyri. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. McKay. \$3.50.

"Stories by Mrs. Molesworth." Selected by Sydney Baldwin. Illustrated by Edna Cooke. Duffield. \$3.50.



"Spain and Portugal," by E. Peixotto (Scribner)



"Book of the American Spirit," illus. by Howard Pyle (Harper)



"Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott
(Little Brown)

"Master Skylark." By John Bennett.
Illustrated by Henry Pitz. Century.
\$3.50.



"Tales from the Alhambra," by
Washington Irving (Houghton
Mifflin)

"Tales from Shakespeare." By
Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated



"Rootabaga Stories," by Carl
Sandburg (Harcourt)

by Elizabeth Shippen Greene Elliott.
McKay. \$5.

"Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard." By Eleanor Farjeon. Stokes.
\$2.50.

"Wisp, a Girl of Dublin." By Katharine Adams. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. Macmillan. \$2.

"Black Wolf Pack." By Dan Beard. Scribner's. \$1.65.

"Wild Folk." By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.

"Dusty Star." By Olaf Baker. Illustrated by Paul Bransom. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

"Bannertail." By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by the author. Scribner's. \$2.

"The Trail of the Spanish Horse." By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.

"Beyond Rope and Fence." By David Grew. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

"The Fortune of the Indies." By Edith Ballinger Price. Century. \$1.75.

"Moby Dick." By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

"Pirates." With a Foreword and sundry decorations by C. Lovat Fraser. McBride. \$2.50.

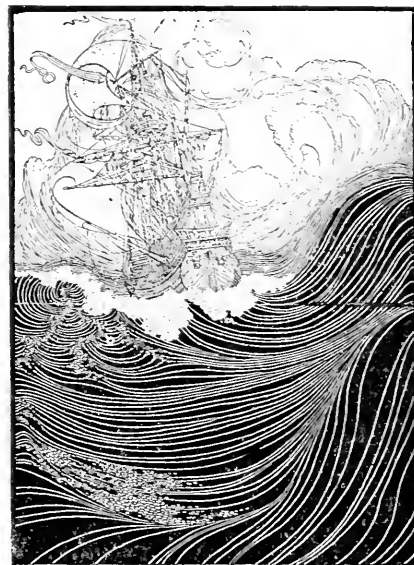
"The Book of the Indian." By Hamlin Garland. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Harper. \$5.

"Tales of Lonely Trails." By Zane Grey. Harper. \$3.

"Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout." By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Schuyler Remington. Doubleday, Page. \$1.75.

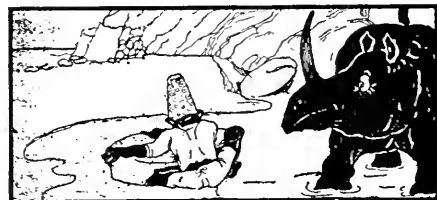
Christmas Books for Adults

FOR a Christmas gift, without age limit (because young readers enjoy it as well as old), Hendrik van Loon's "The Story of Mankind" (Boni, \$5). Ernest Peixotto's "Spain and Portugal" (Scribner, \$3.50) makes a delightfully illustrated gift book. Sir James Barrie's admirable address on "Courage" (Scribner, 60 cents; gift edition, \$1.50) is available in inexpensive form. For recollections of American authors, Caroline Ticknor's "Glimpses of Authors" (Houghton, \$3.50). Ralph D. Paine's "Roads of Adventure" (Houghton, \$5) is a good book for a man; while Sabatini's "Captain Blood" (Houghton, \$2) is the novel of adventure of the year.



"Rainbow Gold," by Sara Teasdale
(Macmillan)

For travel in America, Stephen Graham's "Tramping with a Poet in the



"The First and Second Jungle Books," by
Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday)

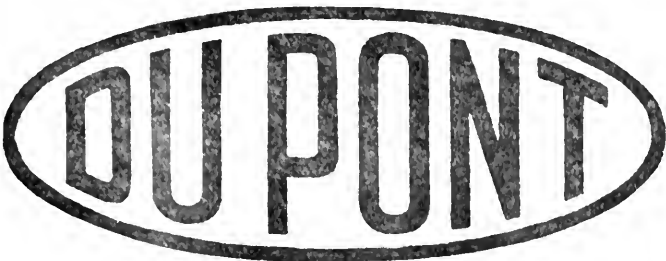
Rockies" (Appleton, \$2) is a good suggestion; for England: "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" (Appleton, \$3.50), by Thurston Hopkins. Both Jeffery Farnol and E. Phillips Oppenheim, those prime favorites, have new novels out. Mr. Farnol's is "Peregrine's Progress" (Little



"Great Pirate Stories"
(Brentano)



"The Call of the Mountain," by Le Roy Jeffers (Dodd Mead)



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Brown, \$2), and Mr. Oppenheim's is "The Evil Shepherd" (Little Brown, \$2). Another of Frederick O'Brien's popular books on the Pacific is "Atolls of the Sun" (Century, \$5). A novel, useful, and amusing book (a rare combination that!) is C. Mac-Sheridan's "The Stag Cook Book" (Doran, \$1.50), in which men, including President Harding and Oliver Herford, write out their favorite cooking recipes for the use of other men. Donald Ogden Stewart's "Perfect Behavior" (Doran, \$2) is the result of an attempt to be amusing which succeeded; it is a parody on books of etiquette. Robert Shackleton's "The Book of Washington" (Penn Publishing Company, \$3.50) is a most readable description of the National Capital. Few novels have pleased so many readers this year as Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly" (Bobbs, \$2); the praise which it meets everywhere has the ring of sincerity.

Unquestionably the finest volumes of political memoirs of the year are the two comprising Mr. Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (Doubleday, \$10). Another book of New England flavor is M. A. DeWolfe Howe's "Memories of a Hostess" (Atlantic Monthly Press, \$4). Hilda Conklin's "Shoes of the Wind" (Stokes, \$1.60) is a volume of poetry, the precocious but delightful talent of a child. A selection of fine piratical tales is given in Joseph Lewis French's "Great Pirate Stories" (Brentano, \$2). Probably the funniest short sketches to be found in any book of the year, well adapted for reading aloud moreover, are in Robert Benchley's "Love Conquers All" (Holt \$2). A fine book of mountaineering is Leroy Jeffers's "The Call of the Mountains" (Dodd, \$5).

Book Reviews

Romance of Big Business

MILLIONS. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company.

OVINGTON'S BANK. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longman and Company.

THE DRIVER. By Gareth Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

JOSEPH GREER AND HIS DAUGHTER. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IT is cordially admitted by Englishmen and Americans, respectively, that Americans and Englishmen think too much of money. Perhaps we over here really have a little the better of it. Perhaps our dollar-worship is on a slightly higher plane than their shilling-worship. Certainly British fiction nowadays is as minutely preoccupied with income and cash balance as it always has been, from Fielding to Jane Austen and from Trollope to Compton Mackenzie. About every one of its persons, whatever his age or rank, two matters must be made clear before we can be otherwise interested in him: what does he possess by inheritance or thrift, and what is he getting at any given moment, in income or earnings?

Nine American novels out of ten leave all this indefinite. We gather that So-and-So is poor, or not very well off, or rich; but we are not interested in auditing his accounts. The fact is, perhaps, that to an Englishman money means safety, a competency; while to an American it means a chance, a door opening on opportunity or adventure. *In esse* the opportunity may be wasted, the adventure may turn out squalid rather than glorious: *in posse* the dream remains.

This pathetic vision is the theme of Mr. Poole's "Millions." His general situation—a group of relatives, near and distant, gathering about the bedside of a dying rich man and jealously counting their chickens—is British enough. But these people do not hate each other or the rich man. What they love, or at least can not resist, is the rosy vision of escape from drab things, small things, into a big world to which money is the passport. Even the girl Madge can not resist this dream. But when her brother recovers and turns out to be not rich at all, the double irony of the denouement does not embitter her. The dream of escape has wakened her; she will never go back to the old narrow round. Even the tiny salvage of an opera ticket is not to be scorned. As she looks about the Diamond Horseshoe, she sees, through the glitter of reality, the pathos of the universal dream: "Millions? Billions! It was here! The peak of the scramble! Where had they started? How many others were on their way? Scrambling busily day and night up the national Dollar Hill to find places at the top! And how many more had it in them, in dreams!"

On the surface, "Ovington's Bank" is very British and old-fashioned. The scene is England in the eighteen-twenties. After lean after-war years, times are improving. A period of prosperity has arrived, with the usual attendant risks of artificial expansion and extravagant speculation. The mail-coach survives, but its days are numbered. The steam railway, held among risky investments in a day which dared almost anything, is beginning to creep from town to town of industrial England. The power of the industrial barons is beginning to challenge the prestige of the hereditary lords of the land. But the ancient social code still rules. Ovington, founder of the bank, is a self-made man who can never be quite safe or happy—because he was not born a gentleman. He believes that honesty is the best policy, but in a crisis is none too steady on his moral pins. More than once the persuasions of his son or his chief clerk keep him from actual dishonesty. It is true that the villain of the piece is a young aristocrat; but the hero, if there is one, is that youth's old uncle, the Squire, an aristocrat to the bone. A rapprochement of the old order and the new is effected by the union of Ovington's virtuous son and the Squire's daughter.

Apart from its romance, the story, I am told by a man of business, presents an accurate study of financial problems



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"In July, 1920," says Mr. Loree in his Foreword, "I was forced to keep my bed for some three weeks, with injunctions not to raise my head from the pillow. I had ample time for reflection. The railroads had come back to their owners from the hands of the Federal Government. . . . Discipline was impaired and the authority and morale of the officers severely shaken. The Government had purchased with lavish bribes a precarious peace with labor. With the high cost of living and the low state of production, there was rapidly coming on a conflict between the minority constituting organized labor and the unorganized social majority for the real control of the Government."

But the collapse confidently announced as real and permanent by one of the railroad labor journals was not permanent, and soon began to pass away. A labor editorial in May, 1920, asserted:

. . . the railroads have lost their grip on their employees. . . . Yes, it is a safe bet that we have witnessed the passing of the once numerous type of railroad men who took pride in their work and considered no sacrifice of risk or effort too great to get results for the company. These same men today are content merely trying to hold their jobs. The old interest and the old pep are things of the past, for the railroad officers have surely lost their grip.

"Never," remarks Mr. Loree of this proclamation, "was the sale of the live bear's skin undertaken with more folly and assurance." The vast improvement of the past two years is his justification.

It is to spurring railroad officers to establish a new and more masterful grip on transportation that Mr. Loree devotes his book. To this task he feels that they have not yet devoted adequate concentration of attention and effort. "For one thought they give to transportation, and especially to its outstanding problems—the moving of trains of various speeds upon the same track and the assembling of cars in such order as to assure their farthest movement without rehandling, and their distribution with the least interference, they give a thousand anxious and curious glances in as many other directions. . . ."

"There is another factor even more seriously neglected. During the last generation how little thought has been given to the management of men! . . . With brilliant and isolated exceptions, in spite of the continual challenge of recent events, little sustained attention has been given to these two central problems—transportation and the men engaged in transportation. It is these two matters that must engage the conscientious, intelligent thought of the railroad officer if the service is to be made what it should be."

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the total freight ton-miles of the railroads have increased seven times as much as the quantity production of industry, we shall have some notion of the rapidly increasing difficulty the railroads find in keeping up with the country's industrial development.

Space, and the technical intricacy of many of the large topics Mr. Loree discusses, forbid any detailed review of his treatment of the main questions under the eight parts into which the book is divided. There is a special interest, however, in his words on one topic of present concern—the supply of freight cars. "It seems improbable," he remarks, "that there has ever been a car shortage in this country in the sense that there were not enough cars to do the business. Indeed, the indications are that we have maintained a stock of freight cars at least 15 per cent. in excess of any economic justification." The occasional inadequacy of the car supply at the points where loading is offered is due, in Mr. Loree's opinion, mainly to the misuse of such equipment, the largest part of the evil being due to the improper detention of cars by shippers and receivers. For this, he advocates a more drastic application of demurrage charges.

For the lay reader almost as much as for the railroad official a reading of this book will prove a most profitable experience. Those who know Mr. Loree know that he is a man of a many-sided and most stimulating personality—full of the savor which permeates this book and gives to what would otherwise be merely technical discussions a flavor and attraction which make them fascinating. Yet there is much more than this fortunate quality to recommend the book. Mr. Loree is himself one of those Masters of Transportation whose inadequate ranks he desires to recruit. His knowledge of its practical facts and requirements is broad, deep, and intensive. In his treatment of the successive major topics of The Permanent Way; Shops and Equipment; Organization, Field and Staff; Forms, Accounts, and Statistics; Movement of Cars; Movement of Engines and Trains; and Men, he gives history, practice, and theory, with a fullness and authority from which only the most experienced operating men are likely to feel entitled to dissent. In his long service on several railroads Mr. Loree has made his own notable contributions to better transportation practice, one of the most notable being the existing rating of locomotives by "adjusted tonnage." His account of how this was worked out from the demonstrated variations in tractive power required to haul different cars and loads, is a capital illustration of the reserves of intricacy and difficulty inherent in the problems of transportation. Altogether, the book is likely to rank as an important contribution to better practice. It is worth noting that two of the eight parts into which the book is divided are devoted to Men, in regard to whom Mr. Loree shows (and practices) a broad liberality for which professional labor spokesmen give him quite inadequate credit.



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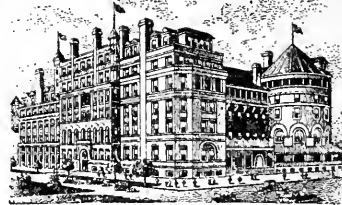
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Drama John Barrymore Plays Hamlet

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. By William Shakespeare. Sam H. Harris Theatre.

CHARLES LAMB, who still remains and will always remain one of the most modern of dramatic critics, expressed in no uncertain terms his disappointment in witnessing theatrical performances of the tragedies of Shakespeare. "When the novelty is past," he confessed, "we find to our cost that, instead of realizing an idea, we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood. We have let go a dream, in quest of an unattainable standard." He was of the opinion, in particular, that the character of Hamlet suffered most by representation.

The greatest tribute we may pay to John Barrymore's Hamlet is to say that perhaps even Charles Lamb might approve of it. And this approval would be due not merely to the enormous advance our theatre has made since Lamb's time in the matter of illumination, in settings, and acoustics, but rather to Mr. Barrymore's intelligent reading of the famous soliloquies. For, like Lamb, John Barrymore seems to have realized that nine-tenths of the character of Hamlet are "transactions between himself and his moral sense," the effusions of his solitary musings, those silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting. "Hamlet" is, in short, as "modern" and as "psychological" as a novel by Henry James. The conflict, the real drama, takes place in an invisible world, in the mind of that melancholy prince. Shakespeare has written those immortal soliloquies, those speeches directed not to other characters, not indeed to the audience, despite the tradition, because they represent thoughts and feelings in the very process of birth. The words represent the deeper movement of that mind, the impulses and reactions. We are given not the completed thought, but its very formation.

Whatever criticism may be directed at the production of Arthur Hopkins, at the stage designs of Robert Edmond Jones, at the details of Mr. Barrymore's re-creation, this great outstanding and significant achievement remains: John Barrymore read these soliloquies, these meditations, with an art that has not been surpassed in our own century. In voice, in diction, and, more profoundly, in acting them, he attained a crystalline purity and intensity. His achievement is the greater in that it was no mere *tour de force* of a clever actor, but in that he has succeeded in bringing into our Broadway theatre a Shakespeare of depth and vitality and of the sharpest contemporary significance. His Hamlet was, as Hazlitt thought Hamlet should be, the most amiable of misanthropes—and the most sophisticated.

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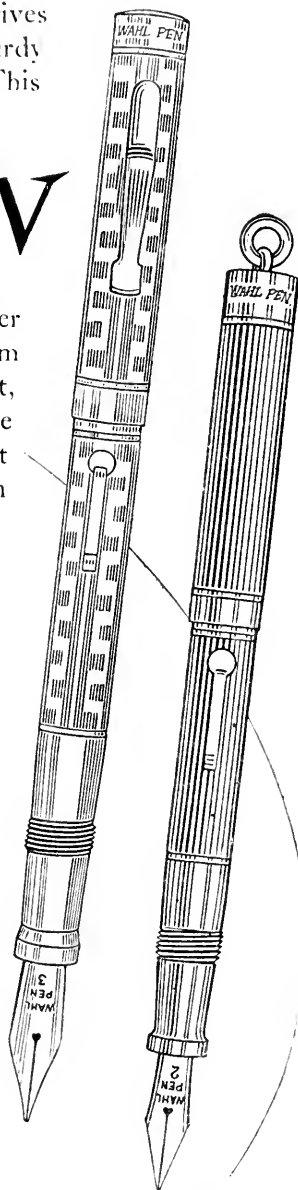
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For a younger generation, a generation that knows nothing of Booth and Fechter, and practically nothing of Henry Irving or even Forbes-Robertson, John Barrymore's must remain *the* Hamlet for years to come. I do not wish to suggest, however, either that his may not be greater or smaller than those of the nineteenth century. We can never know. Nothing could be more futile, more unfair, than such comparisons. The creation of the actor lives on only in the memory of the playgoer. And what one remembers another forgets. The details of the actual performance gradually but inevitably vanish. In their place we erect a legend, a myth of great acting.

Personally, it struck me that John Barrymore in some strange fashion tired out, that having won us in the earlier and middle scenes, he rested on this achievement. Yet I discover that this was precisely Salvini's criticism of Henry Irving's Hamlet, while one who has seen all the great Hamlets since Booth writes that Barrymore began weakly and finished triumphantly. All of which seems to indicate that we should check our prejudices at the door, cast aside our abject respect for Shakespearean traditions that have no legitimate historical roots, and prepare to enjoy this "Hamlet" as a fresh and always living re-creation.

Scarcely secondary in interest to Mr. Barrymore's characterization is the scenic design for the tragedy, devised by Robert Edmond Jones. The drama is enacted in a single unchanging scene, or before proscenium curtains on a sort of apron stage. The action is concentrated in a lofty hall with a low broad stairway ascending under a high Romanesque arch to the platform without. Through this arch we gaze into the frosty moonlight. The stage is also made to extend out over the orchestra pit—in this manner approximating vaguely the platform stages of the Bankside. With considerable economy of means Mr. Jones has made no sacrifice of regal grandeur or visual splendor. Due to this arrangement, scene follows scene with unaccustomed swiftness. The tragedy gains much in the concentration of action; it is divided into three parts, with intervals following the first Players' scene, and after the scene in the Queen's closet. And yet this emphasized unity of place seems fatal to an appreciation of the time sequence.

This departure from the ordinary traditions has evoked no little criticism. Yet it is quite as legitimate as the ordinary method of mounting Shakespeare; and the undeniable gains in the way of pictorial and decorative effect place this production above comparison with the shabby and obtrusive scenery that has marred so much of Shakespeare in the past. Readers of the first folios must remember that for the Elizabethan audiences these scenes were never visually localized, and that there was no division into acts. Messrs. Hopkins and Jones, seemingly, have as legitimate precedents as their

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critics. The only logical alternative, as far as settings are concerned, is a *bona fide* return to the stage of the Globe, where, as Coleridge said, "the very nakedness of the stage was advantageous," and on which the actors were adept not merely in the art of depicting character, but time and place and atmosphere as well. But such an alternative would perhaps be too pedantic and precious in its appeal. Therefore, I think, Mr. Jones and Mr. Barrymore were perfectly justified in approaching "Hamlet" with the intention of extracting from that drama all that it possessed of theatrical and dramatic value, of presenting it in the idiom of the contemporary theatre, with its treasury of resources in the matter of lighting, color, and costume.

This visual beauty, this wealth of decorative and pictorial values. Mr. Jones distributes with an almost too generous hand. His keen and shrewd sense of the theatre sometimes leads him to the point of stressing pictorial and theatrical effects at the expense of the dramatic. This was illustrated in his organization of the Players' scene. It seems to me that the King in this scene should be the centre of the composition, so that we of the audience may with Hamlet scrutinize him. But I for one was so engrossed by the mimes who enacted "The Murder of Gonzago" that I quite forgot that this play was the thing wherein we were to catch the conscience of the King. Those fantastic puppets, who might have stepped out of a Japanese print or a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley, with their grotesque posturings and their golden robes, were, it is true, highly effective as "theatre"—but the dramatic intention was somehow lost. On the other hand, in the final scene, when the corpse of Hamlet was borne up the stairs out into the night, drama and picture seemed triumphantly fused.

If one might presume to offer a criticism of one of the finest intelligences now working in our American theatre, it would be that Robert Edmond Jones has not yet made in his own mind the important distinction between the pictorial aim and the dramatic. The purely pictorial may effect a pleasing decorative composition, which may or may not aid in the interpretation or the intensification of comic or tragic effect. Such stage pictures seldom if ever succeed in producing any profound emotional reaction. A visual appeal is always more intellectual than emotional. Mr. Jones must now face the problem of creating stage designs that are dramatic. To do this requires a sublime indifference to what the final visual effect is to be, from the spectacular standpoint. It requires a relentless probing to the very heart of the dramatic idea and its reconstruction in terms of the three dimensions of the stage. This difference between the pictorial and the dramatic will become clear to anyone who realizes the difference between the art of Paolo Veronese and that of El Greco.

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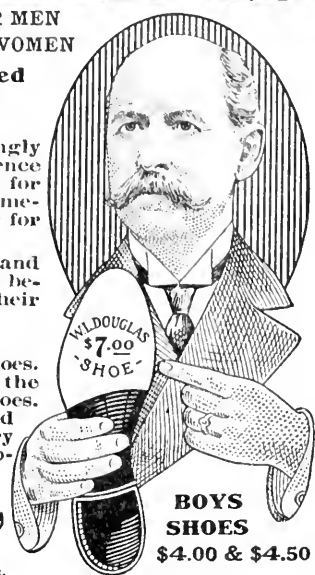
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As in a Looking- Glass

The Winter Exhibition in the National Academy of Design

THE art of painting is represented in an allegorical picture by Edwin C. Taylor as a nude woman who holds a hand mirror up to the scenery surrounding her. But for the palette in her left hand no one could tell her emblematic identity. She might be Truth, who shows us in our nakedness to our vain selves. But why should Art be naked, she who clothes all things, the nude model in the studio not excepted, with a beauty which is not Nature's but her own? And does Art really hold a mirror up to nature? Is she no more than reflection? If that were true the mirrored image of the living Gioconda would not have been surpassed by Titian. Art is a transformation of reality; her function is not to reflect, but to create anew. The picture which is no more than life in a looking-glass is proof of the painter's technical skill, but also of his not being an inspired artist. For he has not given life to a new creation; he has merely copied a dead image of life. The inspired artist gives himself in the picture; the skillful painter gives in it his subject only.

There are many mirrors on the walls of the National Academy of Design, and one gazes in some with pleasure, if not with profound admiration. Mr. Paxton was fortunate in arresting so charming a reflection in his. So was Henry R. Rittenberg when he mirrored his wife. Theirs are glasses without a flaw. The same can not be said of Mary Fairchild Low's portrait of Mrs. Goddard, Daughter, and Granddaughter, nor of Charles C. Curran's portrait of Betty Gallowhur, which are reflections of sentimental poses, of life in a false, unreal setting.

But there are pictures between the mirrors: portraits by Ernest L. Ipsen, of Ernest Albert and, better still, of Captain Robert L. Bartlett, a masterly study in expression; one of a Veteran of the Civil War by Giovanni B. Troccoli, that of Robert F. Bolton by Robert Philipp, a delicately toned study in gray and brown, the "Profile," by Marion L. Pooke, Leslie P. Thomson's portrait of Miss A. and that of Miss Cox by Louise Cox.

The nude model of the studio, we said, is clothed by Art with a new beauty. How true this is may be seen in the nude by Gertrude Fiske, which was awarded the Shaw Prize, the finest picture, perhaps, of the entire exhibition. Compare with this the "Nymphs Surprised" of Francis C. Jones. Surprised by whom or what the picture does not tell—the foliage which reveals them discreetly conceals the observer. It must have been the flicker of the artist's mirror in which



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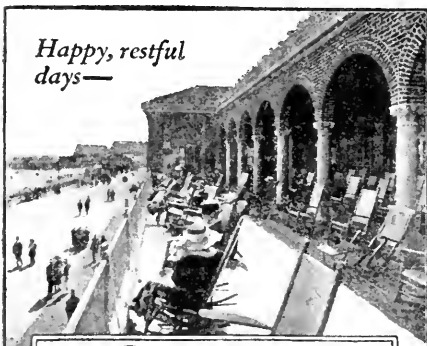
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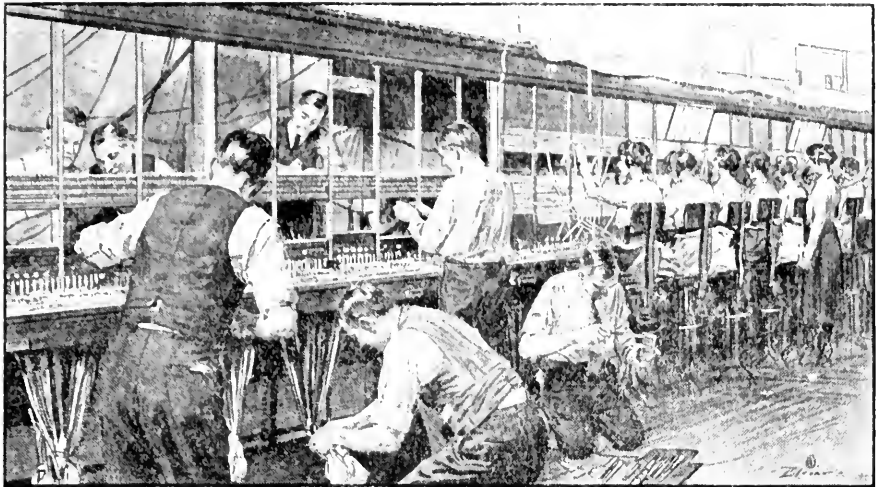
he caught them clothed in their own loveliness. But why call them nymphs? Ancient mythology, in this our twentieth century, must still supply the setting of the nude, as if the painter needed the conventionality of the scene to make up for the undress in which he mirrored his model. "Surprised," again, is the title of a picture by William Fair Kl'ne, showing a fair bather in the woods detected by a deer, a modern version, and not a brilliant one, of the myth of Actaeon. But this shrinking Diana seems incapable of divine wrath, which may account for the unantlered head of her surpriser. Will H. Low laid his model on the back, gave him a pair of broken wings, some crudely painted stage rocks and a glimmer of sea in the background, and called his Icarus the Precursor. One wonders to what merit the picture owes the distinction of being reproduced in the catalogue.

Painting as imagined by Mr. Taylor holds her mirror up to Art as well as Nature. Frederick Ballard Williams reflects the art of Watteau, Thomas Moran that of Turner, both pleasant scenes to look at but devoid of any personal touch. Paul Moschowitz painted on the glass in which he caught a reflection of Gainsborough's landscape, setting the portrait of a golfer in tweeds and tortoise shell-rimmed spectacles. It is a good portrait, but the impression is marred by the incongruity between it and the eighteenth century associations of the background. Leon Kroll's picture is a different case. It shows a woman asleep with a baby on her arm and a young girl watching at her head; in the distance the silhouette of a town against an evening sky. The setting reminds one of the Flemish primitives, but there is nothing incongruous between it and the group in the foreground. It is a scene pervaded by what the Germans call *Stimmung*, and it is superior to a picture such as Williams's "In the Fair Land of Arcady," à la Watteau, in that it does not reflect early Flemish art but transforms it into something which is neither better nor equally beautiful, but which is, at any rate, an individual expression of the artist.

The landscapes form, as usual, the largest part of the collection. The Carnegie Prize was awarded to E. W. Redfield for his "Valley in Springtime," a work of great merit, but easily surpassed, in my opinion, by a few others of more modest size: "Barn-Yard Snow" of Ralston Keeler, a beautiful suggestion of a still winter day, Harry W. Watrous's "Evening," and Paul Cornoyer's "Moonlight in Venice." Mr. Keeler is also the painter of by far the best still-life scene of the collection.

The general impression is not much different from that which is made by Mr. Taylor's allegorical painting. The spirit of the Muse with the mirror prevails, and an academic conservatism which does honor to the past but holds no promise for the future.

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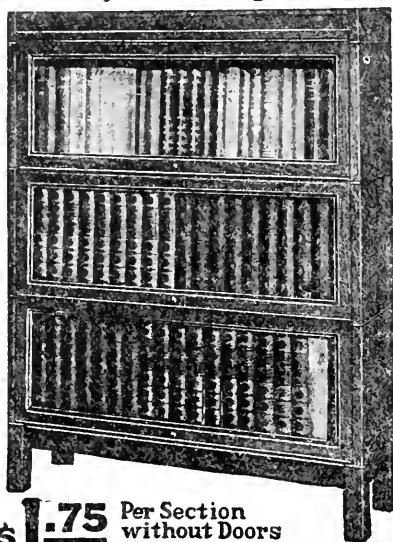
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How to Study This Number

THE INDEPENDENT LESSON PLANS

English, Literature and
Composition

History, Civics and
Economics

By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the English Department,
Stuyvesant High School, New York

I. John Barrymore Plays "Hamlet."

1. Charles Lamb expressed his disappointment in witnessing theatrical performances of the tragedies of Shakespeare. Why is this not a statement that Shakespeare's plays are not good? Did not Shakespeare intend that his plays should be presented on the stage? If they can not be presented satisfactorily, how can they be good plays?
2. Would Charles Lamb have felt the same disappointment in seeing one of Shakespeare's comedies played? Explain your answer.
3. Why is it that many people today prefer to read Shakespeare's plays rather than to see them produced on the stage? What is it that they find in their reading that they do not find in the stage presentation?
4. Explain why you are so frequently disappointed with pictures printed in illustration of stories that you like. In what ways is your feeling concerning such pictures comparable to one's feeling in seeing a Shakespearean play on the stage?
5. What is the best way in which to enjoy a play by Shakespeare?
6. Do the moving pictures tend to increase or to decrease the power of gaining enjoyment from books?
7. Why is the character of Hamlet the most difficult of all to present on the stage?
8. Ask your librarian to tell you where you can find full information concerning the stage on which Shakespeare had to present his plays. Draw a diagram on the blackboard. Then give a talk in which you point out the great differences between the stage used in Shakespeare's time and the stage used today.
9. Explain how the peculiar construction of the Shakespearean stage made itself felt in the writing of plays.
10. What advantages did Shakespeare gain from the stage construction of his day? What advantages do we gain from our own type of stage?
11. What peculiarities of stage arrangement does John Barrymore employ? What reasons lead Mr. Barrymore to depart so far from our modern customs?
12. Coleridge said: "The very nakedness of the stage was advantageous." How can this be true? Have all our modern play producers made a mistake in going to the great expense of elaborate stage setting? What do you believe to be the proper balance between a play and its stage setting?
13. What reasons lead the critic to praise John Barrymore's presentation of "Hamlet"?
14. What is the difference between "theatrical" and "dramatic" value? In which is the American public more interested? How can one learn to appreciate the value that is the higher?
15. Name some modern plays that you have seen that represent the higher value. Give your reasons for selecting the plays that you name.

III. Aristocracy: 1922 Model.

1. Write in the form of a series of propositions for debate the most striking assertions made by President Cutten.
2. On any one of these propositions write a brief that will present your own belief.
3. In a single strong paragraph tell what are Mr. Fabian Franklin's reasons for believing in democracy.

IV. The Collapse of Constitutional Government.

1. What is the difference between constitutional government and government as influenced by the Ku Klux Klan?
2. If the Ku Klux Klan were to attack no one except bad people would it be a good American organization? Write your answer in the form of a short editorial article.
3. What is the fundamental necessity for all democratic government?

By AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN, A.M.,
Head of the Department of Social
Science, Julia Richman High School

I. Domestic Affairs.

1. Contrast the power of the President in fixing the meetings of Congress with the power of the King of England in determining sessions of Parliament.
2. Compare the American Message of the President with the English Speech from the Throne, pointing out all the differences you can.
3. Explain "filibuster" as here used. Describe the possibilities in the limitation of debate in the Senate.
4. Look up and give a full discussion of the Open Door Policy, particularly emphasizing its origin, meaning, instances of application, and growth in regions covered by it.
5. Describe Mr. LaFollette's programme as here quoted. See how far this is adopted by the proposed bloc. Compare this bloc with the Farm Bloc as to purpose, membership, and strategic position in Congress.
6. Write an account of the relations of the United States and Liberia.

II. Aristocracy: 1922 Model.

1. Compare Aristocracy, 1922 Model, with any earlier model you know.
2. Compare Democracy, 1922 Model, with Democracy, 1789 Model.
3. What are some of the difficulties in democracy as a form of government?
4. What are the objections to Dr. Cutten's aristocracy "as an ideal scheme of government"? Why is it not "a practical proposal"?
5. What dangers in the use of intelligence-tests are implied or emphasized?

III. The Collapse of Constitutional Government.

1. Show all the ways in which Mr. Crowell thinks constitutional government has collapsed in Texas.
2. What dangers in the Ku Klux Klan movement are here illustrated?
3. Describe the "long and painful experience" which produced the Bill of Rights and give the history of the Bills of Rights in America, France, or any other place you can find it. Does the Bill of Rights in our United States Constitution protect our colonial inhabitants?

IV. England Returns to the Party System. The British Empire.

1. Describe the present political conditions in England and Ireland.
2. Give Mr. Gwynn's forecast of political movements in Parliament and explain the grounds for his conclusions.
3. Add to your former summary showing how the Labor Party is handicapped in Parliament.
4. What is meant by saying that Lloyd George in England and the Socialists in Germany have adopted an attitude of "benevolent neutrality"?

V. Turkey, etc.

1. Describe the change in the Caliphate and show the questions upon which this has a bearing.
2. Treat the Lausanne Conference fully under such headings as:
 - (a) American participation.
 - (b) Western Thrace.
 - (c) The Bulgarian outlet.
 - (d) The Mosul region.
 - (e) The Islands of the Aegean.
 - (f) Indemnities.
 - (g) The Ottoman Debt.
 - (h) The Minorities of Turkey.
3. Study carefully the geography involved. Make a large map of the whole Balkan region and of the whole region east of the Mediterranean to Persia. Name the countries surrounding Turkish territory, indicating mandated regions. Locate such places as Constantinople, Angora, Adrianople, Maritza River, Karagatch, Dedegatch, Western Thrace, the Dardanelles, Smyrna, Mosul, Irak, Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos, Samothrace, Mitylene, Chios, Samos, Nikaria, etc.

VI. Greece.

1. Describe the developments in Greece. What do you think of them from the point of view of their effect upon the welfare of Greece?

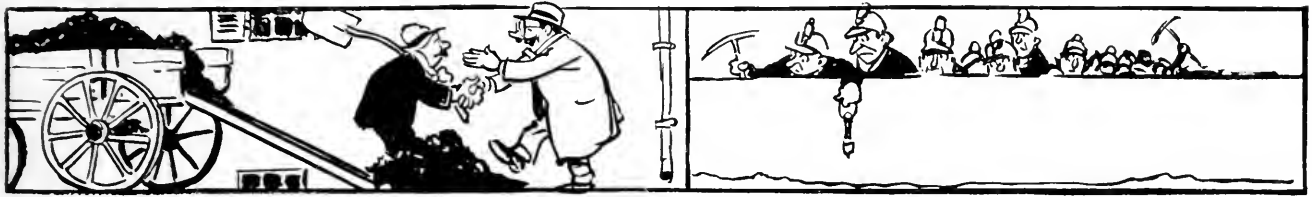
VII. The Ship Subsidy Tangle.

1. What was President Harding's main purpose in proposing ship subsidies?
2. What are the chief arguments in favor of it? What are the chief objections?

The Independent

A Fortnightly Journal of Information and Discussion

December 23, 1922



Watch out, Mr. Householder! there's trouble ahead

BETWEEN the election of a new Congress and its assembling at Washington there is an interval of thirteen months, unless the President chooses to call it in special session. This archaic peculiarity of our governmental arrangements has long been recognized as in many ways detrimental. To let the new Congress begin to function promptly after its election would give life and reality not only to its proceedings but to the election contest itself. The people would feel that the issues which were being discussed before them would be acted upon while the character of the contest was still prominent in the public mind; and Congress, besides being under the influence of that feeling, would know that it had a long time before it in which to perform its task. As it is, when the Congress convenes in regular session it has already before its eyes the near prospect of the election of its successor. The Congress meets for its first regular session in December, and the beginnings of the next Congressional campaign are hardly more than six months off. All this makes for unreality in the doings of Congress, and it is matter for congratulation that the movement for a change which has long been desired by many of our best political thinkers is now showing signs of great strength. As usual in all such matters there are dangerous as well as salutary aspects in the movement; but the proposal itself is thoroughly good and should be considered on its merits. If the promptness of the meeting of Congress were to be understood—as some seem to understand it—as implying that Congress should rush legislation in pursuance of the popular “mandate,” real or supposed, the change would be mischievous instead of salutary. It is hoped, however, that the change would work

in favor of more deliberate and more sincere action by Congress, instead of the reverse. The popular “mandate” would, indeed, have its rightful chance of being promptly heeded; but it would remain for the Congress to determine, in the ample time at its disposal, just what the “mandate” was and to just what extent it was consistent with the requirements of legislative wisdom.

WHATEVER the fate of Normalcy in this country, Tranquillity is for the moment a watchword in England. Especially in talking on foreign policy, Mr. Bonar Law has displayed an unhurried sense of realities which is gaining the confidence of the world. His quiet, firm resistance to French advocates of extreme measures, coupled with the cordial relations existing between him and M. Poincaré, may greatly help the French Prime Minister to maintain his lead at home. It is, more than anything else, Mr. Bonar Law's careful stocktaking of European conditions, which in the past few days has convinced Americans of Europe's desperate straits. Incapable of the flights to which Lloyd George had accustomed the world, Bonar Law has the advantage of seeming always to have his feet on the ground. This need not imply that such a man never has his *eyes* on Heaven.

PITY the poor farmer! Last century he was besieged by agents setting forth the fine points of patent lightning-rods, pink pills, insurance policies, and mining stock. Today big business men of the country are making him a target for their economic hobbies. He is lucky if he is not bewildered. The movement has a two-fold origin. First, the war disclosed how enormous in

these days can be made the machinery of propaganda. With the myriad-mouthed mechanism his for the price, could any rich man with a fetish resist the opportunity? Secondly, there is an increasing belief in the theory that the way to educate a nation is to reach the masses. This theory assumes that those who are out to educate the masses are themselves possessed of sound views. As we recall, during the crisis through which the world has been passing many a so-called leader of opinion has been the first to yield to the alluring voices calling for radical experiment. American business men are



Stealing Liberal gas

not so much at home with philosophy—even economic philosophy—that they ought to feel no hesitation in setting up as teachers of farmers, who, be it known, have learned *their* philosophy from Nature herself.

THE announcement of a non-partisan movement, headed by John H. Clarke, former Justice of the Supreme Court, to put the United States into the League of Nations must signify a determination to make this the leading issue in the Presidential campaign of 1924. It cannot mean that there is any genuine reliance upon the newly elected Senate to do the trick. As we have pointed out before, this issue was almost completely ignored in the past election; no mandate one way or the other was received. This, taken in conjunction with the activity of the "progressive" bloc, most of whom favor a policy of isolation, should lay bare the difficulty of promoting League sentiment just at this juncture. We wish the organization well, trusting that its agitation may in no way hamper the earnest efforts toward international coöperation which the Administration seems on the point of putting forth. Our own belief is that at this moment the wise course is to work forward from an economic conference to other like deeds and to determine then the full extent to which we can wisely go. Secretary Hughes is evidently building from the ground up—not a bad way in planning structures.

THE English elections have emphasized once more the large number of able men in England who do not regard the business of government as beneath them. Reciting the names of those who have just stood for election to Parliament or who are serving their country as diplomats makes one wonder whether any prominent men are left for private life. Mark the contrast with this coun-

try. Here it is the smart thing to despise our Congressmen and to hold any man of parts somewhat eccentric if he aspires to membership in that body. In the estimation of able Americans Congress may be compared to a golf club run by a group of grafters. The members grumble, yet do not trouble to make a concerted protest. The situation has been particularly noticeable during these years of the Harding Administration. A do-nothing Congress has been berated by business men who themselves should have been striving to enter Congress. In reality political leaders have sounded over and over the complaint that men of intellect and independent means can seldom be induced to enter the race. No doubt the country is getting just what it deserves.

ANOTHER thing that would make us feel like cooing "day by day, in every way" is a substitute for coal strikes to take the place of substitutes for coal.

THAT word *progressive* is having the devil's own time these days. We wonder how long it can retain its moral flavor. A year or two ago it was unprogressive and immoral to oppose the League of Nations. More recently the same adjectives were righteously administered to all who opposed Prohibition. Now we find both sets of persons numbered among the "progressive" bloc and implying that all who dissent from their views are unprogressive and immoral. America has all along had a tendency to find a moral issue in any policy which it had very much at heart. This at least is a useful offset for the modern tendency to interpret everything in economic terms. Perhaps some day we shall learn the advantage of giving to *progressive* and *moral* dependable meanings. In that case *radicals*, *liberals*, and *conservatives* may perchance plan their campaigns with more courtesy and aplomb.

THE pressing problem in every large city is the congestion of traffic. In New York men are trying to plan for new streets to bring relief.

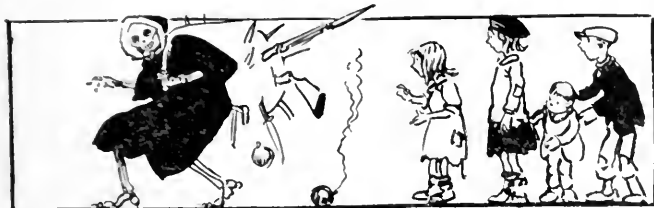


New toys for Congress

Relief would be welcome. But we venture to think that it would not last long. A city has a way of living quite up to all the facilities which are offered it. There is only one solution possible—restrict the number of vehicles which may be at large in a city at one time. On what principle? That is

for wisdom to determine. Our interest in the problem is prompted not so much by a desire to improve the condition of traffic, distressing as that is, as by a tremendous pity for the fat, furred souls, male and female, who dawdle along in their cars of a glorious morning instead of waddling along on foot, for even this might do them a world of good.

IN the *Atlantic* for December is an article on "The American Jail," by Joseph E. Fishman, a Federal inspector of sixteen years' experience,



Christmas in Europe

which is a fresh reminder of facts that are a disgrace to American civilization. Mr. Fishman presents, in vivid detail, specific instances of shocking conditions that are widely prevalent in all parts of the country. It is a gruesome tale, in which the reader's only refuge for anything like comfort is in the reflection that the atrocious evils pointed out

in instance after instance are not all combined in any one. But Mr. Fishman does not confine himself to telling harrowing tales of neglect, incompetence, and needless hardship; he points out specific evils that could be met by simple remedial measures. Thus he draws attention to the fee system of paying jailers, which exists in many counties of Pennsylvania and a large number of other States; under which system the jailer, instead of being paid a salary, is given a certain sum a day to feed the prisoners, with the result that the less he spends on their food the more he lines his own pockets. In Indiana, we are told, "the climax of criminal indifference is reached" in the confinement in jail of insane persons. These, of course, except in an extremely small percentage of cases, are not even charged with crime; yet they are often kept in jail for very long periods, their condition naturally becoming constantly worse, and their chance of recovery dwindling. The *Atlantic's* article should lead to a searching of hearts in every State, and every county, in the Union. Upon no theory of crime, or punishment, or the administration of justice is there any excuse for evils like these, and many others that Mr. Fishman exposes; and no decent American community should be content to let them persist.

The Approaching Coal Crisis

IT has been asserted that the ostrich pokes his head into the sand when pursued, not, as fable says, to avoid seeing his enemy; but really in the hope that his enemy, seeing no head, but only a scraggy elevation bearing a tuft of feathery foliage, will pass him by for an inanimate stump. Both theories imply a shortsighted folly that makes it tempting to use them in explanation of the present unheeding attitude of the American public towards the approaching renewal of crisis in the coal industry. Last September President Harding told Congress that the country appeared to be at the mercy of the United Mine Workers. Thanks, in part, to the masterly inactivity of Mr. Daugherty that appearance continues. The country is still at the mercy of the Mine Workers, and is doing nothing to escape from its bondage.

Four months of the seven months' truce between the miners and the operators have already gone. Early in January the two parties will meet, and Mr. Lewis of the Mine Workers will announce what terms his organization has decided to insist upon—or he will delay a positive stand in the hope that as March 31 and the end of the agreement with the operators draws nearer, the fear of a strike will bring the concessions that reason cannot obtain. If the operators do not yield before March 31 there will in all probability be another coal strike. It is important for the public to understand why.

John L. Lewis came into the presidency of the Mine Workers in 1919 inheriting the radical policies of his predecessor, Frank Hayes; and faced with the necessity of maintaining them if he was to hold his new office against the ambitions of the district leaders immediately below him. The assertion common in some quarters that Lewis is at heart "conservative" is beside the question: he is at the head of a radical body of district leaders, and he must lead the pack or be cast out. The history of three years shows that he prefers to lead at the price. And the conditions of his leadership are sufficiently peculiar. Out of his possible 600,000 members at least 150,000 are hanging on to an industry that is incapable of fully supporting them. Lewis and others of the miners' leaders admit the fact, but they elect as remedies only those courses which will keep them in official place—an impossible national ownership of coal, and a possible forcing by strikes of an inflated wage for part-time work that will hold their organization together.

Present signs point to a strike on April 1. Special assessments are being collected from the miners, intended, according to informed reports, to produce a special fund of about \$4,000,000. It is evident that Lewis cannot accept a reduction of the present excessive wage rates. If the present rates are maintained, the cost of union-mined coal will be so much higher than that of non-union coal

that the slack business of the Spring and Summer will go to the non-union mines, and the union fields will be virtually idle for lack of orders. From the point of view of union solidarity it would be much better for the miners to be idle on strike, nerved up to idleness by a slogan and a large strike-benefits fund. If the operators refuse some form of substantial advance, this is the almost certain policy of the miners' leaders. Lewis no doubt knows in his heart that a living wage can be paid to all miners only when some 200,000 of them have been excluded from the industry. But to act in this direction would be to give up his place. He has gained a reputation as a winner of strikes, and he must go on so, or drop out.

The results of a shortage of industrial fuel next Spring and Summer would be much more serious than it could have been last year, when manufacturing was still greatly depressed. If business holds its present activity, a pronounced fuel shortage six months from now would be a disaster. This is the immediate peril in the looming strike, and all industrial users of soft coal should insure against it by the most liberal storage of stocks now. It is understood that much stocking of coal is now under way; but this should be made ample for any strike contingencies. There is plenty of coal to be had now and for the next three months.

Meanwhile, no effective challenge is made to the dictation of the United Mine Workers. It is perfectly clear that that organization is an interstate labor monopoly, able and willing for its own benefit to deprive the country of its necessary fuel supply. President Harding spoke truth when he said the country was at the mercy of the organization. The situation is intolerable. The question is how long we are to dally with it without finding a remedy. One point that should be cleared up at once is whether existing law gives the public any defence against these recurrent attacks on its safety by a small body of labor leaders. The public seems to have forgotten that Federal indictments against operators and miners' officials have been accumulating dust in the United States Court at Indianapolis since February, 1921—nearly two years. These indictments charged violation of the Anti-Trust Act by the Central Field contracts (which Lewis is trying to restore). Mr. Daugherty ought to have pressed them to trial in his first year of office. When he failed to get them dismissed (as it is clear he attempted to do last Spring), he should have pressed them to trial in his second year of office. We think it is the duty of the President to order immediate action on these indictments. If the country has a defence against this labor monopoly in the Anti-Trust Act, it is entitled to have that defence made effective. If it has no such defence, it ought to know the fact at once, and take thought for some new defence that will be sufficient.

We do not overlook the existence of the President's Coal Commission and its extensive investi-

gations. Much good, we hope, may come of them and the recommendations it has still to formulate. But it is tolerably evident that the Commission will not reach a decision much if any before April 1; and that no decision it may reach is at all likely to forestall another strike on that date. By all means let us have the soft coal industry reorganized, if possible, on a basis of economic efficiency and full support for all the workers actually needed in it. But the present methods of the Mine Workers are not only a peril to the country, but futile also as the solution of an economic problem. If the only defence of the public lies in something like Britain's Defence of the Realm Act, let us know the fact and have the law. But of this irresponsible labor monopoly, and of official failure to test the adequacy of existing law, we have surely had enough.

Opportunity Knocks Again

THE Harding Administration has a way of stirring things up around Christmas. Last year the Washington Conference accomplished the miracle of entirely dispelling the growing fears of a clash with Japan. This year coming events are casting enormous shadows. The news records the restless stirrings of all of today's giants. There is a note of eager expectancy everywhere. It could hardly be so insistent if some large benefit were not anticipated. The belief is that America is at last about to put forth a mighty effort to relieve the European crisis. For the gossip about a mere loan to Germany—important as this would be—would not account for all the present flurry.

Has the Administration suffered a change of heart? It is doubtless true that the recent elections have made the Administration bestir itself. Yet it must be remembered that Mr. Hughes, as the guide of our foreign policy, has invariably gone about his work with great deliberation. If it has lacked the play of quick imagination, it has been characterized throughout by business-like solidity. This Government was bound, sooner or later, to make the move which is now foreshadowed. For we believe Mr. Harding to have been sincere in his promise, made during the Presidential campaign, to organize some sort of coöperation with Europe—as, indeed, he showed by calling the Washington Conference.

There are several reasons which may be assigned for the tardiness of this latest step. A revival of the issue of the League of Nations seemed out of the question, and it is now easy to see that it would have been effectually blocked. Then what was the most adequate form of international coöperation which could have been safely proposed? Considering Mr. Hughes's disposition to build solidly, it would have had to be something more than temporary relief, something embodying a fundamental

principle. Let it be remembered also that during the past year a great body of citizens have held the view that Europe in her great tribulation could be saved only by saving herself; that her tendency to look to America for help was slowing up her own efforts at reconstruction.

What this country seems about to undertake is the kind of thing which ought to have been contemplated at Versailles. And we feel sure that it would have been contemplated if the spectre of the League of Nations had not been allowed to monopolize the stage and to precipitate the disastrous deadlock in our own Senate. Except for that, it is reasonably certain that the American people would have wished to make their participation in the war complete by helping to guarantee the terms of peace and to bring some sort of order out of the economic chaos which was likely to ensue. That definite and necessary piece of work was shirked when it became involved with the greater intricacies of the proposal of the League of Nations.

Well, Opportunity again knocks at our gates, for it is at length abundantly plain that Europe needs our help to prevent a collapse. To reject it this time would be in the highest degree criminal. What form this help is to take has not, as we write, been disclosed. The talk is of a vast international loan. But this in itself could not be expected to work miracles. If there is to be a service at all commensurate with that accomplished by the Washington Conference, some of the misunderstandings which now exist must be permanently removed. It must be definitely ascertained, for one thing, precisely what is Germany's economic condition, with a view to learning what may reasonably be expected of her. She should certainly be made to pay the fullest amount of reparations compatible with her own recovery as a nation. For only so can one expect France, after her tremendous sufferings, to be satisfied. An adjustment of reparations and debts all along the line will then be in order. *The Independent* has consistently urged the cancellation by America of the entire Allied debt as an excellent starting point for general recovery. This policy, we admit, would have a hard time of it in the present Congress, and it may be that the private loan now talked about might temporarily serve as a useful substitute.

What besides a loan has the Administration in mind? Our correspondent, Mr. John Firman Coar, after a first-hand study of German conditions and after numerous conversations with the political and industrial leaders of Germany, suggested in these columns a plan of economic conference which might be most useful. He believes that if, with the encouragement of their several Governments, the great industrial leaders, especially of France and Germany, were to meet here in conference with similar American leaders, a solid understanding would be arrived at. And it is true that the Ameri-

can representatives at such a conference would have the trust of the others and would inspire the belief that they were working impartially for world recovery.

Though the Harding Administration is acquainted with this suggestion, it no doubt has its own ideas as to how best to go about any such international service. Meanwhile it is comforting to believe that Washington is now aware of the ripeness of the time for international leadership. If this step is being taken tardily, there is compensation in the thought that, owing to the desperateness of Europe's present conditions, our leadership may be more effective than ever before.

To Check Child Labor

WITH the current of public opinion which opposes working young children in factories we are in full and hearty sympathy. Yet we view with concern the general disposition to deal with the matter by amending the Constitution, and we shall feel it highly regrettable (unless he changes his apparently intended course in the matter), that President Harding should have recommended to Congress this way of dealing with the issue. We are opposed to a Constitutional amendment of this sort for two reasons—that such a remedy is worse in the long run than the evil it is aimed at; and that there is no clear necessity for resorting to it. We believe that a practical and harmless way to gain the desired end is available, and that it should at least be tried out before changing the fundamentals of our Government.

A rule that no child under 14, or 16, shall work in a factory is not a fundamental principle of government by a union of sovereign States like ours, which have delegated certain powers to the central Government solely in order to accomplish specific purposes which they could not compass by their action as independent units. It is a mere police regulation. It is no different in principle from the prohibition of Sunday golf or baseball by Congress, and in the minds of many thousands of our citizens is even less vital to social salvation than strict Sabbatarianism. To give Congress authority over the conditions of child labor in the States is in principle to give it authority over every detail of the citizen's personal life and habits. Some men and women would welcome such a change; but the inevitable result would be a vital alteration in the basis on which our union of States now functions. Beneath certain large aspects of unity, this country is one of highly diverse conditions of race, of culture, of environment, of ideals and standards. It is a fundamental of our system that the separate States have each a free hand in finding its own solutions for problems that are not common and vital to all the States. Herein lies flexibility, room for experiment, and easy opportunity for retreat-

ing from mistaken positions without burdening the whole country with the error. We believe this system is vastly more hopeful for sound advance than mass movements for national legislation on essentially State matters.

What the President might well do is to summon a conference of Governors to discuss child labor regulation. He could make it plain to the Governors of the States now lax as to child labor that the moral sentiment of the country as a whole demands a raising of their standards. He could point to his own recommendation to Congress as showing the probable result of their failure to adopt the standards of the rest of the country. He might well use his recommendation to point his own regret over an impending vital departure from the American system, and urge upon the Governors of the backward States—all of them long-time champions of "States rights"—that they appeal to their people for legislation that would forestall interference through Constitutional change. Shrewdly planned and managed, we believe this appeal would be effective. Such a solution seems to us infinitely preferable to changing the Constitution.

Lost—At Lausanne

CROSS currents and counter purposes in politics, economic rivalries, racial and religious enmities—all these have had full play in the conference at Lausanne to end the Greco-Turkish war and fix the status of the Turk.

As far as the public can see from the day-by-day reports, the conference has before it a multitude of problems which are juggled in truly kaleidoscopic fashion. There are the questions of the Mosul oil-fields, the occupation and boundaries of Western Thrace, the capitulations, the protection of minorities, the Ottoman debt, the freedom of the Straits, and many others. Each of these is a knotty problem in itself, but when each is used as an issue to confuse and complicate the other problems an *impasse* results.

Almost the only ray of light is the presence of the American delegation and the clarifying moral influence exerted by our representatives. It has been the practice of some of our caviling journals to ridicule the kind of participation engaged in by the United States. It is alleged that our Government is meddling in the Near East situation, interfering in settlements and demanding rights, without being willing to accept the responsibilities of full and equal participation. All this is very unfair and short-sighted. Much of such criticism comes from those who were bitterly disappointed that the United States did not enter the League of Nations. They have in the past loudly championed the idea of this country taking a larger part in world affairs, yet when the opportunity comes to start in a modest way a helpful coöperation, instead of welcoming and encouraging the

effort they indulge in sullen outbursts calculated to defeat it. It is from them that we hear the sarcastic comment about entering the League by the back door.

As a matter of fact, Ambassador Child, in setting before the Conference the American point of view as to the open door in Mesopotamia, the freedom of the Straits, and the outrageous Turkish proposal to deport hundreds of thousands of Christians, did much to clear the atmosphere. To accomplish this it was not necessary for the United States to be a full-fledged member of the Conference. America looms so big in the calculations of all European nations that her opinion carries great weight in any assembly.

The great blunder of the Allied Powers at Lausanne has been the invitation extended to the Soviet Government to participate. Two things should have been perfectly obvious to them beforehand: first, that the Soviet Government could not represent the Russian people and therefore no permanent settlement could be arranged with it; and secondly, that the Soviet Government, in pursuit of its own ends, apart from real Russian interests, was bound to devote all its energies to making trouble and causing dissension among the Powers. France and England are now paying heavily for this blunder, and the end is not yet.

We have mentioned above some of the troublesome and complicated problems before the Lausanne conference. Behind them all, however, looms the great problem, the future of Russia *vis-a-vis* Europe. The diplomats know this—and talk of other things. The facts are plain. Russia, with her teeming millions and marvelous natural resources, will some day resume her rightful position. When that day comes no minor Power can block her natural outlet to the Mediterranean. Therefore any present settlement must be temporary. The Turks sense this and would like to arrive at an understanding with England for future coöperation. By the same token, they are embarrassed by their Soviet friends.

At bottom, the issue is whether Great Britain is going to cling to the policy of hostility toward Russia, the Palmerstonian policy based on the obsession that Russia aimed at taking India; or whether a new policy of coöperation with Russia is to be evolved, a policy by which their mutual interests in the Near East can be harmonized. At present the narrow and obstinate tradition with which Lord Curzon is imbued is the chief obstacle. The issue is, in short, whether, as Russia revives, she is to come into the family of Europe as a helpful member, or whether she is to be driven to the side of Asia when the big struggle of East and West takes place, if it does take place. The decision rests, not with the conference at Lausanne, but with Great Britain. It is not too much to say that upon that decision hangs the fate of European civilization.

The Transgressor—An Intimate View Behind the Bars

By Rev. Thomas O. Reed

Chaplain of Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio

BEFORE we can hope to understand criminals we must first understand the real meaning of crime. Webster tells us that "crime is the commission of an act which is contrary to public laws." A perfectly good definition, but does it convey its full meaning? I look upon crime as nothing more nor less than misapplied energy—man-power gone to waste.

When a man's weaknesses have manifested themselves to such an extent that his energies become misapplied (and he is caught), we term him a felon and send him away to prison. This procedure completed, we dismiss him from our minds. In so doing do we not commit an equally grave sin? Do our actions not show that vengeance has been our impelling motive rather than a constructive spirit?

Instead of dismissing him from our minds when his weaknesses become evident, here is where our interest in him should increase. We should start constructive efforts to help him overcome his weaknesses instead of hurling him forever in the discard.

I grant you that prisons are intended primarily for punishment—this idea as a preventive of crime is most important—but for the prisoners themselves, of what avail is punishment unless it also accomplishes reformation? Do our prisons of today reform or do they simply punish?

I have studied the question from every angle during my ten years of active association with prison work. I have studied the question from the outside as well as from the inside; from the taxpayer's standpoint as well as from that of the prisoner. In nine cases out of ten I believe that our prisons are falling far short of the goal which is possible for them to attain.

It is not my idea to turn prisons into playhouses, nor, on the other hand, is it my idea to transform them into veritable hells. To accomplish the best results, prison discipline need not be cast to the four winds, but the ghastly prison atmosphere must be banished in favor of a constructive spirit, based on the "human touch." To attempt to build up a respect for the law by showing those who have fouled it that those whose duty it is to carry out the law have no respect for them is a mixture of malignancy and stupidity.

I make it a point to interview personally every man who is received within these walls. Basing my judgment upon these interviews I should say that ninety-nine per cent. of all crime is directly traceable to one of four causes: passion, necessity, ignorance, or mental deficiency. I am sure you will grant that each such class should have separate and distinct treatment. There should be classification and segregation, instead of treatment in one large body. This is the first and basic fault of our present prison systems, and one which Ohio is trying to overcome in the building of her new penitentiary.

In the second place, reformation to be lasting must amount to something like regeneration. Regeneration

means a new birth, with new ideals, new ambition, and new courage.

This phase of the work has had my constant thought and study since assuming my charge within these walls. Under our present laws the judge fixes a definite minimum sentence which the man must serve. This permits us little opportunity to bring to the surface the best that is in a man. He has no incentive to try to better himself, for, try as hard as he may, he will not be released one minute earlier. His only object in life is to "do the time and get it over with." He naturally becomes a sort of drone, doing just enough work to "get by." Under these conditions he is mentally and morally going backward instead of forward. When he is released he is in no shape to compete with others in the business world, for he has lost the punch, the energy, and the ambition necessary for success. This terrible habit, a mixture of shirking and stalling, into which he was naturally forced while in prison, is the cause of many a lost job in the outside world, and from lost jobs comes discouragement, from which point it is a short step to a return to crime.

Personally, I am opposed to the definite fixing of the term of a man's sentence. I believe that all sentences should read: "From nothing to life." When a person is found to be suffering from a "mental ill," he is sent to a hospital "until cured." Why should not the same be done with men who have fouled the law, for they are suffering from mental ills of perhaps another form.

It is next to impossible for a judge, who perhaps sees the prisoner but for a few brief minutes, to gauge at the outset the time which will be necessary to bring about his regeneration. Let the men who have him in charge during the period of treatment be the judges of this matter, for who is better able to determine when a man is cured than they?

With such a law in force, the prisoners would have a real incentive to make good, for they would know that their hope of release depended on it. If a man is not fit to return to society today, will he be completely cured by tomorrow, simply because his sentence is completed? Our present system seems to assume this silly fact. But if he is unfit why release him until he is fit? If he is still unfit, the money which the state has expended on his incarceration is a complete waste. Isn't the "nothing to life" plan far more feasible?

There is another, possibly the greatest, fault of our prison systems. This is the fact that little if any systematic attempt is being made to give the men within walls a better mental equipment, and above all a trade at which they can make an honest living when released.

Labor conditions on the outside limit to a large extent the number and variety of industries which can be maintained in prison. This obstacle is met not alone in one State, but in every State. It limits the setting

up of prison industries, and the helpful experience which the men can derive from them. To overcome this difficulty we have followed what is being done in other States and have tried out original plans ourselves, but it was not until recently that a proper solution seemed to be in sight.

Though handicapped severely by an entire lack of funds to put the plan into operation, it looks today as though success were almost within our reach. In its few months of trial this plan has done more to bring the Ohio Penitentiary to a maximum of efficiency as a reconstructive agency than any other single phase of our work.

A large percentage of the men who enter these prison gates are anxious to better themselves. They have learned the bitter lesson that crime does not pay and they are anxious to use their time constructively. Few, if any of them, have money enough to carry on a course of study with an outside school, and our prison day school, which teaches grammar school work, was unable to care for them. Although we have one of the largest prison libraries in the country, no funds have ever been available for its maintenance, and the only books which it contains are those which have been donated. Occasionally an inmate was able to find in our library a book on the subject he desired to study, but when he did, in nine cases out of ten, he did not understand how to study it. The result was that the little spark of ambition which was struggling for existence was soon snuffed out and quickly died away.

I followed many such cases and found that the men soon resumed idle evenings in their cells, perhaps playing, or reading a bit of light fiction. I noticed that they soon tired of light reading and began brooding, and I soon found that a few days of brooding could tear down all the mental fibre which months of effort had been able to build up.

I immediately exerted every effort to overcome this condition. At times the task has seemed almost hopeless, owing to our utter lack of funds. However, enough broad-minded, far-seeing business men have been shown what can be accomplished, to make possible one of the most unique undertakings in penal work. I refer to our Intra-Wall Correspondence School, which is carried on by our prison library.

The fact that over fourteen hundred men, more than half of our population, are actively engaged in constructive studies in this interesting school proves beyond a doubt that these men *want* to make good, if given the opportunity.

At the present time a variety of 131 subjects are available to the inmates. All textbooks, paper, pencils, and other material are furnished without cost to the student. In fact, there is no charge of any kind in connection with the school.

The courses available range from primary arithmetic and grammar to advanced engineering. There is hardly a branch in the educational field, especially those which can be taught at home, which is not included in the curriculum of the Intra-Wall Correspondence School. Electrical engineering, automobile repairing, accountancy, salesmanship, carpentry and contracting, book-keeping, foreign languages, mathematics, and agriculture are but a few of the many subjects available.

When enrolled, an inmate receives the first textbook

on the subject he is taking up, together with a set of questions, which we have specially prepared, covering the first chapter. He is also given paper upon which to answer these questions. When he has finished the chapter and has completed the written review, his lesson is collected and a new set of questions covering the second chapter is given him.

These written lessons which have been gathered up are then corrected, graded, and returned to the student by our own library. The work is handled the same as though the men were studying with some outside correspondence school.

When a man has completed a given course and all textbooks have been returned, he is given a final written examination under the direct supervision of the librarians. Upon passing this he is given a diploma which contains absolutely no reference to the fact that it is issued by a penitentiary.

What has this unique undertaking cost the State, you ask? Not a single penny, for not a penny has been allowed us for the experiment. Every book has been donated by friends and all the work of the school is carried on by my inmate assistants. The head librarian is also in charge of the Intra-Wall Correspondence School. He is a college graduate, and upon his shoulders falls the brunt of the work, such as preparation of lessons, correction of papers, and the many other duties which such an enterprise entails. Though his pay, as a prisoner, is 8 cents per day, he is as interested in the work as though his salary were \$25,000 per year, and instead of eight hours per day, six days per week, his schedule calls for eighteen hours per day, seven days per week. His assistants are equally loyal; but the point I want to make is this: Give the men a vision to work toward; give them enough encouragement to help them over the rough road; magnify their good points instead of their bad ones, and you will build a man, instead of a criminal.

I wish it were possible for me to convey a clear picture of the definite results which this Intra-Wall Correspondence School is accomplishing.

The Lamp

By Nora B. Cunningham

"THEY live," I said, "as in a narrow room,
With worn beliefs like ancient furniture,
And windows tightly shut against the wind—
The clean, fresh wind that blows across the fields—
I'd rather stumble with my eyes on stars
Than crouch beside a lamp, afraid to move
Beyond the radius of its little light. . . ."

"A little room," my sister sadly said,
"With worn beliefs like well-loved furniture,
And windows tightly shut against the wind—
The hungry wind that ravens through the dark,
While they draw close into the brightness cast
By their strong faith, a filled and well-trimmed lamp. . . ."

But you, because you love the wind and stars,
And walk undaunted over darkened fields,
Must needs believe that such were best for them,
Fling wide the door, let in the rushing night,
Blow out the lamp, and leave no light at all
To eyes unable to perceive the stars."

Secretary Mellon's Tax Proposals

By M. C. Rorty

HYPOCRISY is even worse in questions of taxation than elsewhere. It matters little whether we believe that each citizen should pay taxes according to his ability or according to the benefits he receives. Neither question is raised by Secretary Mellon in his recent proposals for changes in Federal taxation. All that he says is that we should not fool ourselves by pretending to do what cannot be done. He deals with facts and not with theories. He makes no suggestion to exempt wealth from taxation. Rather does he suggest how wealth may be taxed with the greatest certainty and with the minimum danger of ruin to the national conscience. He does not say, as he might, that, if our present tax laws remain unchanged, this damage to the national conscience may be quite as great among those who do not pay income taxes or own tax exempt bonds as among those who do.

The annual report of the Treasury Department makes two major suggestions. The first is that the maximum surtax rate on individual incomes be reduced to 25 per cent., which, added to the normal taxes, would make the total tax 33 per cent. The second proposal is that, by constitutional amendment, all Federal, State, municipal, and other bonds now tax exempt shall be made subject to taxation in the same manner as other classes of bonds.

An attempt will doubtless be made by professional demagogues and vote-getters in Congress and out, and in the columns of that portion of the press which caters to class hatreds and class prejudices, to dispose of the first of these proposals with a wave of the hand, and to claim that the suggested change would be in the interest of invested wealth. Nothing could be further from the truth. Income taxation must be something more than a theory. Secretary Mellon has not taken his cue from men of large fortunes, but from tax experts and practical administrators of the income tax laws, who, if anything, are too highly imbued with the notion that the rich man should be assisted toward salvation by confiscating his wealth. And these tax experts and these practical tax collectors say, now, that they wish to stop pretending to collect from large wealth, and wish actually to make such collections. Furthermore, the figure of 33 per cent. which, almost as a unit, they recommend as the most productive upper limit, is the one which the Secretary has chosen.

This change in the surtax rate stands on its own bottom and will be desirable, whether bonds now tax exempt are or are not made subject to taxation.

Those who are most familiar with the actual working of the income tax laws state that false returns and direct evasions, while somewhat common in the lower ranges of the schedule, are almost negligible with respect to the larger incomes. The receivers of such incomes must keep accurate accounts for their own purposes, and such accounts are checked and cross-checked in a way that leaves few loop-holes.

During the war period, patriotic impulses led the majority of large income receivers to avail themselves less freely than they might of the exemptions which the law provided. Now that income taxes are threatening

to run undiminished into the dim distant future, advantage is being taken in full of every permissible exemption. According to the Treasury report, taxable incomes of all classes amounted in round figures to \$6,300,000,000 in 1916, and increased to \$23,700,000,000 in 1920. Yet, during the same period, taxable incomes over \$300,000 decreased in total amount from approximately \$1,000,000,000 to approximately \$250,000,000.

Much of this decline in the larger incomes has been due to the shifting of investments into tax exempt bonds. Other large reductions have undoubtedly been due to various legal expedients for splitting up incomes and otherwise removing them from the application of the higher surtaxes. There has been no lack of will on the part of the Treasury Department to prevent this reduction in tax revenue. But the plain fact remains that there is a limit to tax machinery and tax laws. The dollar that is too seriously threatened will manage, somehow or other, to escape. It is like the darkey in the war who, when asked to join the cavalry, said that he did not "want to be bothered with no horse when them shells started to fall."

As to the second of Secretary Mellon's proposals, which is for a constitutional amendment to remove the tax exempt features of state, municipal, and other bonds, there will be less popular opposition. There will, however, be concealed and open attacks for certain special interests that are now profiting from the excessive state, municipal, and other public expenditures which are encouraged by the artificial stimulus given to the floating of public bond issues and the steady diversion of investment money from industrial fields to those represented by tax exempt bonds. And there may be considerable open opposition from legislators and public authorities who fear that the elimination of the tax exempt features may seriously increase the cost of money for necessary public improvements.

Here, however, Secretary Mellon has a direct answer. The opinion of the Department's own experts is that the required return on tax exempt bonds is very little reduced by the tax exemptions, that the profit from such exemptions is more largely to the investor than to the borrowers, and that the direct losses to the Federal Government and the states and municipalities in income and property taxes far exceed any savings in interest charges. This opinion has been strongly supported by the testimony of impartial outside observers in hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee.

Further support for the preceding opinion is given by Canadian experience where, with practically no tax exemptions, public bond issues enjoy a preferred position corresponding very closely to the position of state and municipal bonds in our own markets, and command a rate of interest from one-half to one and one-half per cent. lower than utility, industrial and mortgage issues.

With this array of facts and expert opinion to back his proposals, Mr. Mellon has, in effect, issued a direct challenge and appeal to the sanity and political in-

telligence of the American people. Such appeals, in the long run, are always answered, and political leaders and publicists who assume too readily that the recent elections represent a return to unthinking radicalism may have their disappointments. There are many in-

dications that the voters as a whole are tired of being told only what it is assumed they wish to hear—and they may give an unexpected welcome to the business-like plain speaking of the hard-headed Secretary of the Treasury.

Where Do Seals Go in Winter?

By Robert H. Moulton

IT is a rather remarkable fact that, with all our knowledge of the habits of seals, there is a real mystery surrounding the animals; no one has ever been able to discover where they go in winter; no one has been able to make a record of their hiding place.

In Alaska, the seals begin to appear on the islands of St. Paul and St. George about the end of April or the first of May, and toward the latter part of August or in the first weeks of September they disappear as strangely and mysteriously as they came. This is one of Nature's secrets which she has kept most successfully hidden from scientists, as well as the prying eyes of the merely curious and inquisitive.

Even in the days, years ago, when the seals numbered five million or more, apparently some signal unknown to man would be given, and the next day the fog-wreathed rocks would be bare, the seals having deserted the islands. With their slipping off into Bering Sea, all trace of them was lost until their return the following spring. Then some morning they would suddenly reappear, disporting themselves in the water or on the shore.

When the United States bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, outsiders without any rights or privileges were in the habit of going there to kill as many seals as possible. In order to prevent what might prove the extinction of the sealing industry, the United States Government in 1870 stopped this indiscriminate killing

and leased the islands of St. Paul and St. George to the Alaska Commercial Company, giving the company the right to kill 100,000 seals a year for 20 years. The islands were later leased to another commercial company and the killing was cut so that it could not exceed 60,000 seals a year. In 1891 this figure was still further reduced to 15,000 a year, and since that time it has varied from 15,000 to 21,000 annually. In 1913 the United States assumed entire control of the sealing

industry and since that time has itself conducted it.

There are now about 400,000 seals in Alaska. The Government has taken strict measures to prevent this number from being depleted. No one not authorized by the Government is allowed on the principal seal islands except at the time of the killing, when the Al- cuts or natives are permitted to attend to the actual killing of the animals and the salting of their skins.

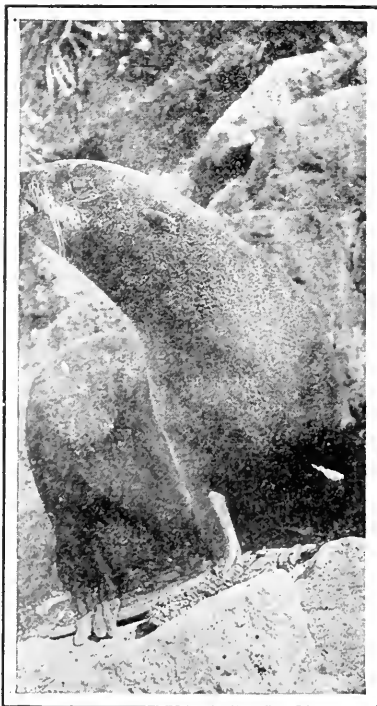


The seals selected are driven slowly inshore for a mile or more, every care being taken not to alarm the rest of the herd.

After the animals are killed and skinned, the skins are heavily salted on the flesh side and put in piles of six, being arranged in three pairs, the fleshy side of each skin against the fleshy side of another skin. Later they are rolled in packages of four and put into casks, then shipped to San Francisco, whence they are reshipped by rail to the Eastern fur centres.

Seals weighing less than six pounds may not be killed, according to law, although experts say that the best skins come from animals between the ages of two and four years. For the first time last year some of the older seals—those from six to eight years—were killed as an experiment. The fur of these, "whigs," as the older ones are called, is coarser and not as long as that of the younger ones. It takes from two to four skins for a coat, depending upon its size and style. Though it is not possible to set an exact price on the value of a seal skin, it is now about \$70. Innumerable imitations of sealskins are sold, the best known being "Hudson seal," which is dressed and dyed muskrat. Then there are numbers of near-seal varieties, which have such names as French, Siberian, or Baltic seal. All of the near-seal furs are simply dressed and dyed rabbit.

The story of the lives of the seals and the fur industry has been told in a fascinating book by David Starr Jordan.



Why the World Celebrates Pasteur's Birthday

By I. K. Russell

THE French Government has announced the appropriation of 2,000,000 francs with which to celebrate properly the 100th anniversary of the birth of Louis Pasteur. The Government appropriation carries with it the statement that Pasteur stands as "The Symbol of French Science."

The anniversary date occurs on December 27, and if all who are beholden to Pasteur could be assembled in an evening of celebration, they would probably represent more diversified interests than, perhaps, would assemble to honor any other man of science.

The medical profession, for instance, is beholden to him for the first sterilized bandages, and the first sterilized instruments. Not only did he teach to medical men the theory of Sterilization, but he unfolded to them their first working knowledge of the great world of Microscopia that is invisible to the eye but works a mighty havoc in hospitals and among peoples where contagion may grow into epidemics.

The odd thing about this work for hospital sanitation is that he took the instruments from the hands of a surgeon in a maternity hospital and passed them through a flame to sterilize them, the first time he was ever in a hospital. He was then not a surgeon or physician at all, but an experimenting chemist. The death rate when he entered it was 80 out of every 100 mothers, and the cause of these wholesale deaths was noted down as "childbirth fever." By the introduction of the flame for instruments between operations, and the bake oven for bandages, Pasteur shifted the death rate from 80 in 100 to 20 in 100.

From the hospital where he first applied surgical instruments to a flame, Pasteur carried his claim, that this should be done, to the Academy of Medicine itself. His biographer, Vallery-Radot, thus describes the reception of his new operative technique:

At the time when Pasteur received the letter (a letter from Sir Joseph Lister, of Edinburgh, crediting Pasteur as the source of the Lister system of antiseptic surgery) people in France were so far from all that concerned antiseptics and asepsis, that, when he advised surgeons at the Academy of Medicine to put their instruments through a flame before using them they did not understand what he meant and he had to explain. . . .

"I mean that surgical instruments merely should be put through a flame, not really heated, and for this reason: if an instrument were examined with a microscope, it would be seen that its surface presents grooves where dusts are harboured, which cannot be completely removed even by the most careful cleansing. Fire entirely destroys these organic dusts; in my laboratory where I am surrounded by dusts of all kinds, I never make use of an instrument without previously putting it through a flame."

Pasteur was ever ready to help others, giving them willing advice and information. In November 1874 (subsequent to his election to the Academy of Medicine) he had occasion to notice that a certain cotton-wool dressing had been badly done. . . . A wound on the dirty hand of a laboring man had been bandaged with cotton wool without having been washed in any way. When the bandage was removed the

pus exhaled a repugnant odor, and was found to swarm with vibrones. Pasteur, in a sitting of The Academy of Science, entered into details as to the precautions which are necessary to get rid of germs originally present on the surface of the wound or of the cotton wool; he declared that the layers of cotton wool should be heated to a very high temperature.

The next most interesting thing about this great service to the medical profession is that Pasteur gained his introduction to his task in that direction by exactly the method which makes every chemist who tries to solve practical problems so important to modern industry. Pasteur was at work in his laboratory with problems of fermentation. He had three sets of observed facts to go on. He had noted that dough soured if left too long in fermentation, and that something happened in the baking of bread to kill the action of whatever caused the souring. The French Government had referred to him the problem of the wine that turned sour on voyages of the French fleet so that the sailors would not drink it. And the brewers of France had referred to him the problem of the beer that turned "bitter" in the beer vats.

Starting from the observed fact about bread and soured dough, he wondered if something in the wine could be "killed" by heat that would stop the souring and the conversion into vinegar. So he heated wine samples to various temperatures. It is interesting to note now that a frugal janitor often turned down the gas jet under his samples and so ruined his experiments in these first attempts to find out the death temperature for yeasts in wine and beer, and that the janitor quarreled with Pasteur over wasting "such a lot of flame on such a little sample of wine," while he was thus at work discovering the real nature of yeast, and



Paul Thompson

Pasteur—"The Symbol of French Science"

the existence in the air of bacteria that affected many human affairs in so many different ways.

He found that heating the wine killed its ferments and left it sweet just as heating the dough did in the making of bread. And so he set the modern wine industry upon its feet.

Beer gave him another remarkable step forward. He found that after he had sweetened bitter beer, it had a tendency to become bitter all over again and did not remain sweet as the wine did—the bread did. He set out "culture mediums" in the breweries—especially on dusty rafters—and obtained from the dust *the same germs that he found in the beer*. He found that if he kept the beer, after killing its "wild yeasts from the brewery dust" by heat, sealed in tubes with cotton plugs, the beer would remain sweet. Thus he came face to face with the infection theory in all that it means to the medical profession today—and to sanitarians in the control of notifiable, contagious diseases.

It was only because Pasteur, looking from his laboratory window, saw ten women carried into a maternity

hospital one morning and ten corpses carried out at night, that he stepped over into the medical profession to apply his theories directly to human affairs. The instantaneous response he obtained to his vigorous efforts to reduce the death-rate, opened up to Pasteur the great work of his later life. Chemists must never forget that it was as a chemist that he made these great discoveries. His election to the Academy of Medicine came later in his life, while his fame as a chemist was resounding throughout France.

By the simple "accident" of noting that an epidemic of anthrax swept away horses, cows, pigs, and dogs, and left the chickens, he discovered the importance of temperature in germ growth. He brought to this problem the eternal curiosity that drove him onward through life, and discovered that the hen's blood was four degrees C. hotter than the blood of mammals. Perhaps he first established himself with the medical profession when he killed hens with anthrax germ inoculation by holding them in water until their temperature was reduced to the normal for mammals and "cured" them when no mammal could be cured by taking them from the cold bath to a warm room. There they took care of the anthrax inoculations for themselves, as the unfavorable temperature for germ growth was created.

Pasteur did not care a cent for "pure science without application." He called the simple brewers together and taught them night after night in Lille how to prevent bitter beer by washing down the brewery walls and getting rid of all brewery dust. And it was here that modern sanitation really was born.

When he found the germ that was killing the silk worm in France, he proclaimed his discovery far and wide and thus saved the silk industry to France. When he worked out the theory of vaccination, he proclaimed it to all who would hear and he gave the "Pasteur treatment" for rabies even to a boy whom he knew would die, he was "so far gone with the disease." He wanted to yield every ounce of human helpfulness he could.

In America his name is a household word because of the daily delivery to all city homes of "pasteurized milk." In Algeria a city was named for him, while he still lived, "out of gratitude for his discoveries." In Canada a district was named for him for a like reason. And we still know nothing better to do with a sufferer from a mad dog's bite than to rush him to a Pasteur institute. During the siege of Paris, like the great patriot he was, he cried out against surgical practice in the case of gangrene. All around him he saw his companions dying from gangrene following gunshot wounds and declared it was all unnecessary—that the infection must come from air-borne germs which could be killed. The idea was too far ahead of his time. It was not until 1917 that they began to treat gangrene with the Carrel-Dakin solution and thus brought an end to operations for this disease. And at the same time they found that "trench foot," because of which feet were being cut off by the hundreds in our World War, was only a mold growth and could be handled just as Pasteur had taught bakers and brewers and vineyardists to handle molds. Thus nearly 100 years after his birth the world followed along trails he pointed out. Chemists can never be accused of honoring him too greatly.

Direct Elections and the Presidency

By Fabian Franklin

"DIRECT popular election of President and Vice-President, abolishing the Electoral College" and "extension of the direct primary to the nomination of President and Vice-President" are among the purposes declared in resolutions adopted at the recent conference of radicals, liberals, and progressives at Washington, as summarized in the *New York Times*. What shape the proposals for these ends may finally take, and whether they will assume practical importance in the near future, it is too early to say; but both subjects have been given sufficient prominence to make some discussion of them timely.

If the first of these proposals should take the shape of a mere abolition of the mechanism of the Electoral College, it would constitute a change of no profound import. It would present the advantage of making it possible to discriminate between the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidate on the same party ticket; and this is not altogether unimportant, for Vice-Presidents have in so many instances succeeded to the chief magistracy through the death of the President that it would be desirable to have a real choice in the case of the lesser office, instead of that unavoidable lumping of it with the greater which voting for Electors entails. Apart from this, abolition of the Electoral College would be an improvement in mechanism, but not one of prime importance. In essence, and almost in form, the voters express their choice for President as "directly"

when they vote for Electors pledged to a given candidate as they could if they voted for him without the intervention of the Electoral College machinery.

But "direct popular election of President," in past agitations on the subject—and the scheme, though it has never succeeded in getting far, has been broached innumerable times—has been understood to mean much more than the mere abolition of the Electoral College; and very likely, if a real agitation for it should now be started, it will take the shape of this larger issue. Direct election of the President by the people has generally been understood to mean choice by a majority of the entire popular vote of the nation. Under the existing system, a candidate may have a great majority of the Electors, although his opponent polled a heavy majority of the votes of the people. A majority of a thousand in New York would give a candidate the whole of the Electoral vote of that great State, just as a majority of half a million would; and if, for example, his opponent carried Minnesota and Kansas and Nebraska and the two Dakotas by 100,000 each, this aggregate of a half million majority would give him only forty electoral votes. Of course the reverse is equally true: if it happened that sentiment in New York was overwhelmingly in favor of one candidate so that he carried the State by a million majority, while parties were nearly evenly divided in a group of Middle West States which were carried by the op-

posite candidate, a few thousand majority in those States would counterpoise the million majority in New York.

This circumstance has always seemed to many persons an intolerable thing; they have felt that it violated the principle of majority rule. But it is a mistake to erect that principle into a sacrosanct dogma. We must aim at a good practical approximation to majority rule; we must not deliberately violate it for an unfair purpose. But on the other hand, we must not insist on a literal enforcement of it at the sacrifice of all other considerations. The existing system has not in practice resulted in any gross departures from majority rule; and it has advantages that far outweigh the objections to it.

Of these advantages perhaps the greatest is that it prevents any one section which may have a peculiar interest or preference from imposing its will on the rest of the country. If, for example, owing to some local interest, or the peculiar composition of its population, New York gave a majority of a million for one party, and every one of the other forty-four States was carried by the opposite party, by majorities ranging from ten to twenty thousand, would not any sensible person see that the million majority in New York ought not to override the six or seven hundred thousand majority in the rest of the country? And what is evident in this extreme case applies, in its degree, in a case of less marked character. The division by States takes account of something real, something vital, which the mere brute count of noses does not allow for.

Much more that might be said along this line I must refrain from going into; but there is a practical consideration of the utmost importance which I cannot pass unmentioned. Under the existing system the result, in any sharply contested election, turns on the votes of "doubtful" States—States in which the opposing parties are somewhat evenly matched. Under a system of election of the President by sheer force of aggregate majorities, it would be of just as much advantage to a candidate to add ten thousand to his vote in a "rock-ribbed" Republican (or Democratic) State as to add that number to his vote in a close State. The consequence would be that efforts to prevent fraud, or corruption, or illicit methods generally, instead of being concentrated upon a few States, would have to be made with equal energy in every State in the Union; and in the case of the "rock-ribbed" States this would have to be done without the aid of that alert public sentiment which a close division of parties naturally brings about. But even this is not all. It is a practical fact, whether one likes it or not, that the "Solid South" has been for half a century, and promises to be for a long time to come, in the absolute control of one party. The country views this condition of things with equanimity under a system in which every State votes as a unit; but it could not possibly do so under a system in which any popular vote which the South might see fit to roll up would be thrown with its full weight into the scales as against the votes cast in States where each party has to earn its vote in a real contest with its rival. If there were no other objection to the scheme of election by direct popular vote, this alone would be fatal from the standpoint of practical statesmanship.

The selection of party candidates for the Presidency by direct vote of the entire population of the country in a primary election is open, of course, to the same objections. But in the case of the primary there are other objections which apply even if the result of the direct primary were determined by States as units. The resolution adopted at Washington declares for "national measures providing that the candidates of all political parties for President and Vice-President shall be nominated by the direct votes of the voters of the country without the intervention of any conventions." Whether this means a mass vote of all the people of the country, or a vote upon the basis of State divisions, it opens up a prospect which it is hardly an exaggeration to call appalling. The direct primary has merits, but it also has great drawbacks; and the greater the political area to which it applies the greater are the drawbacks.

At a general election, the standing division of the people into parties provides the basis on which the campaign is built up. But the primary is a contest between individual aspirants, and not between organizations, so that the whole structure of the campaign has to be built to order, from the ground up. The building up of such a structure throughout the nation, with any effectiveness, must usually involve the expenditure, even for the most legitimate purposes, of a vast sum of money; and all this expenditure, be it remembered, is, on the face of it, incurred for the promotion of the chances of a particular individual, not of a party. But even this does not begin to exhaust the objections to a direct Presidential primary upon a national scale. There is no reason to suppose that any one candidate would get a majority of all the votes cast; and nomination by a mere plurality would open up all sorts of queer possibilities. Some scheme of second and third choices might lessen the force of this objection, but no such scheme would suffice to prevent the outcome from being largely a matter either of chance or of manipulation by expert managers of Presidential booms.

Even more fundamental than any of these things is the objection that the choice of the party candidate by sheer force of numbers, without any participation in the matter by the party's leaders, would tend still further to devitalize our political parties. We all complain of the meaninglessness of our party divisions, and of the absence of leadership; but it is quite certain that the less you leave to leaders to do, the less leadership you will have. A party without leaders is perforce a party without character; and, as though to emphasize the notion that it doesn't make any difference whether a party is really a party or not, the resolution of the Washington conference expressly recommends that "every registered voter shall, without disclosing his party affiliation, receive the ballots of all parties and be entitled to mark in secret his choice of party candidates on one party ballot, the others being destroyed." This is the plan that works so charmingly in some of the Western States; a plan by which Democrats or Populists may dictate a Republican nomination, or *vice versa*. Now it may be that the party system is, in its very nature, a bad thing; but if we *are* to have parties, it seems hardly rational to carry them on not only without anything like real leaders, but also without anything like real members.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization, Columbia University

Domestic Affairs

Doings of Congress

THE extra session of Congress ended at 11.50 a. m. December 4, and at 12 m. the same day the final regular session of the Sixty-seventh Congress began.

The nomination of Mr. Pierce Butler for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court failed of confirmation at the extra session, through the opposition of the "radical-progressive" group. His name has again been submitted to the Senate and confirmation is expected.

The Democratic filibuster against the Anti-Lynching bill was at last successful. The champions of the bill having announced that there would be no further effort to make it the unfinished business of the Senate, that body was enabled to proceed to business.

A rural credits bill which has the approval of the Administration has been introduced in both House and Senate. It proposes to use the machinery of the existing Farm Loan Bureau with its Federal Land Banks and to provide a revolving loan fund of \$60,000,000.

Two more rural credits bills have been introduced. One, like the Administration bill, would use the Farm Loan Bureau machinery for the purpose of extending additional credits, but on a more generous scale than that proposed in the Administration bill. The other would authorize the War Finance Corporation to make loans to foreign purchasers of American agricultural products and livestock. The American Farm Bureau Federation is behind both bills.

The Wets in the House launched a fierce attack against the item of \$9,000,000 in the Treasury Supply bill for prohibition enforcement, especially such part of that amount as is intended for publicity, propaganda, and the purchase

pointed out the need of more ample credit facilities for the farmer and the raiser of livestock, he indicated how greatly improvement in agricultural conditions must depend upon provision of better and cheaper transportation. On various aspects of the transportation problem he talked wisely and at some length. There should be coördination, he said, of motor-car and railway transportation, instead of wasteful rivalry between them. Greater use should be made of inland waterways, and rail lines should be more effectively connected up with sea-carriers. Railway lines should be merged into groups, freight cars should be pooled under a central agency, and there should be a central agency to aid in financing the less robust carriers.

He proposed abolition of the Railroad Labor Board and substitution for it of a Labor division in the Interstate Commerce Commission, "to hear and decide disputes relating to wages and working conditions which have failed of adjustment by proper committees created by the railways and their employees." He recommended that, in case the above proposal should not be approved, the membership of the present board be limited to representatives of the public and that the place of sitting be changed to Washington, where the board would be in close touch with the Interstate Commerce Commission. "Public interest," said he, "demands that ample power be conferred upon the Labor tribunal, whether the present board or the suggested substitute, to require its rulings to be accepted by both parties to a disputed question."

"Before enlarging the immigration quotas," declared the President, "we had better provide registration for aliens and establish our immigration boards abroad," whereby "we could end the pathos at our ports, where men and women find our doors closed after long voyages and wasted savings, because they are unfit for admission."

The President also recommended the following: a constitutional amendment to abolish child labor; rigid enforcement of prohibition legislation; a constitutional amendment to restrict issues of tax-exempt securities, both Federal and State; development of reclamation and irrigation projects and improvement of means of forest protection; investigation of the causes of the very great differences between costs of production and prices paid by the ultimate consumer, to be followed by corrective action; and a survey of national resources in men and materials, to furnish the basis of a plan for their utilization for the national defense.

He declared his intention of inviting the Governors of States and territories to a conference with the Federal authorities, with a view to coöperation towards prohibition enforcement.

Certainly the President does not expect that more than a beginning can be made towards carrying out these recommendations by the present Congress, and it must be remembered that the radical-progressives will hold the balance of power in the next Congress.

The Budget

In forwarding to Congress the budget estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, President Harding announced that there is good prospect that the deficit for the fiscal year 1923 will be found to be not more than \$274,000,000, instead of about \$697,000,000 as at first estimated. It is even possible, he declared, that the entire deficit will be wiped out and the budget balanced. The



International

Three members of the new Irish Free State Senate. Left to right: William Butler Yeats, the poet; George Russell ("A. E."), perhaps the most extraordinary personality in Ireland; Lord Dunraven, the famous sportsman

of bootleg liquor to be used in evidence; but after the President's address to Congress, with its remarks on prohibition enforcement, the attack collapsed.

The Ship Subsidy bill has been made the unfinished business of the Senate. The Democrats have declared that they do not intend to filibuster against the bill, but their actions to date have not been consistent with that declaration.

It is reported that the farm bloc will move to have the Ship Subsidy bill laid aside in favor of rural credits legislation in the Senate, and have enough votes pledged to accomplish their fell design.

The President to Congress.

The President addressed Congress on the 8th. Having



Wide World Photos

Where the Lausanne Conference is being held

new budget statement estimates receipts for the fiscal year 1924 at \$3,361,813,359 and expenditures at \$3,180,843,234—a surplus of \$180,969,125.

The Radical-Progressive Bloc

On the first of December, under the auspices of "The People's Legislative Service" (a radical-progressive organization), a radical-progressive *bloc* within the Republican Party in Congress was formed, headed by Senator La Follette. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, that the progressive-minded Senators and Representatives of all parties agree to meet from time to time and coöperate wholeheartedly in order to accomplish the fundamental purpose upon which we are all united, namely:

To drive special privilege out of control of Government and restore it to the people.

To this end we will oppose unceasingly special-interest legislation, and in order to prepare scientifically to meet the critical situation that confronts the nation, we propose to create special committees, composed of members of the Senate and House, coöperating with men of affairs and experts, to prepare and submit to this group for consideration from time to time during this and the next Congress practical and constructive plans for dealing with the following great subjects:

Agriculture, labor, railroads, shipping, natural resources, credits, taxation, amendments to the Constitution, looking to the abolishment of the electoral college and the earlier meeting of newly-elected Congresses.

In order to restore and perpetuate the control of the people over their Government, we propose the institution of a nationwide campaign in the various States for direct, open primaries for all elective offices, including the Presidency, and for effective Federal and State corrupt practises acts.

The gentlemen of the *bloc* do not, it seems, intend the formation of a new party, but they do intend to discredit the policies and personnel of the Harding Administration, and to dictate the party nominations and platform in 1924.

Brief Notes

In his annual report to Congress, Secretary Mellon recommends that the highest income surtax rate be reduced from the present more than 50 per cent. to not more than 25 per cent. He says that the yield from the present higher surtaxes is tending to become negligible.

* * *

The Administration having expressed the wish that Gen-

eral Wood would remain as Governor General of the Philippines, in view of the critical situation there, General Wood has resigned as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

* * *

In his Philadelphia speech Clemenceau said: "The moment Germany knows that France, England, and America are standing together, peace is assured. Do you think it is asking too much to let all these insane folk—Germany, Russia, and Turkey—know that you will not tolerate their machinations against peace?"

Clemenceau will give the proceeds of his American tour to the American Field Service Fund, which provides scholarships (with object similar to that of the Rhodes scholarships) for American youths in French universities and French youths in American universities.

* * *

The *Speejacks*, a 98-foot motorboat, arrived in New York harbor on the 11th, with the owner, A. Y. Gowen of Chicago, vice-president of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, his wife, and nine others (men) aboard, completing a fifteen-month voyage around the globe—a glorious Odyssey worthy of a Homer. The tonnage of the *Speejacks* is 64, and she draws 6 feet.

Ireland

ON December 4 the Lords passed the two Irish bills—the bill embodying the Free State Constitution and the Consequential Provisions bill; the former without amendment, and the latter with only insignificant amendments which the Commons at once accepted. The royal assent was given to both bills on the 5th, and thereby the Irish Free State acquired full legal status.

On the 6th the members of the Dail Eireann, or Provisional Free State Parliament, took the oath prescribed by the new Constitution, and thus that body became the lower House (or Chamber) of the Free State Parliament. The Chamber elected Mr. Cosgrave "President of the Council" (practically the same thing as Premier) of the Free State, and Mr. Cosgrave named six ministers (all of whom had been members of the cabinet of the Provisional Government) to constitute, with himself, the Executive Coun-

cil. The Senate, constituted upon the admirable plan laid down by the constitution, is now organized and in session.

The Governor General (appointed by the Crown) is Timothy Healy; the selection is universally acclaimed.

The Ulster Parliament, on the 7th, unanimously voted an address to the Throne, "contracting" Ulster out of the Free State.

All went off in Dublin on the 6th with a quietness most uncanny. Not a sign, not a "peep," from the Republicans in Dublin, or indeed anywhere in southern Ireland.

But on the 7th there was a violent revival of "irregular" activity in several places in southern Ireland, and in Dublin a thing most terrible occurred. Deputy Speaker O'Maille of the Chamber of the new Parliament was wounded and Brigadier General Sean Hales, a member of the Chamber, was killed by a band of Republican assassins, as the two were on their way to a session of the Chamber in Dublin. The Government decided on reprisals. Rory O'Connor, leader of the insurgents in the affair of the Four Courts last June, and three others associated with him in that sorry business, being in Mountjoy Jail, were on the night of the 7th tried by a court-martial and found guilty. The next morning they were executed. The official *communiqué* stated that the executions were "in reprisal for the assassination of Brigadier General Sean Hales and as a solemn warning to those who are engaged

General Mulcahy, Minister of Defense, has issued a proclamation declaring the existence of a conspiracy to "assassinate the members of the nation's Parliament, which has already claimed two victims." Wherefore, "to safeguard the lives of the people's representatives, to safeguard the life of the nation itself, the sternest measures are necessary and will be adopted." Any person found possessing without authority "any bomb, portion of bomb, or article of similar nature, any dynamite or other explosive substance, any revolver, rifle or other fire weapon, or any ammunition for firearms," is liable to be haled before a committee of officers of the National Army, who, if they find guilt, will make report of the matter to the Army Council, any two members of which acting as a committee are empowered, if both concur in the finding, to order the death or other punishment. "Such order will be carried out summarily."

The executions were the subject of hot debate in the Dail on the evening of the 8th. The action of the Government was sustained by a vote of 39 to 14, most of the opposing votes being cast by Labor members.

General Mulcahy and President Cosgrave defended the executions on large grounds. Reprisals had not been ordered in a spirit of revenge, they asserted, but on cool consideration it had been thought absolutely necessary to meet terror with terror, if the plot to assassinate one by one the members of the Government and Parliament was to be defeated. Whether or no the Government has done wisely—ah! that is the question.

The Free State Senate was sworn in on the 11th, and on the 12th the Free State Parliament was formally opened by Governor General Healy, who delivered the royal message and made an address of his own. The King's message was received in silence, but the Governor General's speech was enthusiastically applauded.

The London Conference

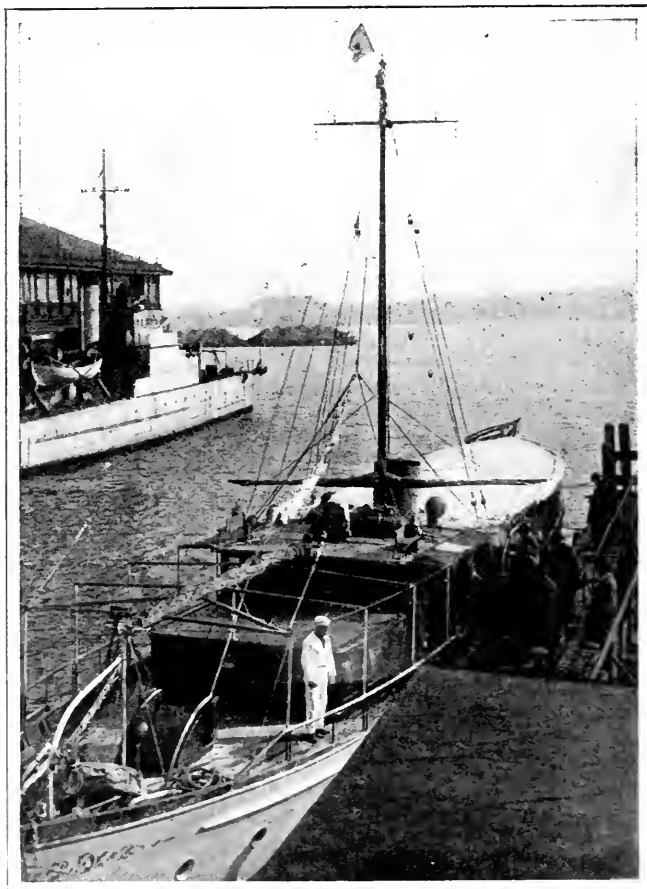
THE conference of the Premiers of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium began in London on the 9th. Premier Poincaré started the proceedings with a proposal of a two-year moratorium to Germany, qualified by the imposition of "productive guarantees." Then Bonar Law made tentative proposals of the very first importance. He said that the Balfour note was in no sense binding on his Government. "I am prepared," said he, "to reconsider the question of cancellation of debts, if such cancellation would insure a settlement satisfactory to the British Government." He then indicated in a general way his idea of a settlement: a moratorium of sufficient length to enable Germany to set her house in order, reestablish her credit, and stabilize the mark; no military action by the French; and a reduction of the German indemnity to 40,000,000,000 gold marks or less. He added that the cancellation of debts owing Britain was not to be considered except as a feature of a final settlement of the reparations question.

Poincaré, however, was unwilling definitely to renounce his "productive guarantees" (for which see previous issues of *The Independent*), prior to thorough discussion and to complete development of the British position. Press of other business compelled adjournment, on the 11th, until January 2. One definite thing was accomplished—rejection of the German Chancellor's interim proposal as entirely unsatisfactory. The Premiers are said to have parted amicably and hopefully.

The Lausanne Conference

The Straits.

SPACE is lacking here for an adequate account of the very interesting discussion of the Straits problem in the Lausanne Conference during the earlier part of the



International

The Speejacks, motor boat, 98 ft. long, which has just completed one of the most remarkable of circumnavigations of the globe

in a conspiracy of assassination against the representatives of the Irish people." Presumably O'Connor and his associates were tried by regular court-martial and not by one of the military commissions recently set up by the Provisional Parliament and vested with specified powers for dealing with crimes connected with the insurrection. It is understood that their jurisdiction is not retroactive.

week ended December 9. For a full account the reader is referred to *The Independent Inter-Weekly for Schools* of December 16.

In a long statement vitiated by lies and propaganda, Chicherin set forth the Russian position, demanding that the Straits be closed to warships other than Turkish and that there be no restrictions upon Turkish sovereignty. On the 6th Lord Curzon made a full statement of the Allied programme for the Straits. The following summary of the most important items thereof is quoted from the *Washington Sunday Star*:

Freedom of commercial navigation through the Straits (the term "Straits" as used by the Allies includes the Sea of Marmora) both in peace and in war for nations not at war with Turkey, and a similar freedom for warships, except that the total tonnage of warships of any outside Power to be allowed in the Black Sea may not exceed the total tonnage of the strongest naval Power on the Black Sea (i. e., Russia), and except that this limitation shall not apply to an outside Power at war with a Power on the Black Sea; demilitarized zones to a depth of twenty-five miles on either side the Straits; and a commission to supervise the execution of the Allied programme, to include one representative of each of the following-named Powers—Turkey, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Japan, Greece, Rumania, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria.

Mr. Child, chief representative of the United States, made a speech in perfect agreement with the Allied plan.

On the 8th Ismet presented to the Conference the Turkish viewpoint respecting the Straits. One gathers from the Associated Press account that he made a rather rambling speech which indicated no very great dissidence from the Allied proposals of the 6th. Having in mind Article IV of the Turkish National Pact, which declares that "the security of the City of Constantinople and of the Sea of Marmora must be effected," he asked for guarantees from the Powers adequate to effect this security.

He proposed, in language of the vaguest, important limitations, both as to number of ships and as to tonnage of individual ships, on the right of outside Powers to send warships into the Black Sea.

He objected to demilitarization of the shores of the Sea of Marmora, declaring defensive arrangements on the coast to be necessary to the security of Anatolia and Eastern Thrace.

He thought Turkey should be allowed some defensive installations on the Gallipoli Peninsula against the possibility of a surprise attack.

He thought twenty-five miles too great a width for the proposed demilitarized zones.

He proposed that the islands of Samothrace, Lemnos, Imbros and Tenedos be demilitarized and made autonomous. To this Curzon replied that autonomy could not be considered for Lemnos, as it was overwhelmingly Greek in population, but that the proposal of autonomy for the other islands might be discussed; he agreed that all four islands should be demilitarized.

To Ismet's proposals in general, Curzon replied amiably but noncommittally; the points raised by Ismet were referred to experts. When the experts have done their work, the general discussion will be resumed.

The Minorities

It will be recalled how the word went out from Angora and reached the Lausanne Conference that all Greeks in Turkey, including Constantinople, must leave. Thereupon Venizelos (thinking to salvage something, and hoping to ease the plight of the Anatolian Greeks by formally exchanging them for Turks of Greece, with mutual indemnification) proposed that the Greeks in Turkey, except Constantinople, be exchanged for the Turks in Greece, but that the Greeks in Constantinople be allowed to remain there. "No, no," said the Turks; "Turkey, including the

capital, must be completely purged of Greeks. We agree to the formal exchange of the Turks in Greece for a like number of Greeks, with mutual indemnification; but, that effected, the remaining Greeks in Turkey must go, including those in Constantinople." Reminded that Constantinople would suffer a terrible economic loss should the great Greek business men, who have hitherto handled so



International

Greek refugees from Western Thrace encamped near Dedeagatch in Eastern Thrace

large a part of the big business in Constantinople, be ejected, the Turks said: "Thank you for nothing. That's our lookout. Besides, as no general indemnity is in sight, we propose to use the wealth of these Greeks to indemnify us for the devastation wrought in our country by the Greeks." Their attention invited to the fact that, if the 200,000 or so Greeks still left in Constantinople should have to go to Greece, they, an urban folk, would be compelled to take up rural life, a change which would involve terrible hardship, the Turks replied that that was a consideration which left them cold.

But at last a voice too important to be disregarded was raised in protest. The Pope appealed to the Lausanne Conference on behalf of the Christians of Constantinople (for though the Angora edict of expulsion applied in set terms to the Greeks only, the Armenians were being made to understand that their departure was no less desired).

To the Pope's protest Ismet replied through the press, impudently and disingenuously; nevertheless, that protest had a powerful effect on Ismet both directly and indirectly, as shall be seen in the sequel.

Shamed by the Pope's protest, or for whatever reason, the Allied delegates at Lausanne told Ismet that the Christians still remaining in Constantinople must be allowed to continue their residence there, unmolested in person and property. And at last, on the 7th, after the exodus of Christians from Constantinople had been going on for a considerable time (according to one dispatch, at the rate of 5,000 per day; but that is probably an overstatement), the American delegation at Lausanne spoke out in protest against "new compulsory movements of population," especially against expulsion of the Constantinople Greeks.

* * *

It is proof of the monstrous insolence of the Turks that they expected to be able to expel all Greeks from Turkey, including Constantinople, without prejudice to the Turks in Greece, and without indemnification to the Greeks. [It is true that the Greeks expelled from Eastern Thrace took with them most of their movable property, but apparently the Greeks who have left Anatolia and Constantinople have been completely fleeced, and apparently a like fate was intended for the remainder.] But a partial halt was called on this programme. The Turks were not able to put it

completely over. Following upon, if not in consequence of, the Pope's protest, the Allies declared that the Constantinople Greeks must be left alone. The Turks then proposed that the Greeks of Constantinople be allowed to remain there on condition that the Turks in Greece be allowed to remain in Greece (the Anatolian Greeks to be ejected, of course). This pleasant proposal being rejected by the Allies and a belated wave of indignation and sympathy throughout Christendom on behalf of the Christian minorities discovering itself, the Turks consented that the remaining Constantinople Greeks be not molested (except that Greek immigrants into the city since October 30, 1918, the date of the Mudros armistice, must go). Moreover, they saw the advantage, in the changed posture of affairs, to the Turks in Greece, in a formal exchange of the latter for the remaining Greeks in Anatolia (the numbers of said Turks and Greeks being about the same, i. e., about 300,000 of each race). Therefore, with a certain show of magnanimity, they proceeded to clamor for the exchange. The Greeks, expecting too much from the altered temper of the Allies, now demanded that there be no further compulsory movement of populations; even that the expelled Greeks be allowed to return to their old homes. But the Allies could not see their way to supporting that demand. Backed by the American delegation, the Allied delegation petitioned (no more) the Turks to abandon the plan of a compulsory mutual exchange and to allow the sorry remnant of Greeks in Anatolia to remain there. To this Ismet would not hear.

* * *

So then the Greeks still in Constantinople (with certain exceptions; for example, the Greek Patriarch and his entourage must go) may stay there, if they want to take the risks to person and property; and the Turks in Greece and the Greeks in Anatolia are to be exchanged. As to the

900,000 (approximately) Greeks already expelled from Turkey, the Turks "should worry."

Now enter the most embarrassing question which has confronted the conference to date. The above arrangements carried out, there would remain in Turkey the following-named Christians: the Constantinople Greeks (about 200,000), the Armenians (Heaven only knows how many or rather how few), and the Assyrian Christians (who are only casually remembered from time to time). The Allies demand adequate guarantees for the rights of these minorities. There must be, they say, an international commission (preferably one appointed by the League of Nations) sitting at Constantinople, empowered to investigate charges of ill-treatment of minorities submitted to it. The Turks say they will accept (their limit of concession) the same treaty arrangements regarding minorities as are embodied in certain European treaties. Under the treaties referred to, a League commission sitting at Geneva supervises the treatment of minorities—in Poland, Jugoslavia, etc.—sending agents out to investigate charges of ill-treatment. Ismet objects to a special commission sitting at Constantinople on the ground that it would infringe Turkish sovereignty. Such supervision would result, says he, as of old, in "the exploitation of minorities for political purposes under the lying cloak of humanitarianism."

Lord Curzon made an especial appeal to the Turks on behalf of the Armenians in Turkey; he "petitioned" that a "place of retreat and concentration" be granted them in northeastern Asia Minor or in Cilicia. To this Ismet replied contemptuously that the thing proposed was impossible. Turkey, however, he said, was content to let the surviving Armenians in Turkey remain there, provided they ceased to intrigue against Turkey. Here Ismet digressed a little to talk of massacres. The Greeks and Armenians in Turkey, he said, had invited their fates by their political intrigues. The massacres were regrettable, but necessary. To drive home his point, he cited the condition of the Jews in Turkey. Turkey had never thought of expelling the Jews, since they had never been guilty of political intrigue, never had been the instruments and pretext of political intrigue by outside Powers.

Our attitude towards the Jews is sufficient to show that in our country the best way to enjoy all rights is for decent citizens not to have compromising relations with the outside and not to be the object of particular solicitude from abroad.

* * *

Lord Curzon summed up against the Turks at the end of the proceedings of the 13th as follows: "When we leave Lausanne—and we may go sooner than you think—when the world hears that the Allied Powers have been fighting the battle of the minorities and have gotten nothing but platitudes in return, the general impression will be deplorable."

Probably true, albeit Curzonishly expressed; but one could wish that the Allied Powers had started out to fight for these minorities when there were more of 'em to fight for and when the prospects of success were brighter.

A Note

Discussion of the following important matters (of occurrence up to and including December 15) must go over to next week's issue: Senator La Follette's speech in opposition to the Ship Subsidy bill; the bill introduced in Congress calling for an appropriation of 70 million dollars for food for Germans and Austrians alleged to be starving; Bonar Law's speech to the Commons, the remarks in which on cancellation of debts have been widely interpreted as contradictory to what he said on that subject at the recent conference of Premiers; and how the crisis which threatened the break-up of the Lausanne Conference (on the minorities question) was suddenly ended by Ismet Pasha's announcement of Turkey's intention to join the League of Nations.



International

A Hindu holy man feeding monkeys at Simla. In India the monkey is sacred

Germany's Disastrous Prosperity

By John Firman Coar

NO people in the world are busier than the Germans. Partial employment there is, but unemployment is practically unknown. In some lines of industry the demand for labor exceeds the supply. This was not the case a year ago. In November 1921, there were 145 male (likewise 116 female) applicants for every hundred vacant positions. In July of the current year only 111 male (likewise 97 female) workers applied for every hundred jobs to be filled. In the meanwhile Germany's industrial production increased from about 65 per cent. of the annual prewar output to approximately 75 per cent. The number of new financial and industrial enterprises more than trebled. In the first quarter of 1921, 204 new stock companies were launched. During the same period of 1922, the number of new stock companies reached 708. As against the five billion marks of new capital invested in financial and industrial undertakings (old and new) during the first three months of 1921, the first quarter of 1922 showed a record of over twelve billion marks. Dividend totals and dividend rates increased proportionately. The average dividend rate of industrials just before the war was 11.8 per cent. per annum. The average dividend rate for the year ending June, 1922, was about 34 per cent. This "prosperity" is shared by the banks. The Deutsche Bank, for example, declared, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, dividends at the rate of 12.5 per cent. on a capitalization of only 200 million marks. In 1921-22 its dividends were at the rate of 24 per cent. on a capital of 400 million marks. The total turnover of the bank during the same periods was 129 billion marks (1913-14) and 2½ trillion marks (1921-22).

Statistics like the foregoing might be quoted almost indefinitely and they have been quoted continually to prove Germany's capacity to pay reparations. As one of the results we have the legend of Germany's industrial prosperity. As another result we have the inability of most Americans to approach the problem of European reconstruction in a reasonable spirit. "If Germany is as busy as all that, she should be made to pay, and the sooner that is the case the sooner Europe will return to normal conditions." Of course, when men prominent in the affairs of our country make statements like that, they are quite aware that much of Germany's so-called prosperity is on paper. When, as was the case last June, it requires one hundred marks to do the work accomplished before the war by one mark, even an economic ignoramus knows that the statistics deal with inflated values and that capitalization, turnover, dividends, and the like must be scaled down. The obvious remedy, therefore, for such ills as necessarily attend the depreciation of the German mark, seems to be the discontinuance of the issue of fiat money. In the face of the fact that between April 1 and July 31, 1922, out of a total new issue of 35,875,300,000 marks (treasury notes), 27,746,000,000 marks were required for the purchase of acceptable foreign exchange in order to meet obligations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, few if any bankers believe that the issue of paper money can be stopped in Germany without a moratorium of at least two years in the payment of reparations, and many

hold that, in addition, Germany should be granted an international loan for the purpose of further stabilizing its currency. This is the bankers' point of view and it is the basis of the recent proposal of Mr. Bradbury (Great Britain's representative on the reparation commission).

It is the obvious view, and as such it takes cognizance only of obvious facts.

Curiously enough and much to the surprise of financial experts who have visited Germany, it is not the view of the great German industrialists and of many leading German bankers. They do not view the policy of currency inflation with that moral abhorrence which the consequences would obviously seem to call for. In August a prominent American banker stated, in some vexation, just before his departure for America, that no important official of any of the Great "D" banks (the Deutsche, the Dresdener, the Disconto, and the Darmstädter) believed the emission of paper money to be primarily responsible for Germany's economic plight. Doubtless it will amaze this banker to be told that the Germans are not so absurdly wrong as he believed them to be. There are latent factors in the situation to which we fail to give due consideration. Germans, however, see them as obvious factors, and are accordingly just as stubborn in insisting on the obvious remedy as we are on ours. I wish, in this article, to present the German point of view. It is, as just indicated, not the only justifiable one, still it is—and here the Germans have the better of the argument—a point of view that must be taken into account before the banking point of view can be accepted.

If German "prosperity" were nothing worse than paper prosperity, there could be only one reply to Germany's appeal for help: "Cease printing fiat money!" Unhappily German "prosperity" is something far worse than progressive inflation. It is an economic debauch due to economic deprivation. Instead of making good the economic deficiency, it not only aggravates its effects but actually increases it. Just a few statistics will suffice at this point. The present average of 34 per cent. annual industrial dividends have a purchasing power in the retail home market of less than 1 per cent. of the prewar rate (11.8 per cent.). That fact suggests an enormous shrinkage of capital values. Of course, the annual net increment of industrial production has not shrunk to the extent indicated by these figures. It should be borne in mind that the investor's share in this increment has been heavily reduced by the greater share of the workers (in wages and salaries) and of the state (industrial taxes). Before the war, labor's share in the annual industrial increment was somewhat less than 76 per cent. It is now considerably in excess of 84 per cent. Consequently the investor's share has been reduced from 11.6 per cent. (1913-14) to less than 2 per cent. in 1921-22. Obviously, therefore, the decrease in the purchasing power of dividends in the retail home market does not signify an equivalent decrease in the net annual productive increment of German industry. On the other hand, the recent increase in gross production (from 65 to 75 per cent. of the annual prewar output) does not prove either that the net annual incre-

ment is on the increase or that it is only 25 per cent. below that of 1913-14. As a matter of fact the impairment of capital values (industrial) has now gone beyond 60 per cent. Many individual enterprises and some entire lines of industry (notably the chemical and the electrical industries) are not seriously affected as yet. But German industry, viewed *nationally*, has suffered the capital impairment just mentioned.

Even business men in America find it very difficult to understand how this can be possible. They tell me: "The things that represent industrial capital in Germany, land, buildings, machinery, etc., are all there as they were before the war. How then can you speak of capital impairment?" My reply is this: Even within these purely material limits "capital" has always only a relative and never a fixed value. The value of industrial capital is not in the things as such. It is in the workability of the things. Two industrial plants of exactly the same size, equipment, cost, etc., do not necessarily have the same capital value. Plant A—other things being equal—will have a greater capital value than plant B if, for example, it has a cheaper or a more-assured or a superior coal supply than the latter. The same will be true if its market is more accessible or more stable than that of Plant B. This illustrates what has happened to German national industry, partly during the war, but chiefly since the war in consequence of the Treaty. This industry has no longer at its immediate and abundant disposal those raw materials (coal, iron ore, zinc, lead, etc.) on which it was built up. Its markets are either wholly closed or accessible only at a great sacrifice. The result is production at a loss for the nation, that is to say, a production which does not throw off an annual increment sufficient to sustain the nation's economic life. Inevitably values shrink, which is but another way of saying that the nation's industrial capital is undergoing the process of impairment. Manifestly this situation was not produced, though it was aggravated, by the recourse to paper money.

The process just referred to was intensified by two contributory factors, the increased demand for raw materials and the necessity of paying reparations.

The Treaty deprived Germany of a very great part of her natural resources (approximately 40 per cent. of her coal, 60 per cent. of her iron, 88 per cent. of her zinc, and 16 per cent. of her annual domestic food supply). In order to exist at all Germany was obliged to import food stuffs and raw materials in relatively much larger volume than before the war. The need was insistent and it was immediate. The four years of blockade had left the country on the very verge of physical dissolution. Imports were obtainable, first, by exports and, secondly, by the sale abroad of German securities (or currency). German foreign trade had been completely wiped out by the war and a violent prejudice against resuming trade with her prevailed in most foreign markets. In order to expedite exports Germans foolishly resorted to the policy of excessive "dumping," and by every exchange of goods they lost at a frightful rate. Goods, the productive increment of which would sustain a German for more than a week (assuming the American standard of living), were often sacrificed in exchange for goods the productive increment of which sustained an American for about one day. The average ratio of the exchange was 6 to 1. In the past year it has been about 4 to 1. But "dumping" did not suffice. The

deficiency was covered by the sale of German securities (paper currency). The "dumping" policy alone cost the German people, in the first eight months of the current year, the loss of the products of approximately three billion labor hours.

This brings us to the second contributory cause, reparations. They could be met only by diverting credits obtained through exports or the increased sale of securities (paper currency). The diversion of foreign credits to reparation account of necessity increased the sale of securities for import account. The consequence was the depreciation of the German mark in a geometrical progression, and this continual depreciation made it increasingly impossible for German industry to produce without sustaining heavy losses. The more the Germans work today and the greater their industrial production, the poorer the nation becomes. Nothing that they can do as a nation can possibly alter this tragic fate. The harder they labor, the more they hasten the economic catastrophe. The moment they cease laboring, that moment the catastrophe is upon them. In the one case they bleed to death as a nation, in the other they blow their national brains out. The paradox calls for explanation.

On the first of September of this year the German mark had a purchasing power in the retail domestic market equivalent to 0.98 gold pfennigs. (Its purchasing power in the home and the world markets before the war was 100 gold pfennigs). But as measured by dollar exchange, the purchasing power of the German mark on September first was only 0.32 gold pfennigs, and its purchasing power in the wholesale home market was only slightly greater or 0.35 gold pfennigs. What happened, therefore, on September first and what has been happening for several years past is this:

German industry must deal with three sets of values, namely, the value of the mark in the foreign market, in the wholesale home market, and in the retail home market. The difference between the first two is relatively small, but always in favor of the industrialists (since it is the market in which he sells), as long as the mark continues to depreciate in foreign markets. The difference between the second and third is always very considerable (since the foreign exchange value of the mark does not seriously affect the retail home market short of six weeks, on the average), and favors the manufacturer in so far as it enables him to obtain labor and other commodities at a cheaper rate than his raw material and to dispose of the industrial increment at a higher rate, provided the mark continues to depreciate. As long as the production of industry is for the home market, the profits are, of course, nothing but paper profits. But when production is for export the profits are *gold* profits for the *individual* industrialist. In either case, however, there are no profits for the *nation*. The very fact that the German industrialist obtains his labor at a rate three times cheaper than the foreign industrialist makes inevitably for that national loss which has already been referred to. On the other hand, the continual depreciation of the mark renders his profits in the home market unsubstantial and transitory. The consequence of both processes is a real and progressive contraction of the market which, because it is obscured by other conditions, must ultimately prove catastrophic.

There are two chief reasons for the continuance of

the fictitious prosperity. The first is, of course, the continual depreciation of the mark and the consequent ability of industrialists to take their paper profits and to keep the wheels of industry a-turning. The second is the hectic demand for *goods* that necessarily follows in the wake of the kind of currency depreciation going on in Germany. All incentive to thrift, and unhappily also to conscientious and thorough work, disappears when, as was the case last summer, the purchasing power of the mark is reduced ten times within four months. No German in his senses keeps mere money any longer than it takes to transform it into something concrete. If a German cannot buy goods, he buys pleasure unless, indeed, he can buy dollars, a procedure ruinous to the country. The result is a feverish demand on industry, and the further result—a fearful waste of the country's resources and the people's productive energy. To make matters worse, the normal necessities of life (such as foodstuffs, coal, clothing) are difficult to obtain, and this fact leads to an increasing expenditure for more or less useless luxuries. Innumerable enterprises have come into being in response to this demand and these contribute to the apparent prosperity of industry, but in reality waste vast amount of raw material which should enter into the manufacture of useful and needful articles. To put the case brutally, the German people are bleeding to death and the hemorrhage is both internal and external. A tourniquet that will stop the emission of paper money and an astringent that will

equalize the internal and external purchasing power of the mark through a loan, will stop the hemorrhage. It will also kill the patient off hand. Both remedies are useful provided the really radical remedy is applied.

If the industrial "prosperity" of Germany has been properly diagnosed above, it is imperative to achieve something more than the reform of the German currency. The inevitable horrors that must overtake a people so largely industrial and so greatly dependent on imported food supplies as the Germans are, when the present industrial debauch either runs its course or is brought to a sudden stop, must be reckoned with. It is high time that were done. The prerequisite to all reparation settlements, to all loans, and to any stabilization of German currency, is the establishment of conditions that will enable German industry to resume healthy and healthful production. For my part, I fail to see how politicians, though they be statesmen in the true sense of the word, can discover this prerequisite. Nor can bankers alone do so. It can be discovered, however, by those who understand the needs of European (and American) industry and who deal with industrial realities more particularly as national realities. The great German and French industrialists know this better than most other industrialists because they are the *immediate* sufferers from the disastrous dictates of the politicians at Versailles. They are struggling courageously to circumvent these dictates. It is time the national leaders of Europe and America joined in their efforts.

The Romance of Collecting

IF ever there were to be a resurrection day not of the historical personages, but of their complete armor, "there would be confusion, indeed, in museums of many lands. For the elements of such a suit—and they were many—have been scattered in the course of centuries among national collections the

world over," says Dr. Bashford Dean, curator of armor of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a recent issue of the Museum's Bulletin.

The romance of collecting cannot better be illustrated, in this connection, than by an Italian Renaissance visor of the

visor was had. A search through private and public collections of armor some years ago revealed the fact that a visor in private hands was, in all probability, the one sought. The owner, an English gentleman, was not adverse to parting with it, but he held it at a figure which the Museum did not feel warranted in paying for even so great and unique a treasure. At the death of this English collector his art objects were sold at Christie's, and it was then that the Museum authorities succeeded in obtaining it after spirited bidding. When it reached the Museum it was found to fit the Dino casque perfectly, and without question to be the long-missing visor. Only a great artist in metal could have produced such a *chef-d'œuvre* as this casque and visor and great credit attaches to the ingenuity, scholarship, and vigilance which made possible the complete restoration of this masterpiece by the Museum's authorities.



Metropolitan Museum
Portrait of Cosimo II de' Medici, showing
the casque

mid-sixteenth century, recently acquired by the Museum, which proves indisputably to be the long-missing visor of a Renaissance casque which has, for some time, been in the Museum's armor collections, a casque which came from the Dino Collection. This casque figures as an *objet de décor* in a state portrait of Cosimo II de' Medici. It was from this portrait that hint of the design of the missing



Metropolitan Museum
Renaissance casque of the mid-sixteenth
century with the newly acquired and long
missing visor attached

Judge Hooper on Troubled Waters

By Ellis Parker Butler

AS Judge Lem Hooper, our eminent Justice of the Peace, eased himself into the barber's chair for his monthly hair-cut, Dr. Blick—who is Riverbank's most talkative dentist—greeted him from the next chair.

"Looks sort of stormy over in that Turkish neighborhood, Judge," he suggested.

"Shouldn't wonder, Joe; shouldn't wonder!" said Judge Hooper.

"You don't seem much worked up about it, anyway," said Dr. Blick.

"As a matter of fact, I ain't, Joe," admitted the Judge. "Since I had my house wired for electric lights I don't use hardly any kerosene at all; maybe a drop or two now and then when I've got a rusty screw I want to loosen up, but I guess a pint of coal oil lasts me pretty near five years these days. That ain't hardly enough to make me care who grabs the *casus belli*."

"Casusbelly?" queried Dr. Blick. "What's that, Judge? One of the districts over there? Sounds sort of Turkish to me; some place up around the Caucasus, ain't it?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe," said Judge Hooper. "The *casus belli* is what you find underneath, over in them foreign lands, when you pry up whatever it is they say they are going to war about. It's whatever you've got and I want, Joe, and what I'm going to take away from you if I can prove to the folks at home that you're a Mormon or a son of Satan or eat peas with your knife. Parabolically speaking, Joe, it is what the cop slips out of your pocket and into his own after he has righteously bumped you on the head for expectorating on the sidewalk. It may be a pint of rye or a slab of eating tobacco, but you never see it again. It is the perquisite of the Triumph of Right and the unsuspected melon the big lad knew was there all the while. Over yonder in Europe and the townships East and South thereof it has been anything from grass to gold, but now it's oil. It's what you need most in your business from time to time, Joe, whatever it may be.

"Long before the days of Noah, Joe, Gag, the king of Mogag, spake to his general, saying: 'Lo, my flocks have increased mightily and there is good grass in the land of Tilgath, king of Rubdub. And, behold, my anger is kindled against Tilgath, king of Rubdub, for that he weareth his whiskers curled, whereas all true believers wear them braided. Go ye, therefore, unto King Tilgath and smite him with the edge of the sword, and slay him, and exterminate him. And don't you fret about my flocks, general; they'll be along in a couple of weeks. And, by the way, general, if you see any other good grazing land find out who is the king

thereof and we'll see if we can't stir up some kind of a ruckus with him; we've got to corral the good grass country while the getting is good.'

"If the grass in the other fellow's meadow is good, Joe, the fact that you wear a belt while he prefers suspenders is a sufficient reason for smiting the sinful wretch. If you're big enough to grab him by the throat you can convert him to more seemly pant upholders and also persuade him to sign a nine hundred year lease of the lush pasture. And after you have the lease, Joe, what do you care whether he wears suspenders or belts or goes around in a kimono? Nothing!

"Once it was grass, Joe, and then it was good wheat for the Populi, then iron for the forge, and then again gold for the mint, and now it is oil for the navy and the tin lizzie. The *casus belli* is what you think you are going to need and know the other fellow has. If someone invented a ship that would burn ice, Joe, it would be only a couple of days before some premier discovered that the emperor of Greenland had insulted

his dear old flag and that the North Pole ought to pay an indemnity of a billion tons of ice per annum or be sawed off at the base. And, if there was no emperor of Greenland the premier would create one for insulting purposes only. At the present moment, Joe, there are scads of premiers eager to be insulted most distressfully by anyone who has a pool of crude oil in his backyard. If the Republic of Mexico, with the oil wells located thereon and

therein, should slip out from under Mr. Monroe's doctrine some night and settle down on and near the Black Sea you'd be surprised how the criminality of the rulers of the land of the Montezumas would burst into shocking proportions before breakfast the next morning. Troops would be on the way before noon, Joe, and every afternoon paper would have a biography of Cortez for which he could sue for libel if he wasn't so thoroughly dead.

"I'm just a little afraid, Joe, that you're so far from the scene of conflict that you can only see the big letters on the banner that say 'Civilization Must Be Preserved,' and can't see the little ones that add 'In Oil.' I suspect, Joe, that our own—so to speak—premier down at Washington is about the only one that don't smell like a gasoline tank these days; we want nothing but the right to run our car up alongside the Mesopotamian oil tank and buy at the market price, just like other folks. We ought to have that right, Joe, it seems to me, as long as we are free, white and twenty-one, but I don't see any good reason why we should take our canoe over there and dump it into troubled waters."



A Page of Recent Verse

Edited by Helen Louise Cohen

Head of Department of English, Washington Irving High School, New York

"As long as the young continue to be young, as long as love and religion continue to move men and women profoundly, as long as certain minds continue to take pleasure in severe and delicate art, so long, I conceive, poetry will continue to be enjoyed as 'a means of conversing with Paradise.'"

"When the Rose Falls" by Lilla Cabot Perry

(In Memory of Josephine Preston Peabody Marks.)

[The Boston Transcript.]

When the rose falls, the rich and fragrant rose!
And heart-red petals lie on the cold ground,
Gather them carefully, so silken fair!
And place them in your bosom where still glows
Remembrance of a generous beauty found
In none beside so abundant and so rare,
Untimely shaken from their parent stem,
The rose still keeps her fragrance in their breath;
When other flowers decay you cherish them,
The rose's gift! Sweetness outlasting Death.

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel S. Marks) died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., the 4th of this month. In the chronicle of American letters, she holds a distinguished place both as a poet and as a playwright. In 1910, with *The Piper*, she won the Shakespeare memorial prize offered for poetic drama at Stratford-on-Avon. The plot of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, an early poetic play of hers, is concerned with William Shakespeare and the false Mary Fytton. The quality of Mrs. Marks' blank verse is evident in these lines which Mary Fytton speaks:

"You ask not why I came here, Clouded Brow,
Will you not ask me why I stay? No word?
O blind, come lead the blind! For I, too,
Lack sight and every sense to linger here
And make me an intruder where I once
Was welcome, oh most welcome, as I dreamed.
Look on me, then. I do confess, I have
Too often preened my feathers in the sun
And thought to rule a little by my wit.
I have been spendthrift with men's offerings
To use them like a nosegay—tear apart,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf, until
I found the heart all bare, the curious heart
I longed to see for once, and cast away.
And so, at first, with you. . . Ah, now I think
You're wise. There's naught so fair, so . . . curious.
So precious-rare to find as honesty.
'Twas all a child's play then, a counting-off
Of petals. Now I know. . . But ask me why
I come unheralded, and in a mist
Or circumstance and strangeness. Listen, love;
Well, then, dead love, if you will have it so.
I have been cunning, cruel—what you will:
And yet the days of late have seemed too long
Even for summer! Something called me here.
And so I flung my pride away and came,
To say once more—to say . . ."

In 1896, *The Shropshire Lad*, by A. E. Housman, was published. It has been described as a collection of "exquisite, haunting and almost perfect songs." After twenty-six years Housman gives to the world a second slim volume of original lyrics, which he has called *Last Poems*, and to which he prefixes this prologue:

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut;
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more,
Oh, we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

Interest in the writing of epigrams seems to have revived. Hilaire Belloc has just published a series from which the following examples of the form are chosen. The epigram as a literary type was first composed by the ancient Greeks; it was used to inscribe tombs, statues and monuments. These epigrams were brief verses marked by great simplicity of style. It was the Roman writers who converted the epigram to the uses of satire. Since Elizabethan days the epigram has been common in the works of our prose writers as well as our poets. Alexander Pope is probably the greatest master of the form in English. Hilaire Belloc's natural bent towards satire is expressed in his novels as well as in his verse. He is distinguished also as a historian, an essayist, as the author of a famous book of travels, and as a religious and romantic poet.

"Epigrams" by H. Belloc

[The London Mercury.]

ON HIS BOOKS.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

ON NOMAN, A GUEST.

Dear Mr. Noman, does it ever strike you,
The more we see of you, the less we like you?

THE TELEPHONE.

Tonight in million-voiced London I
Was lonely as the million-pointed sky
Until your single voice. Ah! so the Sun
Peoples all heaven, although he be but one!

EPITAPH ON THE FAVORITE DOG OF A POLITICIAN.

Here lies a Dog: may every Dog that dies
Lie in security—as this Dog lies.

ON THE LITTLE GOD.

Of all the gods that gave me all their glories
Today there deigns to walk with me but one.
I lead him by the hand and tell him stories.
It is the Queen of Cyprus' little son.

ON A DEAD HOSTESS.

Of this bad world the loveliest and the best
Has smiled and said, "Good Night," and gone to rest.

ON A SLEEPING FRIEND.

Lady, when your lovely head
Droops to sink among the Dead,
And the quiet places keep
You that so divinely sleep;
Then the dead shall blessed be
With a new solemnity,
For such Beauty, so descending,
Pledges them that Death is ending.
Sleep your fill—but when you wake
Dawn shall over Lethe break.

New Books and Old

Books of the Week

LYRIC FORMS FROM FRANCE; THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR USE. By Helen Louise Cohen. Harcourt, Brace.

Three-fourths of the book is devoted to an anthology of English poems written in the French forms. A book to covet.

THE MCKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATIONS; 1897-1909. By James Ford Rhodes. Macmillan.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE. By Waldemar Bonsels. Seltzer.

An illustrated story for children.

AMERICANS. By Stuart P. Sherman. Scribner.

Essays from various books and periodicals. On American figures in literature and politics.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By James M. Beck. Doran.

Mr. Beck's lectures in Gray's Inn, London.

LAST POEMS. By A. E. Housman. Holt.

By the author of "A Shropshire Lad."

THE hero of Mr. Morley's "Where the Blue Begins" searches the world for the ideal happiness which he thinks he may find where the blue rim of the sky meets the earth. In the end he finds what he seeks near the blue flame of his own furnace fire. The comments about novels which I see in various weekly reviews are seldom to be compared in good sense, insight, and taste, with the ones written by Mr. Boynton, and usually printed on the page next to this. Many writers of reviews have expressed their dislike for Mr. Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles"; so far as I have discovered, Mr. Boynton, alone, put his finger on the author's weakness. He wrote: ". . . He is a lauded novelist and commentator on American life. He has the reporter's cynical inside information about that life, and the half-alien's contemptuous misunderstanding of its spirit. Like so many of his contemporaries and compatriots, he has an unerring eye for half the truth about us—the unseemly half."

In describing his canvass for the office of Governor of New York, Oscar S. Straus writes in "Under Four Administrations" (Houghton Mifflin): "One of my slogans was that I was the 'unbossed candidate of the unbossed people.' One day up in the northern part of the State I was speaking on a raised platform in the open, and, as usual, my time was limited by the train

schedule. A member of the committee told my wife, who was sitting behind me, that the train would leave in a few minutes, and that it was time for me to stop, and just as I got to the middle of the phrase, 'unbossed candidate—' she pulled my coat-tail as a signal for me to stop. At that moment I was quite evidently not the 'unbossed candidate' that I professed to be, and the audience laughed and cheered with amusement. I think that bit of bossing, however, did not cost me any votes."

From that admirable collection, "Lyric Forms from France" (Harcourt, Brace) selected by Helen Louise Cohen, these verses by G. K. Chesterton:

A BALLADE OF A BOOK-REVIEWER

I have not read a rotten page
Of "Sex-Ilate" or "The Social Test,"
And here comes "Husks" and "Heritage"...
O Moses, give us all a rest!
"Ethics of Empire!" . . . I protest
I will not even cut the strings,
I'll read "Jack Redskin on the Quest"
And feed my brain with better things.

Somebody wants a Wiser Age
(He also wants me to invest);
Somebody likes the Finnish Stage
Because the Jesters do not jest;
And grey with dust is Dante's crest,
The bell of Rabelais soundless swings;
And the winds come out of the west
And feed my brain with better things.

Lord of our laughter and our rage,
Look on us with our sins oppressed!
I, too, have trodden mine heritage,
Wickedly wearying of the best.
Burn from my brain and from my breast
Sloth, and the cowardice that clings,
And stiffness and the soul's arrest:
And feed my brain with better things.

ENVOI

Prince, you are host and I am guest,
Therefore I shrink from cavillings . . .
But I should have that fizz suppressed
And feed my brain with better things.

In the essay on Walt Whitman, in his "Americans" (Scribner), Mr. Stuart Sherman writes: "I hate literature," said Whitman, conversing in Camden with colloquial over-emphasis. What he meant was that he rejected the famous 'play-theory' of art and looked with disdain upon *belles-lettres* in their merely recreative and decorative aspects. . . . Whitman conceived of his mission from first to last as moral and spiritual; and nothing could be sillier than the current criticism which derides a sense of mission in the poet and at the same time proudly salutes Whitman as the chief American poet. It is as if one should say, 'I am very fond of walnuts, but I don't like the meats.' . . ."

Whitman repeats, "from youth to grey old age," these words: "I am a radical of radicals." Beside this utterance one should place his golden words to Traubel: "Be radical; be radical; be not too damned radical." On the occasion of his centenary celebration there was much inconclusive discussion as to whether, had he lived in these days, he would have been a "Bolshev-

vist." "If Whitman had lived at the right place in these years of the Proletarian Millennium, he would have been hanged as a reactionary member of the *bourgeoisie*. First, he distrusts schemes of doctrinaires instituting a new order in sudden and violent contravention of nature:

"Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?

Or argument on paper? or by arms?

Nay, nor the world, nor any living thing,
will so cohere.'"

From "Last Poems" (Holt), by A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Lad":

In midnights of November,
When Dead Man's Fair is nigh,
And danger in the valley,
And anger in the sky.

Around the huddling homesteads
The leafless timber roars,
And the dead call the dying
And finger at the doors.

Oh, yonder faltering fingers
Are hands I used to hold;
Their false companion drowns
And leaves them in the cold.

Oh, to the bed of ocean,
To Africk and to Ind,
I will arise and follow
Along the rainy wind.

The night goes out and under
With all its train forlorn;
Hues in the east assemble
And cocks crow up the morn.

The living are the living
And dead the dead will stay,
And I will sort with comrades
That face the beam of day.

It is instructive, amusing, and pathetic to recall the days when Mr. Hearst—with his "infinite capacity for giving pains"—was picturing Mark Hanna as "a huge monster clad in a suit covered over with dollar marks, smoking an immense cigar, and trampling under foot women and children until their eyes protruded from the sockets and their skeleton forms writhed in agony."

James Ford Rhodes, in his "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations" (Macmillan), recalls these days, and pictures the Hanna which most men today believe to have been somewhat nearer the true one.

The iconoclasts are at work with Li Po. Dr. Giles says that this Chinese poet fell overboard one night and was drowned, as he attempted—in a moment of excitement due to wine—to embrace the reflection of the moon in the water. Other biographers, while repeating far more discreditable stories about the poet, reject this one with great show of indignation—why, I can not see. Mr. Shigeyoshi Obata, a Japanese scholar and lover of Chinese literature, has translated "The Works of Li Po" (Dutton) into English. There is much biographical material and criticism also from the Chinese.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Book Reviews

Fate and Several Women

LILIAN. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Co. 1922.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. The Macmillan Company. 1922.

DITTE: TOWARD THE STARS. By Martin Nexö. Henry Holt and Co. 1922.

THE ROOM. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. 1922.

IMPRESSIONIST (or expressionist) critics of the hour strongly condemn all dusty and backward persons who like to set their thoughts in order. Nothing could be, as it were, more out of order. What business is it of a free voyager to take his bearings or note the landmarks or keep his eye on chart and compass? When a liberal-minded critic reads a new book, he must not let himself be reminded of any other book or kind of book. He must not glance over his shoulder at the past or peer ahead into the future. Let him focus his gaze steadily on a point some three inches in front of his nose, and say what he sees, without fear or favor. If, owing to conditions, he is slightly cross-eyed and crude-voiced, at least he is not a parrot or a pigeon-holer. . . . Still, one may choose to be intelligible rather than brilliant or self-expressive, and in such case few books can be handled as isolated phenomena. Things do hang together, history does repeat or echo itself, and the first thing Adam invented on his own account was a category.

We cannot read a story like Mr. Bennett's "Lilian" as if it had dropped out of space into a desert. It reminds us of Mr. Bennett and of the world he lives in, both of which we can't help knowing something about. Fear not, reader, I am not going to complain that "Lilian" is inferior to "The Old Wives' Tale." You are right, it is time we stopped throwing that early masterpiece in its creator's face. This is the Bennett of "Buried Alive" and "Mr. Prohack." I find myself ranging it thus, and owing to myself that "Buried Alive" is on the whole my favorite piece of Bennett, just as "Mr. Polly" is my favorite piece of Wells. This leads me to the reflection that the kind of plebeian comedy represented in these two books may perhaps be recognized in the end as a distinctive early-twentieth-century contribution to the English novel. And I find myself totting up a considerable number of books of similar type which might be cited in an exposition of this theory. . . . But this, of course, will not do, we must get on with our necessary comment on "Lilian" and the other books of the moment which it is our business to deal with.

"Lilian" is not an impressive book. Whether or not it belongs to Bennett's best brand, it certainly falls short of his best quality. It comes pretty near being a "second." It is a novel turned out by a professional hand, capably but without especial enthusiasm in the process or distinction in the product.

It is the novel of a writer who once learned to work twenty-four hours a day and still turns out copy pretty much as it comes. The modern girl of business who leaves her typewriter to become her employer's mistress is a commonplace of current fiction. So is the curt, jaunty, and carelessly verbose style to which this narrative casually descends. "The purchasing of the type-writing business by Felix had changed Miss Grig's life from top to bottom. It had transformed her from a relic festering in sloth and frustration into the eager devotee of a sane and unassailable cult. The business was her perversity, her passion." Bennett, the journalist, dashes off this kind of thing. Bennett the artist would never tolerate a relic festering in frustration, or a perverted devotee of a sane cult.

Still, having set his hand to a Lilian the artist in Bennett does not permit total commonplace. Lilian is not the usual type of stenographer-mistress. She is old wine in the new bottle, an old-fashioned sentimental female, for whom economic independence is no treat whatever. What she longs for is love with ease. When these offer themselves, in due course, she yields without the slightest struggle or regret. It happens that her lover is an honest and loyal soul; and his death leaves Lilian a widow and an heiress as well as a prospective mother. Being all these things satisfies and enthalls her; she is no longer a raw girl but a woman fulfilled and crowned. That is the moral and it suffices.

In "The Optimist," "E. M. Delafield" does herself better justice than in most of her later novels. That first book, "Zella Sees Herself," perhaps gave us extravagant notions of what we were to look for thereafter from its author. It was a comedy of character with a new note, or at least a fresh flavor. The only thing it reminded the incorrigible remindee of was that least imitable of old masterpieces, "Emma." Zella was an Emma of less dignity and a more minute egotism; you felt how alive she was, and by degrees grew fond of her as you might of, say, an irritating niece or cousin. There was a story to her, also, and it held some striking secondary portraits. "E. M. Delafield's" later novels showed a sharpening rather than a deepening of the comedy strain. They are too consciously satirical and clever. They lay bare the foibles and pusillanimities of human nature, especially feminine nature, with an unction which at last ceases to be amusing and becomes monotonous. One resents this malicious insistence upon the obvious. Certainly it is not nice to be a silly ass or a hypocrite or a bounder of either sex; but what of it? We don't believe the world is chiefly made up of such people; and if it is we had rather pretend that it is not than gloat over the sorry fact. "The

Optimist" is handicapped as a story by the caricature of its central male figure. The truth is, this writer, like so many of the not youngest generation, still actively resents Queen Victoria. Canon Morchard is a Victorian boggy triple-distilled—as parson, as pedagogue, and as paterfamilias. His cult of idealism and "optimism" is really the indulgence of a hopeless egoist and sentimentalist. He is not consciously a hypocrite, he simply cannot understand any sort of reality. His pompous verbiage and hollow platitudes have a beautiful sound to his own ear. For him they do mean something, if only the safety of convention and the glory of authority. He is a good boggy. But what really makes the story interesting as a story is the account of his family, of his daughters, especially Lucilla, and of how they manage to weather his sentimental tyranny and to make honest lives of their own. Owen and Lucilla are persons in a comedy—realistic or romantic?—of no mean order.

"Ditte: Towards the Stars" completes the second Nexö trilogy which we now possess in an admirable English version. "Ditte" and "Pelle the Conqueror" are companion-pieces in a more than casual sense. Together they express the author's conviction of the beauty and sacredness of human nature, under whatever squalor of fact it may be clouded. No naturalist goes more ruthlessly into unsavory detail, on occasion. The filthiness of slum conditions and manners are not glozed over or taken for granted; a squeamish reader may now and then wish they were—a little more, at least. But this is not the Northern way. In Nexö, in Bojer, in Hamsun, even in Lagerlöf—as in their predecessors Almqvist and Jacobsen, and of course Ibsen—the harsh, clear fact is always visible; but so are the wistful stars above it. Poor Ditte, what chance has she? Nameless fruit of a casual mating, she is to be the mother of four nameless ones. Born to poverty, she is to spend her brief years in an endless planless skirmish with cold and hunger and the ineptitudes of fate. Yet she is hardly more than a girl in years when she has become "Mother Ditte" to more than her own children. What she has, little as it is and hardly come by, is for any one who needs it. She is generous and im-provident as the sun. But she is free from wantonness, too, and no need is urgent enough to make her sell herself to gain money. It is wonderful how her creator makes us believe in her essential cleanness and soundness and beneficence. Death takes her early, and the world is the poorer for her passing. But Nexö does not present her as a prodigy: "She was merely one of the nameless multitude," and found her natural resting-place in the pauper's corner of the cemetery. Something—much—of her basic goodness we find in all the poor circle of her neighbors and dependents. All, we see, are making their way, however slowly and blindly, towards the stars. "No man," says the chronicler, on his closing page of this

record, musing over Ditte, "is a replica of another, nor will he ever be repeated." Yet it is plain that to Nexö the individual is chiefly important as he embodies the basic goodness of humanity. His final question about Ditte is, "Did she succeed in softening hearts?"

A little belated and quaint, isn't it? a question that would lay away Nexö, if he were an Englishman or an American, in the dusty attic of Victorianism. It is odd how we tolerate Scandinavian sentiment, when all other is sniffed at. Perhaps there is something that comforts and reassures us in the robust faith expressed by Nexö here, as by Bojer in "The Great Hunger," and Hamsun in "Growth of the Soil." What if, after all, man is not merely a bull in a china shop, or a monkey in a garden, or a hollow little god who builds his own pedestal, knowing that he is hollow?

Well—no light is thrown, or attempted to be thrown, on such questions as these by a book like "The Room." G. B. Stern (like E. M. Delafield, F. Tennyson Jesse, Richard Dehan, and others, current novelists, is an English woman, not a man). She is extremely "modern": this is an up-to-the-minute comedy of individualism. In the Maxwell family we have our latest picture of the jarring helpless communism of the Family Circle. The Maxwell domicile is needlessly crowded. Crowding and lack of privacy are accepted and endured as a matter of course by all but one member of the family. The girl Ursula is looked upon as strange because of her offish ways. Always she yearns for a place of her own, a corner to which she may withdraw for a moment, at least, to be herself. For a time chance gives her the treasure of a room of her own. But the enemy, in the person of a parasitic permanent guest, is at her door; and she presently, for a communal cause, yields up her citadel.

She then seeks escape in marriage, but the unbounded intimacies of love cannot content her long. After a time she perceives that for her love no longer exists. "Doug," so she sums him up indifferently to a third person for whom she has no regard, "Doug—oh, he's noisy and cheap romantic, and jumps over tea-tables; that's not the harm in him. But he can't be faithful. And that goes as deep as he goes. And so he grabs your lonely dreams—and gives back nothing." Ursula is quite detached about it; but the pressure of the enemy is too strong for her. She lets herself be persuaded to go back to her prison and her unloved husband, because she sees no real freedom ahead for her in any other course. There is nothing generous about either her revolt or her submission. She is merely an ordinary individual with more than ordinary sensitiveness caught in the family web.

The best and worst to be said of this book is that it is brilliant. The people are too brilliant, they talk far too uniformly "like a book."

H. W. BOYNTON

Sex Obsession

FANTASIA OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1922.

MR. LAWRENCE says that his philosophy (Don Marquis in the blurb of the jacket assures us that it is a philosophy) is deduced from his novels, not his novels from his philosophy. I will leave the deduction to those who are more familiar with the novels than I am, who have only skimmed two or three of them in which I found no philosophy unless sex obsession counts as such. The real problem of the book is Mr. Lawrence's sincerity, and an established and probably salutary convention forbids us to challenge that. "Let us pronounce the mystic Om, and then proceed," is his invocation. "Now I am going to launch words into space, so mind your cosmic eye." And in similar strain the epilogue dedicates the book to Columbia, or the Liberty Statue, who is implored "not to look down her nose and bawl: do you see anything green in my eye?" Mr. Lawrence protests a little too much that he sees nothing green in Columbia's eye, but only the golden gleam of the "nice little carrot-slices of guineas and doubloons with which she rewards the innumerable asses who collect them in their lecture tours, and brag over them with fairly pandemoniac yells of gratification." He demands no such aureate guerdon in return for his posies, but only Columbia's afternoon-tea compliment "Oh, they'll keep forever, Mr. Lawrence, such perfectly lovely-colored ideas." After that, we take Mr. Lawrence's rhapsody seriously at our own risk. He wrote this nice little posy of words and wisdom in the Black Forest last summer, and sees no reason why anyone should read it "unless, of course, he is a critic who wishes to scribble a dollar's worth of words, no matter how."

He discourses at large and at random of education, babies, relativity, Freud, Einstein, husbands and wives, how to tell a child "the facts of life," the Oedipus-complex, sleep and dreams, the lower self, puberty, adolescence, and always and everywhere of sex. "To your tents, O Israel," is the transition that brings him back to his theme, when the winged fancies have roamed too far. He probably is in earnest in his protest against bookishness and abstraction in modern education, and in his warning against premature titillation or romantic idealization of the sex-instinct. He doubtless believes that the salvation of man is to preserve his constructive purposiveness from disintegration by the emotionalism of women. He may intend sincerely the admonition that sentimental family love is dangerous because excitement of the higher sympathetic centres always spreads to the lower, and he perhaps does powerfully and potently believe that "husbands and wives should never swallow their bile, but fly at it tooth and nail." But it is the more probable and charitable supposition

that he writes with his tongue in his cheek, and his eye on the lunatic fringe of Columbia's robe when he tells her that "woman is really polarized downward towards the centre of the earth;" that "it is from the hypogastric plexus and the sacred ganglion that the dark forces of manhood and womanhood sparkle"; and that "the moon is polarized with the lumbar ganglion primarily in man."

When I see the word polarity in a book, said Huxley (not Aldous), somewhere, I close the book. But the readers for whom Mr. Lawrence dreamed his phantasia and chanted this rhapsody, will rather say in his own words, "But it doesn't much matter what we see. It's nice just to look round anywhere."

PAUL SHOREY

Why the Farm Bloc?

THE AGRICULTURAL BLOC. By Arthur Capper. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

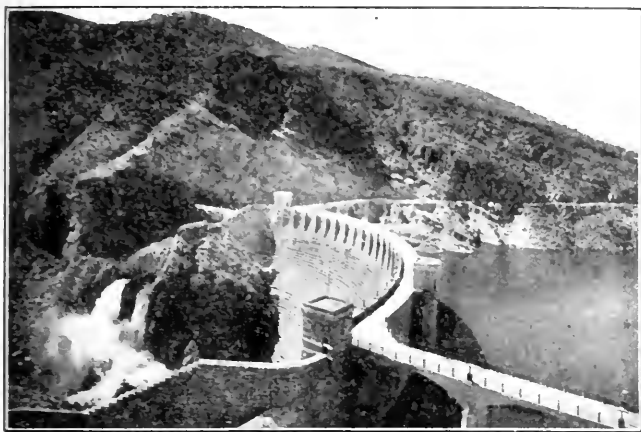
WHATEVER his financial position, whether or not he has on the whole made progress toward a competence, the average farmer has a definite feeling that he is suffering discrimination as compared with his fellows in the industrial and business world. This idea was making considerable progress a decade ago, and the readjustment period has intensified it. All through the farm States has been a rising tide of discontent; prices for products were out of relation with prices of commodities, and the deflation of the farmstead's income made debts loom terrifyingly. It was inevitable that there should be some expression of this in politics and in legislation. Possibilities existed—and perhaps yet exist—for a positive agrarian movement similar to that of the nineties; demands for relief in marketing, credit, taxation, are voiced not merely by individuals, but by vast organizations of farmers which have become important factors in shaping legislation, State and Federal.

Senator Arthur Capper came to the Upper House from a four-year term as Governor of Kansas; he is publisher of the most widely circulated group of farm papers in the country; he is particularly interested in the farmer's welfare and keeps in touch with his constituency by a personal correspondence said to be larger than that of any other member of Congress. Feeling that agricultural interests were not adequately represented in Congress, he early began the formation of a union of those members of both houses whose interests were distinctly affiliated with production. This at first, as he describes in an earnest volume, was an informal gathering; later it assumed more definite lines and became known as the "agricultural bloc." He names the twelve Senators who started the movement; twelve more joined later, making one-fourth of the Senate bound to a similar purpose. Its object was not to foment radicalism; indeed, he declares it actually was a palliative

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By Everett Franklin



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Regard those colors! Blues, sapphires, oranges, reds, and greens spill off the sides of the crags, precipices and mountains like paints off a palette. Great blue spaces arch overhead and a cool breeze is blowing. Although you know that these are tremendous distances, it seems as though you had but to stretch out your hand to grasp the Apache Mountains.

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The Apache Trail, once the haunt of ferocious savages, now an automobile highway, runs for 120 miles between Globe and Phoenix in southern Arizona.

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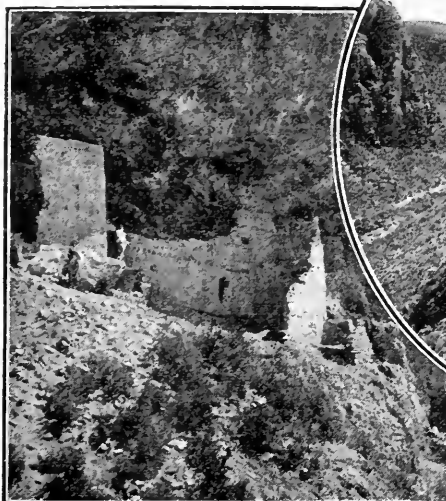
You are now in the lower Salt River region, and green fields and orchards are on every hand. All is fertility and prosperity and the climate reminds you of California.

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that directed a farm population which was already "jumpy" and which had given some heed to "professional agitators who lived through leading insurgent movements," into calmer paths of intelligent thinking, toward sane methods of bringing relief from their condition. With a purchasing power rated at 100 in 1913, rising to 112 in 1918, and now only 71, it was essential to the establishment of our producing area that there should be some changes in order that the basis of the nation's prosperity might be preserved.

The bloc, he asserts, does not claim to be responsible wholly for the many agricultural measures adopted by the Congress last summer, but it focused the attention of members upon the importance of action. Among these he names the extension of the Emergency tariff on farm products, the high tariff on such products in the Fordney tariff bill, additional deposit for the farm land bank, the packer control bill, and the McNary bill, amending the War Finance Corporation's powers to furnish further farm credit. It is entirely possible that Congress would not have turned a deaf ear to the needs of the farmers in any event, for the country realized fully how essential was assistance. A long list of matters is yet on the programme of the bloc. Senator Capper declares that it has become the fashion to charge the bloc with every measure containing any agricultural motif; on the contrary, he insists that it has a well-defined programme backed by the farmers' and stockmen's organizations and worked out after much discussion and investigation, and is not sponsor for every bill labeled "farm legislation." He realizes that a national programme of agricultural advancement can not be established in a day; it must be evolved gradually "through the steady growth of knowledge and appreciation by large numbers of people." To accomplish this is his idea of the mission of the bloc.

Not all political economists agree that the best method of legislating for this country is the breaking up of Congress into organized groups. Therein is seen a danger of class legislation and of log-rolling that has the same undesirable results as that method in a rivers-and-harbors appropriation. The farmer's argument is, of course, that other interests have their blocs—or, what amount to the same thing, groups that give special attention to their demands—and that he is entitled to similar representation. Recent events in Congress indicate that more blocs are in the making, and we may see some interesting clashes of interest growing therefrom. What would be far better than a bloc system would be a general recognition on the part of our lawmakers that the financial and social interests of the country are one and inseparable and that legislation should be framed for all. With this spirit we should have no need of blocs, and the farmer, occupying as he does a leading place in the foundation of our national prosperity, would be amply considered. The "agricultural bloc," believing that this has not been done, proposes to hold

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its lines firmly until it accomplishes the things it believes will enhance the farmer's interests. Mr. Capper has given a calm and dispassionate review of its reasons, impressing the reader by his sincerity. Perhaps the *bloc's* plans will bring improvement of conditions; perhaps its members are over-enthusiastic, but at any rate they have brought farm problems prominently to the fore.

C. M. HARGER

A Defense of England's Policy Towards Ireland

IRELAND'S WOES AND BRITAIN'S WILES.
By Andrew Gerrie. Boston: The Stratford Publishing Co.

THIS is a breezy little book, containing a good deal of sound common sense, considerable exaggeration, bold general statements to which a critic might be unmerciful, some sparkling humor, and an excellent spirit of Anglo-American friendship. It abounds in slang, with many a sentence that jars upon the ear like a discord in music, and is punctuated on no principle which one can discover or at which one can even guess. But the slang is often expressive, the sentences would sound well enough in conversation, and by rearranging the commas it is always possible to find out what sense was intended. Amid the innumerable tropes and metaphors with which the book is strewn, while a good many are dull, there are a few whose originality is refreshing.

Mr. Gerrie tells us that the essays which he has here collected were written in the first instance "with very little thought that they would ever see light from the printed page." They are taken from memoranda, diary jottings, and letters sent to a friend from time to time during the Great War and afterwards. The marks of such miscellaneous character and such casual composition are indeed unmistakable. There is little connecting thread, except for a persistent irritation about the Irish-Americans. The successive chapters do not "lead naturally"—as writers say—to one another. The whole is just a transcript of the very varied thoughts which kept revolving through Mr. Gerrie's mind during the period since August, 1914, and in which the faults of Ireland mingle with all other faults as partly illustrative and partly explanatory. The author felt driven to historical reminiscence, and he has often reflected to good purpose. It is clear that he is something of a Democrat in American politics, an admirer of ex-President Wilson, violently resentful towards the Senate for its attitude to the League of Nations, and unspeakably disgusted with both sides in the Presidential campaign of 1920. He loves and adores England, blesses the Nonconformists, hates and ridicules the Pope, despises Irish malcontents, abuses "the Hun," mocks Christian Science, and has a radiant faith in Chiropractic.

But, in fidelity to his title, Mr. Gerrie finds something to say about the

Irish even in the most remote fields of his imaginative ramble. He is enraged by the falsehoods and rhetorical irrelevancies that garnish the language of Sinn Fein propagandists. He sees, too, among his fellow Americans a malignant tendency to traduce England, and sets himself to correct this by dwelling upon the great services which the English have rendered to the world's civilization. He discusses "National Characteristics" with very real insight into some sides of the English temperament, and in a mood sharply critical towards the faults and prejudices of his compatriots. Without ignoring or dismissing the current charges of British imperialistic selfishness, Mr. Gerrie argues with much force that the English have a record which will bear scrutiny far better than the glib Sinn Fein rhetoric recognizes. We are reminded of the spirit of fairness and patience by which their world empire has been consolidated and sustained, of the general freedom which their influence has fostered, of the debt which American popular institutions owe to the British model from which they were derived, of the proof afforded by the united effort during the war that the "colonies" are no unwilling vassals of a tyrannical state.

The book will be provocative of controversy, and will bring upon the author the same kind of reproach which in some quarters was rained upon Mr. Owen Wister for "The Ancient Grudge." Perhaps even British readers will be disposed to think it over-generous in its charity towards historical British faults. Mr. Lloyd George will scarcely endorse all that Mr. Gerrie has said in defense of the South African War, and Liberals in the British House of Commons will suggest that there is more to regret in the past relations of England with India, with Egypt, with Ireland, than this rosy apologist has observed. But he means well, and for his anger there has been much provocation. Ireland's enemies have indeed been much helped by the Irish-American fanatics, and her best friends have been made ashamed. It is surprising that books of this sort have not appeared in larger numbers from the pen of many a justly indignant writer. But Mr. Gerrie makes the English slate just a little too clean, and he proves a little too much. He must forgive me if I conjecture that he has spent so much time over Irish-American pamphlets as to have been unwittingly infected with the explosive way of expressing themselves which pamphleteers in that field have cultivated. One could wish that he knew Anglo-Irish history with more exactness, that he were not so reckless in dogmatic statement on problems he has obviously not probed to the bottom, and that he realized better how a cause may be good though it has been discredited by the propaganda of charlatans and burlesqued by the antics of fools. In denying, as he seems to deny, that there has been any genuine Irish grievance for several generations back, he will find himself in conflict not only

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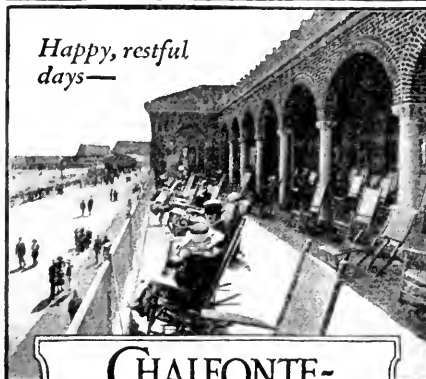
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with "Paddy Fein" on Boston Common, but with every historian and every statesman in Great Britain, including those whom he most admires. Here and there in his book we come across a dash of really suggestive wit. One can forgive Mr. Gerrie much for this

quite penetrating comment on the Irishman: "He might be a little more companionable to the rest of the human race if he would walk with his face looking forward and not backward."

HERBERT L. STEWART

When Is a Pacifist Not a Pacifist?

To the Editor of *The Independent*:

As a man who has reviewed a great many hundreds of books, I know that it is difficult for a reviewer to read carefully every book which comes before him. But the review of "Disenchantment," by Captain C. E. Montague, O.B.E., appearing in *The Independent* on November 4, betrays that the reviewer not only did not read the book carefully, but that he did not read it at all. Moreover, he seems not to have even read the jacket blurb, nor the many reviews which have appeared in periodicals over the country.

It is interesting to compare the tone of the *Independent* review, which assumes that Captain Montague, one of the first grand Contemptsibles, who enlisted at an age near fifty when the call to arms first arose, who served his years on the battle front in the mud and the muck, who fought the fight as bravely as any man fought it—that this Montague is a pacifist.

In the opening paragraphs of "Disenchantment" Montague laughs at the disillusioned youngsters who have come back to write the literature of disappointment.

What Montague says in "Disenchantment" is what every man who volunteered in the army knows—and that is that he was a deal sight better than the man who was too cowardly to fight. If there is anyone who is the very antithesis of a pacifist, it is Montague. With sharp swords of words he cuts those cowardly souls who stayed in London bomb proofs, and while they shrieked of slaughter, were too afraid to go and fight.

Even a cursory examination of "Disenchantment" would show the *Independent* reviewer the gross error into which he has stumbled and fallen.

J. E. ROGERS, Brentano's.

The Reviewer's Answer

The writer of the foregoing letter is mistaken in thinking that I did not read "Disenchantment," and the jacket blurb as well. I also read many of the reviews of it, some of them so laudatory that they misled purchasers. I am aware of Mr. Montague's position in journalism, and of his war record as given in "Who's Who," having looked up both points before I wrote my comment. If Mr. Rogers, of the Publicity Department of Brentano's, will do me the honor to read what I wrote further about "Disenchantment" (in *The Independent*, Nov. 11, before he wrote his letter), he will see there that I refer to Mr. Montague as "a gallant soldier."

Emphatically, I do not withdraw the word "pacifist" or "pacifistic" in connection with the book, however, any

more than I would accept the fact that Tolstoi was once a soldier as proving that the philosophy of his writings was not pacifistic. The philosophy of "Disenchantment" is what is generally termed, today, pacifism; I know no other name for it. The book was most highly praised by writers who were in sympathy with its political views; admirably written in many passages as it is, it is nevertheless a political pamphlet.

The reviews which spoke at great length about its "beauty," and failed to speak of its political tendencies, seem to me to be concealing something which their readers had a right to know. Just as some advocates of total abstinence used to feel justified in exaggerating the dangers of alcohol, so a great many admirable, peace-loving people seem to think that war is so wicked that it is permissible to misrepresent and distort the horrors and discomforts of army life. If they present their arguments in beautiful, flowing prose, they appear to think that this, and the righteousness of their cause, should forbid anybody to point out that their logic is fallacious.

After my very mild criticism of the book, it may interest some reader to look up the review of it in the *New York Times Book Review* (Nov. 19, 1922, page 6), as the comments there, if they are too severe, are at least an antidote to the flowery praise with which the book was greeted, at first, in some quarters. The writer in the *Times* calls it "a sour and scornful view of the British War effort;" the author, he points out, "quotes a non-com as palliating the savagery of the enemy by saying the British would have done the same things" (a charge which I find lacking in "beauty"), and this reviewer adds that "there is not a page in this book that shows any appreciation of the well-tested bravery and splendid self-sacrifice of the British soldier in the great war. It is one long wail of detraction and ugly insinuation. Any one sorting over the garbage of humanity can find noxious things. . . ."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

A beautiful anthology of poetry has been made by Mary Gould Davis, and called "The Girl's Book of Verse" (Stokes, \$2). This collection, to which Dorothy Canfield furnishes an introduction, may suffer some limitation in its audience because of its name; as a matter of fact it is a brief but admirable selection of old and new English poetry, which may be enjoyed by anybody, old or young, girl or boy, man or woman, as long as he or she can care at all for our best poetry.

Music

Opera and Concerts

THE Metropolitan Opera House continues its slow and almost imperceptible descent into apathy. The first performance of "Parsifal" this season took place on Friday, December 8, and was a doleful exhibition of mediocrity in its general treatment. No one in authority appeared to have exercised any inspiring spirit. In fact, the performance seemed to indicate a woeful want of respect for the composer and the public. The latter must have scented something, for it bravely stayed away and left some rows of empty seats to receive the lugubrious wailings of Curt Taucher, the new German tenor, who appeared as Parsifal, and Margaret Matzenauer, the not new Austrian contralto, who persists in trying to scale the inaccessible heights of soprano rôles far above the natural range of her voice.

Paul Bender, the new German bass, presented a noble and plastic Gurnemanz in the place of the animated wooden image usually seen. Mr. Bender, it is to be regretted, is a bad singer. His ponderous voice is entirely beyond his control, and his text sometimes transforms itself in strange manners. But he has the theatrical instinct in generous measure and an artist's skill in composing character. He belongs to the Wagnerian race of singing actors and is one of its most admirable children. In parts such as Gurnemanz, in which dialogue predominates, he can succeed despite his lack of vocal skill. Mr. Whitehill's Amfortas continues to be one of the valuable assets of the Metropolitan Opera House "Parsifal." It is a pity it has not also a conductor who is less prone to soporific methods than the weary Mr. Bodanzky. A new stage manager, Wilhelm von Wymetal, had bravely battled against the hardened conventions and stupefying indifference of the house, but his labors had been only half successful.

It would not do to drop the opera without mention of the first performance of Catalani's "Loreley" this season. Some persons deluded themselves into the belief that this work would not be shelved at the end of last season, but they failed to acquaint themselves with the possibilities of the title rôle as a medium for the art of Mme. Frances Alda. The opera itself is of slight substance, but a prima donna assoluta who is in search of new worlds can not be chided for seeking the Rhine gold in its lair.

Meanwhile it is worthy of note that Mr. Gatti-Casazza imported one exceptionally excellent prima donna with his Teutonic invoice. This is Mme. Sigrid Onegin, a Swede, but a noted interpreter of Wagnerian rôles. Her Brangäne in "Tristan und Isolde" was the forthstanding impersonation of the performance, such a Brangäne indeed as the Metropolitan has not known since Olive Fremstad. Mme. Onegin has also been heard in song recital, and in this field proved herself to be an artist even

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greater than in opera. Hers is a grand voice, one of splendid depth and power, and she sings not only with temperament, but with respect for musical art, which is something altogether too many singers neglect.

The return of Mr. Paderewski is one of the historical items of the season. His recital was not entirely satisfying. He was extremely nervous, and through half the programme treated the piano very rudely. After he entered the Beethoven sonata he became calm and began to play like a master, and when he reached the Chopin group he played like the demi-god of public fancy thirty years ago. But his best art was shown when he appeared as soloist with the Symphony Society, playing Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. This was indeed a lofty and beautiful interpretation of a masterpiece. It was Paderewski at his best, a wizard of piano tone and a poet in conception and communication.

On December 7 the Philharmonic Society produced Arnold Schoenberg's orchestral arrangement of two of Bach's choral preludes, compositions originally made for the organ. Mr. Schoenberg, it seems, fashioned these arrangements at Mr. Stransky's request. In spite of an array of instruments (E flat and B flat clarinets, bass clarinets, oboes, English horns, bassoons, and double bassoons), intended to imitate organ reeds, Mr. Schoenberg made an almost ludicrous failure with the first of the two preludes. It sounded as if it were falling apart. A student in a conservatory ought to be able to write a score with fewer "holes in it." The second prelude sounded better, that is to say, more sonorous, but there was very little left of Bach.

The Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch produced on December 10 Blair Fairchild's ballet "Dame Libellule," which had already had the honor of performance at the Opera Comique, in Paris, where this American musician lives. Mr. Fairchild's musical treatment of the fanciful story of the coquettish dragon fly, the unhappy toad and lizard suitors, and the successful butterfly disclosed imagination, musical ability, and fine mastery of orchestral color. The music possesses a certain charm, and without doubt would be very effective when given together with the ballet of action for which it is designed. Its performance by the Symphony Society aroused wonder as to whether it might not eventually find its way to some local stage, possibly that of the Metropolitan Opera House, which is in need of new terpsichorean material.

There have been scores upon scores of concerts since the season began, but little of worth. The critic traveling with his lantern in search of beauty finishes at home with sore feet and little else. It may be noted that Germans are getting the most pleasure out of the musical season, for they can enjoy such things as Elena Gerhardt's slaughter of Schubert's "Winterreise" and the rest of us can not. And there is a German opera company coming from Berlin, too.

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Drama

New Playwrights and New Producers

THE TORCH BEARERS. By George Kelly. Vanderbilt Theatre.

THE LAST WARNING: (Based on "The House of Fear" by Wadsworth Camp). By Thomas F. Fallon. Klaw Theatre.

THE present theatrical season in New York has brought forward not only a more than usually large number of new playwrights, but in a number of cases these efforts have been mounted by a new generation of directors. The two offerings I have chosen for consideration here are conspicuous examples of this new generation of playwrights and producers. Neither of these plays has been offered as representative of any "new" or challenging art. No exaggerated claims have been made by their sponsors. They have been offered as ordinary items in the ordinary course of events, to be judged solely from the point of view of entertainment value.

This modesty and freedom from æsthetic pretension is entirely admirable; it does much to predispose the impartial observer in their favor. As a beginner, Mr. Kelly, the author of "The Torch Bearers," displays altogether praiseworthy intellectual honesty.

To prove that they take the drama seriously, most of our younger American playwrights feel called upon to contribute some sordid and depressing essay in "realism." Even their comedies reveal a certain mechanical solemnity. Spontaneity is one of the rarest of qualities in American comedy; and because he possesses, combined with a fine lack of pretension, this carefree spontaneity combined with a piquant malice that never sleeps, George Kelly merits appreciation and careful watching.

"The Torch Bearers" deals with that curious phenomenon of American life known as the "little theatre" movement. The new playwright has discovered—as most all of us have—overwhelming possibilities for the satirist and the ironist in this omnipresent manifestation of the foiled but irrepressible instinct for drama that never dies, even among the majority of domesticated humans. His achievement is not to be found in the fact that he has made a comedy out of this subject. The matter is obvious, inviting, "easy." The amateur rehearsal of the serious play has served the indolent playwright dozens of times. In the present instance we have the case of Mrs. Paula Ritter lifted from a more or less placid existence into the spurious glamour of a little-theatre triumph and finally tumbled back into the humdrum existence of a commonplace home. Mr. Kelly's real achievement, I think, is to be discovered in the fact that he has succeeded in some mysterious fashion in transmuting his material, his subject matter—"base" enough, obvious enough, if the truth must be told—

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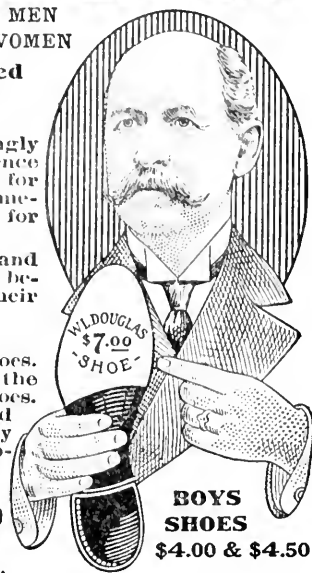
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New York, December 18, 1922.

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For the purpose of the Annual Meeting of Stockholders of this Company, which will be held January 24, 1923, the stock transfer books will be closed at 3 P. M., December 29, 1922, and reopened at 10 A. M., January 25, 1923.

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into a sort of universality. For he encourages us to believe that this "little theatre movement" is no merely isolated symptom of American life. It is but the outward expression of that foiled, that suppressed but that bravely indomitable dramatic instinct that bursts into the flame of genius only in the exceptional case, but which smoulders eternally in the breast of every village Bernhardt.

There are moments in which Mr. Kelly descends to the lower level of vaudeville humor and knockabout farce to gather in a bit of boisterous laughter. Yet he deserves great credit for his skill in saving himself, in never becoming swamped by these obvious absurdities. In the last act he emerges and lifts his subject into the realm of legitimate comedy. That he has succeeded in suggesting, even faintly, such a masterpiece of comedy as "Les Femmes savantes" is in itself no usual attainment. There is certainly an engaging likeness to Molière's comedy of the learned ladies in "The Torch Bearers."

Paula Ritter, Nelly Fell, and Mrs. J. Duro Pampinelli are contemporary incarnations of Armande, Bélise, and Philaminte, those completely misdirected exponents of learning and literature. They are no less frenzied in their ruthless feminism. Mrs. Pampinelli's crushing remark as she sweeps out: "There will be actresses when husbands are a thing of the past," is the perfect expression of these dramatic dames. Mrs. Pampinelli is the Philaminte of the occasion. As impersonated by Alison Skipworth, she becomes a veritable tower of strength. Despite her silliness, her pedantry, her colossal ignorance, she possesses nevertheless the courage of her convictions. Here was a characterization, a full-length portrait that seemed to grow, in some imperceptible way, quite out of the flimsy frame of the comedy. Miss Mary Boland's Paula Ritter was a vividly contrasted figure in no sense conflicting with Miss Skipworth's portrait. Miss Helen Lowell as Nelly Fell was no less lively and spontaneous. Surely a young playwright who can bring out the very best in such experienced comediennes deserves our thanks. How few playwrights there are who can give us that pleasure, the keen pleasure of realizing that the artists on the stage are enjoying themselves as thoroughly as the audience! This little play is not only maliciously pleasant in itself; but it awakens an appetite for productions of Congreve and Molière. Miss Skipworth would be thoroughly at home in Congreve. Miss Boland has again demonstrated that she is one of the finest of contemporary comediennes. To Mr. George Kelly, we feel like shouting, as the old man is said to have done to Molière: "Voilà la bonne comédie!"

"The Last Warning" has been mounted by two young men Messrs. Goldreyer and Mindlin, it is rumored, after it had been rejected by much more experienced producers. It is a "mystery" play of the genre of "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary."

The consideration of this form of entertainment, a sort of Broadway substitute for the Grand Guignol, is more rightfully a matter for the student of group-psychology than for the reviewer of contemporary drama. Such entertainments bear about the same relation to drama that musical comedy bears to Mozart. It would be unfair and unjust to them to submit them to serious criticism. I do not offer this as adverse judgment. Pieces like "The Last Warning" do possess the uncontested merit of arousing interest and holding attention, a merit that is too much ignored in the American theatre. There are first and last essays in group credulity. If you accept the premises, you are interested in what follows. If you cannot accept the premises, you are placed unfortunately in the position of the spectator who comes upon one of those fakirs in India after he has cast his spell over the rest of his audience. While they enjoy his marvels, the late-comer can not participate.

Analyzed and diagnosed, "The Last Warning," is nothing but a series of the most ridiculous absurdities. But on the flimsiest of foundations, the author has succeeded in arousing the credulity of his audience. He has been even a bit more ingenious than the authors of other mystery plays in that this piece deals with a haunted theatre and a haunted play. A trifle more legitimately than usual, this permits him to use the actual theatre as the scene of the play, and the audience itself in the cast of characters. There is a play within the play; the ushers distribute programmes for this play; police officers standing in the aisles protect us from the supernatural culprits. Of course, inevitably, the persons least suspected of wrong-doing are unmasked as criminals at the end. And as usual in this type of Grandguignolatry, our return to the normalcy of everyday life at the end of the performance is so precipitate as to suggest a collapse, and as arbitrary. We have supped on horrors; but amazingly enough we are permitted to leave the theatre in the most jovial of moods. These new mystery plays possess the virtue of leaving no bad taste in the mouth. Indeed, they seem to leave no taste in the mouth at all. They are temporarily amusing. But to recount the intricacies of the plot or even to remember them is for me at least quite impossible.

Our surprise is occasioned not because the audience is so easily led into the plot of "The Last Warning." On the other hand, this production is interesting because it demonstrates that theatre audiences possess an inexhaustible fund of the "will to believe." We discover that in "The Last Warning," the audience is the thing! Heretofore, we have attended plays acted by scenery, acted by costumes, interpreted by the lights! Here at last we have one in which the audience plays itself. Not merely by those in search of harmless entertainment, but by all students of group psychology, it deserves a visit.

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

Farm Radicals vs. Prosperity

ABOUT 15 per cent. of the entire agricultural production of the United States must either find consumers abroad, or remain as a surplus at home. Under these conditions it seems clear that industrial disorganization abroad and lessened capacity of foreign peoples to buy our products must affect markets and market prices within this country. It is common knowledge that the two influences noted above prevail throughout Europe, our chief foreign market for agricultural products; and that the per capita consumption of foreign foodstuffs in Europe has been greatly reduced because of inability to pay for such imports. Moreover, the prices of foodstuffs and natural products generally have fallen quite as much in all other countries as in the United States.

Yet in spite of the evidence that the depression of agricultural prices is a direct result of the world situation, policies are being proposed in the name of relief for the farmers which, if carried out as proposed, must tend to check the improvement in agricultural marketing conditions that is now under way, and throw the country back into a state of uncertainty, confusion, and loss.

The stock market, which is quick to feel the significance of developments unfavorable to orderly business progress, has shown a decided weakness since the election, that must be attributed largely to the results of the election and the policies announced by some of the victors at the polls. The marked decline in the prices of railroad shares is a feature of this reaction of expert opinion. Although the country is suffering from the inadequacy of railroad facilities, due to the fact that railroad investments no longer command the confidence of the public, the railroads are one of the chief targets of various new radical legislative proposals. Repeal of the transportation act's definition of what is a reasonable rate of return upon railroad property—one of the new measures urged—would make the railroad situation of the country all but hopeless.

Railroad service cannot be had without the facilities for giving that service, and these facilities can not be had unless the investing public is assured of a return on investments in them that will compare with the returns on other investments. A wholly erroneous idea commonly held in the minds responsible for this anti-railroad agitation seems to be that the railroads are owned by a few rich bankers, who are able to take out of their own pockets all the money needed to provide for the necessary expansion of railroad service. This idea is of course absurd. The railroads are not owned by bankers. They are owned by their hundreds of thousands of stockholders. These stockholders will provide the additional capital needed by the railroads *when*, and only when, they believe the investment of more money safe and reasonably profitable.



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By FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph.D.,
Head of the English Department,
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I. Sentence Work on the Complete Contents.

A. Every pupil in the class should prepare to answer all of the following questions. The pupil should answer every question in a single well-formed sentence, preferably a complex sentence.

1. What reform is suggested in the article called "The Transgressor"?
2. What advantage is gained by the present system of electoral votes?
3. What one thought is emphasized in the poem called "The Lamp"?
4. What does the article on "Judge Hooper" point out as the principal cause of war?
5. How does "A Page of Recent Verse" emphasize the elegiac spirit?
6. What reasons lead you to believe that any one of the new books mentioned in the book reviews would be a suitable book for your school library?
7. Describe the scene presented in any one of the pictures, limiting your description to a single sentence.
8. Write an original epigram. For an explanation of the epigram as a literary type see "A Page of Recent Verse."

II. The Transgressor.

1. Develop into a paragraph the reasons for believing crime to be misapplied energy.
2. Write an original story in which you show the villain of some story that you have read in school—say Front de Boeuf, or Dunstan Cass, or Louis XI, or Macbeth—using his energies for well applied purposes.
3. Summarize the constructive efforts that are suggested as a means of improving the character of prisoners.
4. What do such books as "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Dickens' novels show concerning the prisons of the past?
5. In what sense can prisoners be "born anew"? If you will read a few pages from Harold Begbie's "Twice Born Men" you will find some exceedingly interesting true stories of men who were "born anew."
6. Give argumentative support for or against the proposition that prisoners should be sentenced to a definite term of imprisonment.
7. "The bitter lesson that crime does not pay." Show how this lesson is illustrated in "Silas Marner," or "Ivanhoe," or "Macbeth," or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

III. Direct Elections and the Presidency.

1. Imagine that you are preparing for a debate. Define the two terms, "Abolishing the Electoral College," and "Direct Election of the President."
2. In a single sentence answer the question, "Why does not our present system of election violate the principle of majority rule?"
3. Prepare a brief for any part of a debate on the subject discussed in the article.

IV. Germany's Disastrous Prosperity.

1. In the form of a dialogue between two people whom you name, and for whose meeting you account, express the thought of the article concerning the prosperity of Germany.

V. A Page of Recent Verse.

1. In the first paragraph poetry is said to be "A means of conversing with paradise." Explain the statement.
2. Show in what respects the metaphors in "When the Rose Falls" are peculiarly beautiful.
3. Why should it be considered a great honor to win a prize for a drama presented at Stratford-on-Avon?
4. Explain the lines supposed to be spoken by Mary Fytton. Then read the passage aloud.

VI. The Lamp.

1. Underline every figure of speech in the poem. Explain why any three of the figures are peculiarly appropriate.

VII. New Books and Old.

1. One of the new books is called "The Adventures of Maya the Bee." Write a short story based on the same title.
2. Explain what it is that gives unusual beauty to the poem quoted from A. E. Housman. Then read the poem aloud.

VIII. Judge Hooper on Troubled Waters.

1. Read aloud the paragraph concerning "Gag, the King of Mogag." Explain how the paragraph is related to events of the present day.

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I. Domestic Affairs, Secretary Mellon's Tax Proposals.

1. Compare the recommendations in the President's message with the programme of the Radical Progressive bloc.
2. Summarize the bills in regard to rural credits.
3. Explain as fully as you can the recommendations in regard to transportation.
4. Describe the developments in relation to prohibition.
5. Debate whether or not Secretary Mellon's proposal to reduce "the maximum surtax rate on individual incomes" would be in the interest of invested wealth."
6. What might be said for and against the constitutional amendment on tax exempt bonds?

II. Direct Elections and the Presidency.

1. Explain how "direct popular election of President and Vice-President, abolishing the Electoral College" would make "it possible to discriminate between the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidate on the same party ticket."
2. Show how and why the provisions of the Constitution relating to election of President and Vice-President have been changed.
3. Describe the cases in which the Vice-President has "succeeded to the magistracy through the death of the President" and show how that has affected conditions.
4. Explain how it is possible to have a minority President under our present system. Give examples.
5. What vital realities are taken account of by the division of state "which the mere brute count of noses does not allow for?"
6. Explain why Mr. Franklin considers the advantages of the present system to outweigh its disadvantages.

7. Describe the present status of the Presidential Primary and show how it works.
8. Explain the statement, "the greater the political area to which it applies the greater are its drawbacks."

9. Discuss the proposal for a change in the time of meeting of a newly elected Congress.

III. The Transgressor—An Intimate View Behind the Bars.

1. What causes of crime does the author emphasize? What other causes would you add?
2. Describe the bad features of our present treatment of criminals which are here condensed.
3. Describe the proposals for betterment which are here mentioned or described.
4. Describe Mr. Reed's experience with the attitude of the prisoners.

IV. Lost—At Lausanne, The Lausanne Conference.

1. Show why each of the problems of the Lausanne Conference, mentioned in the editorial, are knotty problems. Summarize the developments on each.
2. Why does the editor consider the participation of Russia to be "the great blunder" of the Allies? What difficulties would have been involved in shutting her out?
3. Review, "the policy of hostility toward Russia" by Great Britain and show how it is involved in the present crisis.

V. Germany, The London Conference.

1. The use you make of Dr. Coar's article should depend upon how fully you can or have studied money, fiat money, inflation, foreign exchange, production, reparations, etc.
2. Beginners would only analyze the large aspects of the article such as: (a) a summary showing Germany's "apparent prosperity"; (b) why this prosperity "is on paper"; (c) the "banker's view" of the remedy for the situation; (d) an explanation of "the German point of view"; (e) an explanation of "the continuance of the fictitious prosperity"; (f) Mr. Coar's view of what is necessary.
3. Show how gold is involved in stabilizing the currency by means of a moratorium on reparations and an international loan.
4. Show why inflation is reflected unequally in foreign exchange, wholesale prices, retail prices, and wages in Germany. Explain how that affects the point of view of the different elements of the population of Germany.

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